



VOL. III.

HOME.

WASH.,

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NO. I.

The following lines are a fair representation of the leading nations called civilized, whether in the Occident or in the Orient.

THE VICTORY.

—From War Echoes, by Earnest Howard Crosby.

There is "great rejoicing at the nation's capital," so says the morning's paper.
The enemy's fleet has been annihilated.
Mothers are delighted because other mothers have lost sons just like their own.
Wives and daughter smile at the thought of new-made widows and orphans.
Strong men are full of glee because other strong men are slain or doomed to rot alive in torments.
Small boys are delirious with pride and joy as they fancy themselves thrusting swords into soft flesh and burning and laying waste such homes as they themselves inhabit.
Another capital is cast down with mourning and humiliation, just in proportion as ours is raised up, that is the very spice of our triumph.
How could we exult without having a fellow-martyr to exult over?
Yesterday it was the thrill of grappling with him and hating him.
To-day we grind our heel into his face and despise him.
This is life—this is patriotism—this is rapture!
But we—what are we—men or devils? and our Christian capital—what is it but an outpost of hell?

ASTOUNDING STORY.

Comes From Paris Revealing Vast Secret Society That is Wielding more Influence Than Any Government Power in the World.

Has Headquarters in Mysterious City Lhasa.

Special Correspondence of the Cincinnati Enquirer.

Paris, Dec. 7, 1901.—"Russia is ruled by a great secret society—not that of the Nihilists, and of a very different character. It is aristocratic, peacefully progressive and feminist, yet woe to the governor, diplomat, minister or czar who persists in ignoring its recommendations! Lobanof-Rostowsky died suddenly in a railway car. Mouravieff lost consciousness after a cup of coffee and never recovered. Lomsdorf certainly is not sure of his fate, though he hopes—"

It was in Paris, apropos of the czar's visit, that the words were uttered. In an exclusive salon in the Monceau quarter, after dinner, a dozen guests listened spell-bound to a strange and splendid Russian lady. The tale she told was extraordinary; yet such was the sweet gravity of the recital, the matter-of-fact exactness of its wealth of details, and the air of power and authority that dignified its telling, that not one of the 12 world-worn Parisians experienced a moment's incredulity. Except for the names, no interdiction was placed upon its repetition. Indeed, it seemed to be understood that, the time approaching ripeness, a first hint of these things might well be given to the world.

"There are two Free Masonries," she said, "and both have their origin in the Orient. One is exclusively masculine and reigns in the Latin and Anglo-Saxon countries. It is democratic, demagogic even, and tends to the destruction of all hierarchised society. The second Free Masonry differs from it in that it

is eventually aristocratic' only pacifically progressive, and is, above all, feminist.

It is hierarchal and, in everything, proceeds by selection. It governs a great part of the Orient and the whole of the Slav people. By its means the Chinese-Russian-French alliance will be made. By its aid the 'White Czar' will come to rule over India, and Constantinople will become the fourth capital of the Romanoff. It made the Franco-Russian alliance because Russia had need of money to prepare her destinies in the Orient, and because its occult leaders judge it prudent to build up in Russia a bulwark against the aggressions of the West. In a word, the Boxer movement in China is due to it, as an awakener of the East, although the Boxer leaders are but its ignorant instruments.

"The number of those who attain the highest degree is limited. They wield the occult power, and according to circumstances, may be found beside the throne or living in a garret. Their power remains the same. They form the class 'Free Beings,' to attain which the initiated must give up everything, even his personality and name. This explains why high personages—grand dukes, alchdukes and princes even—sometimes disappear without any anxiety being manifested by their imperial or royal families. It explains too, how individuals coming from no one knows where, from vegetating in obscure employments, suddenly spring into prominence, to occupy the most delicate and perilous posts. Such was the rise of Lamsdorf. Such was the rise of Mouravieff."

And now she approached the most astonishing part of her revelation. Several times the question had been asked: "Where and how does such a formidable Free Masonry have its origin?"

"Its primitive seat," she began hesitatingly "I shall have to ask you to be very unprejudiced, you are Europeans—pardon—and it is natural that you should look on Europe as the only possible starting point for such a world movement. It will, therefore, shock you less, perhaps, if I begin by asking: Will the Orient absorb Russia, or will Russia absorb the Orient? Is it necessary to recall to you the fact that the Russians were the last Aryans to descend from the great Central Asiatic plateau? Russia at least thinks that she has chosen, and were the intellectual giants of Lhasa no more than the doddering Buddhist priests that Europe imagines them to be, the czar's advisers know that the prosperity of Siberia and Russia's march on India lie in their hands."

"Lhasa?" exclaimed the others in a single breath.

"Lhasa," replied she, "is the intellectual center of Asia. Is it not significant that none but Europeans and Anglo-Saxons are forbidden to approach the mysterious city? Any Asiatic, yes, and any Russian, enters freely. Have you not heard echoes of its wisdom, now and again, through that misguided visionary, Blavatsky, through the European seekers who call themselves Theosophists?"

"And do you mean to say that the Dalai Lama is the grand pontiff of this 'White Freemasonry'?" they asked.

"Exactly," replied the Russian. "Long ago Lhasa foresaw the inevitable attack of the West on the East, of which the present humiliation of China is a foretaste. I think that Lhasa cares little for China and Chinese ideals, but Western aggressiveness, with its cock-sure science, is its abomination, and to protect Asia on the west its almost superhuman politicians have long been working in Russia. On her side, Rus-

sia is more Asiatic than European. The 'Free Beings' of the White Freemasonry are Russians, and they see in such an understanding a splendid and dominating destiny for Russia in the East. Only recently the Grand Lama sent two consecutive embassies to the czar. All Europe ignored this unusual proceeding save England alone. England has most to fear from this quarter, for it is destined to lose India."

"And Europeans are forbidden to enter Lhasa?"

"Since 1760 only three Europeans have succeeded in penetrating to the metropolis of the Buddhist-Lamaite world, and these three Europeans were thoroughly Orientalized, please observe. But Lhasa seems bent now on showing herself a little more to the world. The fact is significant. A few years ago the Kalmouk Buddhist-Lamaite priest, Bazi Bakchi Meunkeundjuev accomplished a pilgrimage from Astrakan to Lhasa. The recital of his voyage, in Kalmouk and Russian, makes a book of 420 pages, published in St. Petersburg by the faculty of Oriental languages of the university. And now, scarcely three months ago, another Kalmouk, also a Russian subject, has returned from a trip to Lhasa, bringing with him excellent photographs of the Forbidden City."

"There is something significant in the coinciding of these things with others I could mention," she insisted. "The two embassies to St. Petersburg, the publishing of the photograph, and, according to M. Seilliere's informant, a brilliant young professor of the University of Heidelberg, the movement toward Lamaite Buddhism and its central doctrine of the transmigration of souls, in the German universities is so great and ardent that it might be called a metaphysical panic. Ah, yes, the time is growing ripe," she murmured.

"What the czar and his advisers desire is easy to imagine," said the political writer. "It is the domination of the Orient, its accompanying glory, power and profit. What the society desires you have hinted at. What do the sages of Lhasa want?"

"They want to preserve the calm and the repose of the East," she answered. They have weighed Western civilization in the balance and found it wanting. And is it not a curious thing," she concluded, "that, in presenting itself to this Western civilization that boasts, as one of its great works, of having emancipated woman, the Eastern philosophy that guides the policy of the society should find its feminism make the most obvious and striking of its effects of comparison? Have you remarked that in all the Russian official ceremonies, in all important political acts accomplished by the czar, the czarina occupies her place beside the czar? Have you remarked that the czar of Russia is really the only European sovereign who invariably employs this significant formula: 'The Empress and I'?"

"It is perfectly well known that the dowager empress played and continues to play an active role in the politics of the empire," said the mysterious Russian. "Again, even in the Nihilistic movement, have you not remarked the great number of women, young girls even, revealed here and there in lightning flashes of public information, as active and equal co-workers with the men? In its colony of Russian students the Paris Latin quarter views with surprise the great, almost preponderating number of young girls? They study medicine, chemistry and mechanics, as well as music, literature and philosophy; and they are not Archists. The Latin and Anglo-Saxon Freemasonry is exclusively masculine. The 'White Freemasonry' on the contrary, puts woman—not on a pedestal—but side by side with man, as the mother, spouse and counselor."

CLOTHED WITH THE SUN.

Formerly FOUNDATION PRINCIPLES.

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PRICE 50 CENTS A YEAR.

LOIS WAISBROOKER, editor and publisher.

All communications addressed to the editor at Home, Pierce Co. Wash.

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.

Entered at the Postoffice, Home, Wash. as Second Class matter.

I WONDER, I DO!

If any of my readers will be stirred as I was by reading the story on the first page as told by the Russian lady! Never as now did I see the futility, the utter smallness of the efforts put forth by those called reformers—the utter futility of their efforts so far as any real good is concerned. It needs no great proficiency in mathematics to show that to better one nation or one class of people at the expense of another nation or class of people does not increase the average good, and I challenge any one to show me a charitable institution or reformatory measure that is not "robbing Peter to pay Paul."

Please read carefully the statement of the Russian lady, then the description of the czar's palace, lastly, ANOTHER PICTURE, then think—think how little your puny efforts at reform will accomplish with such mighty forces arrayed against you. Would I have you cease your efforts? Oh, no, not at all; but I would have you stop going against "bomb-proof" institutions with a pop-gun; I would have you enlarge your views and change your methods. I would have you step out of the special into the universal, for—mark this—organization puts you under the dominion of the present order of things, and is therefore the death of progress. The universal needs no organizing.

"They have weighed Western civilization and found it wanting."

True, it is woefully wanting, but not more so than is the civilization of the East. There is certainly something very much wanting in whatever builds itself up at the expense of such suffering as the story of that exile reveals. And please remember that these were state prisoners. Their crime consisted in plotting against, or being supposed to plot against the rule of the "White Czar," and yet the "giant intellects" of Lhasa are working to secure to the czar the control of the Orient and for what? Why, "to preserve the calm and repose of the East."

In other words, that they remain undisturbed in their position of wealth and power—that they may continue to live at the expense and degradation of the masses—in yet other words, Lhasa and the Order of White Freemasonry, together with the White Czar are the electrotyped white heat of selfishness. It is possible that the "best laid plans"

of those Eastern "mice" may "gang agly."

"The 'Free Beings' of the 'White Masonry' are Russians, and they see in such an understanding a splendid and dominating destiny for Russia in the East."

It is evident then, with all their occult knowledge, all their renunciation of the world to obtain spiritual growth, that they have not reached the plane of the universal, that their vision is still held to the narrow sphere of Russia's interest.

Right here I get a glimpse of the law which makes it so—see that those who renounce the world to gain spiritual power may go deep into life's forces, but their power has been narrowed by a repudiation of that which is needed for a full, rounded out development. They gain a power, but not The Power, consequently, those who unfold naturally, as many are doing, reaching the same point, will be so much broader in the sweep of their vision and consequent purpose, that those who live only in the special—in the narrow purpose of building up the governing power, not only at the expense of other nations, but also at the expense of the masses of their own people, such will shrink from before the larger souls—the souls whose purpose is rooted in that which is for the good of all. Adepts of the East, unless you can step from the special into the universal you will be lost in the sweep of that larger power which is coming, a power before which chains will break and thrones crumble.

"Has weighed Western civilization and found it wanting."

As I read the civilization of the Orient, I find, so far as can be learned, that it has always been ruled in the name of the gods, by occultly developed teachers who claim, by their occult power, to have access to the gods. I am here led to ask, is it not because those who have so risen have only sought for power over what was and is, opposing change lest they lose that power, is not this the cause of the degradation of the masses among the nations of the East? And if so, what of the gods who have led the Orient, and who are they?

Who but the spirits of their ancestors, men who loved power here and are the same there, and who, turning their forces toward the earth, hold it to past conditions as far as they can. They too, are "found wanting." In the past, communication between the two states of existence was limited to a chosen class, hence the origin of the priesthood, but with the advent of Modern Spiritualism that limit is broken. Since then (and even before, as the Mormons are the result of such an effort)—many ancient Orders that had become nearly, if not quite extinct, are now seeking to rebuild themselves upon the earth, and the occult side of the Orient is thus spreading itself all over the Occident. It comes in various forms, under the name of different Orders, but when weighed, they will all be found wanting. They may possess some valuable truths, and if they come to counsel with us it would be well, but no, we must become subordinate to the Order or we may not share its benefits, and at best they only tell us to be good under the present order of things. The preachers of the South used to teach the chattel slave that much.

No, there has never been an Order or system upon the planet that is, or was sufficient to the needs of Humanity, and if we accept and unite with any one of them we have simply tied ourselves to a hitching post. Why do I take the customs of the East as the basis of my argument? Because the West is the child of the East so far as the principle which enslaves the masses is concerned.

While the East and the West may contend with each other as to the possession of territory, the ruling class in both, agree in making the people "subjects," agree in taking the product of toil for their own aggrandizement while leaving the toiler in poverty. The question of this age is: How shall

WE MEET AND OVERCOME

this combined power of the world? It must be done, and we must do it, but how?

Not by meeting those who hold this power with their own weapon; no, we must rise above them. We must see and feel that those who enslave us are the product of conditions, and determine, for their sakes as well as ours, that such conditions shall cease. Feelings of pity, not of revenge, are in order, for before they can reach a higher plane they must suffer as we have done, there being nothing left for them here when we cease serving them.

Rising to this higher plane, recognizing and acting from that broader occultism or spiritual insight, the warmth of our love will dissolve chains as the sun in spring time melts the icy chains of winter. It is only as we rise that we can conquer.

But the unseen must be reached as well as the seen. The two states of existence must progress together. How shall we reach them? We must go to them. Do you ask how? Have you who recognize the law of the spiritual, not yet learned that though the external may not be conscious of it, we may, in hours of sleep, connect and converse with them. Recognizing this law, we can reach those who correspond to the enslaved masses here.

I have worked in that line for years. Once I could command large audiences; people came miles to listen, but from the time I discovered that teachers were needed on the spirit side of life my power in the external began to wane, but, in the hours of slumber, when my body was at rest, I have talked to thousands of my outcast spirit sisters who believed they were lost because they were so taught. We are lost so long as we think so.

Yes, I have been doing this for years. It would take too long to explain how I know this, but I know it. We can reach them when we recognize them as those whose united forces shall change this earth condition by abolishing all those classes that live upon the toil of the masses. They will listen when you tell them that to attain this power they must not act from a spirit of bitterness or revenge, but for the universal good.

It was the strong sense of this truth—if the fact that we must depend upon the intelligent action of the crushed classes in the invisible for the needed aid in bringing in better conditions upon earth—it was this thought that so stirred me when I read the Russian lady's story—the almost overwhelming sense of the need of an intelligent organization of those earth-wronged ones upon that higher plane of action and the necessity of teachers to lead them, all this came with such clearness and force, that it almost took me off my feet. I would like my spiritualistic readers to write me on this point, both privately and for publication. The more clearly the thought is brought out the more readily can our unseen friends read it from our minds.

WHAT WONDER THE TOILERS ARE POOR!

We find among our papers two statements concerning Russia that, in connection with the article on our first page, seem very appropos at the present time. The first, of the—

CZAR'S WINTER PALACE.

The Czar's Winter Palace is the largest building in the world, says William E. Curtis in the Chicago News. It is a square structure fronting on the Neva, containing 1,700 rooms, and, it is said, that in olden times as many as 6,000 people, including a guard of soldiers, have been sheltered and fed under its roof. Much of the interior was destroyed by fire in 1837 but was rebuilt, and the whole was renewed in its present form in 1839 at a cost of \$39,800,000.

The main entrance, which however, is used only on occasions of ceremony, opens from the bank of the river onto a magnificent vestibule of marble, with wide stairways reaching to the halls and imperial reception rooms above. The stairways are adorned by groups of statuary, and the long vestibule, 200 feet by 60, presents an array of ideal figures in marble, as well as statues of the heroes of Russian history.

**ADVENTURES
OF THE SOBIESKI FAMILY.**
FROM THE NEW YORK EVENING JOURNAL.

"This is really a story about a poor family. The heading emphasizes the adventurous character of the poor family's life in the hope of making you read the column. You might not take the trouble to read an everyday story of misfortune.

Sobieski, the father, is a Pole. In his days of prosperity he earned at least thirty cents a day. Sometimes he earned twice as much as that. Those were the golden days of plenty.

Then came an adventure. SOBIESKI Lost One Leg. It's quite an adventure to lose your leg, especially when it cuts off your income of thirty cents a day, for a long time if not permanently.

There had been other adventures before that. Mrs. Sobieski had had five children—about one year and a half apart.

Having a child is a good deal of an adventure—as any mother will tell you.

To have children on thirty cents a day, and to cook, wash, scrub, sew and care for all the children makes the undertaking one of the Highly Adventurous Kind. Mrs. Sobieski's life was full of adventurous incidents.

At every hour of every day something was asked for that she could not give. All the children wanted more food. They all were ashamed of their clothes, even in the poorest quarter. The latest baby was always crying, even though the mother might hold it for hours against her breast as she went about her work.

The oldest Sobieski girl is eight years old. The baby being young, the father in bed, the mother weak—this Sobieski girl ran across an adventure.

She went along the railroad "stealing" coal that had fallen from passing cars. For some days she kept the fire burning in this criminal way. The railroad hires detectives to watch those who steal coal by the lump. Don't blame the railroad. Sometimes thieving boys climb on the cars and throw the coal off.

The Sobieski girl was caught and frightened almost to death by a conscientious detective. She was so small that he let her go. But, as a family coal stealer, she was discouraged.

That was an exciting adventure for her.

There was no way of paying the rent.

But landlords are not heartless. The landlord waited until Sobieski's stump was healed fairly well, and then turned the family out into the street. They spent one day on the sidewalk, with two beds, one stove, and a chair or two, beside a picture of the Virgin Mary and her infant son.

That was an interesting adventure for all the Sobieskis, including the baby, which was wrapped up in part of a torn quilt.

A family as poor as the Sobieskis, except that it had a TWO-legged father, took the Sobieski family in. This kindness packed thirteen people in two rooms. Here philanthropy threatened to end the Sobieski adventures and to make their lives monotonously happy.

But the landlord of this charitable family—or his agent—objected to such an arrangement.

He could not have two families in one apartment unless they paid more rent.

The Sobieskis had to go, for the poor family that had sheltered them could not pay double rent.

One more day on the sidewalk with their valuable possessions, and the kindness of some agent put them in temporary possession of two small rooms in a dilapidated frame shanty. The smaller of the rooms is eight feet square.

In this apartment, with no food but water and some bread given by a neighbor, Mrs. Sobieski passed through her sixth important adventure. She had another baby.

Have you really seen human misery—as it exists at the bottom of that system which supports you so comfortably?

Come and take a look at the Sobieskis. Don't be

afraid of being asked for money.

One of the world's luckiest human beings visited the Sobieski family last Sunday night at half-past nine o'clock, and gave them enough money to last them for three months anyhow.

Sobieski, the father, came stumping to the door on his one leg. A candle was burning on the edge of the stove which was cold.

Perhaps you expect to hear me say that "the humble household was scrupulously clean."

It was not. It was DIRTY, and it smelled like what it was, a hell-hole in which poor human creatures endure torments.

Sorrow, mental suffering, hunger and permanent despair had done their work on the crippled father. There was no speculation in his eyes, no light of hope or interest in the thin, bearded face, as he led the way to the centre of his misery.

The foot of the bed almost touched the stove in the little room. In the bed the mother lay—ill, white, too weak to move. In a small closet off the "main room," without a window, in a very small single bed, were three children.

At the foot of the mother's bed, in a cradle made of a box, there slept a baby three or four years old.

Inside the bed, at the bottom of it, there was another baby—two years old, perhaps. It was very small and thin, and jerked its limbs nervously in its sleep. It will soon find rest, warmth, and all that it needs in the hospitable earth.

The mother's eyes opened when she was asked about her baby. Mothers, even the poorest, have only ONE baby at a time in their hearts. She turned toward a small bundle that lay upon her arm.

She raised a corner of a tattered and dirty quilt and showed the head of a new-born child.

Better not describe the baby. It would bore some readers and hurt the feelings of others to know what that withered little thing looked like, with its face buried for warmth in its mother's cotton shirt.

It started to cry when the quilt was raised, but recognized the loving touch of its mother's hand, buried its face in her side and went to sleep again.

It has been said that it is pleasant to help the poor.

It is horrible. Nothing could be more painful than to see a poor, sick mother cover with kisses the hand that gives her a little miserable money. Enough money was given to take the poor family through the winter at least. But what then? And what will assuage the grief of that mother when she loses one or two or more of her babies? She must lose them because they were born in starvation.

Possibly you will ask:

Since you gave that family enough to eat for three months, why bother us with their troubles?

We answer:

You ought to KNOW what goes on at the bottom of the social structure. You ought not to be satisfied because your stocks "pay dividends" or because "we are selling steel to Europe."

You ought to feel responsible for your fellow creatures. You ought to be ashamed of yourself and of your "civilization" as long as it is possible for a mother to lie ill in bed, cold and hungry, with six young children around her. YOU are responsible for that woman's suffering unless you are doing WHAT YOU CAN by talking, writing, voting or GIVING, to change conditions.

PLEASE, Don't Forget to Renew, and to send for Books that your children's prize!

The Rev. Mr. Hall of Tacoma, Wash., says God married Adam and Eve. That may be, but if the record is true, their first child was a murderer.

A MIXED MESS.

The Fort Scott (Kan.) Tribune tells its readers "it is said" that James W. Adams is in jail for publishing Freeloze and Anarchist paper called Lucifer, at a colony he established in California, called Home.

THE Facts—Home Colony is in Washington, was started six years ago; Mr. Adams has been here three

years, is here now with his family, a man of 70, has not been in California since he was a young man, has never edited or published a paper, and Lucifer is published in Chicago.

It seems that Tony has a hatchet as well as Carrie. She smashed saloons and Tony smashes slot machines. He recently smashed sixteen at Ossining, N. Y.

LUNATICS! LUNATICS!

"Caesar Lombroso, the Italian criminologist and alienist," says the New York World, "is one of the foremost leaders of modern science."

This man recently made the bold assertion that the Czar, the Kaiser, King Edward, the Sultan of Turkey, Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, Archduke Otto, heir to the Austrian throne, and King Alphonso of Spain are lunatics. The ruler of Russia, he says, is not a criminally inclined lunatic, but an innocent, melancholy idiot, the easiest possible tool in the hands of a flattering influence.

He said of the Sultan of Turkey, if in the lower strata of life, he might have been a bank sneak, but the Kaiser would become involved in frequent brawls, inevitably leading him to jail, and perhaps to the scaffold. King Edward's bumps show general degeneracy, incapacity to comprehend abstract concepts or imagine distant things; a mediocre mind.

Professor Lombroso made this statement to a company of physicians and surgeons who, while he was in Paris, had been invited to meet him at Dr. Pozzi's who had plaster casts of said heads.

"Some one of the notable company remarked that Europe was at the mercy of crazy rulers. Thereupon Dr. Champagniere, another famous criminologist, supported Professor Lombroso, saying: 'It is appalling to consider the real mental level of most of those people who have inherited or achieved political, or other prominence.'"

Professor Lombroso was the first to point out that men are sometimes criminals through hidden irresponsibility, and need correction of their mental misfortune instead of punishment.

—Selected and condensed.

What a glorious state of things! What a crime to rebel—to proclaim one's self opposed to the government of man by man! What grand work those "Occult leaders" are doing in preparing the way for an "idiot" Romanoff to rule the Orient!

"PROVIDED."

The Boston branch of the American Press Writer's Association, in condemning the recent hold-up of Discontent, sell themselves in the last clause of their second Resolution—"provided such literature be morally unobjectionable."

That is just the point at issue. Those who oppose us set statute morality above the law of life written in the constitution of the universe, and assert that our teachings are immoral because we claim the right to regulate our own sex relations.

SILENCE, AND ACTION.

There is much said and written, these days about the power of "New Thought," "Higher Thought," "in the Silence," etc. It is a great and growing fad, and the source of much satisfaction, if not manifold blessings. But all should remember that this is an age for action as well as "thought;" that "Silence" should be often broken by the cries of suffering humanity, the stirring appeals of economic and social reformers, and the din and jarring discords of the labor conflict.

Meditation "in the Silence" is futile without subsequent action. It is deeds that are called for, thought must be executed to be effective. People's Press. (Ill.)

A Tacoma daily says of Lois Wainbrooker that she is the filthiest one at Home. Lois is vain enough to think that to those who know her, it will be a good recommendation for the place.

How many of you are going to send me a new subscriber when you renew?

Continued from fourth page.

The young Atty. had pledged himself to see her wishes carried out, and was there to fulfill his pledge, but had hard work to keep back those who came from curiosity as well as those who desired to have preaching and praying over the remains. Such heathenish doings in this Christian land, they said.

However, Mr. Graham staid at his post; he held the key to the door of the room where the body lay and no one was allowed to enter but the physicians. When Helen came, at a word from Mrs. Hayden, she was admitted, and by her request, her brother went with her; also, Mrs. Gray and Ida, who came soon after, but no others. When John saw how matters stood he was glad that he was not in Leslie Graham's place.

It was a question as to whether they should take the body to Boston or New York City, as Garland was about half way between that two, but it was finally decided in favor of New York; then Mrs. Hayden disgusted the masculines of the place by choosing a lady physician to accompany her.

The hour for leaving was fixed for the four o'clock train the next day, a little over forty-eight hours from the time that Miss Vaughn had ceased breathing. Helen, Ida Gray and Atty. Graham remained with Mrs. Hayden that night, and when Helen found that Chloe could stay with her mother she decided to go to the city also. Ida would have been glad to go but circumstances forbade.

Leslie decided to go too, as he laughingly said, he thought the three ladies could take care of him. Garland had never before sent a body to the crematory and there was quite a crowd gathered at the station to see them off, and to Helen's astonishment, John came at the last moment to join them.

In explanation he said he had to go to the city soon and he thought he might as well go in good company as alone, but his real object was to study Leslie Graham—to find his weak points, that if occasion arose, they might be taken advantage of.

It is not pleasant to record all these things against John Middleton, not a pleasant task to scan his motives and find them all subservient to his one purpose. The power to concentrate one's forces is desirable, but it makes all difference in the character of the individual as to what the purpose is.

But then, the motive itself is often the product of inherited tendency decided by surrounding influences, and it becomes unpleasant for one who understands this to blame any one.

If we will study our present system of society we can readily see that its motive powers all bear upon those organs of the brain which, acting alone, make us selfish, and that we are not all supremely so is due to the power of that inborn tie which binds us to our kind. To make my meaning more clear, I will relate an incident in the experience of our little party while absent.

The purpose of their journey was accomplished. They were ready to start for home but had to wait about three hours for their train. As they entered the hotel parlor after all was done, the Dr. asked:

"What shall we do for the next three hours?"

In reply, a gentleman stepped into the room and said:

"Please pardon if I intrude, but as I was passing I heard a question which I can answer, provided you would like my method of entertainment. I am studying phrenology and I like to test my proficiency by examining the brain

formation of entire strangers; will you please allow me to examine yours?"

They gave each other a look which said: "Her's an adventure," and consented.

"One thing more," said the stranger, please make no remark that will indicate your business or your relationship, and I do not wish to say a word of the characteristics of any till I am through with all, as I do not want the action of your minds to affect my conclusions."

They laughed but assented; so there they sat as silent as mice while the different craniums were gone over. When the gentleman was through, he said:

"Now, if you please, corroborate or deny each statement I make as to its correctness or otherwise," then turning to Mrs. Hayden and the Dr., he said:

"You two are physicians or should be, but I do not think the elder lady is practicing now."

"You are correct, sir," said Mrs. Hayden, "but how could you tell from the shape of my head that I am not practicing now?"

He smiled and handed her his card, on which were the words:—"Professor Dutton, Psychometrist."

"Don't you think you have been a little unfair, Professor," she said, "it was heads, not our souls, that were to be read."

"I did not think of it in that light," he replied, "I am studying phrenology to learn how far the two sciences corroborate each other, and I thought the less I knew about you, or you about me, the better."

"I think, sir, we can stand it if you can, so there is no harm done," said Helen.

"Thank you," said the Professor, then finished his delineation for those two, which, for the most part, was pronounced correct. He then turned to John and Leslie with:

"You two gentlemen are lawyers of no mean order of intellect, quite different in many respects, but if rivals, it would be hard to tell which would win." He gave Leslie the prominent points of his character, then turned to John.

"You and this lady," he said, indicating Helen, must be brother and sister; the general likeness in the conformation of the brain indicate the same mother, and yet there are points of divergence that make you seem very different. You, sir, seek to avoid the evils of life, she seeks to know their causes," he paused.

John shrank from the keen analysis of the man but he would not show it, so he said: "Go on, Professor."

The man smiled as he replied: I hardly know how to say what I wish, and do you justice. There is more to you than appears on the surface, but it depends upon what your leading purpose is, as to whether the best, the highest of which you are capable is ever brought out.

"The leading organs of the two sides to your character are so evenly balanced that your course will be decided by the influence brought to bear at the time your choice is made, and such is your nature, no matter which side you take, all else will be made subservient to the end in view. If you choose worthily you will become a grand man; if not, then all that is best in you will be dwarfed."

"Be careful; the system under which we live tends to foster the selfish propensities, and many an otherwise noble man and woman has thus been spoiled. Please pardon the liberty, but I see such possibilities in your nature I do not like to think of your getting on the wrong track." He then turned to Helen with:

"You, lady, are as yet devoted to home and mother. Your general traits of character, with the one exception, are like

your brother's, but your desire to know the cause of the evils which prevail will lead you into a widely different field of labor; but I see that your time is nearly up so, thanking you for the pleasure you have given me, and with the hope that we may meet again, I will wish you a pleasant journey and retire."

On the way home nothing was talked but the Professor. John looked a little sober but laughed about the man's solicitude for him, said:

"If I am half as smart as he says, I think I can take care of myself. I certainly am not to be turned about by every crank I meet."

But Helen saw her brother as never before, and from then on, she ceased to give him "side-cuts," as he called them, but was gentle and tender, thus seeking to strengthen the best that was in him. Not that she did not defend the right as she saw it, but she did it so differently.

The Dr. and Helen staid with Mrs. Hayden that night and the next day Atty. Graham brought Miss Vaughn's will. It was short and to the point, giving all that she possessed to her friend Mrs. Ruth A. Hayden, in part payment for years of faithful service. After the reading of the will, Mrs. Hayden took Helen home, and then the package was opened that was confided to her care at the time Miss Vaughn came to them, and left without the world being the wiser because of it.

The package was found to contain \$500 in gold and \$800 in bills, with a letter giving directions as to its disposal commencing with:

"I wish this to be used in aiding unmarried mothers. I do not believe in usury, I consider it robbery; but woman has been robbed so long, even of herself, that I do not hesitate to say, please put \$1,000 of this on interest at the best terms possible, and keep the other \$100 to meet any need that may arise before the interest is due, and to reimburse yourself for any expense you may be to in the matter."

"Get Leslie Graham to do the business for you. He can be trusted. He has my history ready for publication when I pass out. Ruth has a like sum for the same purpose. Say nothing of this but work quietly till such time as you have sufficient footing to use your means jointly to prepare a home in which such mothers can be self-supporting and self-respecting. With a few acres of ground, there are many remunerative employments needing more skill than strength, and in which they can bless the world, in stead of cursing it by being driven to prostitution."

"As you and Ruth are true hearts, I will give no further details, for you will be the best judges of time and place, and as far as you can prevent I know that no prospective mother will feel forced to destroy her child to save herself. I shall watch over you and aid you when I can."

Yours for the natural right to Motherhood. HESTER VAUGHN.

"Strange," said Helen, "that package was prepared before we ever met."

Mrs. Hayden smiled: "Many things are strange," she said, "till you understand them."

"True, but how do you account for this? She came here the first time I ever saw her, and she brought this package with her."

"Hester was a natural medium, and her suffering developed her psychometric power in a remarkable degree. She only had to hold something one had need to read them through and through," and taking from an envelope which she held in her hand, a bit of fine, white ma-

terial, handed it to Helen with:

"Do you remember that?"

Helen glanced at a name in the corner and exclaimed:

"My handkerchief that I lost so long ago! where was it found?"

"In front of our gate. Hester was standing by the window when a very fine carriage dashed by in which were two ladies and two gentlemen. She saw something white flutter to the ground and went out and picked it up."

"That, mother, was the day Millie and I went riding with John and Mr. Barton the afternoon he left."

"Sir Edward, I think your brother calls him," remarked Mrs. Hayden.

"Yes, he has since inherited a title, but he was plain Mr. Barton then, and every whit as noble as now," she replied, blushing for her brother's vanity.

"It's wonderful," said Mrs. Middleton, "this power to read one as you say Miss Vaughn read Helen."

"Yes, it is, but not more so than that a dog should know his master's track from all others by sensing the life-force that passes off through the sole of his boot," replied Mrs. Hayden, then, looking at her watch, "It is time I was on my way home."

"I don't like to think of you being there alone; why not remain with us till morning?" said Mrs. Middleton.

"I shall not be alone. The Dr. stays with me to-night, and to-morrow there is coming to me a mother who will bring her boy and remain with me, one that Hester saved from desperation over ten years ago and has assisted more or less ever since. A fine boy. Given a chance and he will be a superior man."

John brought home the first paper issued after their return from the city and laid it in Helen's lap.

"Read that," he said, and see what sort of people you are associating with." She looked the paper over, then said with a smile:

"There is nothing new here, nothing but what I have known for sometime."

"You knew all this!"

"Yes, do you remember the time The Sloan lost track of the woman who came to the edge of the town with Mrs. Hayden?"

"I do."

"He was right as to who it was, and she came here."

"Here! how, what, had you known of her before?"

"We had not."

"Then what brought her here?"

"Mrs. Hayden says she was an excellent psychometrist, and read Helen from a handkerchief she found with her name in the corner," said Mrs. Middleton.

"Waew! I presume that explains why she chose Graham as her confidant and counsellor; I think he and Helen are well suited to each other."

"Would you not have done her business for her, had she offered it to you?" continued his mother.

"I would not have given that shameful story to the public. If she had not tried to justify herself in such a foolish way it would not be quite as bad. 'Had no power to resist,' nonsense!"

"How long since you was a woman, John?" asked Helen.

"What a question!"

"You seem know so well how a woman should feel I thought you might have been one sometime."

"Oh, stop your nonsense, Helen, and say if you think her story reasonable?" She was silent for a few moments, then said hesitatingly:

"Some five or six years ago, when I went to Boston with Millie, I saw a man on the train of whom I could have said in Miss Vaughn's words, 'my whole being went out to him,' and I believe that is the way most girls feel who yield to their lovers."

The throne room is a magnificent apartment of marble, so large that the entire White House at Washington might be erected within its walls, and here, upon New Year's day, the Czar receives the congratulations of the diplomatic corps, the officers of the government and the army, and the nobles.

The white hall is also fine and large, but the most imposing room is the hall of St. George, 140 by 80 feet in size and 60 feet high, of marble, with a ceiling carved and gilded with pure gold leaf. There is no finer room anywhere, and it is used only for the assemblage and decoration of the Order of St. George, the highest Order that the Czar can bestow, and like the Order of the Garter in Great Britain, a distinction never enjoyed only by those who win it in the field or by some service to the state. Another fine hall is that of the ambassadors, where the diplomatic corps assemble on occasions of ceremony, while another is the hall of the field marshals, so-called, because the walls are covered with the portraits of those who have commanded the armies of Russia. In these great rooms a multitude can assemble, and the balls and receptions that have taken place there are beyond description.

No court in Europe is so lavish of display as that of Russia. These great halls have sometimes been used for banquets, and in them have dined, seated at tables at once, 3,000 persons, served on solid silver plate throughout a menu of twelve courses, by 1,800 liveried attendants, and the imperial family have sat at the end of the room on a platform and taken their dinner off solid gold.

(Two or three of those halls, like double parlors, must have been thrown into one to seat that number; the largest one named would not do it. L. W.)

The rest of the great palace is divided into long lines of dining rooms, drawing rooms, art galleries, reception rooms, etc., the most of them are of great beauty and gorgeousness, the amount of gilding to be seen passing all comparison. Not only furniture, but walls, ceilings, doors and mouldings around the windows are covered with sheets of gold. There seems to be no end to the display. Whenever opportunity offered to slap on a lot of gold leaf there was no failure to do it, and the amount of bullion hammered into sheets and spread over that building must have been enormous.

There are several drawing rooms the walls of which are of single sheets of glass of various colors, set in gilded frames, and the effect is gorgeous. We had seen no end of mirrors elsewhere, miles and miles of them, in the most unexpected and inexplicable places, mirrors in closets, attics, cellars, bathrooms and boudoirs lined and ceiled and floored with them, but these rooms are something new.

Imagine if you can, a large apartment 30x40 feet in size, with walls and ceiling of purple glass, set in heavily carved cornices of gold, the panels broken now and then by gilded tracery and fligree work, and from the centre of the ceiling an immense crystal chandelier of the same color hanging. And there is not only a purple glass room, but yellow, blue, scarlet, and all other colors of the rainbow are represented. There are Japanese rooms, Chinese rooms, fitted and finished most sumptuously. Pompeian rooms, Roman rooms, and rooms setting forth an example of the luxury, the taste and the fabrics of all ages and races. Dozens of rooms are hung with Gobelin tapestry, and hundreds with ordinary silk and satin brocades.

ANOTHER PICTURE.

The following is a Russian exile's story, taken from Mr. George Kennan's paper on "Russian State Prisoners," for the Century. The exile, describing his departure in company with other prisoners, from the Home of Preliminary Detention for the far off mines of Siberia, said:

About three o'clock in the morning an overseer unlocked and opened the door of my cell and said to me, come. I followed him to the office of the prison, where the commander of the convey made a careful examination of my person, noted my features and physical characteristics as set forth in a description

which he held in his hand, compared my face with that of a photo taken soon after my arrest, and at last, being apparently satisfied as to my identity, received me formally from the prison authorities. I was then taken down a flight of stairs to the corps de grade, a large room on the ground floor, at the door of which stood an armed sentry. The spacious but low and gloomy hall was dimly lighted by a few flaring lamps and candles, and in the middle of it, at two long bare tables, sat ten or fifteen men and women in coarse gray convict overcoats drinking tea.

The heads of the men were half shaven, they all wore chains and leg-fetters, and on the back of every prisoner, between the shoulders, appeared the two black diamonds which signify that the criminal so marked is a hard labor convict. Near the door stood six or eight gendarmes and officers of the detective police, who watched the prisoners intently, whispering now and then among themselves as if communicating to one another the results of their observations.

The stillness of the room was unbroken save by the faint hissing of two or three brass samovars on the tables, and an occasional jingle of chains as one of the convicts moved his feet. There was no conversation, and a chance observer would never have imagined that the gray coated figures sitting silently side by side at the tables were near friends, and in some cases relatives, who had long been buried in the casemates of the fortress, and who were looking into each other's faces for the first time in years.

As I entered the room one of the prisoners, whose face I did not at first recognize, but who proved to be an old friend, rushed forward to meet me, and as he threw his arms around me he whispered in my ear: "Don't recognize any one but me, they are watching us." I understood the warning. The police knew very little about the history and the revolutionary records of some of the political convicts who were present, and it was important that they should not be able to get a clue to any one's identity or past history by noting recognitions as prisoner after prisoner was brought in. The incautious manifestation of emotion by one convict as he met another might result in the return of both to the casemates of the fortress till their mutual relations could be investigated. This was the reason for the silence that prevailed throughout the gloomy hall and for the seeming indifference with which they regarded one another. They were apparently strangers, but in reality they were bound together by innumerable ties of friendship and memories of the past; and as they looked into each other's faces, and noted the changes that time and suffering had wrought, they retained their composure only by the most heroic effort. On one side of the table sat an old comrade of whom we had heard nothing in years and whom we all supposed to be dead. On the other side were a young man and his betrothed who, for five years had not seen each other, and who, when thus reunited under the eyes of the gendarmes, did not dare to speak. Near them sat a pale, thin woman about twenty-seven years of age, who held in her arms a sickly baby born in a casemate of the fortress, and who looked anxiously at the door every time it opened with the hope of seeing her husband brought in to join the party. Most of us knew that her husband was dead, but no one dared to tell her that she watched the door in vain.

To one who could look beneath the surface of this strange and unnatural silence, who could see the hot tides of hatred, agony, sympathy, and pity which surged under those gray overcoats, the scene was not only striking and impressive but terrible and heart-rending. At five o'clock we were taken in closed carriages to the station of the St. Petersburg and Moscow railway, were put into convict cars with grated windows, and began our long and eventful journey to Siberia.

I could not describe, if I would, the scenes that I witnessed in that car, when we were freed from the espionage of the gendarmes; when we could greet and embrace one another openly without fear; and could relate to one another the histories of our lives during the long years of our enforced separation. The experiences of all were essentially alike, and the stories were an endless epopee of suffering. We talked all day, and should perhaps have talked all night, had not the overstrained nerves of the weaker members of the party given away at last under the tension of excitement and the sudden inrush of a flood of new sensations and new emotions.

To a prisoner who had lived for years in the silence and solitude of a bomb-proof casemate, the noise and rush of the train, the unfamiliar sight of the green world, and the faces and voices of friends who seemed to have been raised suddenly from the dead, were at first intensely exciting; but the excitement was soon followed by complete prostration. Early in the evening one of my comrades, without the least warning, became hysterical, and in less than ten minutes seven men in our car were either delirious or lying on the floor in a state of unconsciousness. Some of them raved and cried, some went from one faint into another, and some lay motionless and breathless in a profound swoon until we almost gave them up for dead.

The surgeon who accompanied the convey was summoned, stimulants were administered, water was dashed into the white ghastly faces, and everything was done that could be done to restore the sufferers to a normal condition; but all night the car was filled with moans and hysterical weeping, and the women of the party—particularly Anna Pavlovna Korba, who was stronger and more self-possessed than any of the men—went from one fainting or hysterical patient to another, with restoratives, stimulants, and soothing ministrations. When we arrived in Moscow nearly half of the party had to be carried out in the arms of the guard, and our journey was temporarily suspended in order that they might receive medical treatment.

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UNDER THE SYSTEM.

BY ENOLA STARR.

Continued from last issue.

"No, mother, John will give up nothing that he thinks to add to his importance; if opportunity offers, he will make capital out of my friendship with Lady Barton."

Mrs. Middleton sighed and made no reply to this, but asked:

"Shall we have the other now?"

"Not now. I have been too deeply stirred; I can bear no more at present."

At dinner, John noticed their quiet soberness, or rather, that of his sister; his mother was usually sedate, and asked:

"Any bad news that you are so serious?" looking first at his sister, then at his mother. The latter replied:

"There are some phases of life which, when brought to our notice, naturally make us feel serious unless so absorbed in our own advancement that we have no thought for others."

"Why mother, to hear you and Helen talk one would think ambition a crime."

"Ambition, curse of all mankind,

What streaming tears do flow,

What woes inflict on all mankind,

Oh, day of Waterloo!"

repeated Helen.

"Nonsense, that don't apply at all. I have no desire to rise through war, but that there are many laudable fields for ambition you certainly cannot deny."

"No, John, no danger of your going to war, but you would like to be where you could vote on war measures and you would be sure to vote on the popular side."

"Children, please don't; this sparring does no good. Lady Barton sent us the history of one who loved and suffered, and the story has saddened us both, but it was not intended for your eye, nor is it in your line of thought."

"Then why not say so at first, mother? I can stand Helen's side-cuts, but your implied reproach hurts."

"I am sorry, my son, to wound you but I doubt if Helen feels half as deeply as I do, your seeming indifference to everything except what you think will conduce to your own advancement."

She had never before spoken so plainly. The man looked at her a few moments in silence, then quietly arose and left, his dinner but half eaten. He had a heart but his ambition generally kept it out of sight. He loved his mother, and to have it brought home to him that he was a source of sorrow to her cut him to the quick.

"Poor boy," sighed his mother.

When John Middleton came home at night he looked very sober and the evening meal was eaten almost in silence. He seemed quite serious for several days but it wore off by degrees, and he was again the same John, absorbed in his own plans.

The next time Mrs. Middleton visited the Bonners her husband wrote through Henry's hand:

"Sarah, let John have his experience, he will gain a growth that he can get in no other way. He would not be satisfied if he did for your sake what he would not do from principle; let him learn his lesson."

From then on Mrs. Middleton ceased to be unhappy over the course of her son, but it is time to return to Lady Barton's letter. The evening of the day on which the history of Lady Barton's parentage was read the Middletons had company from an adjoining town who did not leave till the next day after dinner; then, by the time Helen was ready to sit down Millie came, and that histo-

ry was re-read and commented upon, for underneath Millie's light bandinage was deep thought.

The reader will say that, in giving Lady Barton's story to her friend and withholding Miss Vaughn's Helen was not consistent. If that same reader will stop and think it will be seen that there is quite a difference in the two cases. Lady Barton was across the ocean, Miss Vaughn was here; then there is quite a difference between reading a statement and telling what another has said in one's own language.

Thus one thing and another hindered till several days passed before the further reading of the letter, but finally it was reached.

Ordinarily, curiosity would have found time to read the balance of the package even at the expense of loss of sleep, but, as before said, Helen felt when she first saw it, that her destiny was in some way connected with that letter, and she had been so stirred by the contents of envelope No. one, that she shrank from opening No. two. But this time had come and it must be read, so she took her seat on a stool at her mother's feet and commenced:

MRS. AND MISS MIDDLETON:

DEAR LADIES—

I hope you were not so much shocked by reading the facts of my parentage as I was when I first learned the truth. I knew from what Sir Edward had told me, and from what you wrote, that you were thinking along this line, yet, had you not sent me Miss Vaughn's story I do not think I should have had the courage to send you my mother's letter, for it actually made me sick. I am naturally conscientious; I felt I was occupying a false position, and but for my mother's good name, and that she had taught me never to act hastily, I think I should have given up everything and left the country. I had a sort of wild idea that I could take my father's name, Brandon, and make a place for myself in the world.

"One night while in this state of mind I had a wonderful experience. I felt my mother's presence so vividly I knew she was there though I could not see her, and that my father was with her. I can not describe the feeling that came over me, nor tell the thoughts that came like a flood-tide from my unseen visitants. Suffice it to say that from then on I became reconciled to what I had learned of my birth, and to-day I bless my mother that she gave me for a father one who had a pure and healthy life instead of one whose life currents were so weakened by debauchery that the little brother who preceded me could not live, for I saw clearly, though I cannot tell now, that his weakness came from Lord Carlton instead of from our mother."

"But I did not lose my faith all at once. Up to when Sir Edward asked for my hand I held to the idea that I had no right to marry in the rank to which I seemingly belonged, so while declining with thanks the honor intended, I told him I should never marry. He asked for my reason for such a decision, which I said I could not tell him as it involved more than myself. He looked at me curiously as he remarked:

"You know that your mother and mine were confidential friends."

"You know!" I exclaimed, startled out of my self-possession by his manner.

"I know, from what I have learned of the two men, that I would much rather marry a daughter of Captain Brandon than a daughter of Lord Carlton. My mother has taught me that good blood means more than title."

"Your mother is an angel," I replied, "My mother is a woman to be honored and she asks you through me to be her daughter, will you refuse us both?"

"My own heart plead for him and as I had no longer an excuse, for reply I placed my hand in his. He has since told me that had I been Lord Carlton's child he should not have asked me to be his wife. He had known the facts for over a year. So you see, Dear Ladies, that I owe my happiness to my mother—to the fact that she dared to accept some of life's sweetness under conditions the world condemns."

"And now, as I write this last sentence I again feel my mother's presence, and with it comes an almost overwhelming sense of the wrongs inflicted by society upon individuals, and through them upon the race, by its arbitrary standard of morality—by its setting human enactments above nature's perfect law; and yet such enforcement is necessary to the present system of things in all its departments, proof to my mind, that Humanity's higher development cannot be reached under its rule."

"As I fear I have written enough now to weary you, I will close by asking, if agreeable to you, that in future correspondence, we further discuss the natural tendency of the system under which we live. Yours truly,"

MARY E. BARTON.

P. S. "I forgot to say that Sir Edward has a cousin who expects to visit America the coming year and he will be sure to call on you. He spent one summer in the States some years ago and has always wanted to go again, but circumstances have prevented till now. He is a thinker and I hope the acquaintance will be mutually agreeable." M. E. B.

There was but little said at the close of this reading, but both mother and daughter were thinking fast.

The next day when John came to dinner his first words were:

"Have you heard the news?"

"We have heard no news, what is it?" asked his mother.

"That Miss Vaughn is dead."

"When did she die? I had not heard she was sick."

"Her death was very sudden, she has not been sick. Yesterday, as Mrs. Hayden says, she started out to take her usual afternoon walk, but fell before she reached the gate. A gentleman who was passing saw her and ran to her assistance, but when he reached her she had ceased to breathe. The Dr. says it was heart failure."

"She said she should go quick when she went," remarked Helen.

"What do you know about her?" he asked in a surprised tone.

"I met her at Mr. Gray's and I have been at her home several times since," she replied with a smile, for the expected some disparaging remark.

"Yes, I remember hearing of the part she took in that affair. You must have found her interesting to wish to continue the acquaintance."

"I did. I always learn something from those you call cranks."

He was going to make a sarcastic reply but caught his mother's eye and stopped. Presently another thought came to him; there might be business there; there could at least be no harm in patting himself in a way to find out, and then, he knew that Helen was liked if she was radical, so he turned to her and said:

"I presume you would like to go now."

"I intend to go, should have gone last night had I known of it."

"Well, as I have no pressing business this afternoon I will take you over."

Helen thanked him without comment.

His mother's pleased look made him glad he had offered to go, but when they reached the place his countenance fell, for the only man that he looked upon as a rival was there carrying out the instructions that Miss Vaughn had given long before, and which had been done so quietly no one supposed he knew the woman; but Leslie Graham knew how to keep his own counsel.

Miss Vaughn had given in writing, positive directions against any ceremonies over her body, and that the public should not be permitted to look upon it, that it should be kept long enough to be sure of death, then put into a plain coffin and sent to the nearest crematory accompanied by her friend, Mrs. Hayden, and any physician she might select, that a final examination could be had before committing it to the flames.

continued in supplement.

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It is claimed now a days that there is character meaning in the letters of one's name. I know something of this "science," and if any of my readers desire to test it and will send me 50 cents I will do my best for them. The usual price is \$1, but I am not a proficient. A man will please send his mother's name before marriage, and a woman will please give her maiden name and that of her mother. Full names required. L. W.

So far all of my customers in the above line who have responded, say they are pleased. The two last have not been heard from yet.

Those ordering Dr. Foote's CYCLOPEDIA

from this Office will be given a copy of LIFE ISSUES. PRICE 10 cents.

Agents Wanted.

SEND 10 CENTS AND GET

"The Temperance Folly, or

Who's the Worst?"

with terms to agents.

This pamphlet was written with the express purpose of being sold among the saloons. Our Temperance Workers act as though they considered those engaged in the liquor traffic as a hopeless class of sinners for whom it is not necessary to take thought, so that the traffic is destroyed. I have never yet heard a Temperance Worker express any anxiety as to the fate of those whose business they would thus destroy.

Those who condemn the traffic and yet sustain land monopoly, interest, rent and profits, are not only driving men into the business, but helping to prepare the victims, and thus are as bad or worse than those they condemn.

We want to show the saloon-men that we regard them as brothers tangled in the meshes of a false civilization, they in one way and we in another, and to set them to thinking on a line that will enable them to help themselves and us out of these tangles. Who will help us by taking hold and selling the pamphlet? Address this office.