

MARTHA MARBLEHEAD: The Maid and Matron of Chehalis.

By Mrs. A. J. DENNEY. AUTHOR OF "FIDELITY REID," "ELLEN BROWN," "ARIE AND HENRY LEE," "THE HAPPY ROSE," "MRS. WOODMAN'S SISTER," "MADGE MORRISON," "KING," ETC., ETC.

(Continued, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1877, by Mrs. A. J. DENNEY, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington D.C.)

CHAPTER XXVIII

In her nervous apprehension, and under the bitter sense of wrong that stung her almost to a frenzy, Martha Marblehead, now Martha Jones no more...

It was Saturday night. The letter, bringing her the awful news that she must give the children of her toil and suffering over to the care of their father...

The accommodations in Major Marblehead's Chehalis home were very different from those in the elegant mansion he had occupied in Washington...

There was a famous opportunity. The old man sank upon his knees and offered up one of his stereotyped petitions...

"I'm glad you're relenting, and I pray God you may not become a castaway," said the Major, as his devoted son...

"I intended to do the mending this afternoon, but father brought in a half-dozen tramps for me to get an extra dinner for, because he was 'sorry for them'...

Even as she asked the question, an answer seemed to come to her inner consciousness, a sort of incomprehensible assurance that inspired her with hope...

"I'll conquer fate, or I'll die trying!" she exclaimed, as, gathering the bundle of her children's clothes for the last time...

"Father," said Martha, tremulously, after she had gently chided the children, whose fear of "gran'pa" could not wholly restrain their natural exuberance...

"No, child. You're better off without 'em. It was mainly through my advice that Tom got 'em. I put in a bill for their maintenance that I knew Tom never could pay..."

"O, father! You are a cruel monster!" "What?" "I say you're a cruel monster, and I mean it, too!"

"Nobody but a stony-hearted demon could have the cold, malicious selfishness that you exhibit!" "I've spared the rod too much, and spoiled my child. But it's not too late yet. You'll suffer for this!"

The New Northwest

"And did mother submit to it?" asked Martha, her eyes glaring.

With this the Major seized his daughter by the wrist, and raised his whip, as if to strike.

"Release me, Major Marblehead!" The command was involuntarily obeyed.

"One blow from your hand, Major Marblehead, and by the eternal Jehovah I swear that you shall never breathe again!"

"The obedience of woman is commanded by God himself," said he, solemnly.

"Then let God himself enforce his law! I vow that I've had enough of it from man's hand."

"Child, you perjure your eternal salvation." "I'll risk it."

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"I'm glad you're relenting, and I pray God you may not become a castaway," said the Major, as his devoted son...

"I haven't computed the exact expense, but I know it's more than I can afford," was the evasive reply.

"Well, Major, I'll tell you how much they have cost me. I owe their existence, in the first place, to an unholy alliance with the son of your paramour...

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"No, child. You're better off without 'em. It was mainly through my advice that Tom got 'em. I put in a bill for their maintenance that I knew Tom never could pay..."

"I can't live with my other children." "You can go to Gus. He'll take care of you."

"But I don't want to hamper him. He's a rising man. I should prove a rising woman?"

"Women are not expected to rise. It isn't their sphere. They are protected and supported by men."

"Yes; that is, if they're prostitutes, or happen to be the wives or concubines of rich men, or men in public positions...

"I support you." "I have been showing you how you did it. You support me, just as the master once supported the slave..."

"I didn't look at it in that way, Martha." "But it is that way, as you now discover. But I give you warning; I'll go if my children do."

"But you can't follow them to Montana." "I'll not follow them, sir. I'll go along."

"Do you forget your poor father?" "Would to heaven I could."

"The Major gave vent to one of the orthodox groans he usually reserved for Sundays. He must have been sorely troubled."

"Help me to bed," he said, pleadingly. "The Lord only knows what it is to be come of me if you forsake me."

"You'd better try a little of the trust in Providence that you exhort others to experiment with, and see how it works," she replied, bitterly.

But she took the lamp, leaving the children, who had sat in dumb terror during the heat of the discussion...

"And I never saw a more devoted mother!" exclaimed the wife. "Men never do know how to understand women's hearts."

(To be continued.)

The Divorce Law. We give the following sensible remarks relative to the divorce law of California and its proposed amendment...

Senator Pierson has introduced a bill amending the divorce law so as to allow absolute divorce only for adultery, cruelty, desertion, neglect to provide and conviction for felony...

Why should not the woman, if she so please, take some of her time for her own betterment, with the Japanese sign before her eyes, we are at liberty to draw our own conclusions...

HEKRY WILSON AND ANNA DICKINSON. Anna Dickinson is published as having a talent for scolding. I never heard her scolding talent disputed.

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How Shall We Read It? I have something to show you, so please walk with me a little way down the street.

Now these same Japanese signs are very common—all professions invite them to announce their business and business relations.

Why did God develop in this woman a faculty almost of genius in her ability to do this crime to fail for anything which is forbidden and then persisted in it as a crime.

Here is a man, and by his side, a woman. We see by his side, a woman. We see by his side, a woman.

There was a cat that he had taught to do some very smart things, but he did not consider it at all wonderful.

Now, then, how about the theory of the "oak and the clinging vine"? This vine did not want to cling. This vine had a mind of its own, and was impatient to stand alone.

Why should not the woman, if she so please, take some of her time for her own betterment, with the Japanese sign before her eyes, we are at liberty to draw our own conclusions...

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A Breeze in the Legal Club. We have in San Jose a society known as the Legal Club, which meets weekly at the County Court-room for mutual improvement.

Well, a few weeks ago, Mrs. Clara M. Foltz, a law student in the office of her father, applied for admission and was duly elected a member of the club.

There was a question of whether she was a member of the club, and Judge Heinen moved that the name of Mrs. Clara M. Foltz be stricken from the list of members.

Here is a man, and by his side, a woman. We see by his side, a woman. We see by his side, a woman.

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The Tyranny of Ostrum. From bath-day girls are wronged in the suppression of their natural tastes and preferences.

The fond father, watching for the first faint indication of genius in his boy, observes that he has a preference for machinery, and the house is filled with boxes of tools, toy engines, and wind-mills, while speculation and experiment is one of the most interesting subjects of family conversation.

God sends the gift of song, and bids the girl-child write. Write earnestly, pleadingly, womanly words, mother words for the great sick world.

Think what the Christ hath done for you, will ye not consider him? The woman's hand beats back the demon of "Ye, Lord," but the Christian Church writes over her pulpit, "Sacred to men."—Mrs. E. B. Herbert, in Inter-Ocean.

School Work and Poof. A person can do a great deal of work if he will only sleep and eat enough to supply the daily waste of his system.

A very eminent physician says that "more teachers are being drawn from the lack of sufficient nourishment than from any other cause."

Those who do much head work need a good, generous diet; plenty of food, and that of the most nourishing kind; plenty of beef, and that the best.

When I first met my father he was an invalid, and never expected to do anything in his profession, but he thought it was just gone in consumption; he was only dyspepsia, and I cured him by attention to his diet.

Having obtained a scholarship of three hundred dollars a year, he devoted every energy to his studies, but he neglected his body, and lived on baker's bread and molasses; or rather tried to live on them, for he soon began to fail, and almost died.

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