

MARTHA MARBLEHEAD.

The Maid and Mistress of Chehalis.

By Mrs. A. J. DUNIWAY. AUTHOR OF "JUDITH KEN," "ELEANOR," "AMIE AND HENRY LEE," "THE HAPPY HOME," "GISE WOMAN'S SIPHER," "MADON MORROW," ETC., ETC., ETC.

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CHAPTER XX.

Martha Jones sat Marblehead pondered long and thoughtfully over the proposition of her sister-in-law that she should sell her farm, with everything pertaining thereto, that she might remove to Portland, where she could have opportunity to use her hard-earned wealth with less bodily fatigue, and in a manner more in keeping with her own desires.

"I am doomed to live alone, anyhow," argued Martha, "and why may I not locate myself according to my own fancy?" The more she looked the matter over in all its phases, the more feasible seemed her plan.

The political troubles in the East and South had caused a sudden influx of immigration to the far, far West, and although there were no railroads, and the foreign market for the produce of the great Northwest was as yet quite precarious, there was no lack of purchasers, who desired to possess the Chehalis farm. Far-seeing men there were in plenty who knew the great advantage to be derived from securing the rich alluvial lands of the valley while yet they might be had at reasonable figures, and an advertisement in the Oregonian announcing the property for sale brought plenty of customers.

Among the many who considered the advertisement with much concern was Kingston Greenborough, who, in his business with the government as a secret service agent, found himself once more in Portland, and once more looking, with longing eyes and heart, toward the home where the only woman he had ever truly loved was living, as lonely and forsaken as himself.

"I'm rich now, and I can buy and sell the girl that jilted me twice over," he remarked to a friend, in whom he had the strictest confidence. This friend had a sandy-colored complexion, his face being of precisely the hue of his hair and whiskers, which fairly covered his pudgy countenance, from which a pair of gimlet eyes of a steel-blue color peeped prettily.

"There's no use in my attempting to negotiate with her," said King, "for she'll remember old scores, and dread evil tongues. And that husband of hers is as jealous as a Spaniard, though why he should be, seeing he's a notorious rake himself, is not for him to say. Will you go up to Chehalis, and play go-between for me in the business, eh, Cap?"

"Why this man, whose name was Johnson, should have been styled 'Cap' I do not know, but he answered readily to the cognomen, and bore the honor with apparent meekness. "Is there any money in it or any advantage worth while?" he asked, his gimlet eyes twinkling.

"There's a per cent. if you succeed, of course; but, if there's any adventure in the case, I reserve that for myself. You understand?" "Aye, aye, sir!" "Well, be off and attend it."

"You're in a peckish hurry, old fellow; but I'll go." The negotiation did not prove a difficult one. Mrs. Jones was ready and willing to sell. The personal property on the "ranch," or "claim," as the "donation" farms were called in those days, amounted, at a fair assessment, to seven thousand dollars. The land was considered of little value above the nominal price of the governmental domain, but the improvements, every one of which had been made at Mrs. Jones' personal expense, were rated at eight thousand dollars more.

A bill of sale was at once drawn up and duly signed and delivered, conveying the personal property to the negotiator, in consideration of seven thousand dollars in hand. Mrs. Jones also giving a verbal and written promise, which the delivery of the cash and exchange of property was supposed to render legally binding, that the land should be "duly conveyed to the purchaser as soon as the deed could receive the signature of the Honorable Thomas, of Washington city."

With the cash thus advanced on her personal property Mrs. Jones made a purchase in Portland of a cozy and beautiful home. Property was low in the city then, and she planned much as to the speculations she would undertake when in possession of the remainder of her funds. She had not yet removed from the farm, but was serenely waiting for that looked-for signature, when home came her legal head himself, who at once repudiated all her bargains and raised a general row.

The New Northwest.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW NORTHWEST: Jack Frost has not as yet visited us, though our parks and woods put on their beautiful fall attire weeks ago, and, with crimson blushes tinting every leaf, are preparing for the long sleep of winter. The roses and geraniums of our gardens and the agricultural grounds still bloom as sweetly as though the summer's sun had not long ago bidden them an eternal good-bye.

How Martha was humiliated under this outrage upon business honor no one but herself could know. Had it been possible for her to return the purchase money, she would have parted with her right hand rather than fall to do it; but the funds had gone out of her hands and beyond her control. The residence she had purchased in Portland, though deeded in her own name, could not be sold without her husband's signature, and this the Honorable Thomas Jones emphatically withheld. Under the law, he was not bound to remit this amount, for the court had acquitted him of all pecuniary obligation.

To add to Martha's mortification, she found that she could not sue or be sued; so this "highest prerogative of an American citizen" was denied her. For the high crime of being a woman must be constantly atoned for by constrained penance, else what virtue would there be in law?

"Thomas Jones," said his wife, indignantly, "you have wronged me as no man, not a husband, could ever wrong a woman. The false pride that has hitherto sustained me I henceforth cast to the winds. I have suffered myself to become the hissing and by-word of the entire community, because I made believe I did not see your wicked relations with that beautiful devil whose society you had the impudence to thrust upon me unbidden. For your sake, rather than bring deserved discredit upon the father of my children, I have endured the terrible indignity in silence. But I will bear it no longer! I have myself been witness to your acts of infamy, and I will proclaim them upon the very house-tops! I will see that you support your children and provide for me in the future, but from this hour I refuse to recognize you as my husband!"

"I thought it was coming to this," replied the husband, with a smile of derision. "Things were working beautifully, weren't they? A nice arrangement you had made, truly! You were to transfer my property to that Jacksnape of a lawyer, to be followed by the transfer of yourself, leaving me robbed and disinherited. But I checked your design upon my possessions. I'll sell that Portland house, and then I'll have a hundred per cent. on the whole investment, thanks to my own sagacity."

"But you can't do that, Thomas Jones," said the firm rejoinder. "Your suspicions, sir, I scorn! They are unworthy of even you! But I want you to know that the house you speak of in my property, and I shall not part with it."

"We shall see!" said Thomas, sotto voce. Then, aloud: "Madam, you are to leave my roof. You shall look out for yourself henceforth. I have to-day sold out my entire personal property on this place to Captain Johnson. I know the house and land are yours in law, but the stock and household effects belong to me, and I shall remove them at once, if you do not take yourself away. You have rendered yourself so obnoxious to me by your confounded jealousy that I will never again acknowledge you as my wife. Bah! I hate you!"

Suddenly Martha's appalling situation rose before her in its direct aspects. What should she do, or whither go? What would become of her children? What would the world think of her? She knew that women, in the event of an open rupture, would be her worst enemies. Her strength forsook her. Resolution and dignity were alike forgotten. She sank upon her knees.

"Have mercy!" she wailed, piteously. Her husband signed for his accomplice to approach. "Captain Johnson, do you hear this woman?" "Don't turn me adrift in the world, penniless and dishonored," she pleaded. "Fack your dudd and be off!" was the husband's gross response. "I've endured your unending fault-finding all our married life; but jealousy is something I will not brook. Take yourself off, or I'll find means to make you go! Captain, halt the stage. It's coming now. And, old woman, see here! You had better put a brave face on the matter. Don't make a scene when the coach comes. Here's a check for a couple of hundred."

"But I can't get ready to-day; and the children must be looked after. If you'll wait till to-morrow, and let me take them along, I'll go, and give you no further trouble; but I'll kill the whole lot of them rather than Belle Munson shall have them!" "Shut up your crazy cluck, and I'll let you take them! Say, Cap, stop the driver to go on; but he must stop to-morrow and rid the house of this rubbish."

"Aye, aye, sir," was the hearty response. Verily, the scheme was working well in the husband's interests.

SENATOR MORTON'S DEATH. Causes much comment among Democrats, as well as Republicans. The former have always had great respect for his ability and skill as an opponent, while the latter have always regarded him as an able and trustworthy leader. There has not been a more gallant, dashing partisan leader in the Senate since Henry Clay's death than Mr. Morton. He never shirked a contest with any, whether he had to lead a forlorn hope, or a charge upon broken, demoralized ranks, and while he lacked that grace and charm of oratory and subtlety of intellect which naturally made Mr. Clay a leader, pre-eminent of men, yet there was in Mr. Morton a vigor and force of character, a skill in organization and depth of resource that rendered him a most formidable antagonist in the intellectual combats of the Senate, and caused his recognition as leader of the Republican ranks. Much as the Democrats have to gain by his death, yet they freely accord him fullest acknowledgment of his great mental power through which he has been able in the twelve years past to control and shape the legislation of the country. No one doubts that to Mr. Stevens in the House, and Mr. Morton in the Senate, are largely due the reconstruction policy of Congress. Both are gone. Neither were orators in the personal and magnetic sense. Their success came from pure strength of will and character, inflexibility of purpose, most determined courage and sagacity. Henry Clay ruled through his persuasive powers, while the others led and won by that force which compels others to concede their superiority and to follow their dictation. Mr. Morton's decease adds another Democrat to the Senate, and reduces the Republican majority to three, and as two, at least, of the Senators are not strongly partisan, but inclined to vote as they please upon all questions, without regard to party interests, we look upon party lines as pretty well obliterated in the Senate, and think that measures will never be acted upon in the conservative sense rather than for partisan ends exclusively. But who will assume the leadership, now that the Old Captain has laid him down in his last sleep? Is a query we hear asked on all sides. For the present, no one can mass the forces of either party upon many measures, inasmuch as there is too great diversity of opinion among themselves. Take finance, for instance, upon it section rather than party rules. We have the East against the West, and he who can assimilate the diverse views into unanimity of opinion will be indeed a leader.

Tom Ewing, of Ohio, introduced into the House his bill for repeal of the re-emption act, which was at once favorably reported back by the committee on banking, to which it had been referred. In order to control it and prevent amendment by those inimical, it was simply reported back to the House, thus putting it upon the Speaker's table for consideration only during the morning hour. On Thursday Mr. Ewing endeavored to secure its passage, but dilatory motions consumed the hour, and to his intense mortification, he found himself in the hands of his enemies, for a two-thirds majority was requisite to take it from the Speaker's table, and this strength the bill did not command. Now he must return it to the banking committee for report, back to the House in committee on the whole, where it will become the subject of prolonged debate, as well as indefinite amendment, for while the great mass of members are favorable to the repeal of the re-emption act, yet there is a great incongruity of opinion as to what shall be substituted for it, and as a consequence of this evident diversity of views upon national matters, we are led to think no one will be able to harmonize and consolidate either party into such compact organizations as have controlled past legislations in Congress.

THE PRESIDENT. Mr. Hayes' speeches in Richmond have gained him unbounded praise from our Southern people. A Virginian has a Spartan's, or a Frenchman's love for his native State, and the statesman who compliments the Old Dominion at once secures the Virginian's friendship.

PELLI. Washington, D. C., November 8, 1877. Knows no doubt.

Women and Druggs. "It seems so strange to me," said a lovely lady at a fashionable reception in New York City, a very short time since, "to come back from the wilderness where we have been living, and find everybody else."

The lady is the bright and interesting wife of a general in the United States army, who had been stationed for years upon the frontier, and her remark at first was scarcely understood by the person to whom it was addressed.

"Indeed, was the reply, 'but is not such a state of things rather exceptional and confined to your acquaintances. I have not heard of any unusual ailments this season.'"

"You do not understand me," remarked the other, laughing. "I mean, that with doctors upon every block, and a drug store at every corner, the whole population seem to be illing, while in our little community, which is about the size of a New England village, and the last glimpse of civilization (if it can be called such) for six hundred miles, such things as languor, and nervousness, and other ailments, are never heard of. When we wake in the morning, we wake right up, bright and fresh as the next day which greets us, and we enter upon all our duties and pleasures with a zest which seems unknown here. I do not notice or think of when I live here, but now it strikes me as something quite new and strange."

"A million of polluted breaths do not drain daily the ozone out of your atmosphere," remarked the person addressed; "but apart from that, with a great river on each side of us, we could probably manage to live much more healthfully than we do, were it not for the druggs and doctors; relieve us of them; and the balance could soon be struck much more equally."

And I doubt not that it could. It is very remarkable that women, and men, place such implicit confidence in the treatment of their ailments, and are so possessed by injurious and even dangerous poisons, and ignore almost entirely the efficacy of those great remedial agents—air and water—which have been placed all about them, and which are constantly producing new forms of disease, or, rather, owing mainly to popular ignorance as to how to meet or prepare for such changes, they develop a class of phenomena which we call disease, and which, instead of tracing to their cause, we try, by summary measures, to eject from our domain.

No wonder we make bad worse; pile Pelion on Ossa; for, instead of paying doctors to make us well, we often them a fortune to keep us sick. In nine-tenths of the cases which physicians are called upon to treat, they are as ignorant of the true condition of the patient as the patient himself; and if they only all had the sense and the honesty to do practically nothing but wait, and watch, and advise as to the aids which nursing, and care, and diet can bring toward recovery, they would do no mischief, but often incalculable good.

But doctors live in an atmosphere of drugs and books, and learn what they know of the former from the latter. When they get a patient, therefore, they begin dosing him, according to the book; if one does not do, they try another, the object being to get rid of a symptom, not of the disease; and so the patient is carried along, getting better in time, if he is young enough and strong enough, but often taking the marks of the struggle between nature and unnatural forces with him to the grave.

Women, from their more complicated physical functions and relations, are more apt to be the victims of the drug-giving process than men, and are saved from many of the evils that befall women by their more active outdoor life, and by their general pecuniary independence, which makes them able to take advantage of incidental opportunities which would more delicate it is, the more utter the ruin. A more acquaintance, which needs only a little ill-humor to break it up, may be coarsely put, like that old yellow basin in the store closet, but tenderly treated and sweet exchange of confidence can no more be yours, when angry words and thoughts have broken them, than can those delicate porcelain tea-cups which are splintered to pieces by the slightest crack, yet there is a great incongruity of opinion as to what shall be substituted for it, and as a consequence of this evident diversity of views upon national matters, we are led to think no one will be able to harmonize and consolidate either party into such compact organizations as have controlled past legislations in Congress.

BROKEN FRIENDSHIP. - Friendship is a good deal like chins. It is very durable and beautiful as long as it is whole; but break it, and all the cement in the world will never quite repair the damage. You may stick the pieces together so that a distance, and nearly as well as ever; but it won't hold hot water. It is always ready to deceive you if you trust it, and it is, on the whole, a very worthless thing, fit only to be put empty on a shelf and forgotten there. The finer and more delicate it is, the more utter the ruin. A more acquaintance, which needs only a little ill-humor to break it up, may be coarsely put, like that old yellow basin in the store closet, but tenderly treated and sweet exchange of confidence can no more be yours, when angry words and thoughts have broken them, than can those delicate porcelain tea-cups which are splintered to pieces by the slightest crack, yet there is a great incongruity of opinion as to what shall be substituted for it, and as a consequence of this evident diversity of views upon national matters, we are led to think no one will be able to harmonize and consolidate either party into such compact organizations as have controlled past legislations in Congress.

THE TREATMENT OF THE WOMAN SUFFRAGE QUESTION RECEIVED FROM THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES. The House of Representatives has adopted the following method of dealing with them: He will listen amiably to the long preface to the request, "Just lend me five dollars for two days," and answers to a clerk, "James, we have five dollars to lend, have we not?" "Yes, sir," says well-trained James. "Well, lend it to Mr. East."

"It is not I, sir, who lend it to Mr. Bummerday before yesterday." "Ah, yes; so I did. Well, when it comes to lend it to Mr. East; and bowing to the borrower, the merchant resumes his business, and the needy one walks dejectedly out to try a more profitable place.—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

A queer man was Ephraim Martin, of Sutton, New Hampshire. He left \$200,000 to his daughter and three sons. He bequeathed to his daughter "four of the best hedgehogs on his mountain lot;" to his first son, five dollars if he ever returned to Sutton; to his second son, \$20,000; to the third, all the property bequeathed to these two sons to go to the town of Sutton if they die without issue. The chief point of interest in the defunct's estate is in reference to hedgehogs. How many did Uncle Jesse have? And how many ones to his daughter, and cut off his boys without a single hog?

The treatment of the Woman Suffrage question received from the House of Representatives has been a very interesting one, and the memory of our readers. While arguments in its favor were being presented, toward the close of the debate, the majority yielded for half an hour, and thus effectually stifled discussion. This procedure was in complete harmony with a principle which appears to be coming into favor with certain politicians, who use it as an argument against Woman Suffrage—the principle, namely, that brute force, and not reason, is the basis of representative government.

Uncle Jesse Lyon married a second wife the third day after the funeral of his first, whereat the neighbors around him with their pants, coats, shirts, and yells, to signify their indignation, Uncle Jesse stood it as long as he could, and then went forth and spoke thus: "Boys, if you care nothing for the joys of a bridegroom, I should think you ought to respect the feelings of a widow, laid out in her coffin, and to say: 'All the trainings, traditions, and teachings of my youth, my sense of propriety, and the commands of holy writ, compel me to respect old age; but I'll be bluffed if I can bring myself to stomach it when reared or bred.'"

Going to School. "The cause of education be hanged!" he muttered, as he sat down on the curbstone on Shelby street. "There was a lad of thirteen. His pants were supported by a piece of wire clothes-line, gilt-edged, and fringed. His hat was ancient and greasy, and his big flat feet seemed to be waiting for a thunder shower to wash them clean."

"That's what ails me!" he went on, as he pushed his toes into the wet mud. "I don't believe in a finer diffing in and learning all their is to learn, and not letting other folks have a chance. There's lots of other folks in this world besides me, and I ain't going to be a hog, and try to learn all there is to learn."

After a minute he went on: "Don't I know 'auff now? Three times two are six, four times five are twenty, and four and four are eight. That's as common as a cat's paw. If I went to school for a hundred years. And don't I know how to spell? C-a-t is 'cat' the word over, and I'll bet on it every time. H-e-n-i spells 'hen,' and I know how to spell a hog, and a ton. He rose up to throw a brick across the street, and after resuming his seat he went on:

"Joggerly kinder wrestles me down, but I don't go meek on joggerly. What is a hog? Is a hog a hog? Is a hog surrounded by water, or whether there ain't any water within ten miles of it? 'Spose I'm going to buy and sell islands for a living? I don't care which is the highest mountain or the longest river, and when I'm rolling bales of hay around will I care about mountains and rivers? I've heard the boys go on about exports and imports, and straits, and canals, and capes, but what's them to me? If a fellow wants a hog, let him go and wait and ask me when the Island of Madagascar was discovered?"

He carefully examined the big toe of his left foot and the heel of his right foot, and then he said: "I'm nervous. The old folks are making ready to push me into school, and I've got to make ready to keep out. I can't take to school, somehow. I could sit here and study all day, but the minute I get up, I feel like a hog. I'm nervous. Something's going to happen in me this week. I'll be taken home in a wheelbarrow with a big gash in this heel, or this toe almost cut off. That will mean four weeks on a crutch, and they don't allow lame folks to go to school, and I'll be down and down the aisle. Or, spoin! I go home with palpitation of the heart!"

The old lady has had it, and I won't more than get into the house before she'll have me tucked up in the lounge, the cat's paw, and a nutcracker, and I'll be in the distance, and she'll call out to the old dog: "Father, it's no use of thinking of sending this boy to school. He looks stout and healthy, but he's a mere shadow. The close atmosphere of the school-room will kill him before snow flies."

The boy looked up. There was a grin all over his face, and he chuckled: "Palpitation is the key note! A sore foot can be sustained, and the body can be hidden away under hide and fat and ribs. Now then—oosh—woosh, u-m-m—hold yer breath, roll yer eyes, kick out yer left leg, and make her bob around like a fly on a hot stove-cover." —Detroit Free Press.

HOW TO DEAL WITH BORROWERS. A gentleman whose place of business is not a thousand miles from the Merchants' Exchange is annoyed, as many business men are, by impudently individual delinquency. He has adopted the following method of dealing with them: He will listen amiably to the long preface to the request, "Just lend me five dollars for two days," and answers to a clerk, "James, we have five dollars to lend, have we not?" "Yes, sir," says well-trained James. "Well, lend it to Mr. East."

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The Two Bills.—A Table. Two bills were waiting in the bank for their turn to go out into the world: One was a little bill—only one dollar; the other was a big bill—a thousand-dollar bill. While lying there side by side they fell talking about their usefulness. The dollar bill murmured out: "Ah, if I were as big as you, what good I would do. I could move in such high places, and people would be so careful of me wherever I should go. Everybody would admire and want to take me home with them. But, small as I am, what good can I do? Nobody cares much for me; I am too little to be of any use."

"Ah, yes; that is so," said the thousand-dollar bill, and he laughingly gathered up his well-trimmed hair, and they were lying next to the little bill, in conscious superiority. "That is so," it repeated. "If you were as great as I am—a thousand times bigger than you are—then you might hope to do some good in the world. And its face smiled into a wrinkle of contempt for the little dollar bill. Just then the cashier comes, takes the little murmuring bill, and kindly gives it to a poor widow, who has just been asked to give a penny for the Lord. "God bless you!" she cries, "with a smiling face she receives it. 'My dear hungry children; can now have some bread.'"

A thrill of joy ran through the little bill as it was folded up in the widow's hand, and it whispered: "I may do some good, if I am small." And when it saw the bright faces of the fatherless children, it was very glad it was so little. "I have been from safe to safe among the rich, where few could see me, and they were afraid to let me go out far, lest I should be lost. Now, indeed, are they whom I have made happy by my mission."

A Merciless War. Whatever amount of injustice and oppression may be suffered by any people, war is always a desperate remedy; but certainly in no instance have the evils complained of ever been so largely increased by the means adopted for escape as in the case of the provinces now in rebellion against Turkey. It will be remembered by our readers that the terrible conflict now in progress originated in some petty disputes which occurred after the harvest of 1874 between the Christian peasantry of Herzegovina and the tithe farmers commissioned by the Ottoman government. This difficulty, insignificant in the beginning, was aggravated in one way and another until the whole province was in a state of revolt. The following spring a rebellion broke out in Bulgaria, complicated by the action of Servia and Montenegro, which looked advantageously upon the disturbed state of affairs to declare war against Turkey. Six months later Russia determined upon interference for the purpose of protecting the Christian subjects of the empire in Turkey, and thus the struggle began to assume its present proportions.

Whatever the ills suffered by the inhabitants of this quarter of the globe before the breaking out of the war, they are insignificant compared with the horrors that have enveloped them ever since. Both parties have displayed a ferocity in their mode of warfare that rivals the conduct of savages. Deprivation, misery, and loss of life have been endured not by the soldiers, but by the rural population, helpless old men, women, and children—all who have not been able to find comparative safety within the ranks of either army. No life has been safe from the wandering hordes of marauding Bulgarians, composed of lawless wretches, who, upon one pretext or another, rob, murder, and pillage in every direction. Some follow in the wake of the Russians, and destroy the property of the Turks within their reach; others represent themselves as Turks, and wreak their vengeance on the Christian population. One correspondent writes: "From any hill-top the fires of ten or a dozen burning villages can be counted, while every road is crowded with fugitives flying before the advancing armies, and their lives absolutely depending on this or that move of the opposing armies. I have seen a large village blocked up by hundreds of Moslem fugitives, and in supposed safety near a Turkish army. I have heard soon after of some change of position of that army, and knew that it must have been physically impossible for those unfortunate people to escape from the hands of the latter. They were ready to pounce on the defenseless, and wreak on them their long pent-up vengeance. Again, on the other hand, I have had ocular demonstration of the Turkish marauding parties, and have discovered more abundant proof. I hear on every side the same story—Turks murdered and defiled by Christians, and Christians by Turks." —Harper's Weekly.

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"It is better to be small and go among multitudes doing good than to be so great as to be imprisoned in the safe of the few."

And it rested satisfied with its lot. Moral: The doing of little every-day duties makes one the most useful and happy.

A poor young man once fell in love with an heiress, and the passion being returned, it only wanted the parents' consent, he expected to run away, length, meeting the father, he said for the daughter's hand. "How much money can you command?" "I cannot command much," was the reply. "What are your expectations?" "Well, I don't expect to run away with you, your daughter and marry her, if you don't give your consent."

Poor discipline awails the ranks of that unrelenting class who are no account in any position.