

MARTHA MARBLEHEAD: The Maid and Matron of Chehalis.

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CHAPTER XI.

Oregon was young in those days, but it boasted many men who had "seen the world," men who had traveled from the island of Ceylon to the peninsula of Kamtschatka, and from the land of Kanakas to the city of Washington. Oregon had newspapers, too. Not the present line of daily and weekly bearers of telegraphic dispatches from all parts of the earth, many hours ahead of time, but an unpretending hebdomadist or two, which gave the people news by pony express from across the continent every other week. There were startling accounts of new auriferous discoveries; letters once in a while from the seat of government; occasional stray notices; at intervals a marriage or a death; frequently an Indian disturbance, and regularly all sorts of personal attacks upon aspirants and incumbents of office. Then, as now, it made but little difference whether the office-seeker or holder were a man of integrity or not. No matter how honest and honorable his private life had been, his newspaper trials began when he became a candidate, and increased when he became an office-holder.

Major Marblehead had been so quietly chosen for his new position that he had escaped much of the personal abuse that better men almost invariably encounter in getting office, and he was not prepared to find himself paraded before the world in the facetious billingsgate of worse than average Bohemians, when he started out to serve his country. Nobody, in his own estimation, was ever nearer right than Major Marblehead. He did not remember that he had ever been ridiculed but once, and he flattered himself, whenever he thought of it, that he had amply punished King Greensborough for that offense; so he had accepted his new honors with the proud consciousness that he was to be henceforth known and honored among men as one of the rulers of the land.

The Major and Mrs. Marblehead and son were spending their last night in Portland at a primitive hotel that drove a thriving business in eatables, such as they were, at a price that would to-day rejoice the proprietors of the Palace Hotel. It was their first meal in a public place, and none of them knew aught of the customs of such places of entertainment.

"Leave all to me, Major; I'll manage it," said Mrs. Marblehead, as a finale to a long chapter on "manners" to which she had just been treating him.

Then, aside to her son, "You keep your eyes open and look about you sharply. The Major's such a consummate blunderer that he'll have us all in the Weekly Flyer if we're not careful." Thomas Jones promised to look sharp, in obedience to the maternal command, but neither son nor mother was prepared for the pompous and sonorous "grace" the Major uttered at the far end of the long dining board, whither he had led them, in spite of her intimation that they should seat themselves at a little side table nearer the door of the dining-room.

Now, I will not undertake to say that there is no virtue in pronouncing "grace" at table. It certainly stimulates good breeding in a family, and the Christian is not without precedent in his observance of it in his own household. Yet we have visited homes where only a "silent blessing" was invoked where there was far more of decorum observed than we have seen in many another where the stereotyped repetitions of the same little routine of command to the Almighty Father to "bless us, and save us, and sanctify these victuals to the use of our perishing bodies—Amen," was accompanied, during its progress, by the covert amusement of the children, and followed instantaneously at its close by the irrelevant conversation which had only been interrupted to sandwich the religious ceremony between the theme and the food, thereby making but a mockery of what was intended as a sacrament.

We have more than once seen a minister make a covert laughing-stock of himself, and through himself of his religion, by just such an unconscious exhibition of pious vanity at a hotel table as that which ended in the perturbation of Major Marblehead.

His voice, when in a religious mood, was always deep, long-drawn, and "holy." Nobody had ever listened, either to his singing or exhortations, without taking particular notice of the pious of his tones. People who attended the church where he officiated as a deacon were accustomed to it, and many grew to like it, but its effect upon a dining-room full of intent and energetic epicures, bent on eating their money's worth, was explosive. Many laughed outright, and many others, who thought the well-remembered ceremony whom

mental visions of far-away homes, were pained at the occurrence.

"Dear me!" sighed Mrs. Marblehead, to herself, "why couldn't he know better than to thus make us the objects of ridicule?" Her appetite was spoiled. She knew the general effect of the Major's manner upon the spectators, though he rested in happy ignorance. She played nervously with her fork and spoon, and while her husband and son did ample justice to the food before them, she fed upon the deepest humiliation.

"Who is he?" asked one, and Mrs. Marblehead, being blessed, as the Major was, with partial deafness, heard both question and reply.

"He's a new official dignitary; one of those wiseacres who is to revolutionize politics, engraft God in the Constitution, and pray himself into personal prominence and political immortality."

This was said by a mild-mannered gentleman who had no intention of being overheard, and, but for Mrs. Marblehead's acute sensibilities, she would have been oblivious to it. As it was, she was on the alert, and the tympanum of her adjacent ear was like a tightened drum-head.

"I wouldn't trust him farther than you could throw a two-year-old bullock by its tail," was the decided rejoinder.

"You must be a good reader of character," remarked the other.

"Why?"

"Oh, it's easy enough to see why. You echo the public sentiment exactly. Everybody will know the Major and his business before he leaves the dining-room. Have you observed his wife? Deuced smart woman, that."

"I'll wager a nugget from my Jacksonville placers that she hasn't lived with him as a wife more than a year or two."

"And how have you reached that conclusion?"

"Easily enough. Did you ever see a man with over-pious propensities, narrow face, thin lips, high back head, sharp nose, grey eyes, and hair combed like the roof of a country meeting-house, who had lived to the age of sixty without losing at least one wife?"

"I never thought of the question in that light before."

"Well, I have; and you may depend upon it that the old skindink has buried the mother of a large family of children, who crucified her life in obedience to his behests. I'll warrant this to be a second, possibly a third wife."

"Do you think he'll get the better of her?"

"Not a bit of it. She knows his weak side. He's as vain as a peacock, as stubborn as a donkey, as pious as a monk, and as deceitful as the devil. But she'll match him."

"But she doesn't look like a woman who would aspire to be the counterpart of such a person as you delineate."

Mrs. Marblehead blushed. It was her turn to catch it now.

"No; the woman's not narrow, nor over-pious. But she's ambitious and unscrupulous, and dressy and agreeable. She'll make her way in Washington—and his, too."

An increased clatter of dishes among the waiters in the dining-room prevented further overhearing. But Mrs. Marblehead was not sorry. She had already heard enough.

"Excuse me, Major; I am not hungry," she said, half-rising.

"You'd just as well get the worth of your money. The pay's all the same, whether you eat much or little," replied the careful calculator of current expenses, in a loud, deliberate tone.

Mrs. Marblehead curled her lip in disgust and left the room.

In truth she was not bad looking. She had a magnificent figure, ample and well-proportioned, and it was easy enough to see how she might make her social mark at the Capital, where brilliant and intellectual women were known to be scarce.

When the Major had finished his ample meal, he returned to his chamber, to find the partner of his joys and sorrows in a fever of mortified indignation.

"Old Marblehead, you're a fool!" she exclaimed, stamping her foot.

"It is better to dwell in the corner of a house than with a brawling woman in a wide house!" said the Major, solemnly.

"Catch what?" he asked, his voice trembling, and heart beating audibly.

"Dear me!" sighed Mrs. Marblehead, to herself, "why couldn't he know better than to thus make us the objects of ridicule?"

The Major trembled anew; not with rage, as would have been his wont if somebody had planned an assault upon him in the little church, where he was certain of his ground, and knew the power to be all in his own hands; but he trembled with apprehension, for he felt that he was not master of the present situation. Nor was he. There was a power behind the throne much greater than the throne itself. And this man another man as weak and tyrannical as Major Marblehead had discovered to his sorrow.

"What did you hear, Martha?" he asked, pleadingly.

Again the lady laughed. She was gaining ground. But she preferred to delay her final triumph for a season, just as a skillful angler sometimes inclines to keep the fatal bait for a little while in sight, beyond the reach of his piscatorial victim.

"This is the first time you ever called me Martha, Major; don't repeat it," she answered, sobering.

"Why, darling?"

"Worse and worse! You're getting spongy, Major. But look here. You and I know precious well that there isn't a shadow of real sentiment between us. You married me to get a housekeeper, and I married you to get an office-holder. If I am succeeding better than you, it is all owing to my feminine far-sightedness. Don't be a fool. Don't darling nor Martha me. That sort of pussy-cat nonsense might have been agreeable pap for number one; but number two is none of your die-aways."

"I'll resign that confounded office at once, and return to the farm!" he said, defiantly.

"No you won't, Major."

Mrs. Marblehead was as unruffled as a summer sea.

"You'll see if I don't," he answered, covering visibly.

"Then good-bye to housekeeper and office both, Major," she answered, making a feint to pack her trunks, preparatory to taking her own departure from the premises.

Again the head of the family was baffled. He strode across the room like one demented. Then he set his teeth squarely together (I mean the few remaining molars; his others had long since been worn and broken to the roots), and hissed, in a low tone:

"Mrs. Marblehead, do you know how I managed my first wife?"

"I do not care to inquire, Major Marblehead," she replied, carelessly. "I'm your second wife."

"I know you are! Confound the luck!"

"Don't swear, Major. Remember the religious stain you took a little while ago at the public table. Our modern hotel walls have ears sometimes. You might injure your reputation and standing in the church."

The Major advanced toward his wife with threatening gestures, glaring eyes, and clenched fists.

"I walloped the first Mrs. Marblehead the very first and only time she ever dared to disobey me. And there's just as much nerve and muscle in these hands to-day as there was thirty-five years ago."

Mrs. Marblehead arose from the trunk she was packing and stood erect.

"Do you know who you are talking to, old man?" she asked, calmly, while a suspicious light flashed from her eyes, and her lips quivered slightly.

"The 'old man' bowed.

"Now, Major, see here! Suppose you try whipping me once! Do you know what I would do?"

No reply.

"Well, I'll tell you, sir. You try it! But don't you ever dare to go to sleep again if you do, or I'll put your throat from ear to ear!"

"O, Lord! What wickedness!" exclaimed the lord of the matrimonial relation.

Mrs. Marblehead did not continue her packing. She saw that the Benedict was conquered.

"What fools women are!" she soliloquized, turning toward the window and gazing out upon the river. "A man that will tyrannize over his wife will always prove himself a coward when she defies him. The Major'll do splendidly if he's rightly managed."

"I want you to take this letter to the Flyer office and deliver it to the editor in person. Say to him that you know its contents to be genuine, and here's a quarter of a dollar."

"I never tells lies that cheap, mum. Not for nobody."

"Well, tell him the name of the real author accompanies the letter, and I'll give you a dollar. And, mind you, don't say a word about me to anybody, or I'll see that you lose your place. Do you understand me?"

"I do, mum."

The next day's Flyer came out bringing all over the editorial page with paragraph lines of such a cutting nature that the Major well-nigh lost hope of heaven in his rage. His well-known peculiarities formed theme for a dozen witticisms of a personal nature, and his threatened attack upon his wife, who was spoken of as a remarkably brilliant and beautiful woman, who kept her lord in petticoats, was graphically delineated.

To a man accustomed to newspaper life, who has seen his name in print so long and so often that its recurrence makes no perceptible ripple upon his thoughts, such irresponsible squibs would have amounted to nothing except to provoke laughter and witticisms among his friends, heartily seconded by himself.

A really clever person likes a joke, even at his own expense. But Major Marblehead thought he was ruined.

Was he not the great "I Am" of his neighborhood? And hadn't he always punished every scoundrel who had dared to ridicule him?

Mrs. Marblehead noticed his perturbation with inward chuckles and outward unconcern.

"Maybe he'll feel like threatening to wallop me again!" she thought.

"I'll find out the author of these attacks upon me, if I die for it!" cried the Major.

"And get a second newspaper drubbing for your pains," quietly replied his wife.

"Mrs. Marblehead, have you no respect for your husband?" he asked, severely.

"Precious little," she answered, with a quiet laugh.

Again he was baffled.

"Confound—"

"There! I wouldn't swear, Major. I more than half suspect that somebody overheard you yesterday, and that was why you found yourself cut up to-day in the Flyer."

"What shall I do, then?"

"Why, mind your own business. You're public property now, for you're a servant of the government. The dear people expect to compensate themselves for your salary by newspaper squibs. Never mind 'em. And see here, Major, that pompous piety of yours was a first-class thing to utilize and hold the people of your parish level, for they either believed in it or stood in awe of it. But the world does neither. You are before the public on your own merits now, and must expect to stand or fall, as the people shall elect. Bless your simple soul, you haven't a particle of tact. Just leave the management of affairs to me. Do as I tell you, and you'll keep out of scrapes."

"Well, woman, it's almost breakfast time now, and I'm ready for my first lesson."

"Don't say grace at public table, for one thing."

"What? Would you have me set an ungodly example before a wicked and gainsaying world?"

"Nonsense, Major; you know that's cant. Very well. Pursue your own course; it's immaterial to me," and Mrs. Marblehead began a lively tattoo upon the window-sill with her fan.

The Major looked "sheepish" at dinner, but he did not make himself conspicuous by repeating an audible prayer. Whether or not he uttered one in his heart depend on that.

The steamer sailed at the appointed hour, and Major Marblehead accompanied his wife to their state-room, as thoroughly subdued as the most unscrupulous consort could have desired.

Thomas Jones was a trifle moody. To do him justice, he was not indifferent to his wife, and he dearly loved his children. But he was in the toils of his mother now, and she had no regard for any other emotion than ambition.

[To be continued.]

BYRON'S FIRST LOVE.—"She was his life—the ocean to the river of his thoughts." That Mary Chaworth returned the passion of his young love there is no doubt; but, like the Montagues and Capulets, the houses of Mary and Byron were at feud. Mary had not the strength and truth of Juliet, and so they were parted—a separation by far more pitiless to her and more fatal to him than death amid the full summer brightness of happy love. This, too, Shakespeare was the true soul-tragedy. Might she not have redeemed even his wayward and erring nature by the divinity of pure love and steady faith? She lived, it is said, to weep wild tears over words which have linked her name in sorrowful immortality to her lover's, and died in brokenheartedness at last. While he, grown reckless and defiant, the very core of his heart turned to ashes, and distrustful and despising his brother man, swept on in a glorious, sad, and stormy career, till the shadows deepened and the long night set in.

Fred. Grant's father-in-law, H. H. Honore, of Chicago, is a bankrupt. His debts amount to \$2,527,235.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW NORTHWEST:

Mr. Hayes' trip to New England promises to be a pleasant one, but he will not have so many of his Cabinet with him as originally contemplated. Our Indian troubles were not of such serious nature as to demand the presence here of the Secretary of War. Mr. Sherman is preparing in Ohio for a swing around the political circle there, and cannot of course leave for the present. Mr. Schurz is busied with his Indian investigations, hence Mr. Key, our big rebel, McCrary and Everts will do the principal honors with the President. It is a good idea to take Judge Key around and exhibit him as the tamed lion, for we are assured when the people look upon his quiet, smiling, good-natured face, surmounted with its close-cropped, bristling hair, strongly tinged with gray, they will feel he can be as much trusted as any other honest man, and that, although he felt impelled at one time to take up arms against the Union, his heart is now in the right place. Recently one of his constituents from East Tennessee, one of the rip-roaring, half-horse, half-alligator stripe, whose chief article of subsistence was juice of the corn, came up here seeking an office at his hands. The East Tennessean gave the Judge a grand dinner, kindly permitting your correspondent to share it, and then insisted that a certain "in" should be ousted, because he, the "out," wanted the place just "to spite the fellow." Judge Key, I am sorry to say, was proof against this strong argument, the soothing influences of a nice dinner and a proffered bottle of pure corn juice, and most unkindly sent the poor fellow back home with a civil service reform lecture for all his pains and expense. By-the-way, this civil service reform affords a complete dodge for the Cabinet officers to rid themselves of undesirable office-seekers, and on this ground we of course accept it. But in all other respects, a live rebel, with all his kith and kin, would seem preferable as office-holders, and with a Jacksonian sweep, change every four years to that system which would give an incumbent a life-long lease. We served four years after the war in the South, and learned to like an honorable fighting rebel, and believe him universally as worthy of trust as we know Judge Key is. But we can't go civil service reform yet.

THE DIVORCE MARKET.

Is now very brisk, and our court dockets indicate that hard times do not bar the discontented, who are seeking other partners, from feeling lawyers and from getting relief from the disability which interferes with the proposed new marriage. In all instances we believe an application for a divorce has another marriage in the back ground, at least such is our experience here and that of Chicago. Recently the wife of "Gotham," one J. Q. Thompson, a Western correspondent of the New York Herald, applied for divorce at Indianapolis, but her prayers were denied on the ground that she was a citizen of the District of Columbia, she being a clerk in one of the departments. She immediately applied here and obtained a decree at once. She celebrated her release from her former ties by remarrying, and that without waiting until the end of the term of the court which granted the divorce. Husband No. 1 then filed a bill praying that the decree be set aside, alleging all kinds of immorality against her, and particularly charging infidelity upon her with numerous persons, among whom he names one Nathaniel P. Banks, who, however, has since peremptorily denied the allegation. The Judge set aside the decree under the power given him by law to reverse a decision at any time prior to the adjournment, hence we have here a lady with two husbands, and of course an abundance of connubial felicity after her twelve hours of single blessedness which followed the divorce. If the second husband proves as worthless as the first, we opine that Mrs. Thompson will realize fully what it means jumping from the frying-pan into the fire, unless she seeks relief again through the courts. While Washington cannot equal Chicago in facilities for speedy divorce yet, we can offer the discontented a "right good chance" for freedom. To our surprise, one of our special correspondents, R. W. C. Mitchell, Private Secretary of Mr. Schurz, and who writes for the Danbury News under the name of Bob Creighton, has also applied for a divorce on the alleged ground of infidelity. He cites marriage at a Catholic Church in Albany, New York, the birth of three children and subsequent immortality. His bill is a fearful arraignment of a wife and mother, and leaves us at a loss to determine whether he is retaining her in the position of wife has been destitute of that sense of right and wrong which enables every husband to protect the honor of himself and family by resort to law or a bullet, or whether he has permitted open defiant outrage in hopes that time would bring separation in some form without exposing his wrongs to the world. Public sentiment permits a husband to take the law into his own hands in dealing with the violator of his household happiness, and Mr. Mitchell seems not to have desired an appeal to the higher law of our country, preferring rather peaceable measures which would

leave him and her free to follow their inclinations in the future. Such, perhaps, is the better course. But with the Sicksies and Key precedent before us, our people would prefer a first-class shooting sensation any day to a hundred hackneyed resort to the courts for divorce.

Washington, D. C., August 17, 1877.

Voudouism.

A TALE OF MYSTERIOUS RITES, SICILIAN ASSASSINATION AND DARK DEEDS.

Every few months there crops out to the surface some tale of the wonderful influence possessed by these "hoodoo" or Voudou doctors over their poor deluded victims, but, as a rule, the result of their tricks does not amount to the sum named below.

Beyond the mere Voudou business, there is a horrible tale of murder, assassination, and the effect of fear on an individual sufficient to make him sign three mortgage notes of \$1,000 each when he did not owe the money.

Emile Condet has filed a petition in the Fifth District Court representing that in the month of June, 1876, one Joseph Oteri, a resident of this city, with whom he was on friendly terms, came to him much distressed and crying, and represented that he had given to his wife a safe keeping the sum of \$5,000, and that the money had been stolen, and he begged the petitioner to go and see his wife and induce her to tell what had become of the money.

Condet went as requested, and after considerable persuasion induced the wife to admit that a needy man, pretending to be a clairvoyant fortune-teller, named Dr. Robertson, had been an associate of Oteri, and in the habit of practicing his divine and mysterious powers on Oteri and his wife, had induced her to give him money that he might put it in five packages and pin it together in a manner unknown to others and peculiar to himself, and then place it under the matting beneath the bed, and then all things would be lovely to Mr. Oteri and her.

She said she had given this doctor the money, and left the petitioner and went to her bed-room adjoining to get it. She remained there some time, much longer than was necessary, and the petitioner opened the communicating door and found her standing still, with about \$250 in one hand and the rest of the \$5,000. Condet returned to Oteri and informed him what had happened, and advised him to employ detectives and recover the money.

Detectives Malone and Cain were engaged, and Cain went to Philadelphia to find the doctor (?), had escaped, and arrested him and brought him to New Orleans, where the fortune-teller confessed his guilt by surrendering to Oteri a piece of real estate, furniture and jewelry, and some money he had on deposit in the Louisiana Savings Bank.

After Oteri had got all that he could from Robertson, he turned against Condet and charged him with having dishonored his wife and robbed him of \$5,000, and threatened to kill the petitioner if he did not make up the difference between the amount recovered and the stolen \$5,000.

It is further charged that Oteri is a Sicilian, and claimed to be the leader of a band of Sicilians living in New Orleans who redressed their real or imaginary wrongs by murders and assassinations, and Oteri threatened that if the money was not paid, Condet would be killed and his family destroyed.

Condet, with the fewest of his life upon him, became sick, and was troubled with weakness, and was obliged to remain at home many days to avoid assassination. He sent for Oteri, and told him that he (Condet) did not want to be killed or to tell Oteri, and tried to convince Oteri of his innocence of the charge, but the Sicilian would not be convinced, and reiterated the threat that he would be killed in a few days.

Petitioner goes on to allege that, opposed and spoken, and weighed down in mind, doubting which would be better, to be killed or to tell Oteri, and then be subject to a criminal prosecution, he consented to make good the loss to Oteri, but, not having the ready money, he offered to give mortgage notes.

This was accepted, and Condet went before a notary and acknowledged falsely that he owed the notes.

He prays for the segregation of these notes made under an act before James Fahey, July 15, 1876, and that the notes be canceled.—New Orleans Democrat, July 17th.

The spectroscopic instrument mentioned in my paper on Venus, shows that the deep atmosphere of Jupiter contains enormous quantities of the vapor of water. It seems to me not improbable that all the water of the planet, its future seas and oceans, now hang suspended in the form of cloud and vapor in the planet's atmosphere.

Jupiter, in fact, may fairly be regarded as a young though gigantic planet—not young in years, but young in development—a baby planet, the fullness of whose growth will not be attained for hundreds of millions of years, though our earth perhaps will have been far ages decrepit or even a dead world.—Prof. R. A. Proctor, in St. Nicholas.

While Theodore Tilton makes his \$20,000 a year in the lecture field, and Beecher gets \$20,000 from his church, \$5,000 from the Christian Union, and \$30,000 from lectures, Mrs. Tilton weeps over her struggles with boards in a small house in Brooklyn. She is the real sufferer, and always will be. She lost her husband, the man for whom she lost him has abandoned her, and the society who professed to believe in Mr. Beecher's innocence treats her as though she were guilty. It's a queer world.

At Fitchburg, Mass., there are three grammar schools, two of which have gentleman principals, and the other a lady. The salaries are \$1,200, \$1,000, and recently the gentlemen had their salary reduced to \$1,000, while the lady's remained as formerly. This was owing to her excellence as a teacher; but it is somewhat exceptional for a lady to receive a higher salary than a man when engaged in the same duty, and we gladly make note of the fact.

A man who had a Frenchman to teach him the cornet always referred to the instructor as the French tooter.

When they make a hog's head into cheese and his tail into souse, they make extremes meet.

Correspondents writing over assumed signatures must make known their names to the Editor, or no attention will be given to their communications.

Garden of Eden.

Prince De Ligne, countryman and contemporary of Maria Theresa, wrote an essay, "On the Location of the Earthly Paradise," and, after some reflections on the hygienic influence of different climates, calls attention to the fact that "Paradise traditions, in locating the Garden of Eden, differ only in regard to longitude, but not to latitude. The latitude keeps near the snow-line, a line just south of the regions where snow may fall, but will not stay on the ground. It passes through Tibet, Cashmere, Northern Persia and Asia Minor, and reaches the meridian of Europe near the center of the Mediterranean." The nations that "celebrated life as a festival" have lived along this line, and we may doubt if in the most favored regions of the New World human industry, with all the aids of modern science, will ever secure the opportunities of happiness which nature once lavished on lands that now entail only misery on their cultivators. All over Spain and Portugal, Southern Italy, Greece, Turkey, Asia Minor, Persia and Western Afghanistan, and throughout Northern Africa, and from Morocco to the valley of the Nile, the aridity of the soil makes the struggle for existence so hard that to the vast majority of the inhabitant's life, from a blessing, has been converted into a curse.

Southern Spain, from Gibraltar to the headwaters of the Tagus, maintains now only about one-tenth of its former population, Greece about one-twentieth. As late as A. D. 670, a good while after the rise of the Mohammedan power, the country now known as Tripoli and distinct from the Sahara only by the elevation of its mountains, was the seat of eighty-five Christian Bishops, and had a population of 6,000,000, of which number three-quarters were Christians. The climate of the country, according to authentic description, must once have resembled that of our Southern Alleghenies, is now so nearly intolerable that even the inhumanity of an African despot fears to exact open labor from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Steamboats that pass near the Tripolitan coast in summer, on their way from Genoa to Cairo, have to keep up a continual shower of artificial rain to save their deck-hands from being overcome by the furnace-air that rises from the barren hills of the opposite coast. The rivers of some of these countries have shrunk to the size of their former tributaries, and from Gibraltar to Samarcand the annual rainfall has decreased till failure of crops has become a chronic complaint.

And all this change is due to the insane destruction of forests. The great Caucasian sylvanias that once adorned the high-land of the white races from the Western Pyrenees to the foot-hills of the Himalayas has disappeared; of the forest-area of Italy and Spain, in the days of the elder Pliny, about two acres in a hundred are left; in Greece, hardly one. But even the nakedness of the most fertile tracts of Southern Europe is exceeded by the utter desolation of the Ottoman provinces.—Popular Science Monthly for August.

Figures of Speech.

The conscious employment of imagery is by no means peculiar to literary people. It is common with every class, and with almost everybody in every class. Familiarity in the mouths of those eccentric characters, the humorists, the walk of life who amuse us so much by their odd but apt comparisons, rarity of daily experience, and by their quaint application of old saws and anecdotes, is no stranger to the most matter-of-fact people. The latter, indeed, are not the exuberant invention and humor of a Weller, a Swiveller, or a Tapley, but they like to season their talk with the savor of fancy, which, however, they generally are obliged to borrow, lacking mottoes of wit of their own. A smile or happy phrase hits the popular taste and becomes common property. We hope that a friend will "pull through" a serious illness; if he grows decidedly worse, we say that he is "at death's door." A man may "go beyond his depth," though never in the water, "flighy" though never off the ground, or not have "a leg to stand on," although his limbs are sound; it is his resources, material or intellectual, that are "crippled," "wheeled," and called "amazing shallow," and "the deep" is another name for the sea. Spendthrifts are said to be "open-handed," and a miser "close-fisted," or "tight as the bark of a tree." The last saying must be a mistake, for the simile of comparison which are in constant use, such as "true as steel," "straight as an arrow," "stiff as a poker," "brown as a bun," "still as a mouse," "dumb as an oyster," "merry as a cricket," and others still more homely, smacking of humor and belonging to slang, or of its confines, like "snug as a bug in a rug," "slighting as a snigger's face," and "happy as a clam at high water,"