On Picket Duty.

Henry Seymour is out with a new monthly,—the "Revolutionary Review." The change is in the title. "It may as well be plainly understood," says the "Worker's Advocate," "that there is nothing common between Anarchism and Socialism, neither objective nor tactical, and any attempt to bring the two together is not justified and will be met with such lawful measures as may be expedient and effective."

We're little, but oh, my!

Because Liberty called attention to John Most's condemnation of such economic doctrine as are taught in the "Alarm," the editor of that paper accuses me of trying to breed dissension between him and his German fellowship. The accusation is unjust. I have not tried to breed dissension, I have simply stated that the most disdained expressed so sincerely as to amount to contemptuous denunciation. Either the editor of the "Alarm" doesn't know dissent when he sees it, or else he is so much moeeker than the "Boston Quaker" that he is willing to let John Most spill his face in its absence.

Judge Gary of Chicago, having to pass upon a "color-line" case recently, rendered his decision in favor of the negro. But if Judge Gary had occupied the bench thirty years ago, and John Brown, who was so largely instrumental in accomplishing the evolution by virtue of which the black man is now able to vindicate his rights in court, had been brought before him on a charge of treason, it is scarcely to be doubted that his majority would have sentenced his prisoner to be hanged with as little compassion as he showed in condemning Spies and his comrades to the gallows and with the same shedding of crocodile tears.

Morgan, the State Socialist "Boz" of Chicago, in an interview with a reporter, and in that peculiarly unpatriotic way of the city regarding the advocacy of force, refers to Mr. Persons and William Holmes, saying of the latter: "Holmes personally is a very nice fellow, but he is one of the Bee-Tee-Bee-Boston-Liberty sort of Anarchists, who believe in the most absolute and unrestrained individual liberty, and has no following whatever." Poor Holmes! After losing no opportunity for years of emptying upon me and upon my teachings the vials of his scurrilous wrath, to think that he should be published as an admirer of Anarchist by little Toney Morgan,—this is indeed the unkindest cut of all.

The Boston "Transcript" having declared, in answer to a State Socialist correspondent, that the present tendency to State Socialism is not in the line of evolution, he correspondents came back with the reminder that the very existence of such a tendency proves it to be a result of evolution. Therefore the "Transcript" effectively disposed of this infantile conception of the development theory by pointing out that in searching for the lessons of evolution merely ephemeral phenomena are not to be considered among its fruits, but only those manifestations that persist. The "Transcript"'s correspondent seems to be a person of some education, for it is not probable that an uninformed and thinking man should have it explained to him that the doctrine of the survival of the fittest, although involving as a logical necessity the

Words.

"I may be a bit inaccurate, I may be careless in speech, I may often unconsciously contradict myself, but I never willingly do any of these, or else.

The difference is that in my two-fold use of the term community does not exist, I will venture to say, in the minds of the sympathetic readers of my words who recognize the community as the result of a moral, social, and economic development. Some of the usual definitions are given up entirely,

There is an internal communism, which is sympathy (I call this communism because sympathy is essentially a human

I expect my friends to know me as a friend, as a brother, as a comrade, as a fellow citizen, and consequently the difference between my attitude towards such a"
LOVE, MARRIAGE, AND DIVORCE,
AND THE SOVEREIGNTY OF THE INDIVIDUAL.
A DISCUSSION.

By Henry James, Horace Greeley, and Stephen Pearl Andrews.

COMMENTS AND REPLY BY MR. ANDREW.

From The New York Times.

What possible ground has Mr. James or anybody for assuming that I or any other person can have any interest in favor either of the marriage of man and woman or of mankind from their own conciseness, from the sense of justice toward all others, or from the claims of their own high nature? My understanding of the subject is that which is given in the Bible, and that which is given in the higher reason and in the states; and that, if we act at all, it is in their readiness to trust too much to the elevating and regulative power of just and equitable authority. In the current of our common life, we meet the community at large; and we are the representative people. Just those things which Mr. James supposes we have no interest in are the things that are near to our hearts. Our spiritualized repetition of the same estimate of us and our doctrines which the common vulgar herd of credulous and undeveloped, and themselves merely passionately organized people attribute to us, a purely external and unspiritualized way. It holds curiously the same relation, as a mistake, to the common vulgar blunder of the people who Swedenborg’s and, if I understand him rightly, Mr. James’ idea of marriage is a matter of the common morality of action. Instead of its being a psychological curiosity or an after-the-fact, the psychological sense of the term, any more than the doctrine of free will in our churches is anti-worship; certainly, therefore, it is not anti-marriage in respect to the spiritual committee, and, of course, if the Bible says what he says it does not stand at all. It is legal imposition of marriage as a uniform and compulsory mode of adjusting the sexual relations of society and may be said perhaps to be equally opposed to the anti-worship of a man’s love by marriage externally and by express contract for those who desire to marry, of freedom to be married every so closely and exclusively, in the spiritual sense, for those who desire to be free, of marriage likeness, to be the point of the law, is not a point of the law, and it is not a point of the doctrine. It is simply and wholly the doctrine of “hands off,” or of restraining the jurisdiction of the state. The state is one power, external to the narrow, is one power, external to the narrow, and the state is the judge of moral freedom, and it has no interest in any narrower freedom; and he contracts with this a newer state of the affection which is interior, or I think we may say, to subjects, to which he attributes another kind of which the state is not a judge. It is not a point of the doctrine, but a point of the law. It is not the point of the law; it is not the point of the man; it is not the point of the conscience, and it is not the point of the consciousness of one’s own interests, or the point of the consciousness of one’s own independence. It is not the point of the law, it is not the point of the man; it is not the point of the conscience, and it is not the point of the consciousness of one’s own interests, or the point of the consciousness of one’s own independence.

I have said that free love has no positive side in Mr. James’ sense. It is a purely negative, a purely negative, a purely negative, a purely negative, a purely negative, a purely negative. In its absence there is no positive side to it. It is of Protestantism, which is negatively a denial of the authority of the Book, but which is positively, a positive denial of the authority of the Book. Every negative doctrine or doctrine of mere freedom may be thus counteracted and thrown into positive form; and, in that sense, free love may be defined as the Christian theory of marriage. But it is not to be the point of the law, it is not to be the point of the state, nor is it to be the point of the doctrine. What he calls the positive side, and attributes to us — as, if I have previously said, solely a figment of his own imagination, and would be as abhorrent to me, if I recognized it as existing anywhere, as it can to him.

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dread government on that principle, but only that in ethical strictness there is no
holding ground for the makers of the anchor of oneness.

When, in the edition of 1841, 'The Ragpicker of Paris' appeared, Mr. James attempted to state
our doctrine, he wholly fails, for want of the habit of scientific ex. inside. "Your
dogmas, if I rightly understand it, is," he says, "two-fold, namely: First, that
men are essentially antagonistic, which established all that is desirable to other men for
the indulgence of their appetites and passions; second, etc. Now this is not my doctrine,
but the perfect antithesis of any dogma. In so far as I have ever pro-
gounded any dogma on the subject. I do not hold that men are de jure exempt,
except conditionally, the condition being that they know how to oblate, and
will; if I were to turn you over here, struggle and despair! Neither the one nor the other: death! I shall die at least virtuous,
still worthy of my poor mother.

She rose, possessed by a fixed idea, and continued with a sober firmness:
"I will rejoin her. It is over."

Then, remembering the only being in the world who was interested in her and
whom she loved, the unhappy girl went to her table and said with emotion:
"Ahl! a word first to my good old neighbor.

And with a feverish hand she wrote these few words:
"Farewell, Father Jean, I throw off the collar of poverty, I do not wish to put
on that of shame; I can live no longer; I want to die. I charge you with the
sale of all that furniture and the rest for the dressed dress. If
the money should be refused, it will serve to bury me beside my mother. To
re-"nurse for the time I leave you in memory of me, my father’s watch."

And she signed her name—Marie Didier; then, rising again, she said simply and
more resolutely:
"Now then!"

With a firm step she left her room and climbed the steps leading to her old
friend's habitation.

Sandy had she gone out when the man in a cloak who had followed Marie
along the boulevard and fanebourg rushed into the room after a moment's hesitation.
"This dress!" he exclaimed, perceiving the wedding gown. 'If she lives,"
the young girl; she didn't seem to feel her heat, and, as it were,
in spite of myself. But where is she? Shall I wait for her? Leave some money?
Yes, but how much? I will wait.

He sat down, surveyed the room,—something new to him—and said to himself:
"What steadfastness, it is fascinating; and what poverty, it is edifying. My
heart beats violently. It is strange. I never felt such an emotion. It is not on account
of the deed, for I have fought ten of them. It is not love, for I think no more of
it, but it is perhaps I should not think as I do. God grant it! Let us live! I
ask nothing better than to love."

He looked again at the dress, with the lace, which his foot had torn, dragging
on the floor.

"Lucky awkwardness," he exclaimed.

And trying to recover from the spontaneous impulse, he laughed at it.

"Pehaw! I am having another attack. Love at a masqued ball, the ideal at the
ball-room of Musard and Chichard! It is absurd. We do not meet angels in hell
in heaven, neither do they go there to save devils."

He shook his head with more of formal scepticism than of conviction.

"No, no," said he, "no more miracles. This girl is as earthly as the others. In
spite of her halo... I simply come to accept an apology for my rudeness and the compensation that
I owe you for this dress.

Marie made an imperceptible gesture of refusal; and, in a hurry to end the scene,
she said:
"Thank you, Monsieur; you owe me nothing, and I beg you to leave me.

Camille bowed, and surreptitiously leaving his purse, filled with gold, on the
table, he said:
"I go, Mademoiselle."

And already he was outside.

Marie, having seen his whole proceeding, recalled him.

"Monsieur, monsieur, you forget..."

She handed him his purse.

Camille shook his head negatively.

"You forget yourself," Marie then said, insisting and forcing him to take back his
money.

The young man went out in a sort of enchantment.

"Oh! I am afraid of the duel now," he exclaimed, "of killing or dying. If I
live, I will return."

He met Father Jean, whom in his agitation and in the darkness of the stairway
he failed to recognize.

The old ragpicker, before going up to his wretched lodgings, placed a bouquet
of flowers upon his young judge's door knob, and then climbed to his garret.

Marie bolted the door, and said:

"Now for the end!"

Looking at the rose-bush, she added:

"Ahl! my poor flowers, they will survive me. Let them not die with me!"

She watered them.

"You, poor bird, go free!" she added.

She opened the cage and the window for her goldfinch.

"Now I must address this garment."

And she wrote: "Bonjour monsieur Hofmann, Herr Hofmann, Fanebourg
Saint-Hoosier," folded the dress, wrapped it up, pinned the address upon the bun-
net, and placed it on the shelf, then turned everything in the place, filed, brushed, and
placed a napkin on the keyhole, stuffed a skirt beneath the door, stopped up every crevice through which air could come in, put some charcoal in the chafing-dish, lighted it, stirred the fire, watched it burn for a moment, and knelt before the portraits of her parents.

Kneeling and already weakened by the fumes of the charcoal, Marie, twirling the
approach of suffocation, wrote:

"O my father, my mother, I rejoice you, receive me! God forgive me!"

Then a feeble cry fell out of her mouth.

"What's that? My head swells; I hear a cry there."

She rose quickly, went into the adjoining room, and came back with a basket, saying:

Continued on page 5.
Liberty.
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"In quelle est notre vrai intérêt, la lutte des anciens et de nos temps curieux, un débat où le monde, le plus grand des maîtres, la volonté du peuple, le plus grand des souverains, se disputent la domination de nos destinées?"
—Proudhon.

The appearance in the editorial column of articles on certain questions is, I think, a matter of common interest. I have noticed that the editor approves of certain principles and general ideas, though he does not explicitly endorse them. The appearance in other parts of the paper of articles on other questions is, I think, a matter of common interest. I believe that the editor recognizes the importance of these questions, and that he disagrees with them in respect to that portion of them that is being governed largely by motives of convenience.

Mr. Pentecost's Belief in the Ballot.

I greatly admire Hugh O. Pentecost. He is a growing and a fair-minded man. His "Twenty-Fourth Century," now published weekly in an enlarged form, is a useful work. He has already seen Anarchy as an ultimate, and the whole tenor of his writings is leading him in the right direction. He is a man of principle, and it is not surprising that he should disagree with me in respect to the question of the ballot.

After laying it down as a principle that force is never justified by any other means than by consent, I cannot accept any absolute denial of force as such, though I think that this position is true that force is futilish in all circumstances, that he escapes the necessity of his devotion to the single tax movement and to reformism still more distinctly State Socialism and to a direct advocacy of Anarchist principles and methods. It is because I believe that this is not the case, and I do not see the necessity of his position, that I think it is not justifiable for the establishment and maintenance of government, neither is it justifiable for the overthrow of modification of government... The intellectual and moral process of regeneration is slower than force, but it is right; and when the work is thus done, it has the merit of having been done properly and thoroughly." So far, excellent. But the question is: What is the real force? The people's agency even for correcting its own evils, and it seems to me a social crime to refrain from its use for regenerative purposes until it is absolutely demonstrated that it is a failure as an instrument for freedom.

Now, what is the ballot? It is neither more nor less than a paper representative of the bayonet, the bullet, and the ballot. It is a labor-saving device for maintaining on which side force lies and bowing to the inevitable. The voice of the majority saves bloodshed, but it is not the least of the agreements of force than is the degree of the majority of deserts backed by the most powerful armies. Of course it may be claimed that the struggle to attain the majority is involved in an incidental use of intellectual and moral processes; but these influences would exert themselves still more powerfully in other channels if there were no such thing as the ballot, and, when used as substitute to the ballot, they represent only a striving for the time when physical force can be substituted for them.

Reason devoted to politics fights for its own establishment. The moment the minority becomes the majority, it will be natural that the majority will begin to command and enforce and punish. If this be true, I think that Mr. Pentecost will have no difficulty in gaining it, it follows that to use the ballot for the establishment of radical principles in the face of the overwhelming majority. A few pages of this magazine have been devoted to the modification of government; which sequence makes it a matter of course that Mr. Pentecost in his conclusion pronounces it a social crime to avoid that course which in his present he declares unjustifiable.

It behoves Mr. Pentecost to examine this charge of inconsistency carefully, for his answer to it must deeply affect his career. If it is found that he is well-founded, he must do his utmost to get the whole of his paper and his influence, and then to return to Anarchism, which, if not peculiar to the idea that he seeks, but confines itself to those purely economic lines of development with which he finds himself in sympathy.

Two Renegades, instead of One.

A late number of Liberty's brave and brilliant Detroit contemporary, "Der Arme Tuteur," contained two articles by the editor, Robert Reitzel, whose juxtaposition emphasized the striking contrast between the social and political philosophy of the American and the German.Among these articles was one which appeared on George Childrey, who, after having worked with Materialism and Socialism for all they were worth, has gone now back into the arms of the Church. The moral hypocrisy was made the target of Reitzel's unripe satire, and every reader familiar with Chayney and his career rejoiced in the effectiveness of the shafts. But over the other article the judicious were grieved. Under the heading "Only a Woman" a tribute of praise to Mrs. Woodhill, who is a much more despicable renegade than Chayney, is, inasmuch as she has not only denied the faith, as he has done, but has boldly and shamelessly declared that she never accepted it, professed, it or entered into any written or spoken agreement. It is clearly unconscionable with the career of this loathsome adventurer, and has been taken in by some prospectus she has sent in which she unfolds her latest scheme of the elevation of woman. As far as I know, Victoria's little Woodhill in particular to a conscious height. The fact that John Most has copied Reitzel's article into "Prelieh" indicates that others are liable to be grossly misled into giving honor to one whom it is not due, and hence I am writing a letter as a warning guardian against traitors to liberty, to reproduce, for the benefit of those who have either forgotten it or never saw it, the reproval of free love which Mrs. Woodhill published in 1880. In that year she, her sister, Annie Claffin, and five others longer to live by their wives on this side of the Atlantic, went to England on a hunt for rich husbands. They have since bagged their game. But in order to do this they had first to rid themselves of the reputation of free lovers. Therefore Mrs. Woodhill sent a letter to the editor of the London "Court Journal," which was published in that paper, and thereby circulated among the English aristocracy. The letter began with a long whitewash about the marriage of one of the sisters to a doctor and ended with a statement that was a bombshell in the press, and I can say from personal knowledge that Mrs. Woodhill's disclaimer of responsibility is not in the least warranted by the facts. In those days I believe in her, and I still think she did a great and useful work. Furthermore, I have no sort of sympathy with those who ignorantly abuse her out of mere prejudice against the radical doctrines which she then taught. But I know now her to be one of the most disingenuous of women, and I am afraid she may have misled many a man like Reitzel misled as I have been. I must lift a warning voice. I am sure that my shaming character of Detroit will see her moral moment he reads the above, and will have no time in confessing it to the readers of "Der Arme Tuteur."
Liberty and Rent.

With all due respects to Engels, I am compelled to say that his arguments are mostly devoted to the discussion of the problems I had submitted to his consideration.

But in order to render further discussion more purposeful, I would like to begin this reply by answering Engels' last question and offering a better understanding of the meaning attached to the term "anarchism.

For Anarchism I do not imply "social non-interference," but rather political non-interference. I believe that evolution is gradually lifting us out of the present shame and humiliating system of human relationships into a higher rational state where brute force, imposition, and usurpation will be eliminated, where equalitarianism, and the individualism and equity permanently assurred.

Looking at the affairs of the world from the standpoint of an individualist with a free entrance into the field of conflicts of the mind, I find a struggle between the governmental power and the private economy.

My intellect and my socialist sympathies dictate to me the law of equal liberty (as Engels defines it), and I must say that I do not agree with those taking the latter view of things. It is possible that in the future the methods of equality and order, as Engels calls it, may not be suitable. But I must say that I do not agree with those taking the latter view of things.

And Anarchism will be the stage of social development when men definitely and understandingly reject all schemes of re-organization and resignation of their peaceful and progressive existence adherence to the principles of equal liberty and equal opportunity is absolutely necessary.

This is the main idea. I am also convinced that enlightened and humane beings will discard all present methods for the future.

Under such a system of social arrangements, it is evident that the principle of legislating will be set aside in those cases only in which the necessity for some artificial constitution to correct a serious natural inequality was beyond our reasonable dispute. Individual liberty would be the rule; all conventional limitations the exception. Now the issue before us is whether in the hands of men enjoying the advantages of what I call Anarchist relations on the question of landholding and rent, it is possible that the time of the rationalist system is over and that a new and better system will certainly command itself as the most expeditious and equitable.

Economic rent assumed, the problem becomes a question of the productive value of land and of the matter of equalizing measured increments would altogether depend on the quantitative importance of these increases. 

At the same time, the difficulties of the whole question are so great that it is impossible to discuss them even for a moment.

The question, therefore, is not merely one of technicalities but one of fundamental importance.

What Engels desires to do, Mr. G. B. Shaw has freely performed. In a recent lecture before the English Labour Association, he delineated the process by which the state sells itself and grows out of private property in land.

I respect Mr. Shaw's lecture and think it is admirably pointed out how impossible it is to stop at an accomplishment of land reform and how unprofitable it is to follow up that line in the direction of all-round State Socialism.

The Wrong Road to Improvement.

The September number of the "Stationary Engineer" contained the following protest, by A. Lawson, of San Francisco, against the proposed law compelling engineers to take out a license.

The aim of the N. A. S. E. is to have everywhere among those who remain to be influenced a spirit of cooperation, of a kind which is not only essential to the further advancement in the natural sciences to a while longer till and endure injustice, pain, and agony in order that a lot of poisonous drones may revel in luxury and be with the products of our useful exertions; but, speaking for myself, I believe that the time is near at hand when human beings must be recognized as the appropriate and responsible part of themselves; and I know that while the present system is in existence, neither the beaver’s lever, the reversed beaver, and all other comparatively harmless and unconscious political systems, whether generally ordered or otherwise, will do anything toward the general good or the general improvement. 

Under such a system of social arrangements, it is evident that the principle of legislating will be set aside in those cases only in which the necessity for some artificial constitution to correct a serious natural inequality was beyond our reasonable dispute. Individual liberty would be the rule; all conventional limitations the exception. Now the issue before us is whether in the hands of men enjoying the advantages of what I call Anarchist relations on the question of landholding and rent, it is possible that the time of the rationalist system is over and that a new and better system will certainly command itself as the most expeditious and equitable.

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V. TARKO.
CHAPTER VI.

SORTING THE RAGE.

On his return from his night's work, Father Jean had closed his door and dropped his basket with a sigh of relief, saying to himself: "Pain do my serving. Meat with hard bread a satire will rise, and I cannot go to bed without saying good morning to her and hearing her say good night to me." Twenty years, as we have said, had passed over the head of the ragpicker.

He was an old man already, but of a green old age.

All that is old is not always bad.

Good wines and good people do not lose in growing old. Old wood, old books, old men, are the best.

Still there is an end to everything.

The want of money when age becomes dryness, when the heart shrivels and wrinkles like the forehead. There comes an age when all illusions are lost, all tears shed, all affections gone: when what are called the bumps of the good pasture are seen in the dust, and those of the bad rise into mountains; when man relapses into infancy. "This age is pitiless." Secondary childhood is worse than the first; the senile egoism of retardation is uglier than the first. The first is noble, it is full of hope, it is full of love. For the second there is nothing but glasses for evil only, believing everything dead because it is dying. Which causes the poor ragpicker to say, "Whom the gods love die young," and Beranger: "My children, God grant you an early death!"

Jean had escaped to some extent this law of human decrepitude. He was enow to work, and he needed the results sound and strong, and, though his head had turned white, his heart was still red.

Jean, like a philosopher worthy of the name, was scatell as well as solitary. He loved to talk himself in his pocket, when he could not talk to Marie, whom he had watched, aided, and protected, as in former days her mother, with honorable intentions, as he said.

So on this night, believing his young friend to be sleeping the sleep of innocence, he busied himself with his rag and old paper, lighting his candle and crossing the middle of the room.

"Let us empty the casket," said he, in his good-natured, jesting way... "the basket of silver-ware, the hamper of jewels, the hunt after relics... Let us see if I have a few things of my own, if I shall find anything of value in this residue of Paris. It is a small affair, Paris, as seen in the basket of a ragpicker... neither good nor beautiful, the balancesheet.

He took a peep at his inventory:

"To think that. I have all Paris, all society, in this wicker-basket! My God, yes, everything passes through it, roses and leaves and paper, everything ends there, there is the casket, in the basket.

He stirred the heap with his foot. It was not a pile of dirt, no, there was wealth, into the basket! into the basket, refusing of all sorts! Everything comes to it, everything holds to it, everything falls into it... What a misleading! Everything reduces to rags, tatters, shreds, staples, dish-cloths. And it is a great heap, a big heap, and the basket, the heap and the basket, with the mercurial tranquillity of an expert, testing, judging, and measuring everything by its value, volume, or weight, he said, starting upon his inventory:

"Let us look!

Thrusting his hook through the first paper within its reach and bringing it under his eye, he sorted it on his finger, picking out the precious from the dross.

General Union Association for the exploitation of gold mines in Auvergne and railroads in Mexico. Baron Hoffmann & Co. Capital: One hundred millions

Shocked, he placed his hook on his mouth and the basket, with a great surprise.

"Rag!" exclaimed Father Jean, disdainfully throwing the paper back into the basket.

He took a roster and read:

"Concert of the celebrated pianist without hands, given for the benefit of deaf-mutes, in the Hall des Musées-Plaisirs.

He looked up another roster, still reading with his peculiar curiosity:

"Overture of the grand ball of the Opera, with new waiters and quadrilles.

"SocK!" he snorted, sending it to keep company with an old shoe.

At the end of his hook he lifted a bit of embroidered uniform and threw it after the rest.

"Old clothes!" he exclaimed.

"But suppose making a spot of red on the end of a piece of black cloth attracted also his piercings hook as well as his Parisian railr. He took it and looked at it for a moment.

"Ribbon, tag," he said, sending the Legion of Honor into the basket also. A big heap of papers bearing the title: "The Knights of the Moon." A newspaper cran," said he, "into the basket.

But reconsidering:

"No, into the lodge! The janitor has asked me for these contrivances. Much good may come of them."

"Reception speech made before the French Academy.

He seized an old wig and threw both into the basket under the same heading:

"Grass!"

A new poster appeared. He examined it with the same interest.

"Movements for Less."

"Holy-water sprinklers!" he cried, joining it with an aspergillum in the hamper. Another poster which he read more attentively.

"Pardon!" he exclaimed.

And passing to a letter written on pink paper:

"Dear angel, my blood, my life, my soul, all for you... He stopped, and for a good reason.

"A bill - and not a cent... Into the basket into the basket!"

He took next a pamphlet and deciphered:

"Memoire on the civil list, by Timon. Twelve millions."

The pamphlet went to the rest. But suddenly Father Jean seemed embarrassed.

He had just perceived in the midst of his dirt-pile a crown branded with a flower-de-luce.

"There," said he, shaking his head, "is something that was worth twelve millions, in fashion, for you. I take heart and find myself again. I cannot despise pain. I will work day and night, if need be; and, if I die in the task, God at least will forgive me for this suicide. I sec, I see, my best linen for my baby's swaddling-clothes!"

And taking a new remaining from her bureau, she tore it up and began to sew an dently by the child's side.

Jean slept until his stool slipped from under him, when, his head plunging into his rag, he woke up with a start, his journal in his hand.

He resumed his jovial search of change.

"These buffoons newspaper always have that effect upon me. It is with journaest as with cysters, they need to be eaten fresh. But I must not speak evil of old newspapers. They are the last part of my property. Long live the liberty of the press and of the basket!"

He flung the journal into a corner. Then, while I am, at the bottom of a pile of rags, he said, resuming his interrupted task.

"The best for the last."

And with a thrust of his hook he lifted a package of blank paper, saying:

"I found this coming back to the faubourg, almost at the door. What is it? My sight is dim..."

He drew near to the candle and read:

"Bank of France... One thousand francs..."

Counting:

One, two, three... Ah! my God, a fortune... Ten bills! Ten thousand francs... Poor devil who lost them!"

But reflection corrected his extravagant nly of his noble and honest nature.

"Not so poor, when one can thus lose ten thousand francs at once... Are they very good?... They seem to be. They are very ugly..."

And then he cried:

"Ah! if they were all mine... what a dowry for Man'selle Marie!"

He shook his head as he concluded:

"Yes, one must put them somewhere, until I return..."

"(a)

"(b)"

"(c)"

and

"(d)

"(e)"

"(f)"

"(g)

"(h)"

"(i)"

"(j)"

"(k)"

"(l)"

"(m)"

"(n)"

"(o)"

"(p)"

"(q)"

"(r)"

"(s)"

"(t)"

"(u)"

"(v)"

"(w)"

"(x)"

"(y)"

"(z)"

To be continued.
Ideal Marriage.

Under the above title Mrs. Mona Caird has contributed a second article to the "Westminster Review," supplementary to the first, which attracted so much attention. The entire article is worth reading, here, but we cannot spare the room for the entire list of its conclusions.

Wherever we find affections in marriage regarded as essential or desirable, there we have a higher form of society, a higher level of morality, and, above all, a more progressive type of mind. In the view of many people, marriage makes the difference between civilized and uncivilized. The idea of marriage being brought into the discussion of social questions is simply a reminder that in civilized life marriage is a necessity for the moral and social progress of the race. The idea of marriage being brought into the discussion of social questions is simply a reminder that in civilized life marriage is a necessity for the moral and social progress of the race.

It is not possible to give a detailed account of all the important points in the article, but we can say generally that it is a most interesting and valuable contribution to the literature on the subject.

In connection with this part of the subject Mrs. Carlyle's delightful comment must not be forgotten. "I do think," she says, "there is much truth in the German idea, that marriage is a shockingly immoral institution, as well as what we know it long for,—an extremely disagreeable one." Also for our 'sake' let us make an attempt to understand the idea of the Mrs. Grundy's of the Zambesi being horribly shocked when they heard the English customs of monogamy. A mate- rialist who does not understand the reason of the human heart is out of his element. Marriage is a bond of affection and society, and the bond of a union sanctioned only by a legal title, which is based on a legal faith, is not a true bond of affection and society.

The State has a concern in everything that affects a human being. It is not the business of the State to interfere with the rights of individuals, but to protect their interests. If the State干涉 with the rights of individuals, it is not because it believes in the right to interfere with the rights of individuals, but because it believes in the right to interfere with the rights of individuals. It干涉s with the rights of individuals to prevent them from doing anything that would be injurious to the public interest. If the State干涉s with the rights of individuals, it is not because it believes in the right to干涉 with the rights of individuals, but because it believes in the right to干涉 with the rights of individuals.

In the marriage contract the State has a deep concern, but it does not follow that the State has a right to干涉 with the individual's rights. The State干涉s with the rights of individuals to protect the public interest. If the State干涉s with the rights of individuals, it is not because it believes in the right to干涉 with the rights of individuals, but because it believes in the right to干涉 with the rights of individuals.

When the parents begin to starve and abandon their children, the State naturally steps in to protect its helpless members. If the State干涉s with the rights of individuals, it is not because it believes in the right to干涉 with the rights of individuals, but because it believes in the right to干涉 with the rights of individuals. The State干涉s with the rights of individuals to protect the public interest.

Therefore, it is evident that干涉 with the rights of individuals interferes with the rights of individuals. It干涉s with the rights of individuals to protect the public interest. If the State干涉s with the rights of individuals, it is not because it believes in the right to干涉 with the rights of individuals, but because it believes in the right to干涉 with the rights of individuals.
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