



VOL. II.

HOME,

WASH.,

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NO. XII.

FROM UNDER

"THE MAN WITH THE HOE"

"Down all the stretch of Hell to the last gulf,
There is no shape more terrible than this!"
Look into the "last gulf," O Poet, I pray thee,
Down, down where its nether care leans,
And find there,—God help us!—a "shape" to gain—
say thee,

A shape that affrighteth the fiends!
And listen, O listen! For through all the thunder
A voice crieth—heavy with woe—
"I, I am the woman, the woman that's under
The heel of 'The Man with the Hoe'"

She is the begotten of derelict ages,
Of systems senescent the flaw;
She is the forgotten of slingers and sages—
The creature of lust and of law.
The tale of the "Terror"—the ox's brute brother—
Can never be told overmuch,
But she is the vassal, and she is the mother,
The thrice accursed mother of such.

Look up from that "last gulf" thou newest evangel,
Thou builder of ladders for men,
Look up to the pleading, pale face of the angel
That wooeth a Prince of the Pan;
And sometimes a little, tho' half the world wonder,
And cities cry high, and cry low,
Sing out for the woman—the woman that's under
The heel of the "Man with the Hoe."

—HESTER A. BENEDICT.

In The (Chicago) People's Press.

THE REBEL SONG.

Sing, O my soul, the song to me,
The song that martyrs sing,
That dare to do and dare to be
Forever and forever free
From master, priest and king.

For the cry that martyrs heard of old,
I heard in the streets to-day—
The moan of victims homeless and cold,
The sob of children bought and sold,
And the perishing by the way!

And the cry has burned, and is burning still,
And the pain will never cease,
While a captive bends to a captor's will;
Through summer's heat and winter's chill
For me there is no peace.

So sing to me the rebel song,
The song that tyrants dread!
Echoing down the ages long,
Bursting to-morrow, full and strong,
From the graves of the martyred dead.

HARRY M. TICHENOR—in Free Society.

A VOICE FROM THE PAST.

Thinking of my brothers here who are waiting their trial for the false charge made against them, took me back to the time when I was a bonded prisoner waiting as they now are, and it set me looking amongst my old papers and I found the following letter written seven years ago last October, from a friend who is now in spirit life.

L. W.

"THE NIGHT DARKENS."

RESPECTED FRIEND:—Enclosed find \$2. to help you in your defense before the tyrant's court of outrage of

human rights and common sense.

The night darkens: woe ahead. The clock of time tolls 12. The life of our Republic lived out, sold out for gold. A Dictator rules to-day, backed by a sold out Congress. Senate and Federal courts overriding law, common sense, and all regard for justice.

It is a combine for power and wealth to make the rich richer and the poor more dependent. In plain words, we are being plundered by the most merciless combine of robbers that ever ruined a nation.

Twenty million people not enough to eat or wear; millions of tramps and thousands added daily. Men, women and children ruthlessly shot and hundreds more dumped into prison without a shadow of law, and the remedy proposed is the ballot. Kansas may shout: "Appeal to the ballot" [I was then in Kansas.] but only fools think the tyrants would relinquish power if out-voted.

An appeal to the ballot is a deceptive lullaby, a delay till more and stronger rivets are driven to make the shackles upon the people stronger and tighter. Pauper tenantry or a death grapple is at hand, and which shall it be? Shall we cower and bequeath to posterity a starving, pauper tenantry, or shall we rise in majesty and might and hurl the tyrants into oblivion? The tyrant's heel is upon us; shall we thrust it off? It is for us of to-day to say whether the evils that now harass us shall curse those who come after us.

The night darkens. The winds proclaim a storm is coming. Will the millions of hard workers cower before 25,000 bayonets? No! no!

We have as good pluck, a better cause and a baser foe than Cromwell had, and what he did we will do. He met to conquer, and so will we. The tyrants feel strong before their gattling guns, but once they roll them over dynamite they will be left behind.

If I scan the future rightly, it will soon usher in the grapple, for it is monarchy they are after, and they can only arrive at it by a revolution that will give them an excuse to call in foreign aid; and that aid they will get, for the life of monarchies depends upon the death of the Republic. PETER M. GIDEON. Excelsior, Minn.

The Republic is already dead in all but name, but the "rivets" of which friend Gideon speaks are being made stronger as evidenced in the 25,000 bayonets becoming 100,000. At that time the tramp question was prominent, but the cunning of the managing powers has turned the people's attention in another direction. The Philippine war, by distance and death, has absorbed some of our surplus labor, but there is an increasing tendency to a censorship of the press, so much so that the pressure is being felt along all radical lines. Mr. Gideon was not an anarchist; he was fighting the "abuses" of government, had not learned that the evils of which he complained are its legitimate fruits. Yes, the "grapple" is coming, and it will be more than a political grapple. The Catholic church visible and invisible, will take a leading hand.

TENDING DOGWARD.

... Marriage for place, or power, cash or titles, is legalized prostitution. Children born of such wedlock are few, and as a rule, idiotic or vicious. I say "few" for the reason that such people usually prefer dogs to children. Dogs are all right in their place, but it is a crime to permit them to usurp the baby's place in our affections. People who like dogs better than they do children are more dog than human.

As we have seen, modern society has a dogward tendency. In confirmation of this observation we submit two conspicuous examples. The first scene

is laid in Chicago. The other in Newport.

Every winter the "infantry" of the snow and the "cavalry" of the north wind drives thousands of unfortunate, friendless, homeless people into the great cities. Anticipating the usual influx, Chief O'Neil recently issued an order to have all such met at the gates and turned back to die. For this he has been applauded by the cruel and thoughtless. Many ministers shouted their approval from the pulpit. Yet, if these ministers tell us the truth the tattered tramp has a priceless soul, worth every whit as much in the eyes of God as the soul of the highest purple-clad king, upon whose brow rests the diamond studded diadem of power.

About the time that Chief O'Neil published his warning to derelicts there was organized in Chicago among society leaders a cat and dog protective association. The object of this organization is to care for the tramp dogs and cats that drift into Chicago during the winter. A nice home has been provided, and they are being comfortably housed and fed while human beings for whom [they say] Christ died, are hounded as criminals and driven into the bleak prairies to freeze and starve. I have no objection to their caring for lost cats or homeless dogs, but it disgusts me to see these doghearted people lavish their love upon tramp cars while unfortunate men and women, and little children shiver in the wintry wind and suffer in silence at their very doors.

At Newport last summer, society went to the dogs with a vengeance. At the height of the social season leaders of the "400" conceived a new idea. It nearly blew off their top-nots—this "new idea." Having tried everything else, why not give a dog banquet? It took like wild-fire. Every aristocratic dog in the colony was invited and told to bring their masters and mistresses or, to be more explicit, lackeys along. A feast fit for kings was spread. The dogs came, "Blanche, Tray, Sweetheart," and all. They were clad in evening suits, and their necks were ornamented with jeweled collars, pearls and glittering gems. Course after course of the most costly viands was served. They washed it down with champagne at \$25 a bottle; dog and master drinking from the same glass.

No wonder the world is full of people who would like to be J. Pierpont Morgan's dog.

I make no war on dogs but when society leaders sink to their level, by the splendor of God, [?] they shall know what one man thinks of them. These degenerates should be made to feel the weight of public scorn. Could I wield a pen of lightning, and had words of vitriol numberless as the stars, and all space in which to write them, I could not fitly exorcise the kings and queens of snobocracy who reign at Newport, make merchandise of marriage, revel in vice, trample upon the rights of man, grind the faces of the poor, and banquet dogs, with money unjustly wrung from the sunbrowned sons of toil. G. H. WINDLE.—in Lowry's Claim.

By the way, Lowry's Claim is one of the best exchanges that come to this office, but I want to say to friend Windle, if he will expend as much indignation against the system which produces such results as he does against its victims, it would do more good. I pity those dog-snobs. If reincarnation be a truth, they are taking on so much dog they are in danger of becoming dogs in their next incarnation. Those who make or sustain the property laws that permit the wringing of wealth from "the sun-browned sons of toil" are as much to blame as are the dog snobs, and so long as we regard our sex life as merely animal what can we expect but an animal tendency?

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And there appeared a great wonder in heaven, a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet. Revelation xii, 1.

In all the past, connected with all religious systems, there have been those who have sensed and symbolized the deeper truths of life—have symbolized, but have not understood the deeper meaning that time and experience can alone reveal, and of none is it more true than of the vision or symbol from which the name of this paper is taken—Clothed With The Sun—the symbol of direct power. Woman will not always shine by reflected light. She will assert herself and put the moon of subjection under her feet.

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If you want private information on any subject, enclose not less than one dollar for reply. *The Nautilus*.

And Clothed With The Sun says the same. One of the lessons the public needs to learn is that an editor's time is worth something as well as a lawyer's.

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ANARCHY—THAT MESSAGE.

Never did President put forth a message so in harmony with the imperialistic element of the country and its right hand supporter, the Catholic church. Then, in showing his utter ignorance of what Anarchy is, he has merited the contempt of thinkers, of scholars, who know that the interpretation of the rabble is no more Anarchy than the screeching of an owl is the symphony of Mozart.

A Catholic is controlled by Catholic power in the unseen, but no less real life, to call himself an Anarchist and shoot the President, this for the specific purpose of arousing the bulldogs of power against a people who do not believe in either legal or illegal murder. I said in my last, when I published the message from Czolgosz, that I did not know why he came to me. I know now. Dredd Scott brought him. Years ago, when I learned that Dredd still hung around the South, bitter and revengeful for the wrongs he had suffered, I called him in spirit and he came, was glad to find a class of spirits, who were not lackeys of the church.

For a time he came to me quite often, but not for ten years till he came and brought Czolgosz. I asked him why he had stayed away so long? He said I had not needed him and he had been very busy, that his work was helping to dispel the darkness of the fog the church, visible and invisible, throws around those who rebel against its dictation, and educating them to systematize their forces for the ushering in of a higher order of society.

Oh, if those now in power could see the mighty hosts of those who have been sent out of this life to get rid of them, see them as they wait the day of retribution, they might well call on the rocks and mountains to fall on them. They only wait the balance of power, and every radical thinker sent over, only hastens the day. Could those who sent them over see the mighty work that Parsons, Spies and their comrades are doing, how they would wish them back! "A born criminal!" What of the late Professor Huxley who said:

"Anarchy as a term of political philosophy must be taken only in its proper sense, which has nothing to do with disorder or crime, but denotes a state of society in which the rule of each individual by himself is the only government the legitimacy of which is recognized. In this sense, strict Anarchy may be the highest conceivable grade of perfection of social existence."

INSURRECTION.—ASSASSINATION.
ARMAGEDDON.

A correspondent of The Light of Truth, speaking of the recent tragedy, quotes from "Out of the Depths" by Samuel Bowles through his medium, Carrie Twing as something that will help us to understand.

Mr. Bowles says his guide took him to the sphere where insurrections and assassinations have their origin. "In the semi-darkness, we watched the faces of those whom Russia's laws had sacrificed as alleged conspirators. Those who really were, and those who were not, but who have been made most bitter by the injustice done them."

"If the empire is not shaken, if tragedy after tragedy is not enacted until there results a revolution, it will not be because there is not a power of evil, like a seething cauldron all around them; it will not be because these spirits of evil are not inciting whomsoever they can reach, to deeds of treachery."

Whence I would be loath to say that in a spiritual way, there is anything not overruled or governed by an all-wise law, yet, when I see that these wicked ones, thrust out of their earthly bodies to get rid of them, are spending all their spiritual strength, (not caring for growth,) for the production of evil in your life, I realize that the reform of the spirit world must begin on earth.

In those dark conditions there are hearts hardened by wrong and injustice, that will not melt, minds that will not admit one ray of the light of truth, until they see the counterpart of their wrongs in the lives of those they despise.

What help, then, is there? How are their hearts to be touched? Are not the springs of good motives poisoned? The distinction between good and evil on which all rests, is it not obliterated? The will to do good, where is it? How then are we to get hold of them? What door is open for saving inspiration?

Mr. McKinley might forgive the assassin and lead him onward in spirit, as Lincoln helped John Wilkes Booth, but when can that anarchist forgive himself?

The writer uses his quotation marks in a way that, with the exception of the last paragraph, I can hardly tell which is the writer's and which is taken from the pamphlet. With the idea that "the reform of the spirit world must begin on earth" I most heartily agree, but, taken as a whole, it looks to me that both Mr. Bowles, his guide, and the writer who quotes from them, need to take broader views before they can reach bottom truth. Those people are not necessarily more wicked or evil than we are because they see and feel the deep injustice to which they have been subjected. Not only this, but they see their friends and relatives in the earth life subject to the same, while those who claim to speak for God and give light to the people, sustain every possible crime in the name of government, in the name of law and order. (?)

If there is a crime that officials do not commit, directly or indirectly, I don't know what it is. Every man, every minister, every one, no matter how pure the personal life, who sustains government in its aggressive warfare, is a participant in the crimes committed in such warfare, and those on the spirit side of life who sustain the present system, working only at the impossible task of trying to eliminate its inherent evils, all such belong to the same grade of development, carry the same atmosphere of, "you're a sinner," and, of course, can have no influence over those they look upon as evil.

"How then are we to get hold of them?" Don't try. Establish a system on earth from which will arise the aroma of love and freedom, one under which all can receive genuine justice, and there need be no anxiety about those in whom you fear the "distinction between good and evil" has been obliterated.

The supposition that McKinley might forgive Czolgosz "and lead him onward in spirit life" shows a moral deadness to governmental crimes that is saddening. In the clear light of eternal justice McKinley was many, many times more a murderer than Czolgosz. As commander-in-chief of our trained murderers called soldiers, he sent them to foreign lands to shoot the people down if they refused to submit to his dictum and that of his co-murderers called Congress. Thousands of our own boys were, and are still being debauched, diseased, killed, to say nothing of the others. The question to ask is: When can McKinley forgive himself? The time may come when he will be glad that his career was cut short before his load became any heavier. In all this, I am not saying he was not a good man, as the world calls good, but I do say that nature pays no attention to governmental sanction of crime.

This fear that somebody won't be saved unless we point the way is all a mistake, and those who go about trying to save souls, either in this life or the other, lit-

tle realize the insolence of their egotistical ignorance. "The distinction between good and evil, is it not obliterated?" is the anxious question. It would be so if the injustice of the system which they oppose could accomplish it. True, they do it blindly as yet, but if you have not learned to intelligently transfer your opposition from persons to the system, what can you expect of them? No, the distinction between good and evil is not obliterated, but your good is evil to them, because it sustains the system under which they have been so crushed. "You cannot reach them." No, but there are teachers who can, and who are teaching them to use their forces systematically, to turn their hate against the system instead of against persons. Their love for the race, and of justice, intensifies their determination to supersede it with a better one. In that better order of life there will be none to revel in luxury while the workers starve, and none to hold the power of life or death over another.

In The Light of Truth of date Nov. 30, in the editorial department, I find the following:

The great and final Armageddon is being fought out in the lower strata or belts of the spirit world, and there are men and women now living who will see Armageddon fought out in the material world. The petrification of a score of centuries of hate is behind all openly avowed or hidden attacks upon the cause of the angel world. But these will all fail. They are stage settings in the great drama of the tutelaries work on earth and in heaven. The legacies of the old Hebrew prophets, the light of Jesus' gospel, and these latter day manifestations of them are the sublimating elements that shall quell the riot in time.

In another place this editor speaks of "the philosophy of mud, known as materialists." My understanding of the English language tells me that last word should be materialism, but I quote as I find it. As to the "philosophy of mud" I do not accept it, but I find many materialists who, when it comes to an understanding of human needs and human rights, have much less muddy heads than some spiritualists have "Centuries of hate." Is it hate without a cause?

"The old Hebrew prophets." Samuel was one of them, and he hewed Agag in pieces before the Lord. Would not Agag and those of his people who fell at the time, naturally hate the authors of such a deed, to-wit, Jehovah and his prophet, and all who followed in that line? It would be strange if they did not. But this is only a drop to an ocean compared to the millions slain by the command of, or in the name of this god. A mighty host of haters, and just cause for hatred. The Hebrew prophets all spoke in the name of this selfish, tyrannical spirit, and the legacies of their sayings will have about as much effect in "quelling the riot" as a dark lantern would in dispelling the night. "The light and life of Jesus' gospel." Well, what of it? What do we really know of him? And supposing the record to be true, what new thing did he give to the world? As for Spiritualists, they have sold their birthright and gone, as an organization, under the control of church spirits whose promises, like pie-crust are made to be broken. They are a class of spirits, who claim universal dominion in the name of Jesus. The "riot" will never be quelled till that claim is relinquished, which they will never do till they must, hence the necessity of the battle of Armageddon.

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There will not be another issue of this paper till the 21st of February. Volumes one, and two, of *Clothed With The Sun* commenced with my birthday, and I propose to have Volume third commence on my 76th birthday. This gives me a little time to rest, and my readers time for renewals and to obtain subscribers. Remember—that \$1. will pay for two NEW subscriptions and one renewal.

The Freethought Ideal has gone over to Mental Science, and Etta gives in substance the same reason that Helen Wilmans did when she forsook the cause of the oppressed and began to build herself up. Helen said, I am getting many times more subscribers. Etta says, we are going to enlist thousands of new recruits.

IMPORTANT.

Comrade Fred. Wissman, of Sacramento, Cal., holds four desirable lots in Depot addition of Aberdeen, Wash., for which he paid \$300, about ten years ago. In order to help the cause along, he offers to sell this property to any immediate purchaser at the same price, regardless of increased valuation, and will donate one half of the amount to the defense fund for our indicted comrades. Address all inquiries to O. A. Verity, Home, Wash.

THE MAN WHO PAYS THE TAX.

When the cannon's thunder ceases
And the foe is overcome,
And no more the army marches
To the beating of the drum,
O, the Bond will not have perished
In the fury of the strife,
But the Bond will have been funded
And will have eternal life.

Soon the foe will yell for quarter
And the butchery will cease,
And the silence of the mortar
Will proclaim the reign of peace,
And our armies will have conquered
All the oriental blacks;
But the Bond will cry, "No quarter"
To the man who pays the tax.

Oh, the fools that rivet shackles
On the men of other lands!
They are only blindly binding
Their own children's children's hands
Who will fall beneath the burdens
Of the army on their backs,
For the Bond will give no quarter
To the man that pays the tax.
Selected.

UNDER THE SYSTEM.

BY ENOLA STARR.

Continued from last issue.

Millie and Henry made short work of their courtship. In less than three months they were comfortably settled in their home. Helen, after getting Chloe to stay with her mother, went over to stay a week, for she said "the children" needed looking after. The fourth day a message came asking Mrs. Middleton to be sure to come and stay all night.

"Don't they want me too?" asked John, who was present when the messenger came.

"I did not hear anything said about it," was the reply.

"Quite exclusive" said he, with a laugh, "however, I could not go to-night if I had a dozen invitations, but, as I am going within half a mile of there I will take you over."

"I came prepared to take her with me," said the young man who brought the message.

"Very well," was the response, but as he turned away his mother sighed, for she caught the lonesome look that went over his face and knew he was hungry for the confidence of the family.

When Mrs. Middleton reached Bonner's Helen ran out to meet her with: "Oh, mother, I'm so glad you've come! I've something wonderful to tell you; Henry is a writing medium, and it was his mother who told us to send for you, and—oh how thoughtless I am!" catching sight of her mother's blanched face.

Mrs. Middleton did not quite faint. She knew she had seen her husband but that had seemed providential, and now to be told that she was to hear from the friend of her youth sent the blood all rushing to her heart and she could hardly get her breath. Helen threw an arm around her, supported her into the house, and when she had somewhat recovered, said:

"Now be brave, mother mine, for it is a blessed truth, and we have talked with father too."

"A blessed knowledge if indeed it be true; are you sure, Helen?"

"Yes, mother, I am. Father has told me of what Henry could not possibly know anything of. He says there is money in that package Miss Vaughn left with us, that it is for me to use in my future work for woman."

"And have you not told Millie?"

"Not a word; she knows nothing of it now. Henry's brain is not used, only his hand, and when a message is finished he tears the page from the table and hands it without reading, to the one it is intended for."

"And did you not tell him what he wrote for you?"

"No, he doesn't want to know; he says he can do better if further communication is needed, if he does not know; he does not even know of the message that asked for you, but here comes Millie, she can tell you all about it."

"Please excuse me, Mrs. Middleton, I did not intend to be absent when you came, but I was detained; what is it that I am to tell you all about?"

"How to behave in a circle, Millie, it's all new to me."

Millie laughed at what she called Mrs. Middleton's awe-struck look and said:

"We don't hold circles. When we sit down in the evening Henry puts paper and pencil in reach, then he reads or busies himself as he chooses, and if a spirit friend has a word to say his hand is used to write it; that's all. Spirits is folks as much as other folks; no need to be afraid of them."

She said this so quaintly, Mrs. Middleton had to laugh and it did much toward quieting her nerves and preparing her for the evening's experience.

After lamp lighting Helen and Henry each took a book while Millie held Mrs. Middleton's attention with her talk. After a little, still continuing his reading, Henry took the pencil and wrote:

"Sarah, Julia and I are here; write your questions, fold them, and lay them on the table."

"That gives you something to do, now mind as an obedient wife should," said Millie, seeing that Mrs. M. was beginning to tremble. This steadied her, but before she could get a question written another message was dashed off. This one read:

"Sarah, John is as precise as ever; be natural. Julia."

Thus, by a little adroitness on both sides of the line a feeling of ease was produced and further communication was easy and rapid. The last question that Sarah asked was:

"John, have you no word for your son?"

A page of the tablet was quickly filled, torn off, placed in an envelope, sealed, and the words: "He will understand this," written upon it.

That night Mrs. Middleton slept but little. She lay most of the time in a sort of blissful, half trance. In the morning Helen decided to go home with her mother. She felt that she was needed after so much excitement. Then she was a little curious to see how John would receive his message. At dinner, when he came in they seated themselves and dished out the food while he was getting ready, as he nearly always claimed to be in a hurry. When he was seated at the table he remarked:

"And so you didn't stay your week, Helen."

"No, I thought best to come when mother did."

"Well, I think you must have had a good time, you both look happy."

"We did," said Mrs. Middleton, and handing her son the sealed envelope, asked, "did you ever see that hand writing before?"

He took it and looked at it curiously. "I should say it was father's if it were not so freshly written. Where did you get this, and who is it that will understand?" he asked.

"I was asked to give it to you, I know nothing of the contents."

"To me! by whom?"

"Henry Bonner is a writing medium, his hand was controlled mechanically to write this in reply to a question I asked your father."

"Spiritualism! What next!"

"Please open and read it. It is for you only; as I said, I don't know what it is, neither does he."

"Nonsense, don't tell me a man don't know what he writes. He hypnotized you to give him the place, and what is he after now?"

Mrs. Middleton smiled: "Read it, my son," she said, "you may be able to detect fraud where I cannot."

This touched the right chord, and he impatiently tore open the envelope. As he read his look changed to one of surprise, and when he had finished he was very pale. In a voice that was not exactly steady in spite of his effort to make it so, he asked:

"Are you quite sure, mother, that he did not read this?"

"I watched him every moment and he did not look toward it from the time he began to write till the envelope was put into my hand."

"And may I ask what the question was to which you claim this a reply?"

"We had received several messages both from your father and from Henry's parents, when I said, 'John, have you no message for your son?'"

"It is very strange," he remarked after a moment's silence, "but I cannot accept your explanation of it."

To this there was no response, and nothing further was said. John ate a few mouthfuls but the food seemed to choke him, said something about business pressing, took his hat and left. He did not return to supper, but came in at his usual bed time.

In the morning when Helen came down there was a letter on the table for her from lady Barton, and John's first greeting when he came to breakfast was: "You seem, Helen, to have monopolized the English correspondence; nothing for me this time."

"Lady Barton sends regards and says Sir Edward is absent," she replied.

"And have you read that voluminous package already?"

"No, I only glanced at it; I had to get breakfast for a prospective Congressman

first," she said with a mischievous smile. "Not much hopes of my going to Congress if my mother and sister take up with every crank notion that they happen to come in contact with."

Helen was about to reply when their mother's entrance put an end to their sparring.

When Helen came down that morning and saw her letter, there rushed over her a feeling of awe, a sense of its marking an era in her life, that it was the culminating force which would decide her future, and her hand trembled so she could hardly open it. She found two envelopes beside the outer one, on which was written, No. one, and No. two, besides which there was a note in which there was a few items of news, regards, etc., adding:

"I send you a copy of my mother's last letter, left with directions that it was to be given me on my eighteenth birthday which I have marked No. one; please read it first as it will help you to understand No. two, which is a record in part, of my feelings and experiences after having read my mother's statement."

She read the note, then laid the other by till she could be at leisure. The morning meal was eaten in comparative silence, John, when it was over, repairing immediately to his office, not even waiting for his accustomed cigar.

Helen did the morning's work, saw that everything was in order, then took her package, it was more like a package than a letter, to her mother's room.

"When did that come?" she asked, as Helen laid it in her lap.

"John brought it last night."

"Poor boy, he got something in that envelope that has shaken him badly."

"Foolish boy," responded Helen, "if you wish, mother, I will read you what lady Barton has written."

"Thanks, child, I shall be glad to listen, have you read it?"

"Nothing except the note, I preferred waiting and reading to you," and taking a stool, she sat down at her mother's feet, she read the note, and then, opening envelope No. one, followed with

THE MOTHER'S LETTER,

commencing with:

"MY DARLING CHILD:

"When you read this my body will be dust, but I shall live and love you still. That other state of existence, though unseen, is not far away, and I shall often be with you though you may not know it. The one thing of all others that I would save you from is a loveless marriage. I know what its torture is. Were I forced to choose for you between marriage without love, or love without marriage, I should choose the latter for love with the world's scorn is better than hatred and disgust with the world's honor, and if ever one mortal felt hatred and disgust for another I did for your reputed father, Lord Carlton.

"No, darling, you are not Lord Carlton's child, and if there is one thing above another for which I am thankful it is that. I could not love you as I do were you his child. Whose child are you? That I will tell you further along. I expect this will shock your innocent heart at first, but when you hear it all, and have studied society, have learned its hollowness you will feel differently.

"My mother died when I was but ten years old and my father placed me in a convent to be educated. That much you already know, but you do not know how or why it was that I became Lord Carlton's wife, an old roue, older than my father by several years. You do not remember him and I never talked to you of him, for I was glad when death took

DE We had the hardest wind storm on Christmas night that has been known for years. The injury done to our printing office delays this issue of the paper. No other damage to speak of.

THINK OF IT.

DE Govern ment Economy - A postal clerk told me nearly two years ago that government paid the railroads 8 cents per pound—\$160 per ton for carrying postal matter. The rate per ton for freight between Tacoma and Chicago is \$40, and the distance much greater than the average distance the mail is carried. True, it is more work to handle a ton of mail than a ton of ordinary freight. Well suppose we allow twice as much, \$80 per ton for mail matter. That would pay the railroads well and be a saving of \$80 on every ton carried, and the number of tons carried during the year is enormous. Think of it! think how government forces this vast sum out of the hands of the people and gives it to the railroads: think of it when you pay your taxes.

DE I wish the following could be printed from large type and put in every school house in the land.

PROFESSIONAL MURDERERS.

They [the people] see the unceasing care Kings, Emperors, Presidents bestow on disciplined armies, see the parades, reviews, manoeuvres they hold, and of which they boast to one another, and the people eagerly crowd to see how their own brothers, dressed up in bright-colored, glittering clothes, are turned into machines to sound of drum and trumpet, and who, obedient to the shouting of one man, all make the same movements; and they do not understand the meaning of it all.

Yet the meaning of such drilling is very clear and simple. It is preparing for murder. It means the stupefying of men in order to convert them into instruments for murdering.

And it is just Kings and Emperors and Presidents who do it, and organize it, and pride themselves on it. And it is the same people, whose especial employment is murder-organizing, who have made murder their profession, who dress in military uniforms carry weapons, (swords at their side) who are horror-struck and indignant when one of themselves is killed.

—TOLSTOI.

Continued from third page.

his hated presence from my sight. Let those who think me wicked suffer at the hands of another as I did at his before they judge me.

"Why did I marry him? I was literally forced to it by the natural action of the system."

Here Helen looked up and said:

"Just your words, mother."

"Yes, and the fact that the thought has found expression in England as well as here shows that it is coming to the surface; people will learn their lesson in time."

"And when they learn they will act, and what a time that will be!" said Helen, and then continued her reading—

"To hold power over the destiny of others is sure to subvert justice. That much I have learned. Lord Carlton, notwithstanding his values, was a statesman. His counsel was valuable to the queen, and of course she liked to please him. My father also, wanted a favor of the throne. I had been taught to honor and obey, that it was a great crime to disobey a parent, and before I learned better, I looked upon the queen as a superior being. Lord Carlton wanted me, father saw it a stepping stone to a higher grade of social life and influence, and the queen favored it. How then could I refuse? Indeed, I was hardly asked; my consent was taken as a matter of course. They planned. It was mine to obey. "So the sacrifice was consummated and I became Lady Carlton."

"Oh, my child! never shall I forget the horrors of my first night as a wife, the almost savage fierceness with which he gratified his passion again and yet again. I really thought I should not live till morning. Well, I lived through it, lived till his absence for a time gave me a chance to recover. He would have taken me with him but my physician assured him I was too ill to travel, and soon after a new face attracted him, and that gave me further relief. But he did not leave me entirely, as he was anxious for an heir, and twenty months after my immolation, I cannot call it marriage, a son was born."

"I then thought I should have something to love, but in a few weeks his little life went out. I grieved then, but I have since been glad. Lord Carlton was much disappointed. He had children enough, but none that were legal. As he knew that in the ordinary course of events he could not live many years, and hence he desired a son to perpetuate his name. From then on he was at home but little, for which I was very thankful. Still, he would visit me occasionally as the physician told him that if I was left mostly to myself I might get strong enough to bear a child that could live, and he could not quite give up his hopes on that point."

"There was a young man who occupied a cottage near the house, living alone except a servant who cooked his meals and kept things in order. This man had the whole charge of things on the estate, was every whit a gentleman, yet seemed separate and apart. He never mingled with the servants and never joined the company at the house. Lord Carlton called him James, and the servants Mr. James."

"The first time I spoke with him was one morning when starting out for a walk. I had been quite sick, but had so far recovered I thought I could trust myself alone. I had miscalculated my strength. Just as I came opposite the cottage I became faint and sank down on a bench near the door. He saw me and hurried out with a glass of water and a chair, waited till I had somewhat recovered, then asked if he should see me back to the house."

"Not now, I replied, I prefer to sit here awhile, it is so pleasant, motioning him to a seat on the bench."

"At your service, lady, he said, as he took the seat indicated, and we talked, perhaps half an hour. I expressed admiration for his flowers and he gathered me a bouquet of the choicest, then walked with me to the house. I could not understand what it was that had wrought the change, but I felt like another being from what I was when I went out. From then on there was a growing friendship between us but I never thought of love."

"He did not look like Lord Carlton but there was an indefinable something that sometimes reminded me of him. One day when he was in the parlor rearranging some paintings that I did not care to trust to the servants, I asked if he was in any way related to Lord Carlton, 'you sometimes remind me of him' I continued. He looked up with such a curious expression on his face, and said:

"I thought every one knew"—here he hesitated.

"Thought every one knew what?"

"A new thought seemed to strike him and he laughingly replied:

"That I am your unowned stepson."

"Lord Carlton's son!" I exclaimed, and he bowed. I cannot yet explain why I said what I did: the words seemed to leap from my lips:

"And if I was the wife of the son in-

stead of the father I should be a happier woman." When I realized the full import of my words I sprang up to leave the room, but before I could take a step he was kneeling at my feet and saying:

"Oh, lady, this is worth dying for!"

"I looked into his eyes and knew, not only that I loved him, but that I was loved in return. About a year after you were born. Lord Carlton thought you were his, but I knew better, and he was so disgusted because you were a girl that he did not come near me again for nearly a year. He little realized what a relief it was to me."

For a time I was comparatively happy, should have been as happy a woman as lived could my lover have claimed me openly, and I often, in my heart, cursed the forces that had robbed me of my right of choice. I hated the queen that she, a woman, could counsel such a marriage for a motherless girl who knew nothing of the world, and as for the church, I had lost all faith in its teachings—no, my darling, you will not be shocked at this, for I whispered it all to you while you were lying close to my heart, and it will only need a little thought, a little watching of results, to make you see the utter falseness of this whole system of things, and how naturally it produces that which it punishes as crime."

"When I remember the law of heredity, and that I never once blamed myself for what I did, I feel quite sure you will not, when you take a little time to think. No one has a right to judge me till they have felt the shuddering horror of a hate embrace and then known of the sweetness of a love that is out of reach only in secret. But I must hasten as you will wish to know something more of your father."

"Alas! my happiness did not last."

When you was about fifteen months old Lord Carlton came home and staid several weeks, and here you will be asking if I was always at home? Not always. I once went to Court with Lord Carlton, and I sometimes went with him to other places, as I did not care to incur his anger, but never when I could find a reasonable excuse for not going."

On this visit he took more notice of James than usual. I could not quite decide whether it was suspicion or that he felt a sort of tenderness toward him and would like to do something for him. I think however, that he would have been glad to have made this son his heir, but as the church had not given James permission to be born, that could not be, but a few weeks after he went back to Court, James received a commission in the army as Captain Brandon."

"He brought it right to me. 'Oh, I cannot accept it, I will not accept it' he said. 'I have no taste for the profession, I would rather beg my bread; then, after few moments' thought he added:

"Yet I don't see how I can refuse it. While this is my home it is all right, but if I refuse now it might compromise you in the mind of Lord Carlton, and at all events, I should have to leave here, and better go with honor than in disgrace, but I shall never come out of the army alive," he then caught you in his arms and strained you passionately to his heart, saying as he did so, 'oh for one breath of freedom!'"

"But I cannot dwell on that parting, it is too painful. His words were prophetic; news came of his death in less than a year. And thus, my child, have those in power destroyed my happiness. I have left much more for you to read, but I wished you to read this first."

MOTHER.

Helen's voice had trembled several times during the reading, and now she laid her head in her mother's lap and cried like a child.

"Oh, mother!" she said, as soon as she could speak for tears, "what an amount of misery is caused by those who hold place and power! How I wish there was no such thing!"

"I think, daughter, you are getting to be an Anarchist," said Mrs. Middleton with a smile.

"If it means freedom and equality, I am one, mother."

"How shocked John would be, Helen, to hear you say that."

"I wonder what he would think of his English friends if he could read that letter."

"He would turn them over to you."

To be continued.

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