On Picket Duty.

In this number of Liberty begins a true story of Siberian exile by Stephanik, the celebrated nihilist and author of the work on "Underground Russia." The character and adventures of the heroines furnish a forcible illustration of how true a forecast of reality was the aforementioned romance. "A Female Nihilist" will run through two more numbers and then appear in pamphlet form.

And still another! The Lansing "Sentinel" has set apart several columns of its first page as a labor department under the editorial charge of Joseph A. Lahadie, who is appointed for the purpose by the organized workers of Lansing. His opening utterance has no certain sound. He starts with the assertion that "the goal of human civilization is philosophical anarchism," and copies in another column, one of his pithy paragraphs, which shows that he knows what Anarchy means. When Liberty was started, Mr. Lahadie was one of the foremost men among the State Socialists,—secretary, I believe, of their national organization. Liberty suggested certain doubts to his mind, which he was so bold as to express in a letter to this paper which appeared in the issue of June 9, 1883. For this show of honest independence the State Socialists excommunicated him. Since then he has been steadily advancing, his doctrines have ripened into certainties, and now he takes definite place in the Anarchistic movement. I give him most enthusiastic welcome, knowing the value of his ability and earnestness to whatever cause causes enlist them.

Fred. May Holland of Concord, Massachusetts, sends me copies of his petitions for church taxation and the repeal of laws discrediting the testimony of atheists, and asks me to say a word in their favor in Liberty. In answer I have sent him the following note, which, as it explains my position on these points, will not be out of place here: "With the spirit of your opposition to sectarianism I am very much in sympathy, but to the forms which you give it, I cannot contribute the support that I should like I think it would be wrong to tax churches, because I think it is wrong to tax anything or anybody. My work is to lift taxes, not to levy them. Concerning the testimony of atheists, I find myself nearer to you, and still not ardently interested, because to decline to accept the testimony of atheists seems to me a trivial wrong beside that of compelling others than atheists to give their testimony. When all public burdens shall be voluntarily borne, I shall hope to see the churches contribute their share during the brief period destined to elapse between that time and their definitive disappearance; and during the same brief period that may precede the disappearance of all necessity for courts, I do not think that one of them, having lost the power to extort testimony, would ever think of exerting that of rejecting testimony on sectarian grounds. I am with you for Equality, but know none worth the having except that which follows in Liberty's train.".

"To-Day," the monthly magazine of the English State Socialists, now having sixty-seven pages and selling for a shilling, will be reduced in January to forty-eight pages and will therefore be sold for three pence.

"Proposals" of my recent assertion that I had "no leisure for such gentle and amusing sport as attacking the Liberal League, the "Truth Seeker" remarks that I might at least have been willing to answer some questions that its editor recently asked me regarding the constructive side of Anarchy. I fully intended to answer these questions, but, when I sat down to do so, I discovered that I had mislaid the paper containing them. Since then I have written to the "Truth Seeker" for another copy, with which it has not yet seen fit to favor me. When I shall, I will endeavor to satisfy its editor's laudable desire to know more about Anarchy. For such work Liberty always has time.

Charles T. Fowler of Kansas City, one of the most level-headed reformers in the country, has been quiet for a time, but evidently not idle. He now again joins publicly in the work by reviving his journal, "The Sun," as a bi-monthly periodical. Each number of which will constitute an elaborate essay in itself. The first number treats of "Co-operation: Its Laws and Principles," and is one of the most admirable treatises that I have seen in a long time. The second number will explain how the principles of co-operation may be put in practice through the bank, the store, and the factory. Meanwhile a supplementary number is to appear, treating of prohibition in the light of Anarchy. I cannot commend Mr. Fowler's project too highly. Help him in it by sending one dollar to "The Sun, Kansas City, Missouri," for a year's subscription.

"Edgeworth's" criticism of "X" in another column hints that the latter's experiments in organized reformer story efforts proceeds partly from a bias generated by residence in Boston. This is probably a mistake. In the first place, "X" doesn't live in Boston, and seldom visits it, and in the second place, if he agrees with me, he has no exaggerated opinion of Boston purity and morality, but rather regards both at a very low ebb, whether considered relatively or absolutely. But he knows the value and vast power of the agencies that have developed from social life on a large scale, and, instead of throwing them away, wishes, by infusing them with the spirit and practice of Liberty, to utilize them in the service of Equality. For one thing, he would adopt "Edgeworth's" singular device for escaping taxation by abstaining from the consumption of taxed goods. That would indeed be a leap from the frying-pan into the fire, and the inauguration of a policy, if consistently applied by Anarchists, would lead them to suicide as the only method of avoiding all complicity with the social evils of our day. No; "X" would have people manufacture, sell, and consume such goods in still larger quantities, and decline to pay any taxes for exercising this natural right. The power to do this, which is destined to result from the organization of credit, will be acquired at least only by a long process, certainly by an endless one (or perhaps I should say a beginningless one) if Anarchists were to follow "Edgeworth" to the woods.

The Manifest Tendency.

To the Editor of Liberty:
The manifest tendency in our politic-social life is in the direction of centralization, not merely a centralization which subordinates the State to the Nation, but one which subordinates the individual to the collective power, whether of the State, the City, the Municipality. Our people acquiesce in the most outrageous wrongs committed against themselves with scarcely a murmur. They seem to have lost all perception of their rights. Let a scheme be founded for the further limitation of the liberties of some class, sect, or society, and if they do not happen to approve of the peculiar views or mode of life or of a political class, sect, or society, the scheme and it give it the sanction of their influence and votes. It is useless to argue with them, to tell them that they have no right to attempt to restrain the tendencies upon those whom we do not accept as true and just; all that they will say is in order to be sure that these people do not set as they, the chance, think to be right, and so they must be compelled to conform to their idea of what is just and proper. Or, asked to do something to help the poor unfortunate who has incurred the wrath and been made to feel the vengeance of "the powers that be," they will first inquire whether it be really true that he has violated the law, and if satisfied that he has, you cannot get them to lift a finger in his behalf, no matter how just is the law of which he is the victim. It is not enough for them to know that their god, the majority, has been blasphemed. They, "Liberals" too, strenuously argue that the law must be obeyed under all circumstances, no matter how directly it may contravene the principles of justice and liberty.

Year by year they patiently submit to the grossest invasions of their rights; year by year the policeman and the tax-collector approach with a...
that Olga Lembachovitch had shot herself up in her house, and had pointed a pistol at them, and had threatened to blow out the brains of the first who entered.

The Lembachovitch, considering that the task of leadership would fall to him as superior (and he also knew how to use his suprema above), his army, seeing itself thus abandoned by its leader, was in dismay; it lost courage; and nothing could be done, especially after the fiasco of the pacific attempts, which, on the other hand, promised to be a dangerous retreat. A select sacrifice remained, however, near the enemy's citadel, entrenched behind the hedges of the cemetery; the kitchen-gardener, and the kitchen-gardener, the victor in this first encounter, would make a sortie, and then would be easily taken, in flank and rear, surrounded, and defeated.

Then, my enemy displayed his power as firmly. Perceiving the impotence of her adversaries, Olga divined their object, and did not issue from her house except at night, day or night, universally mounted on a horse, provided with provisions and water, and Olga was evidently prepared to sustain a long siege.

She set the condition, that if no one would risk his life, which naturally no one was disposed to risk, nothing could be done save to reduce her by hunger. But who, in her position, could tell how long she could bear to endure such privations? And then, who could guarantee that this Folly would not commit suicide instead of surrendering? And then, what complaints, what reprisals from superiority? In this perplexity, the Lembachovitch resolved to select the least among many and, on the fourth day he raised the siege.

Olga went away with the little pittance of July 1878, known in Siberia as the "Siege of Olga Lembachovitch." The best of the joke was, however, that she had no arms of a more warlike character than a penknife and some kitchen utensils. She herself had not the slightest idea what would have happened had they stormed her house, but that she would have defended herself in some way or other is quite certain.

The Lembachovitch might have made her pay for her rebellion by several years of confinement, but he could not bear to see her, and he was afraid of the conse-quences. He preferred, therefore, to leave her in peace. But he was not content with this. He charged her, from every side, with being a woman, and was not far from really blaming him and his men behind their backs. He determined to vindicate his offended dignity at all cost, and, being of a stubborn and overbearing character, he put his plans in execution.

A fortnight after the famous siege, he sent a message to Olga to come to his house and give an account of her doings. Olga answered his message thus: not one; but no one came to explain what she was wanted for. She began to lose patience, and declared that she would go away. But the official of attendance declared that she must not go, for fear of the Lembachovitch. She waited until eleven o'clock. No one came. At last a subaltern appeared, and Olga addressed herself to him and asked what she was wanted for. He answered: "At the request of the Lembachovitch he did not permit that she should come in. He could not say how, when the Lembachovitch would allow her to come."

But the police officer declared that she must continue to wait in the ante-chamber of the office, for such were the orders of the Lembachovitch. There could be no other answer to the police, for fear of this would not be permitted by the Lembachovitch. A of a very irascible disposition, repeated with some observations not of the most agreeable character, and repelled his attempts at conversation.

"Oh! that's how you treat the representatives of the Government in the exercise of their functions, is it?" exclaimed the deputy, as though prepared for this.

Olga, disconsolate and depressed, drew up a statement of the charges against her.

Morally, she was gone away; all her friends were taken against her by the district judge, the very man whom she had cured of delirium tremens, who sentenced her to three days' solitary confinement. It was confinement in a dark, cell, the bed, undisturbed, certainly showed that she had not slept in it. She had disappeared.

In the morning the landlord entered her room and found it empty. The bed, undisturbed, clearly showed that she had not slept in it. She had disappeared.

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cut all his people and broken several notes against the stones and old trunks which the river mocked him with; he had to give up the attempt as unsalvageable.

II.

The body of Tiga, her heart within it throbbing with joy and uncertainty, had meanwhile been hurrying away, not by the waters of the Tiver, but by a vehicle drawn by two horses galloping at full speed.

(To be continued.)

WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

A ROMANCE.

By N. O. TCHERNYCHEVSKY.

Translated by Henri T. Tucker.

(Continued from No. 4.)

But they all view these things in the same way and as if they were one and the same thing, so that to them, sensuality, virtue, morality seem identical. But all this is true only of different classes; they exist in themselves, on the contrary, find very great differences in their views corresponding to the diversity of their natures. How grasp all these differences?

When Europeans talk over this with each other, but only with each other and not with the Chinese, the diversity of their natures is visible. So it is with our new men; we see in it a great diversity—when the relations between themselves and others are clear differences are before us. We have seen two individuals of this type, Vera Pavlova and Lopshoff, and we have seen what their relations were to each other. The differences and differences will grow out of the possibility now open to one of the three, of making a comparison between the two others. Vera Pavlova now has before her Lopshoff and Kir Eurasian; formerly she had no choice to make; now she may make one.

X.

Nevertheless two or three words must be said of Kir Eurasian's outer man.

He, too, like Lopshoff, had regular and beautiful features. Some thought the latter more beautiful, others the former. Lopshoff, who was darker, had hair of a deep chestnut color, sparkling brown eyes that seemed almost black, an amiable mouth and a somewhat oval face.

Kir Eurasian had moderately thick light hair, blue eyes, a Greek nose, a small mouth, and an oblong face of rare width. None of this came to him, however, from his ancestors. Kir Eurasian's position was a fairly good one. He already had a chair. The electors were against him by an enormous majority, and he not only would not have obtained it but would not even have been made a doctor at the final examination at the Academy, had it not been impossible to avoid it. Two or three young people and one of his elder brothers, a man already advanced in age.

All his friends, had long since reported to the others that there existed in the world a man named Vreich and that this Vreich lived in Berlin, and a man named Claude Bernard and that this Claude Bernard lived in Paris, and I know not how many more names of men of this sort, which my memory does not retain and who also live in these cities. They all knew that these Vreichs, Bernardes and others were scientific luminaries.

All that was impossible in the last degree, for we well know the luminaries of science—Berouche, Holand; Harvey was also a great scientist, being the discoverer of the circulation of the blood; likewise Jenner, who taught us vaccination; these, we know, are, as for these Vreichs, and these Claude Bernardes, we know that these sort of people are made for us; that is, we know that these people have done work of consequence, of course, therefore the result of the examination at the Academy, and said that he had abandoned the practice of medicine. But he spent many hours at the hospital: he often did so, and sometimes slept there. Why did he do this? He said that he worked there for science and not for the sick:

1. I do not treat patients, I only observe and experiment.
2. The students sometimes saw that some would treat the sick now, for one yet knows how to treat them. The hospital attendants thought otherwise.

"See, Kir Eurasian takes this patient into his care; the case must be a serious one," said they to each other; and then they said to the patient: "He transplanted; no disease can stand against this doctor; he is a master, and a father besides."

XI.

For the first few months after Vera Pavlova's marriage Kir Eurasian visited the Lopshoffs very often, almost every other day, I might say almost every day, and he was not the truant he became so, if not from the very first, as indicated a little above. It was the wedding of Vera Pavlova as of Lopshoff himself. That lasted about six months. One day, when they were talking freely, as was their custom, Kir Eurasian, who had the most to say, suddenly became silent.

"What is the matter with you, Alexander?"

"Why do you stop, Alexander?"

"Kir Eurasian smiled, and was fitted with a fit of melancholy."

"That is something that rarely happens to you, Alexander Matvéich," said Vera Pavlova.

"It never happens to me without cause," said Kir Eurasian, in a tone which seemed, as always, rather sooner than usual, he rose and went away, taking his leave, as he always did, unceremoniously.

Then he told Vera Pavlova that he had been to see Kir Eurasian, and he had been received by him in a rather singular fashion, as if Lopshoff were trying to be agreeable to him, which was quite unnecessary, considering their former acquaintance. "I saw him while driving home, and had said to him frankly: "It seems to me that you are out of sorts towards us, Alexander; with whom are you offended? Perhaps with me?"

"No."

"With Verotchkà?"

"No.

"But what is the matter, then?"

"Nothing: you take notions, I don't know why."

"I feel right wrong: there is something is the matter with you."

Lopshoff was with his assurances: nothing was the matter; in what way had he shown himself put out? Then, as it seemed, he again threw off the Lopshoff, became very insistent and made use of the opportunity, said to him:

"You, Alexander, tell me, why are you out of sorts?"

"I never dreamed of such a thing—and I am become mawkish and affected.

With an exclamation! Lopshoff recalled nothing that could have offended him; indeed, such a thing was not possible, considering their reciprocal esteem and friendship. Vera Pavlova, who was there, asked her brother in a most kindly manner what he meant. "These feelings and this effect will grow out of the possibility now open to one of the three, of making a comparison between the two others. Vera Pavlova now has before her Lopshoff and Kir Eurasian; formerly she had no choice to make; now she may make one.

XI.

Lopshoff stared stupidly: "Pride governs all his thoughts, or, rather, he has become simply a fool, a fool in four letters.

Some weeks later Korenoff wrote home that he was very ill. It was painful to him to see such fallings in a man whom he so much loved. To Vera Pavlova's questions on the subject, he replied simply that it was impossible to tell about it, that Kir Eurasian said disagreeable things, and that probably he was sick.

Three or four days later Kir Eurasian came back to himself, recognized the imposture, the letters, and called for Korenoff. Korenoff had been to visit him. Then he began to tell how stupid he had been. From Vera Pavlova's visit, he had learned that Lopshoff had been attacked by some diphtheria for his discretion, and to punish himself told all to Vera Pavlova; he feelingly excused himself, saying that he was sick and had been in the wrong. Vera Pavlova bore him the abasement the subject, declaring that these were stupidities; he caught at the word "stupidities," and began to talk all sorts of twaddle no less senseless than the things he had said to Lopshoff; he had no respect for these and of course, if not, the sick, for the sake of all considerations and accompanied by the most amiable assurances of esteem and devotion.

Vera Pavlova, at hearing him go on in this way, stood up as stupidly as her husband was before her, and then she added the following to the sick, some days before their friend had shown signs of very singular stupidity. At the time they had neither praised nor reproached him, but now his remarks become clear to them; they were of the same sort, only less pronounced.

Kir Eurasian again began to visit the Lopshoffs frequently; but the continuation of the former simple relations was no longer possible. From the mask of a good and intelligent man had protruded for several days ears of such length that the Lopshoffs would have lost a large share of their esteem for Vera Pavlova, who was her friend, and if the ears had not protruded but continued to show themselves from time to time, and, although they did not seem to be so long as before, they were certainly those which are patent to other persons.

Soon the Lopshoffs grew cold toward him. Finding in this an excuse, he visited Korenoff at his home and kissed him. But Korenoff was not moved. Some time after, his conduct improving, Lopshoff's aversion to him began to grow. He had been to visit the Lopshoffs, and that event the next time he visited at the Lopshoffs; he again became the excellent Kir Eurasian of former days, unaffected and loyal. But he became, it was plain that he was not at all the same, as he was remembering the violence which he had done Kir Eurasian; lastly, his conduct toward Vera Pavlova had almost forgotten. But relations once broken off are never reestablished. Judging from appearances, he and Lopshoff had become friends again, and Kir Eurasian really esteemed him almost as much as before and visited him often; Vera Pavlova, too, had restored to him a portion of her good graces, but she saw him only rarely.

XII.

The Lopshoffs' sickness, or, better, Vera Pavlova's extreme attachment to him, Lopshoff's maintenance intimate daily relations with the Lopshoffs for more than a week, he clearly saw that he was entering upon a perilous path in deciding to pass his nights near Lopshoff in order to prevent Vera Pavlova from leaving him, and left the sick-room. He professed having succeeded so well in doing all that he had deemed necessary to arrive at the development of his plan in a few years before. Two or three weeks afterward he was unable to avoid returning to the Lopshoffs. But even at those times he had felt more pleasure in the company in the sick-room than in his own. He had later he did not suffer at all; the only feeling left being that of satisfaction with his upright conduct. So tranquil it could not be that the danger was over.

Then, in these three years Vera Pavlova had certainly greatly developed morally; then she was half a child, now it was something quite a different thing: life had been the beautiful attachment that one feels for a little girl whom one loves and at the same time admires her innocence. And not only had she developed morally; with us here, sometimes when a woman becomes so beautiful she grows more and more so every year, yes, at that age three years of life do a great deal to develop the godhead, the beautiful in the woman; in colors, in the features, and in the entire person, if the person be moral and good.

The danger was great, but for him only; as for Vera Pavlova, what risk had she to run? She loved her husband, and Kir Eurasian was not thoughtless and

Continued on page 5.
LIBERTY.

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"A free man is one who enjoys the use of his reason, and his faculties; who is neither blinded by passion, nor horrified by oppression, nor deceived by erroneous opinions."—Pascal.

Sublime Self-Government.

Says the goody-goody Providence "Journal," formerly organ of Senator Anthony, whom a kind Providence lately removed:

"Never has a national election more forcibly illustrated the importance of every freeman's ballot. For hours men of people throughout the United States were anxiously waiting to ascertain the result of the voting in obscure and far-away towns of New York, the names of which few outside their own immediate neighborhood had ever heard. Yet on the ballots cast in those self-gratifying districts was inscribed the verdict of the Presidential contest. The freeman going to the polls in a backwoods district must sell his vote to his master, who often represents as many as fifty-five thousand people, the greatest and wealthiest nation on the face of the globe. It is proud and it is a grave responsibility. In the words of Whittier:

"No jest in this,
May bless the hope of Freedom's year!"

And yet this is what the accredited wise, learned, and pious among us are pleased to call "self-government"! A system by which if you will, the mass of the people may be said to have a voice in the matter of their own lives, just as truly as when a master and a negro are both to the slave a voice in the conduct of his, and when a half-a-hundred ignorant sensitives each plumped in that sublime "one-cas-amiss" of the Quaker post, and the fifty-five million self-governing folks were governed accordingly.

I can reconcile myself to many varieties of stagnation, but that an honest and presumably intelligent man can make it the one sublime boast of our self-governing system that an ignorant backwoodsman or a priest-ridden fanatic may easily deposit in the ballot-box a sceptre fortified beyond appeal, which shall coerce fifty-five millions of "freemen," bodes an order of insanity that it is difficult to diagnose to my satisfaction.

When, in a dilemma to all this, we reflect that one-half of the people—women—had no voice at all, and that of the men scarcely over one-fifth had any vote either, the sublime feat of the ignorant backwoodsmen or the priest-ridden rationalist Sensimania becomes refreshingly interesting.

Even under the constitution of our fifty-five million people, the States appear to have had

"Burchard elected Cleveland." The student of English history finds in Warwick, summoned the king-maker, not a few of the royal traits of his life which made him contemptuously called a "rascally politician." The genius of Republicanism in those self-governing days has brought us face to face with Burchard, the president-maker. This is no jest. In it lies the sublime boast of the fifty-five million voting fools.

How long our country can contemplate the points above suggested without turning their backs upon the whole scheme will be evident in due time. The fifty-five million fools are innocent and slow, they are not such as are to be snared by time, they have not yet stalled all Anarchistic literature. Our propaganda is now well under way, however, and I fancy I can count the years on my fingers when the Anarchists will be the most powerful reform element in this country.

Free Money.

In the Editor of Liberty:

"The Picket Duty" remarks of November 22 in regard to the importance of "free money" (with which I mainly agree) would read:--"It's a mighty thing, this free money. It is doable, it seems to me, that Liberty should give its ideas upon that subject in a more systematic form than it has yet done. (1) To be, it is not for those who think that all laws in regard to money were abolished, commerce would readi-vise its instruments of exchange. This might be provisional notes, or warehouse receipts, bills of lading, etc., but, whatever it might be, the Anarchist could not doubt it would be better than that ever arose under monopoly.

"Incorporation of banks, except as a means of making it appear that any circulating medium should be made redeemable; but in what? In gold, or in gold and silver, does it involve the idea that the state is the principal of the bank? It is the consent?" and they do not greatly differ. (2) It seems to me that the great danger is just here, but simply it states all uses of finance as of trade. (3) I define money to be, a commodity or representative of a commodity, accepted of men for any debt or value, and with the power of mediums of exchange. Now, since the price of all things else is variable and subject to extreme fluctuations, the dollar in exchange, and the medium of exchange is suspended as in borrowing, or buying on credit. because, as Friend Pink suggests, a "war club" rather than a tool or instrument of commerce.

Pardon me if I indulge some technicalities upon the readers of Liberty. I would discard the use of the word value in questions of exchange for parts, as value in use, value in service and compensation, and value in exchange. But ratio is a much better word. I would then define the ratio of utility to be the proportion in which the exchange of thing or service effects useful ends, in sustaining human life by willing to human enjoyment,—a constant Poise.

The Ratio of Exchange, the proportion in which different services, of the same duration in time, effect useful ends.

The Exchange of Proportion, in which one commodity would exchange for another service or commodity at the same time and place. This is a variable ratio, according to place and time.

I cannot stop now to argue the correctness of these definitions. It must be seen that unless a commodity could be found, which could answer every useful purpose, and which could be readily obtained by all, it could not be made a tender without inflicting great injustice upon the many. But as such commodity cannot be found, it has been assumed to have an invaluable value, although the most valuable in value of all the metals, and about the least useful; of a limited and irregular circulation, and without demand. When the addition of silver to the standard, the great injustice to labor is only divided, not changed.

As defined above, the only irreversible ratio is that of use. A pound of flour of the same quality will at all times and places satisfy the same demand for food. The hundred weight of coal will at all times and places give off the same amount of heat in combustion, A.; having no reference either to the money or labor cost. Now, since labor is the only thing which can procure or produce art, the important controlling element in exchange, and the only thing that commends a state to its citizens.

Though gold is assumed as the standard of value, it is well known that for ages the "promise to pay" this has constituted mainly the currency and medium of exchange of most nations.

The method of issuing this promissory money has been a great injustice to industry, and its almost infinite extension of the reservoirs of this money, has been the source of a large share of its production, by the control it gives to the issuer and speculator, who can make the rise low when the price is coming in, and high when it is going back for return to the people; and be happy without their loss, and plentiful when they get none in return.

I think I have shown that the base of the money evil lies mainly in the monstrous assumption that the value of one of the most variable of things should be assumed to be an insecurity and the standard of measurement of all other things. A promissory note is not a simple and capable shifting securi-

I know of but one irrevocable standard, and that is labor.
commodity easily transferable and most nearly invari-
able in value.

Mr. Ingalls means that all money must be abolished?
I can see no other inference from his posi-
tion. For there are only two kinds of money,—
commodity money and credit money. The former he
denies to exist, and in this he does not make out his
point. Are we, then, to stop ex-
changing the products of our labor?

(6.) It is the natural right of every man to

gain the means of subsistence he has as much
freedom to make his bets on the rise and fall of grain
prices as on anything else; only he must not gamble
with loaded dice, or be allowed special privileges
wherewith to gain the price of grain. Hence in a
free and open market, these transactions where
neither equivalent is transferred are legitimate
enough. But they are unwise, because, apart from
the winning or losing of the bet, there is no advan-
tage to be gained from them. Transactions, on the
other hand, in which only one equivalent is im-
mediately transferred are frequently of the greatest
advantage, as they enable men to get possession of
tools which they immediately need but cannot im-
mediately pay for. Of course the promise to pay is
liable to be more or less valuable at maturity than
when issued, but so is the property originally trans-
ferred as well. So that I am still more example of the
lender from the effects of variations in value. And
the interests of the holder of property who neither
borrows or lends is also just as much affected by
them as the interest of the person to whom he sells
relations. So far as this is due to monopoly and
privilege, we must do our best to abolish it; so far
as it is natural and inevitable, we must get along
with it as best we can, but not by darkening it by

to discarding credit and money, the most potent
instruments of association and civilization. T. Uncadulated Gall.

In answer to Liberty's column and a half on our criticism of
his first notice of us, we are glad to see his partial conver-
sion and accept his apology.

Communistic Anarchists.

[Die Zukunft.]

A discussion on the above theme appeared recently in the column of the "Free Labor" and "The Alarm," setting aside the merely technical word 'fight' to "own" and to 'possess," we "declare our duty to take part in that
controversy, and in its course we are bound to say that,
in spite of our really different standpoints, we see
Communistic Anarchists as our best friends, who, with logical consistency would have to come to point of view if the
Alm did not prefer to become Communists or Social Demo-

We will not attempt to explain their limitation in accep-
ting a comparative possession, all of their limitations,
and to consider whether it arises from practical considerations
relative to the society in which that peculiar ideal echo of
classless condition, is to suffer to know of their recogni-
tion of the total worthlessness of all authority or government,
as opposed to the right of self-determination of the
Individual.

The expression "Communistic Anarchists" constitutes a
contradiction in terms, a contradiction in itself, so far as
with the adjective "Communistic"—an idea of constraint or

This is what the word "Communist" has already found its answer in the
question of the "Alarm" to make all means of production
common property. It is a quasi law of nature among men
that every man shall have the right to produce, the works
who can freely dispose of it. This the "Alarm" acknowledges
ei, but only to refute it in the above-proposed

The question over the above-mentioned basis of the
distribution of production in common means of produ-
ction—land, labor, machinery, raw materials, tools,
seeds, etc.—what are not means of production. Will
the "Alarm" or anyone undertake to draw a sharp dividing
line in the minds of men as to what shall decide? And whoever
decides, where is the Anarchist?

What is common property, which is not controlled by an
distributor, is in practice the property of every one, and no one would have a reason for deciding

railroad monopoly and machinery.

The following additions to "Edgeworth's" review of
General Trouvelot's book on free trade, printed in the
last number of Liberty, arrived too late to appear with the
body of the article.

WHIPPING THE DEVIL ROUND THE STUMP.

To point the moral and adorn the tale, hear a complaint of a California, Federation, Democratic protestor, in the San Francisco "Chronicle."

A Republican Congress established free trade with the Sand-

he makes of anything. What is done to the

It is singular that, while considering the Free Trade agita-
tion, the Amendment lesson, General Trouvelot should push

put the machinery issues, which is a clearance at once of distress and complication in economic reforms for

in the last decade the census the number of employes has fallen by one-gih.

trade by one-eighth, the shoe trade by one-eighth, the

With this increase of manufactured product the

in the iron trades wages have fallen by half since 1874. In

in its discussion, to make the public believe that it is

to the existence or suppression of one of its factors? Were the growth of the railroad sys-

not that of the fact, if it be held as meaning only a yield, a view of the best method of

Thus the intrusion of the machinery question into the discussion of communal

in free hands, the data necessary for tracing back causes

of the tax increased from a little more than $18,000 to

in the various branches of government, it is

The granting of vast tracts of land to railroad com-

the desire to destroy the spirit of monopoly, but will leave it to fight its own battle, unencumbered by a cen-

The source of the difference comes...

Again: United States law restricts railroads to ten per cent.

the Southern Pacific Railroad is returned in Poor's Manual for 1888 as making $5,245,270. On

In this case, it ought to be worth nearly four times its sworn value.

Again: Of the railroad property in the United States un-

of all which it refuses to take out patents, which would it liable to

Again: By corruption and bribery he defies in some

It was killed accordingly. Thus, remarks Mr. D. N.
Debuts before the State Board of Equalization at Basta-

in favor of land grant railroad. Thus the railroad power

and in favor of land grant railroads. Thus the railroad power

and in favor of land grant railroad. Thus the railroad power

the minds and temperaments of the people.

Although not exempt from inconvenience, such as a scalp

in the United States government. Passengers were to be

benefits: protection of stock of the Indian. The Indian extermin-

or corporations, has virtually enslaved us to a

A Word For the New Jerusalem.

Dear Liberty.

Up to your November it, just received, I have found myself

in warm sympathy with all your writers, and not least with

Mr. Ingalls, as they express so well the views I have

agree with his judgment, if in view of the same causes; but

the tone adopted against segregation appears to me

With respect to the free trade question, the merriest

which the Literati and artists of a city in several im-

features the most advanced and yet among the least

who would be let to the other of our views by the

If "X" is subdivided to such extent as to read

1. The more effective, although passive, resistance to gov-

employment, thereby robbing the individual of his

basis of social relations, and which enables plant and animal in the circuits of living

The simplicity of such operations in gardening and farming,

With respect to the railroad question, the author of the

the "Alarm," is divided and subdivided, the railroad

Such subdivision may extend to thousands of letters or

Let us then ask "X" to extend his views in a more catholic spirit.

It is killed accordingly. Thus, remarks Mr. D. N.
WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

Continued from page 3.

foolish enough to believe himself a dangerous rival of Lopokhoff. It was from not much thought that all who knew him looked on the outcome.

Now, Lopokhoff had on his side this enormous advantage, that he had already deserved love, that he had already completely won Vera Pavlova's heart. The choice was between two women, she was saved; she need not dream of anything better? Was she not happy? It was even ridiculous to think of such a thing. To her and to Lopokhoff such an apprehension would have been incomprehensible.

Well, for such a little thing, to save himself a month or two of weariness, only to find in the end that he was not the one, that his love was not wanted! And did he not run the risk of a serious disease by watching nights at a sick man's bedside? To avoid disturbing the tranquillity of his own life for a little while, ought he to allow another longer to interrupt it? He was employed in the cause of love and thought it honest. Now, a dishonest action would have been much more disgraceful to him than any other, and would have deprived him of all the affection which he had to pass, and of the result of which he felt as sure as of his firmness.

These were Kirsanoff's thoughts, on deciding to take Vera Pavlova's place at his heart's behest.

The necessity for watching passed. To save appearances and not make the change in their relations so abrupt as to call attention to it, it was necessary for Kirsanoff to visit his friends at first two or three times a week, then from month to month, and then every six months. He could readily explain his absence by his occupations.

XIII.

What Kirsanoff foresaw was realized; his attachment was renewed, and became more intense than before; but to struggle against it gave him no difficulty, no serious torment. Visiting the Lopokhoffs for the second time during the week following the cessation of his treatment of Dmitry Sergueitch, he stayed till nine o'clock. His visits were enough, appearances were enough; he need not come again for a fortnight, and it would be over. But this time he must stay an hour longer, at any rate. This passion was not easy to stifle; in a month it would entirely disappear. Therefore he was well contented. He took an active part in the conversation and with so much ease that he was surprised to find how much better his story was received than before. This, indeed, was the key of his success; his story was received with much less of the attitude with which he had to pass, and of the result of which he felt as sure as of his firmness.

At this Vera Pavlova was much pleased, her joy perhaps being greater than that of the convalescent himself.

'So you are not without some responsibility upon the sickness, they made fun of Vera, and ironically extolled her conjugal self-sacrifice. Barely had she escaped falling sick herself in her exaggerated alarm at that which did not call for it.

"Laugh, ha, laugh," said she, "but I am sure that in my place you would not have done differently."

"I do not believe the cares of others have upon a man," said Lopokhoff; "he is so affected by them that he finally comes to believe that all the preconceptions of which he is the object are useful. For instance, I might as well have been in bed for the last thirty days, and yet I stay in the house. This very morning I desired to go out, but still I said: 'To be on the safe side I will wait till tomorrow."

"Yes, you might have gone out long ago," added Kirsanoff.

"That is what I call heroism, for really it is a great bore to me, and I should much like to run away at once."

"My dear friend, it is to pacify me that you are playing the hero. Get ready on the instant if you are so desirous of ending your quan-quezine forthwith. I maintain that you will get as much satisfaction out of your visit to the sick man as he has from your visit to the sick woman, that it will be a very nice thing on your part to make our show the object of your first visit. The possible result of all this will be increased friendship at the start of the interval."

"Good! Let us go together," said Lopokhoff, visibly delighted at the prospect of breathing the fresh air that very afternoon.

"It is rather against the text," said Vera Pavlova; "it did not even occur to her that you might not have any desire to come with us, Alexander Matveitch."

"You are very interesting," I have long wanted to see the shop. Your ideas is a very happy one."

In truth, Vera Pavlova's idea was a happy one. The young girls were much pleased, and they felt that they had made much more than three hours of conversation; it could be a very nice thing on your part to make our show the object of your first visit. The possible result of all this will be increased friendship at the start of the interval."

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"You are very interesting," I have long wanted to see the shop. Your ideas is a very happy one.
The government is heavier than the bonds of arbitrary power in most nations. The people are not only politely, but personally, slaves, and treated with the utmost condescension by those above them, of whatever rank they may be. The law is the measure of their liberty. The greatest barrier to the exercise of the spirit of justice is the spirit of arbitrary power. The people are thus told by this base swindle to think a more valuable liberty, by not only allowing, but encouraging, them to corrupt themselves in the most scandalous manner. They consider their subjects as the farmer does the hog he keeps to feast upon. He holds him fast in his sty, but allows him to wallow as much as he pleases in his beloved filth and glutony. To scandalously debauch their exercising the legitimate duties of a state inquisition. Here you see a people deprived of all rational freedom, and tyrannized over by too many judges and attorneys to enjoy any, by the subjection of the rest, that they are in an infinitely severer state of slavery; they make themselves the most degenerate and unhappy of mankind, for no other purpose than that they may more effectually contribute to the misery of a whole nation. In short, the regular and methodical proceedings of an aristocracy are more intolerable than the very excesses of a despotism, and are much further from any remedy.

(A continuation.)
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