

MARTHA MARBLEHEAD.

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CHAPTER XVII.

Time had rolled his chariot wheels along so rapidly, and men, ferocious with the ambition of office, had struggled so hard to keep pace with the ruthless monarch, that Oregon, with a population of less than sixty thousand, was admitted into the Union as a State.

Gus Marblehead had acquitted himself valiantly in the late Legislature, to which he had been elected by a strict party vote; for it was war times now, and the party lines were closely drawn and everybody must be known as belonging either to the side of Union or rebellion.

In her father's pew sat Mattie Brown, her face aglow with honest indignation. Like everybody else, she plainly saw the humiliation of Mrs. Jones, which the poor woman was so proudly, though vainly, attempting to conceal.

"Poor Gus," thought the girl; for no matter how much the world might "Colonel" him, he should always be plain "Gus" to her; "poor Gus; now he is so prominent, and has so many public cares, it is such a pity that he should endure indignity like this. I hope he won't come to church, and yet I can't help worshipping God unless he is here, where I can look at him. I do wonder if I'm wicked in loving him so!"

Colonel Marblehead advanced down the aisle with a measured tread. He knew all eyes were upon him; but the pride with which he might also have borne the gazings of the multitude, every one of whom knew him by name, and most of whom could remember him as a seely boy, in the Major's cast-off clothing; the conscious and pardonable pride with which he might also have greeted them all changed to humiliation that was next to death as he saw and felt the opinion of the entire community concerning his brother-in-law and the strange woman, of whose real character his sister seemed so sublimely unconscious.

Will men never learn the depth of subtlety with which women cover the evidences of their mental suffering and subjugation from the eyes of the world in order that they may deceive the public about the acts or fancies of their husbands, which, if believed and known, as they believe and know them, would cause the whole community to commiserate their condition as wives, bound, by virtue of their relationship, to suffer a share of the ignominy which the guilty only deserve? Let a woman step aside from the paths of rectitude, and straightway will her husband, her legal and financial, though by no means responsible head, spread his grievance upon the docket of the district courts, that all the world may know of his wife's shame and his own wounded honor. Or, failing in this, public opinion will justify him, and the law will acquit him, for shooting his wife's betrayer dead. Let a man step aside, under less or greater aggravating conditions, and the wife will debase herself before the world as a fool and blind, rather than expose the father of her children to the ignominy of his own misconduct.

A gleam of recognition from Mattie's eyes was answered intelligently by a silent response from Gus. The congregation with difficulty restrained a murmur of admiration, and the young man looked back in his seat and gave what seemed undivided heed to the sermon, a tedious dissertation upon the duties of public officers. But he only seemed to listen. Near him sat his gentle Mattie, with her cheeks aglow with mingled happiness and humiliation, that only reflected his own turbulent and outraged feelings.

What's the use of preaching homilies to any one in love? They may be as brim full of common sense prior to the attack as any blockhead of fifty who has outlived the memory of any such a visitation in his own case, but let the disease get hold of him, whether it be the measles, whooping-cough, or scarletina phase, and good-bye to reason and judgment. Everybody knows this to be true, and yet everybody tries the fruitless experiment of preaching, in public and private, for the benefit of the victim, in whom he fancies himself interested.

Colonel Marblehead looked hopefully at Mattie once more, and again at his sister; and then, not daring to glance again in the direction of his brother-in-law and the strange woman, he walked hurriedly out of the church at the close of the service and stalked rapidly away.

"Colonel Marblehead puts on airs," said Mrs. Brown, to Mattie, who was dumb with disappointment and grief. "She had so 'jotted' upon the distinction of shaking hands with him before the crowd, in the hour of his real triumph and her own imaginary one. To be nominated by any dominant party at that date was equivalent to an election."

"Gus won't care about you any more, daughter," continued her mother, injudiciously. "In the new and popular life to which his high position will call him he'll choose some stately dahlia for a mate rather than my modest roselod."

Colonel Marblehead was well on his homeward way before he thought seriously of having slighted Mattie. Indeed, he was too full of mortified indignation to think coherently of anything. After a while loud laughter, shrill and silvery, greeted his senses, in which a constrained echo, very much like a cackle, vainly tried to mingle. It was the voice of his sister, mingling in discordant falsetto with the louder merriment of the siren.

The trio, Thomas, his wife, and the woman, had taken a by-path across lots, and were coming straight to meet him. He was frenzied. "Coming up with them, and scarcely knowing what he did, the indignant brother felled the husband of his sister to the ground, where he lay as one stone dead."

"Mersey!" screamed the siren. "You have killed him!" cried Martha, in terror. "Glad of it!" was the excited reply. "O, Gus! you must fly! Fly for your life," said his sister.

"Indeed I do nothing of the kind. I did not mean to kill the skunk, and hope I haven't; but if he never kicks again I've done my duty."

"Good riddance to bad rubbish," said the siren, sotto voce. "The fellow had no money worth considering. The property's all in his wife's name, and the spooney had no more sense than to fancy I cared for him, money or no money. How he does quiver."

I have told you Mrs. Jones sees Marblehead had begun to love her husband from the hour that she knew his affections were estranged from her. Why she did I do not know. It is one of the anomalies of the malady in all its phases, that you never know just what sort of idiosyncrasies its victims are to be possessed of.

The New Northwest

Portland and embark for Africa. Why he had chosen Africa he did not know, but he packed his trunk when daylight came, and was on the eve of halting the stage-coach that regularly passed the farm-house at an early hour, before the family was astir, when a quietus was suddenly put upon his intentions by a writ from the hands of the sheriff for assault and battery upon the person of Thomas Jones, "whom he had inhumanly attacked while the gentleman was quietly returning from church, in company of his wife and lady friend."

GLIMPSES OF SOUTHERN TRAVEL.

We have left our lovely, mountainous country, only catching glimpses of it in the distance, and are riding over flat, desolate fields, with scarcely a tree visible, and no fences, showing still the devastation of the war, for we are on historic ground. A solitary chimney alone remains of what was once a home, and nothing but barrenness is seen.

We are passing Culepper, and the little cemetery, with rows and rows of little wooden boxes to mark the resting-place of "our dead," lies on the hillside at our right. It looks neatly kept, showing their deeds are not forgotten.

For miles and miles we are still looking and riding over ground where battle after battle was fought; no wonder the fearful ravages then made are still so plainly visible; no wonder that as far as the eye can reach nothing but desolation and waste are seen. The Rappahannock, but a little stream, yet so noted for the fearful fighting upon its banks, we have just crossed, and still the desolation continues.

Nothing I have ever read has given me so true an idea of what the war was to the South as has this barren land, once thickly covered with noble trees and pleasant homes, now all demolished and gone, "without a trace" left behind of what was once their resting-place.

We have just passed a field where M— for three days was encamped, and, though it was in March, he said they had one of the most bitter snow-storms, and, being totally unprepared for it, their sufferings were intense. He and I have been standing upon the car platform looking at the few fortifications still remaining around in a mass, and, since coming in, we have been riding beside "Bull Run," a rather narrow stream running through a deep ravine, covered with pine trees, and as it was nearing sundown, it made it seem sad and gloomy—and, indeed, when you thought of the lives so fearfully sacrificed there.

M— has taken such interest in this afternoon's ride, for it has recalled so vividly to him the sorrows and sufferings through which he passed, and pleasant remembrances, too, of comrades gathered around the camp-fires, when, for a season, the battle was stilled.

We are at Alexandria, and have seen the "soldiers' rest," where fourteen or fifteen thousand poor fellows are buried, mostly those who, after days, weeks, and perhaps months of suffering, passed from "death unto life," in the many hospitals around here.

They are lighting the lamps, warning me of the departure of daylight, but that night is preparing with "her dark mantle" to cover the earth, for the moon is just making her appearance, looking so large, and by no means so beautiful as when I bade her good-night yesterday evening, but she, too, adds her warning, so I fold up my letter with a blessing to all.

Sensible. Under the head of "Change of Work" we find the following in an exchange. "Grows show which way the wind blows," but not more surely than these ideas set afloat here and there, often when one least expects to see them, show the constant drift of enlightened public opinion to toward independent, helpful women:

That was a wise father who, on hearing his little daughter request her brother to give a few nails in the wood-work for her, said he would send her boy to do it herself. She was apt and drove all the nails successfully; her success so pleased her that she would have set a double row around the shed if her father had not concluded that these would answer for the present. "There, that little lesson helps to make you independent, my girl," he said. "Now, I will teach you to catch and harness up a horse. You have already learned to drive a gentle one. Learn to sharpen your knife and whittle, too. Do not allow the doors to creak for want of an oiled feather, or the little children's boots get hard in the winter for the want of a little grease." Take a lesson from this, girls. You don't know where you will be cast away some time during your life. The most helpless people I have ever met are those who can only do one kind of work. Learn to help yourselves, even if sometimes you trench upon "boy's work."

The number of women studying medicine in Russia during a few years past has been 320; of these, 75 were Jews, 10 Polish Protestants, and the rest all belonged to the Orthodox Greek Church. They came from all parts of the empire, and with very few exceptions were between twenty and twenty-five years old. There are now seventy-eight married women pursuing this study.

A crusty old fellow once asked, "What is the reason that griffins, dragons, and devils are ladies' favorite subjects for embroidered designs?" "Ah, because they are continually thinking of their husbands," was the lady's quick retort.

It seems as certain as any matter not admitting of a dual demonstration, can be that the moon is, to all intents and purposes, dead. Her frame is, indeed, still undergoing processes of material change, but these afford no more evidence of real planetary life than the changes affecting a dead body are signs of still lingering vitality. Again, it became certain that the processes through which the moon has passed in her progress toward planetary death must be passed through in turn by all the members of the solar system, and finally by the sun himself. Every one of these orbs is constantly radiating its heat into space, not, indeed, to be actually lost, but still in such sort as to reduce all to the same dead level of temperature, whereas vitality depends on differences of temperature. Every orb in space, then, is tending steadily onward toward cosmic death. And, so far as our power of understanding or even of conceiving the universe is concerned, it seems as though this tendency of every individual body in the universe toward death involved the tendency toward death of the universe itself. It may, indeed, be said that since the universe is of necessity infinite, whereas we are finite, we cannot reach in our way from what we can understand or conceive, to conclusions respecting the universe which we cannot even conceive, far less understand. Still it must be admitted that, so far as our reasoning powers can be relied upon at all, the inference from what we know appears a just one, that the life of the universe will have practically departed when the largest and therefore longest-lived of all the orbs peopling space has passed on to the stage of cosmic death.

So far as we know, there is but one way of escape from this seemingly demonstrated, but in reality incredible, conclusion. May it not be that, as men have erred in former times in regarding the earth as the center of the universe, as they have erred in regarding this period of time through which the earth is now passing as though it were central in all time, so possibly that they may have erred in regarding the universe as finite, and as a whole comprehensible, as though it were the only universe? May there not be a higher order of universe than ours, to which ours bears some relation as the either of space bears to the matter of our universe? And, if there are, above the higher and lower, be higher and higher orders of universes absolutely without limit? And in like manner, may not the either of space, of which we know only indirectly through very certain, be the material substance of a universe next below ours, while below that of ours, and lower orders of universes, absolutely without limit? And as the seemingly wasted energies of our universe are poured into the universe next below ours, may it not be, well that our universe receives the supplies of energy wanted (in seeming from the universe next in order above it)? So that, instead of the absolute beginning and the absolute end which we had seemed to recognize, there may be in reality but a continual interchange between the various orders of universe constituting the true universe, these orders being infinite in number, even as each one of them is infinite in extent.

The fine ourselves lost, no doubt, in the contemplation of the multiplied infinities; but we are equally lost in the contemplation of the unquestioned infinites of space and time amidst which our little lives are cast, while the mystery of infinite waste, which seems so insupportable when we consider the limited as we know it, finds a possible interpretation when we admit the existence of other orders of universe than the order to which our lives belong. Thus should we find a new argument for the teaching of the poet who said: "Let knowledge grow from more to more, And more of reverence in us dwell; That mind and soul, according well, May make one music as before."

A new significance in the vision of him who said: "Keep all its being blending, Keen to all its being lending; All on each in turn depending; And again to heaven ascending, Floating, mingling, interweaving, Rising, sinking, and receiving; Each from each, while each is giving One to each, and each relieving; The pulse of gold, the living Current through the air heaving; Breathing, glowing, with the song, Balance words from change defending; Write everywhere distress is harmony and ending." Corrobb Magazine.

THE DIFFERENCE. Some suppose that every learned man is an educated man. No such thing. That man is educated who knows himself, and takes accurate common-sense views of men and things around him. Some learned men are the greatest fools in the world; the reason is, they are not educated men. Learning is only the means, not the end; its value consists in giving the means of acquiring, the use of which, properly managed, enlightens the mind.

To overdress school-girls is, in every respect, reprehensible. None but the wealthy can wear expensive attire without exercising some care for its preservation. To do this takes their thoughts from their studies, interferes with their enjoyment of play, and involves anxiety.

When people dwell with emphasis upon the necessity of educating women to be mothers, and of educating them for very little else, it sometimes occurs to us to ask why so little is said about educating men to be fathers.—Julia Ward Howe.

The Temple of Ypsambul, in Nubia, is cut out of a solid rock, and is of vast dimensions. In it were found four colossal figures sixty-five feet high, twenty-five feet across the shoulders, the face seven feet, and the ear about a yard.

A distinguished Japanese traveler in this country writes home: "The chief branch of education of young men here is rowing. The people have large boat-houses called 'colleges,' and the principal of these are Yale and Harvard."

Tweed's daughter, who married Magnolia in 1870, and whose wedding present cost \$20,000, is now living in absolute poverty, the bridal presents andinery having all gone to the pawn-shops.

Massachusetts, with an area of less than two-fifths of Grant county, Oregon, has 1,544 public libraries, containing 2,010,000 volumes.

Facts About Colorado.

We quote the following from a letter from Colorado written by Lucy Stone: "But there is another class of settlers in the south of Colorado, and of customs, habits and belongings are as far removed from the civilization of this age as though centuries in time and half the globe in distance separated them from the present. These are the Mexicans. They are mostly farmers. They live together in little villages. The houses are made of dried clay called 'adobe.' They are not more than seven or eight feet high, have only one room which first built, but room after room is added as one daunt after another marries and takes possession of the added room. There is never a door from one room to another. There are no board floors. The family lives on the ground. There are no tables or chairs. They sit on their heels on sheep skins, and eat all from one dish, which is put in the middle of the floor. They sleep on the ground with blankets, which are rolled up and laid against the walls of the room during the day, and are offered as seats to strangers who call. The women go always with long shawls over their heads. They never eat until all the male members of the family have eaten. They whitewash the inside of their houses, spreading it on with their hands, or sometimes with sheepskin. They are all Catholics. They have no free schools. Not one in ten can read. They have no plows, but stir the ground with a crooked stick instead. When they thresh their grain, they lay it in a large circle and team on to a flock of goats or horses. I have seen them use both. Then two or three men drive the animals round and round till the wheat is trodden out. Then the straw is thrown up with a broom, fork, or stick, and the chaff is thus blown away. After this the women wash the wheat which is to be for family use. That which they sell goes without washing. In the presence of the threshing machines this method of the Mexicans seems like a return to barbarism."

Without education, intellectual tastes, or resources, they lead a dull life. The men cart wool and skins a thousand miles to market with oxen. There is one driver for the day, and another for the night; also oxen which are pulled by the carts in the day, and draw by night, sixty miles being made every twenty-four hours. In this primitive way they go on, year after year, and the sight of the locomotive and the rapid increase of the population of the Mexican state suggests to me a better way for him than an ox-cart. In the towns are well-educated Mexicans, with good houses, magnificent dresses, and all the appliances that wealth gives. The great class of Mexicans live in low-walled adobe houses, built near some stream of water, destitute of comfort, convenience, or privacy. They are ignorant to the last degree, but every Mexican man has a vote.

The post office officials in this city do not regard postal cards with favor. Postmaster James expressed the opinion the other day that they were emphatically a nuisance, and one of the subordinate officials asserted that postal cards caused a falling off in the sale of stamps of \$1,000 a day. The daily sales of cards, he said, would amount to 50,000 on an average; on some days as many as 100,000 had been sold. There was a great increase in the sale of cards, and this had been the case since the were first introduced. Other causes besides the demand for postal cards had affected the sale of stamps, the daily falling off in which amounted to about \$1,000. The causes were the hard times and the sale of stamps by country postmasters, which had recently been exposed. Postal cards in this country could not fail to be a loss to the government, because they were carried so far as to reach Europe. In England they had met with more success on account of the limited territory over which they had to be distributed.—N. Y. Tribune.

An exchange says: Can you prove that it is right for a man who has got possession of a large amount of money to buy houses and let them for rent and lay life for the rest of his life? As soon as he does so, he is compelling others to work for him, while he is consuming the products of their labor. Is he not, then, compelling others to labor for his support without remunerating them for it, merely because he holds that amount of wealth? And I contend that the principle is wrong, whether the rent be high or low. This is partly because of extreme wealth on the one hand, and extreme poverty on the other. As soon as money is invested with a view to gain, it becomes social wealth, and then must be placed under collective control, so as all may have the good of it. The collective will is the democratic will.

Mrs. General Sherman, we are told, has started a crusade against "round dancing," and beginning the reform at home, does not allow her daughters to participate in it. She has assumed an aggressive attitude, and says: "The advocates of this dance have had their own way long enough—absorbing all their entertainments—sneering upon and ridiculing those who quietly decline to participate in it. They have been indulging and scoring and alighting every modest and obedient girl who failed to participate with them for these many years."

The dictum of St. Paul to "Let your women keep silent," coming from a man who probably deemed himself St. Paul's Oracle, has lost its force, save with those women whose silence is the greater wisdom. Any young girl of fair abilities and natural aptitude for a profession can study literature, medicine, or law, or any branch of science, with no more to bar her progress to success than boys are called to encounter. All thanks to our brave pioneers, to the women and men who have led the way!

An Illinois clergyman is reported to have said, at the laying of the corner-stone of a new meeting-house, "If boys and girls do their sparring in churches, I say amen to it. I have a daughter whom I cherish as the apple of my eye. When she is of suitable age, I would rather she should be courted in the house of God than in a theater."

An old lady in the northwestern section of the city says she would regard a baby shorn at the Maryland Institute, or anywhere else in Baltimore, as a crying evil.

The every-day cares and duties which men call drudgery are the weights and counterpoises of the clock of time, giving its pendulum a true vibration, and its hands a regular motion, and when they cease to hang upon the wheels, the pendulum no longer swings, the hands no longer move, and the clock stands still.—Longfellow.

This is the way the Chicago Times puts it: "Admiral Semmes is dead. He was a kind husband, an indulgent parent, and an estimable pirate."

When is a tired man like a thief? When he needs a resting.

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

Suggestion. "We do not allow our women and children to look at the revelations of crime in variety theaters, or to read them in obscene novels; why, therefore, should we thrust upon their notice exaggerated dramatic stories of seduction, murder, and suicide in the daily papers, simply because they are true?"

There are two suggestions in the above that deserve rebuke. We do not allow women to see or read certain revelations of crime. To what class do we accord this precious privilege? To our boys and men? Are we to say that they are less easily soured than their sisters by witnessing the unclean thing? My young son is as pure and virtuous as any young daughter, with whom he has grown up in close companionship. Shall I say to him, "You may witness all sorts of human excesses," while I shield her carefully from the knowledge even of anything that is evil?

Each sex has undoubtedly its limitations, simply on account of sex. The limitations pertaining to women are quite apparent, and pretty generally enforced. But the utmost stupidity prevails in regard to the amount of liberty a young man should be permitted or allowed himself to take. Society takes so much more care of the virtue of women than of men that I think he for himself needs to be more careful than she for herself. I would give him this as a rule to maintain his purity—never to partake in any way of that which would cause a blush on his cheek, or a gasp in a young sister's witness. The sexes must rise or fall together; if the one is taught to serve the Lord, and the other to worship at the shrine of Mammon, the progress of the one must indeed be slow, if it is not halted altogether.

Agals, are not women of knowledge of "seduction, murder, and suicide"? Women need to know of these sad realities of life just as much as men. Some women, whose lives are exposed, need such knowledge for self-protection; other women whose social surroundings protect them from the grosser evils of life, need this same knowledge to stimulate their benevolence, and induce them to co-operate with those who work for the tempted, the criminal, and the sinned. More light on the dark places of the world is wanted, and for women to look to.

Some time ago there lived in Edinburgh a well-known grumbler named Sandy Black, whose often recurring fits of spleen or indigestion produced some amusing scenes of senseless irritability, which were highly relished by all except the brute's good patient, little wife. One morning Sandy rose, bent on a quarrel. The haddins and eggs were excellent, done to a turn, and had been ordered by himself the previous evening, and breakfast passed without the looks for complaint.

"What will you have for dinner, Sandy?" said Mrs. Black. "A chicken, madam," said the husband. "Roasted or broiled?" "Roasted, if you please, if you had been a good and considerate wife, you would have known before this what I liked." Sandy growled out, and slamming the door behind him, left the house. It was in the spring, and a friend who was present heard the little wife say: "Sandy's bent on a disturbance today; I shall not please him, do what I can."

The dinner-time came, and Sandy and his friend sat down to dinner. The fish were eaten in silence, the little wife covering the dish before him, in a towering passion he called out: "Boiled chicken! I hate it, madam. A chicken, broiled is a chicken spoiled."

Immediately the exasperation was raised from another chicken for roasting, little wife roared: "I won't eat roast chicken," roared Sandy; "you know how it should have been cooked!" At that instant a broiled chicken, with mushrooms, was placed on the table.

"Without green peas?" roared the grumbler. "Here they are, my dear," said Mrs. Black. "How dare you spend my money in that way?" "They were present," said the wife, interrupting him.

Rising from his chair, and rushing from the room, followed by a roar of laughter from his friend, he clutched his hat and shouted: "How dare you receive a present without my leave?"

The home of Thomas Jefferson at Monticello is falling to decay for lack of care. It is surrounded by a grove of ancient trees, and the view of the Ridge peaks, and of the surrounding country, as seen from the doorway of the house, is very fine. The estate was once owned by Captain Levy, of the United States Navy, and by his will left to the government, with an endowment fund for an agricultural school. It was claimed for some reason that the will was void. The case got into the courts, and a writ of partition was granted to the heirs. The estate passed into the hands of commissioners, and is still undivided. The old grave-yard is near by, and a common stone marks the resting-place of the author of the Declaration of Independence; but of the inscription all that can be clearly seen is: "Born April 2, 1743, O. S.; died July 4, 1826."

Disraeli's epigrammatic remark in "Lothair," "You know who the critics are—the men who have failed in literature and art," may have been an unconscious plagiarism from Landor's "Imaginary Conversations." In the dialogue between Southey and Parson, the latter says, "Those who have failed as painters become picture-cleaners; those who have failed as writers become reviewers."

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