

Jephthah's Daughter:

A Story of Patriarchal Times.

By JULIA MAGRUDER...

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CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

Now, the young man Adina, having spent the night in ceaseless vigil also, was at the casement of his window, before the earliest streak of dawn, his life-blood throbbing to the thought that he was to see once more the form of her whom his soul so greatly loved, albeit speech and touch would be denied him. It had been the maiden's wish that she might not see him on this fateful morning, less that the sight of his unhappiness might cause her courage to give way. Still it was known to her the house wherein he dwelt, and he waited with his soul athirst, to see her make to him some sign of parting as she passed beneath the casement of his window. The blood flew surging to his heart as the group of maidens came in sight, their mourning garments rosied o'er by the glory of the rising sun, and their approach heralded by the wailings of the people who lined the streets on either side. His face went deadly white, and he was fain to clutch with both his hands at the casement of the window to keep from falling back.

Onward she moved toward him, the form that he was wont to fondle in his arms, screened from his loving eyes by those harsh draperies from which the ashes fell, as the morning breezes played about her. He was screened from view behind a curtain, but the resolution rushed upon him, that if she turned and looked, for even one instant upward, he would throw the curtain back and look at her, that she might see the mighty love-light in his face, and the compassion wherewith he pitied her. Strong man as he was it was a bitter thing to bear that she should go onward to suffering and death, and he stand by, in bodily safety, and see it.

But Namarah looked not up, and as she passed beneath his window, her head was bent forward, and she walked on calmly and as if in total unconsciousness of the dying heart that beat so near her. It seemed to him to be a cruel thing, untender and unthoughtful, and Adina rent his clothes, and turned away from the window with great groans of anguish that made one with the wailings of the people in the streets. It almost seemed to him as though he were nothing to her—as though she loved him not, and thought no more of him and of his love and woe. He paced the room, with the long strides of an angry beast, and ever and anon great sobs, that brought with them no soothing tears, shook mightily his strong young breast. All the day he spent alone, in the anguish of his stricken heart, fearing to go even unto Jephthah, knowing that his presence could be no comfort while that his grief so mastered him; but when evening was come he crept from the house, unseen of any, and went silently to the garden of Jephthah's house, that he might once more be in the place that had seen him so happy in the presence of his soul's love. Still and deserted was the garden, and the wan moon looked down to-night with the same cold face that she had turned upon the far different scene of last night. Adina wandered here and there among the trees, but ever he came back to the dear spot where lately he had stood with Namarah in his arms. The brook still babbled on, and the cooing of the doves came ever to his ears, as if to remind him that all was the same as before, save that Namarah was gone.

CHAPTER XI.

Resting his two arms against the trunk of a great tree, he laid his face upon them, shutting out the beautiful garden-scene, in which the maiden was not, and there he rested long in exceeding bitterness of spirit. Suddenly there was a sound of wings, and again the bird which he could recognize by its broken and injured plumage flew down, and hovering above him a moment, as if in doubt, came and nestled on his shoulder.

Adina took it softly in his hands, and turned his sad eyes silently toward the house where he lived alone. Even yet he had not the courage to go to Jephthah, but put it off until the morrow. As he walked along, ever smoothing the bird's feathers with caressing touches, he suddenly became aware of something smooth and hard fastened beneath its wing. Instantly the thought occurred to him that it might be a message from Namarah; but how, indeed, could it be so? Breathless with eagerness, he reached his chamber, and there found lights.

Carefully shutting himself in, and even drawing the curtains of the windows close, he severed the cord that held in place the little folded note, and opening the sheet, read:

"Adina, My Beloved: I can give thee no greeting as I pass thy window, but I shall even then have close to my breast the dove which is to bear this my last message to thee. The message is but this, that thou hast heard so often: I love thee, and I charge thee, by that love, give not thyself to heavy grief, but ever take courage and have hope. If thou lovest me, I would have thee bear up with patience under the heavy burden and to comfort my father Jephthah. Pray ever for deliv-

erance for us both. Sorrow not, beloved, seeing that I ever love thee, both in this life and that which is to come. Thine, NAMARAH."

And underneath she had written the word "Mizpeh." In reading these lines, the soul of Adina was greatly comforted, so that he felt a new courage come to him, and ever thereafter, until the two months were come to an end, he bore himself patiently and submissively and murmured no more. Each day that dawned saw him beside the old man Jephthah, sustaining, comforting and cherishing him, though, mayhap, his own heart was even at that same time sunk down with weariness.

And after he had brought the white dove home that night, it ever came to him afterward of its own accord, flying at sunset into his window and perching there, if he was absent, until he returned, and often he would take it in his hands and talk to it, such words as his frozen heart refused to utter unto human ears, and ever it seemed to give him greater comfort than any human friend.

As the two months of absence of the maiden Namarah began to draw to a close, the soul of Adina grew each hour more exceedingly sorrowful, and Jephthah also went heavily from morn till evening and took no comfort save in the presence and companionship of Adina, who was become to him even as his own son.

And when the eve of the return of Namarah and her maidens was come, all the people of Mizpeh were aware of it, but so great was their sorrow for the maiden, that they feared to look upon her face, and as at set of sun the children playing in the streets brought news that the maidens were returning, behold, the people gat them to their houses, and their children, that none might look upon Namarah in her misery and her affliction.

And as Namarah and her maidens made their way along the streets of Mizpeh, behold, they made a picture sad to see, for their garments of sackcloth were torn and stained with their sojourn in the wilderness of the mountains, and their feet were sore and weary, and as Namarah walked first among them, her companions uttered a low wailing of distress. But the maiden herself was silent and made no sound, either with her voice or with the worn-out sandals of her feet, but ever moved noiselessly as a shadow, with bent head and hands clasped wearily.

No human creature did they see. The streets of Mizpeh were as uninhabited as were the mountain forests they had left, and a vast and solemn silence, more awful in this place of many habitations than in the open country, brooded over everything.

As they moved along in slow procession, suddenly above their heads there was the sound of wings, and a flock of snow-white doves came downward from high in the air, and, flying low, preceded them with slow and steady motions all up the empty streets. And as men or women here or there watched furtively from behind the drawn curtains of their windows, this most strange sight—the maidens in their mourning garments preceded by the flock of white doves—struck awe unto their hearts. And added to the sight there was a strange and awful sound, for even as the maidens crooned their low, sad wails, the doves, from their flight in the air joined to the sound their plaintive cooing and complaining.

To the other maidens it seemed as but an accident that the birds should meet and join themselves to the procession; but Namarah believed it not. Her heart told her that her tenderly loved birds had recognized her, and before she reached the door of her father's house one of them had even separated from its companions, and circling a moment, as if in doubt, above her head, presently flew downward and alighted on her shoulder. Then did Namarah unclasp her hands and take it under her cloak and press it against the warmth of her heart; and although the feathers of its wings had grown out again, and it was even smooth and shapely and snow-white as the rest, she knew it to be the messenger between Adina and herself. Howbeit, she knew not that it had earned a stronger claim to her affection yet, in that it had been the chief companion and comfort of her lover during the long days and nights of her absence.

(To be continued.)

A New Artificial Paving Stone

A new artificial paving stone is made in Germany. It is composed of coal tar, sulphur and chlorate of lime. The tar is mixed with the sulphur and warmed thoroughly, and the lime is added to the semi-liquid mass. After cooling, this product is broken fine and is mixed with ground glass or blast-furnace slag. The blocks are then subjected to a pressure of 3,000 pounds to the square inch.

Christianity teaches a state of ultimate happiness with God.—Rev. J. H. W. Blake.

DEGENERATE DOG.

Many Diabolical Tricks Played by the Viciously Aberrant Animal.

Now and then there is a degenerate dog, just as there are degenerate men. I once knew a dog of that kind. He was a handsome fellow, a Scotch collie, black, with white breast, and lower forelegs and tip of tail also white. His father was a gentlemanly dog, and his mother was also reputable. At an early age this dog took to killing chickens, and would mouth and kill a whole brood of downy chickens in less than a minute from the first alarmed screech of the mother hen. A little later he killed, as a daily recreation, chickens of all sorts and conditions. Many attempts were made to shoot him, but he seemed bullet-proof. He would run into the street, seize a horse by the nose, and, swinging clear of the pavement, would hang there, while the terrified horse would vainly try to dislodge him. When a man on horseback came along, he would proceed to have fun with him by seizing his horse's tail. No whip could reach him, and when the rider would dismount the dog would beat a successful retreat. He killed all the cats in the neighborhood. When a peddler with samples of potatoes or apples entered the yard of his owner he would greet him with a friendly wagging tail and escort him to the door, but when the same peddler turned his back to go he never failed to take a bite at the calf of his leg. The dog's conduct finally raised the neighbors against him, and the owner was informed that if he did not get rid of him the dog would be shot. To save his life the owner gave him to a butcher. In his new environment he lasted but one day. He bit the butcher's daughter, and the butcher killed him.—Indianapolis News.

A START IN THE LAW.

What Hitting a Mule Over the Head Had to Do With Making a Lawyer.

Illustrating what a trifling incident can influence a man's whole career, it is told of Judge William Lindsay, who is now United States senator from Kentucky, that when a young man still in his teens he was plowing in his father's field, which was near a cross roads store where a dozen or more men usually congregated. Young Lindsay and the mule he was working to the plow did not "gee" well, and finally in trying to turn the mule around at the far side of the field a worse misunderstanding than usual occurred. The mule turned square around and started back over the plow right at Lindsay, who grabbed a piece of fence rail and hit his big-eared servant a terrific jolt above the eye. The mule fell dead. Lindsay looked at the dead mule and then at the crowd across the field at the store. He saw the men had witnessed his killing of the mule and he started at full run to the store. When he reached there, almost out of breath, he exclaimed: "Gentlemen, I killed the mule, but I did it in self-defense." "By jingo, Bill, you ought to be a lawyer," said one of the men, "for anybody who can think of a plea of that sort on the spur of the moment would make a good one." That suggestion stuck in young Lindsay's mind—he did study law, became chief justice of Kentucky and one of the greatest lawyers they ever had. In 1896, when Lindsay, as senator, deserted his party on the silver issue, one of his old friends who knew of the mule incident, and who was angry at Lindsay for his course, said: "Say, boys, ain't it a pity that Lindsay killed that mule?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

HIS DEADLY PRACTICAL JOKE.

Humorous Man Foked His Umbrella Into a Friend's Back and He Died.

It was a joke; a duet sung in celebration of Cuba's dawning era of progress; a slap on the back and a playful retaliation with the prod of an umbrella, that together formed the merry preface to a fatal tragedy. The actors were Cubans. One, who died the other day, was George Alamillo, a cigar-maker, whose home was in 182 Hamburg avenue, Brooklyn. He was drinking and singing with his friend, Samuel G. Bagley, an insurance adjuster at 50 Howard avenue, in a saloon on Jan. 20. They cracked many jokes about the ejection of the Spaniards from Cuba, and about the relative merits of the cigar trade and the insurance business. Suddenly Bagley, by way of emphasizing his sense of humor, jabbed his Cuban friend in the back with an umbrella. It's sharp point pierced Alamillo's flesh. He cried out in pain, but did not realize at the time the serious nature of his wound. His death was caused by blood poisoning. Before he died the Cuban declared that his friend was blameless. But the police said they would arrest Bagley, if only to cure him of his dangerously playful use of an umbrella as a means to impress upon a victim the point of a joke.—New York Press.

Wearing Out Needless.

Many people wear themselves out needlessly; their conscience is a tyrant. An exaggerated sense of duty leads a person to anxious, ceaseless activity, to be constantly doing something, over-punctual, never idle a second of time, scorn to rest; such are in unconscious nerve tension. They say they have no time to rest, they have so much to do, not thinking they are rapidly unfitting themselves for probably what would have been their best and greatest work in after years.

Auburn, N. Y., churches have united to war on the treating habit.



It isn't what it used to be,
This Easter walk, I own.
The "nobodies" now promenaded,
Where only "nobs" were known;
But after church it's well enough
To do your little mile,
And view with an admiring eye
Solidity and style.

Here comes the clubman, stout of form
And fishy as to gaze;
"Manhattan cocktails" he suggests,
And many "pousse cafes."
He dresses well, but he is not
Much happier, I ween,
Than "Rocky" Ryan, close behind,
Whose suit cost "eight-fifteen."

Behold the queens of wondrous
wealth—
The money kings of power.
Fifth avenue's a stirring sight,
If only for an hour.
There furry fortunes are displayed,

The actor shows himself with pride;
The lawyer's walk is brief;
The lover's at his darling's side;
The benchman's with his chief;
The modiste comes to note the styles;
The gay soubrette is there,



If Easter should be cold,
Worn by the wives of millionaires—
A modern "clique of gold."
With what creations for the head
The avenue is lined,
If Sol will condescend to smile
And spring is only kind;
What glories of bewildering hue,
That seem not born to fade,
And blur the discontented eyes
Of poverty's brigade!

And throngs of nobodies at all,
Who only stand and stare!
Roll on! roll on! O, human tide
Of wealth and power and fame,
You change with every passing day,
Yet always seem the same.
So love and hate and shame and faith,
The false beside the true,
In rich array on Easter Day
Shall walk Fifth avenue!

—New York Herald.

ETHEL'S EASTER.

Ethel lived on the seashore—that part of the Alabama coast which the Mobilians call "Over the Bay"—and she visited Mobile rarely except during Christmas and Easter. She was a busy little girl with lessons and piano prac-



SUDDENLY ONE NIGHT THE BELL DID RING.

And asked so many questions that an old sea-captain who lived near her home gave her the name of Little Conundrum. Some days before Easter she went with her governess into the city, and saw a woman attired in a black gown, a black bonnet and a black veil. Inside the bonnet she wore a closely fitting cap, not at all like a widow's cap.

"Oh!" exclaimed Ethel, seizing the arm of her governess. "Who is that, Miss Mary? What makes her dress so? She has a chain at her side, too!"

"That is a Sister of Mercy," answered Miss Mary.

"Whose sister?" asked Ethel.

"A Sister of Mercy—a sister to all who need her."

"A sister to everybody?" echoed Ethel, looking puzzled.

"Yes. She spends her life in acts of mercy to the poor and the rich, too, if they need her."

"Does everybody love her?" asked Ethel, looking after the black gown.

"Oh, yes. People send for her when they are in distress. A Sister of Mercy nursed your Uncle Frank when he was ill of yellow fever."

"Oh, I wish I was a Sister of Mercy!" said Ethel, as they left the carriage and entered a shop. "but I wouldn't like to wear that dress."

"You need not wear it to be a good nurse."

"Well, but I want to be a sure enough Sister of Mercy. Can't I have a mark so people will know it?"

"Oh, yes," said Miss Mary, laughing. "If you insist upon a mark, you can wear a badge on your sleeve. I can easily make one for you."

On Easter morning Ethel put on the badge which Miss Mary had made for her of beautiful white ribbon. As she returned from church she found a bird with a broken leg, which she bandaged. Then she put the little invalid in a box, which Tom called the hospital. Easter Monday her first act of mercy was to carry a dinner to old Uncle Ebenezer, who was a cripple from rheumatism. He had been her grandfather's slave, and now lived with her father at the old homestead, the Maples.

"Look here, Uncle Ebby," said she, pointing to her shoulder. "You can't guess what that is, can you?"

"No, honey," answered Uncle Ebby, already beginning to eat.

"It means I'm a Sister of Mercy," replied Ethel. "I begin this Easter. That is my Easter resolution."

"Dat, indeed!" said Uncle Ebby, absorbed in his dinner. "Is you gwine 'bout nussin' fokes?" he added.

"No-o," drawled Ethel. "Mamma won't let me do that. Maybe I'll do something after a while for that poor woman at the wharf; but I'm going to help everybody here. I'm going to help Aunt Melindy feed the chickens, and now I will help you scrape lint for your lame foot."

While Uncle Ebby was eating, Ethel filled a basket with lint and set it on the chimney shelf.

"Now, Uncle Ebby, listen to me," said Ethel, "when you are sick in bed you mustn't call Jake or 'Tidy or any of your grandchildren. I'm to do the nursing on this plantation, and I want to call Jake and make him tie a string to your bedpost, and the other end to my bedpost, so that you can ring a bell right over my head when you are sick. You understand?"

"Jake! Jake!" called Ethel. Jake came when called, and after many trials arranged an unsightly contrivance, so that the pulling of the string did ring a bell just over Ethel's bed. Her brother Tom ridiculed it, but mamma said Sisters of Mercy must be patient under ridicule.

Every night Ethel hung her cloak near her bedside, ready to rush out at the sound of the bell. One night Tom played a practical joke by ringing the bell, but papa's sharp reprimand prevented a repetition of his mischief.

Suddenly one night the bell did ring, long and loud. Ethel jumped out of bed, and in a few minutes stood at Uncle Ebby's bedside. The moonlight fell on the black face and white head. Shaking his arm with all her might, she called out, "Uncle Ebby, wake up!"

The old man opened his eyes and sat up in bed.

"Didn't you ring the bell? What is the matter?"

"Nuthin' 'tall," said Uncle Ebby, at last recognizing the little sister.

Suddenly Ethel turned and perceived a curl of smoke in the corner of the cabin.

"What's that, Uncle Ebby? Look! Look!"

"Sump'n a-flah, sho'!"

And so it was. Uncle Ebby screamed for help. Black and white rushed to the rescue. Jake and the other men led the cattle out of danger, and the mystery of the bell was solved when old Brindle's horns were seen struggling with the string, which in order to reach up to Ethel's chamber, had been passed through the cow-shed. The smoke had driven her to the open door, and in making her way she had caught her horns in the string. Fortunately nothing was burned except the corner of the shed.

Next morning at breakfast Tom, who had been very brave in putting out the fire, said, "Well, Ethel, which is the Sister of Mercy, you or old Brindle?"

But papa said, "If she had not been a Sister of Mercy, there is no telling what a fire we might have had, and perhaps poor old Uncle Ebby would have been burned in his bed. Ethel's Easter resolution was a noble one, and I hope it will last until next Easter."

Tom looked at his sister with admiring eyes, and Ethel still wears her badge.—Zitella Cocks, in Youth's Companion.

Something New.

One must wear something new on Easter Sunday, of course, if only for the good luck that is supposed to come from such a proceeding.

I said to my washerwoman, who has recently returned to me after quite an absence:

"Don't forget to wear something new if you go walking on Sunday, Mary."

"Faith, madam, an' I'll not forget. I'll be after wearin' it on me arm."

"May I ask what it is?"

"It's me new baby, ma'am, good luck to it."

And I said "Amen!"



The early sun is shining,
The grass is soft and dry,
The bluebird sings his carol
Along the bright blue sky.
So bring the dainty treasurer,
The eggs of every hue
The Easter hare hid slyly
On Easter night for you.
See, purple eggs and golden
And red as sunset skies;
Now don't you think he stole them
From birds of paradise?
Then start them on their journey;
How gaily down they roll.
As if a troop of flowers
Had started on a stroll.
The birds laugh in the tree-top,
The brooks laugh from the hill,
And all the little people
Are laughing louder still.

—Selected.

An Actress on Easter.

"I love Easter," said an actress recently, "for it is a real holy day holiday, and the only one all the year round that does not inspire managers to matinees, as it happily falls upon Sunday—a movable feast as to date, stationary as to day. It is the only day that I do or can really keep."