

and so he always acted in a grim and awful way. Such men are tremendous allies for whichever side they take.

He welcomed the new-comers with a certain sturdy grace.

"You have passengers, I believe?"

"Yes," said Stockdolliger, "very pleasant ones too, quite pious and devoted. Really, I have been edited with their company, or rather his company; for I haven't seen the woman, only the man, but he is one of the saints. He prays every day."

"What is his name, please?"

"Gooch—Ephraim Gooch from Scooptown, Maine. I know him by reputation, he came from near where I live. He has just built a new steeple to the church. He is an honor to our cause. He seems to realize the worthlessness of human life. I hardly ever see him smile. I feel as if my ship was blest while he was on board. He is in his cabin now, reading the Bible. He doesn't read any other book, except a tract now and then. He has some beautiful tracts. They are full of the spirit of the gospel. They treat of the sinfulness of man, of Sabbath-breaking, of the awfulness of dancing; they admonish us to be mournful, and sit in sack-cloth and ashes. They have done me a great deal of good, these tracts have. They have penetrated my soul like the sword of the Lord, and convicted me of my shortcomings."

"We would like to see this paragon: he will be willing, I suppose, to put in an appearance."

"I will send for him: he will edify you."

Soon the captain summoned his immaculate passenger. In a few moments, the familiar form of Gooch was seen coming up the hatchway: he had a Bible in one hand, and was humming the good old melody, "Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound." With a most obsequious bow and imperturbable air, he greeted his old acquaintances of Golden Throne.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"I begin to think that Gooch is the devil himself," said Charlie as he looked at him. "It may be harder work than we imagine to break through the net he has woven."

Gooch advanced with deliberate step. He did not seem surprised or afraid to meet his old associates. He was evidently prepared for any emergency.

"We are not very glad to see you, I confess," said Charlie. "Nevertheless, we have been very anxious to overhaul this ship. We care more for your company than for you. There is a lady on board, I believe."

"Yes," said the deacon, unabashed.

"We will take her back with us, and you can go to Calcutta as fast

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Drunkard's Will.

I leave to society a ruined character, a wretched example, and a memory that will soon rot.

I leave to my parents during the rest of their lives, as much sorrow humanity in a feeble and declining state can sustain.

I leave to my brothers and sisters as much mortification and injury as I could bring on them.

I leave to my wife a broken heart, a life of wretchedness and shame, to weep over my premature death.

I give and bequeath to each of my children poverty, ignorance and low character, and the remembrance that their father was a monster.—

—Selected.

Wettstein Taken to Task.

EDITOR TORCH OF REASON—

In the TORCH of June 10, Mr. Wettstein takes agnostics to task for declaring that they do not know what becomes of us after we die. The reasoning was so queer that it interested me more than such articles usually do. He proves conclusively that we do not know what becomes of ourselves. From this, he argues that nothing becomes of us which is the opposite of what he proved, for if we know that we are to be annihilated, we certainly know what becomes of us.

He then shows that a man is an animal. From this, he argues that whatever happens to an animal at death, happens to man. This is parallel to the reasoning of the student of logic who argued that as man was an animal and a horse was an animal, that therefore a man was a horse.

He lays down the proposition that "those affirming must prove true." He proves abundantly that at death the body disintegrates but that does not prove what becomes of the life, the power that made the organism and intelligent or even a live being. The most that he proves is that he doesn't know. But instead of saying so as the agnostic does, he boldly affirms that he does know and that this power or life is annihilated as well as the carcass. He does not stick to his proposition that "those affirming must prove true." The problems of electricity, of magnetism, of life are yet open questions. No one knoweth whence they come nor whither they goeth. Is the magnetism annihilated when we demagnetize a watch? It has disappeared. The watch weighs just as much after the operation. The most that we can prove is, that the watch is demagnetized. To prove what becomes of the magnetism or to prove that the magnetism is annihilated is another thing. It is easy to declare that the moon is made of green cheese, but to prove that it is or that it isn't is another thing. Mr. Wettstein proves the annihilation of the body as such. Let him prove the annihilation of the power which moved the body about. Proving that it has disappeared, does not prove that it has been annihilated. Respectfully,

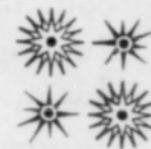
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