

and bears other evidences of being an incorrect statement.

But if the tale be accepted as a correct narrative of circumstances that actually transpired, it is still open to the objection of being flagrantly inconsistent and unjust in the conclusions it seeks to impress upon the mind of the reader. One of these is that Martin's course in abandoning himself to profligacy and crime, terminating in his putting an end to his own life, was, at least in part, chargeable to his wife's father. But the discerning reader will see in the *Chronicle's* own statement, reason to believe that Martin's whole life, since his father-in-law knew him, and probably long before, had been at variance with rectitude. He was a professional gambler who followed race meetings in pursuit of that calling. A father-in-law's opposition would be very unlikely to give such a bent to a man not previously inclined in that direction. He had borrowed money from a friend, squandered it upon the inmates of low dives, and had signified no intention to repay it. This friend had once "lifted him from the gutter, only to see him fall back again," and was shocked at his ingratitude. The qualities Martin displayed could not have had their rise in the father-in-law's dislike, and it is reasonably certain that they dated back prior to his marriage.

It is very evident that the "prominent Mormon Elder," granting that he is not a fictitious personage, displayed commendable judgment in opposing the marriage of his daughter to Martin; and it is nothing to his discredit that he wanted Martin "to join the Mormon Church." Such a course pursued in good faith by Martin, would have effected a complete reformation in his character, and would have made of him an honest and virtuous man and a good citizen.

This attempt to make anti-"Mormon" capital out of the wickedness and suicide of such a depraved wretch as Martin is plainly shown to have been, is contemptible, and must prove abortive, so far as affecting the minds of reflecting people is concerned.

#### A SAD CASE.

A GREAT deal of sympathy will be felt in the community for Mr. M. C. Phillips and his family, of this city, in consequence of the misfortune that has befallen them. It is the old story of the oily-tongued,

designing villain and believing, confiding women, and the surrender to the plausible deception of the balance of the family.

It might have been presumed that the very gigantic character of the financial pretensions of the insinuating swindler would have led to a powerful suspicion of double-dyed rascality lurking behind a polished exterior, especially when followed by the usual confidence game of borrowing money on the plea of inability to reach the banker in time to meet a manufactured emergency. But doubtless when the drama reached a certain stage of development the victims, in desperation, tried to smother their suspicions and make themselves think the fellow was genuine; and then with everybody the retrospective view is a good deal clearer than their prospective glance.

Mr. Phillips stands well in the community, and the principal victim of the arch-deceiver Lithgow—the latter's unfortunate wife—is a comely and much esteemed young lady. These facts will intensify the feeling of execration for the swindler and deepen the sentiment of sympathy felt for those whom he drew into his web of deception.

It is rather rare for a lady of the Hebrew race to unite in marriage with one who belongs to another. In this particular instance of departure from a time-honored custom the results are most deplorable.

#### LETTER FROM PALESTINE.

In answer to kind inquiries as to why I have not written anything to you lately, allow me to state that I have one reason and one consolation. My reason is *Abul-rukab*, my consolation is that, even if the Orient produces very little of a spiritual nature, it certainly has proven itself capable of producing newspaper correspondence of more or less merit and different grades of reliability. So it may be fairly presumed that if one or two correspondents are, through sickness, checked for a while in their physical and mental activity, the loss to the public is not too great.

*Abul-rukab* is a kind of fever. The name means literally "The Father of the Knees," and seems to be given to this fever only as a matter of fun. The people here claim that the fever was never known to have visited this region before. But if this is a fact, I can only say that the first appearance was rather impudent, considering the unpleasant character of the visitor; for I believe, speaking broadly, he entered every house in town. At least I have heard it stated that there was hardly one family in Jaffa in which

there was not one or more members afflicted with "The Father of the Knees." Moreover, it was not confined to Jaffa.

From Constantinople, Damascus, Beyrouth, and from Jerusalem reports reached here that the "Father of the Knees" was busily at work. However, as no deaths have occurred from the fever, it has caused more fun than dread.

I was walking one afternoon by the seashore in order to watch the sunset and inhale the air. Having enjoyed the fresh breezes of the mild zephyr, mixed with the aroma from dead dogs, donkeys and camels, which usually lie rotting on the shore, I returned home. After a little while I felt a headache, but paid no attention to the matter. I thought a night's rest would settle it. But the night came without rest. The headache continued—the pain grew more and more intense. The nightly hours crept slowly by, only "inching along." It appeared to me that the night must have had 24 instead of 12 hours. Finally morning came. I found, however, that I was unable to lift my head and keep it erect even for a few minutes at a time. I experienced neither hunger nor thirst the whole day. In my head there was a sensation of its having been inserted between a couple of millstones, grinding moderately fast. The following night was again spent in restlessness, and without sleep. But the headache abated somewhat, and in the morning, what still was left of the pain hardly deserved the name. The sensation was like as though somebody had taken my head and held it fast between two giant hands, pressing from side to side. The effect of this pressure was a kind of partial paralysis of the extremities. I stood up and commenced walking, though with some difficulty, and was so weak that even the light weight of a small loaf of bread seemed a burden to me. However, I was on the road to recovery again; but the effects of the fever were felt in the form of weakness, in the knees particularly, for three weeks or more. This sketch will give an idea of "Abul-rukab," "The Father of the Knees."

In Europe, people have an idea that most strange things happen in America. But some strange things certainly occur in Palestine. Read and judge. On my way from Jaffa to Jerusalem, in the stage coach in which I happened to ride, I formed the acquaintance of a young gentleman from Sweden. Like so many cultivated Swedes, he professed to be an infidel, one of the coarsest tribes—something Ingersollian. We visited together several of the "holy" places in Jerusalem, among others the Church of the Sepulchre and The "Wailing Place of the Jews." Swedes, I am sorry to say, are the greatest swearers in the whole of Christendom, and this particular individual was, if anything, a little worse than the worst. And, dear me, how he swore in the church and on the Wailing Place! He swore at the priest who chanted the monotonous masses, at the pil-