

# Jephthah's Daughter:

A Story of Patriarchal Times.

By JULIA MAGRUDER...

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## CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

She knelt behind the curtain of her window as the troop came near, escorting their leader to his home, but her father knew this way of hers, and sent a glad glance upward as he dismounted. Adina saw and understood the look, and quick as thought, glanced upward, too; but while the look of Jephthah lingered on Namarah's countenance, the look of the young man was hastily withdrawn, and even in the golden flush of the sunset the hue of his cheek deepened. Namarah saw that it did, and the consciousness suddenly reminded her that she was thinking of some one else beside her father, at the moment of his return from battle, and that was a thing that had never happened before. She rose from her feet and flew down the stairs to meet Jephthah at the entrance to his chamber, as the body of soldiers passed onward down the street.

Into his arms she sprang, her soft flesh crushed against the metal of his armor, and her hands clasped tight about his neck; nor would she loose her hold when he had kissed and fondled her repeatedly.

"Dost thou love thy old father so indeed?" he asked. "And art thou trembling? Why, maiden, thou art a soldier's child, and battles are his daily work. Wilt thou sever love thy timorousness? Thou lovest thy old father too much, my little one. Thou shouldst have some one else to spend thy woman's heart upon. I would fain see thee married, with a husband and children of thy own to love."

But at these words, behold the maiden burst into great sobs, and clung to his neck weeping, and declaring earnestly that she wanted no husband—she wanted no love that would separate her from her father.

Then did Jephthah soothe and caress her full tenderly, until the smiles had scattered the tears, and she took his armor from him, as was her custom, and led him to his favorite seat, that he might rest.

As she stood holding the great breast plate in her little hands, she said suddenly:

"Am not I as good an armor bearer as the tall young man thou seest here this morning?" "Wherest thou laughing, softly blushing again."

"That thou art," answered Jephthah, fondly. "No one could perform the office better than thou dost do it. But what thoughtest thou of the young man Adina?"

"He seemeth to be a soldier-like young man enough," Namarah answered, carelessly, and fell to polishing with a fold of her white gown the shield she was holding.

"Thou carest as little for him, I see, as for the others of his kind; but, Namarah, see that thou ever treatest him kindly when he cometh in thy way. But for his courage in the sudden attack this morning, thy father might be with thee now dead instead of living."

## CHAPTER III.

As he told the story of the young man's bravery and self-devotion, Namarah's eyes grew brilliant, and her breath came thick and fast; and as Jephthah dwelt upon the imminent danger that had threatened both, a look so terrified came into her face that he said again, as he had said so often:

"Thou lovest thy old father too much."

It often happened, after this, that the young man Adina would come to the house in company with Jephthah, or by his ordering or permission, and make his way to the great room where were kept all manner of pieces of armor and weapons, and other trappings of war. And at times it transpired that, as he approached the house, Namarah would be in the garden feeding her doves. Sometimes he would pass on with only a gracious reverence to her, but again he would wax bolder and come near, laughing with her to see the white birds scatter at his approach; and then, as he would stand very still by Namarah's side, settle back contentedly at her feet and go on with their breakfast. He delighted to see her feed them from her mouth; and they soon grew so accustomed to him that they would fly to her without heeding him, sometimes perching for a moment on his shoulders, and hopping thence to hers.

"They are carrier birds," she said one morning, as he stood beside her true. She looked up in his face and smiled, but quickly her eyes dropped to the doves at her feet.

"Hast thou tested them?" he asked. "And wilt they, indeed, bear tidings to thee from afar?"

"Truly I cannot tell thee of mine own knowledge," she made answer; "but I know it is their nature, and I feel assured that if one of my birds should be taken far away it would return to me."

"Maiden, I well believe it," he replied. "And at these words, so gently spoken, lo, there came into her cheeks again that treacherous rose-color which he alone, or the mention of him, had power to summon there."

"Dost thou believe it?" she made answer. "Then, truly, thou mayest test it some day. When next thou goest on a journey, thou mayest take one of my white doves with thee, and we shall see whether or not it will return."

"So be it, maiden," he replied. "There is even now a message I would fain send thee by it, had I the courage." And as he spoke he turned and left her, and before the wonderment his words had roused found voice in speech.

"What message?" she murmured again and again, speaking in hushed silence to her own heart as she wandered alone about the garden, or sat with her maidens at her embroidery. They were engaged upon the task of working a rich vestment for the high

priest, and no one had so fine an eye for the blending of colors, nor such deft fingers in handling the brilliant silk and golden threads with which they wrought, as Namarah. But as she sat at work today her mind and senses were preoccupied, so that the silks got tangled in her fingers, and the colors were mismatched in a clumsy manner that none had ever seen in Namarah before.

That evening, when her father Jephthah came home, there was a look upon his face that made Namarah anxious. When their evening meal was ended, he called the maiden to him, and fondling her with more than his usual lovingness, he revealed to her the care he had upon his mind.

"I have not told thee of it, child," he said, "because that I refrained to cause thee uneasiness until the time were come; but of late there hath been great trouble and strife in the land of Israel, and the children of Ammon have made war against it. And in consequence of this a strange thing has happened unto me, for, behold, the elders of Gilead have come to fetch me out of the land of Tob that I may be their captain to fight against the children of Ammon. But I spake unto them and said: Did ye not hate me and expel me out of my father's house, and why are ye come unto me now when ye are in distress? And the elders of Israel said unto me: Therefore we turn again unto thee now, that thou mayest go with us and fight against the children of Ammon, and be our head over all the inhabitants of Gilead."

Then said I unto the elders of Gilead: "If ye bring me home again to fight against the children of Ammon, and the Lord delivers them before me, shall I be your head?" And behold they answered: "The Lord be witness between us, if we do not according to thy words."

Now, as he spake, the maiden Namarah had felt her heart within her smitten with a great and mighty fear.

"Go not, my father," she pleaded, hanging about his neck and hiding her face against him. "Did not the elders of Gilead thrust thee out and disown thee? Why goest thou then to fight against their enemies?"

But Jephthah answered and said: "These be the enemies of the Lord, my daughter, who have lifted up their hands against His people Israel, and I must even go forth to meet them, strong in the power of his might."

But Namarah only wept and clung to him, and said: "Let my words find favor with thee, O my father, and go not north to battle, lest thou lose thy life, and I be left alone and comfortless."

"I would fain have thee take my tidings more submissively, my little one," made answer Jephthah, as he stroked the masses of her unbound hair. "Thy father is a soldier, and thou art a soldier's child; and I would have thee gird my armor on, and wish me God-speed against the enemies of the Lord and His people, trusting in His power, to bring me back, triumphant and victorious unto thy arms again."

But Namarah seemed to get no comfort from his words, and answered only: "Do not leave me. Thou art all I have."

"My child, my little child," said Jephthah, with a mighty sweetness in his voice, "if often grieves thy father's heart that it is even so. Thou never knewest a mother's care and love, and though, God knoweth, I have tried to let thee feel no lack of tenderness, yet often it doth trouble me that thou hast on earth no binding tie of love save this to me; and it would even fill my soul with comfort to see thee wed to one who might worthily cherish thy youth and protect thy tenderness."

But Namarah, with her face still hid against him, only shook her head, as if in strong opposition to his words.

"Child, bethink thee," Jephthah said, when he had gently kissed and stroked her head in silence for a moment. "It must never be for thee to die unwed, for who knows but the will and purpose of the great God may be that thou shalt be chosen among women to be the mother of thy people's deliverer? It hath even seemed to me that in the eyes of the Almighty thy meekness and pureness and humility may have found such grace, that this great honor, or wherewith one woman is to be honored above all others, may come to rest upon thee. Forget not this, my daughter, and order thy mind to become a true and loving wife, as thou hast been to me a true and loving daughter. Whether this glory above all glories may be destined for thee or not, grieve not thy father's heart by refusing to be wed, so that he may see thee with thy children about thee before he dieth and sleppeth with his fathers."

Namarah made no answer, but her fluttering breath grew calm and though she spake no word to signify her acquiescence in his desires, yet neither did she gainsay him any more, a thing wherewith her father marveled. However, he spake not the thought that was in his mind, but was thankful in the silence of his heart.

After these weak and faint-hearted words, the brave spirit of the girl came to her again, and she went about her household duties, and particularly the preparations for her father's going forth to war with a courage even greater than her wont. Her father she loaded more and more with endearments and caresses, but she ever avoided speech about his coming dangers in the field, except that once she said to him suddenly, and with her head bent low over her work:

"Wilt it be that thou takest with thee thine armor-bearer—the young man, Adina?"

And Jephthah answered:

"Ay."

"Then," said she, with her head still bent, "it is well done, for truly he hath said to me that he would shield thy body with his own. But go not into danger, my father. Be careful of his life and of thine own."

"Thou speakest unwisely, maiden, and not as a soldier's daughter. Thou knowest that in battle a brave man must not shun the place of danger, but if he trusteth in the Lord no harm can hurt him. Adina also is a man that feareth God, and therefore will we trust to be delivered and brought home in safety."

"Amen!" the maiden said, full reverently, and bent her head more lowly yet, as one who prayeth.

The full moon rose o'er Jephthah's garden at the eve of going forth to battle, and Jephthah's daughter stood alone and held her heart to listen. Her white robe fluttered in the cool air of evening and clung about her slender limbs; and standing there, her pale face settled into a mute repose, she looked like a fair white statue, clad in a wind-blown raiment. No sound disturbed the stillness of the night, except the cooling of the doves in their house close by. But, after long waiting, there mingled with this tread of approaching footsteps. The folds of her white gown trembled on her breast, as if by the heart beneath them fluttered. Nearer came the footsteps through the trees, beneath the overhanging vines, until the moonlight revealed the tall form and noble features of the young man Adina.

"Is it thou, O maiden?" he asked, stopping a few paces from her. "The God of Israel bless thee that thou hearest my prayer, and hast let me speak to thee, before I go to battle. Hast thou not thought, Namarah, of the words I have come to speak?"

The doves cooed and gabbled with their little muttering sounds, but Namarah answered not. They stood a pace or two apart—the maiden Namarah and the young man Adina—but still the silence was unbroken.

"Hast thou even brought me here to break my heart, Namarah?" the young man said. "I love thee maiden, and unless thou'lt love me in return, the God of Israel grant that I may fall in battle, for my life is naught to me without thee."

(To be continued.)

## HOTTEST PLACE IN THE WORLD

Region Where the Thermometer Never Falls Below 100 Degrees.

What is believed to be the hottest region in the world is that part of the eastern shore of the Persian gulf, which is named after the Bahrain islands that lie near it. On the Bahrain island proper, which is the largest of the group, the thermometer never falls below 100 degrees day or night, and often rises as high as 140 degrees in the shade. Only the natives can bear this enormous heat at all, and even they suffer terribly at times, because the fierceness of the temperature varies so little and gives them hardly a respite. To add to the decided discomforts of the region, the coast is so dry that borings have been made as deep as 1,000 feet without striking water.

There is not a drop to be had except in the far interior, and the condition of water carried for any distance in such heat as this may be imagined. Yet the natives never lack for water that is not merely fresh, but actually cool. And they get it in a way that is wonderful. They get it by diving into the sea for it. Many years ago pearl fishers who dived into the waters off the shores of these islands for pearls, which are plentiful there, discovered that immense springs spouted from the bottom of the sea. Accidentally they found that these springs were sweet water. Ever since then a regular industry, perhaps one of the strangest in the world, has been that of diving for fresh water. The divers go out every morning. They take with them goatskins, and, weighted with stones to insure a swift descent, they plunge into the depths. At the bottom they hold the mouths of the skins over a spring, and as soon as it is filled tie it up swiftly and ascend. The skins are hauled up with lines. As there are 75,000 persons in that barren group of islands, the industry of diving for fresh water is a large one, and the divers get rich. The water is about twenty degrees cooler than is the atmosphere on land, so it is a boon to the suffering population, and the lucky divers who get to land first are certain of high prices. In fact, the fresher the water is the more the divers earn, and as the submarine springs are only a mile away from the shore, the water hardly gets time to lose any of its grateful temperature before it is landed—if one can say that water is "landed."—San Francisco Call.

## When It Rains It Pours.

The Hadramut valley, in South Arabia, though well known in ancient times, is hardly ever visited nowadays, as the natives are a lawless set and very unfriendly toward strangers. They have a curious method of cultivating the land. The upper surface of much of the soil is sand, which is scraped off by long wooden boxes fastened to camels. Of the sand thus collected dykes are made around the district that is to be cultivated. Next the soil is lightly plowed, and then the farmer waits for rain. Sometimes rain falls only once in three years, but when it comes it pours in torrents, and the water is held up by the dykes. The crop then is so abundant that even if the rain fell only every third year, enough grain is grown to last the people during the interval of drought.

## All Kinds.

Snobson (to inhabitant of out-of-way seaside resort): "What sort of people do you get down here in the summer?" Inhabitant: "Oh, all sorts, zur. There be some people an' common people, an' some just half and half, like yourself, zur."—Punch.

Love's Playfulness. "And there's nothing more between us?" he asked. "No, Harry, dear," she replied, nestling against his shoulder; "I can't get any closer to you."—Philadelphia North American.

You will never master life's philosophy till you learn to properly serve its necessities.

## OUR MEDICINE.

I don't know why Jay and I were so reckless as to marry. We had nothing to live on. At least, Jay didn't make enough for two. He was an electrician, with experimental tendencies. Mrs. Nora Brandon, who rented a back flat down in the store district, let us have one room of her, and after Jay had finished putting all of his electrical appliances in it there was a corner or two left for the bed and a table with an oil stove on it. Fortunately, we had a big closet. I stored this as a sailor stores his locker, and so managed to live with a semblance of order.

We were happy—very. Every morning we congratulated each other on being alive. We ate our breakfast of coffee and toast merrily, taking turns in the reading aloud from some book from the public library—our only paper was a weekly—and after that we worked until 5. Then we put on our best clothes, and went out to a near-by boarding place to dine. We could not afford to go to the theater or to the concerts or the flower show or to lectures, but we joined the crowds which were going to these places and walked along with them to the door, and then passed on with an air of having something more entertaining in mind than the amusements that tempted the mob.

Sundays we went to the most beautiful church in the city, and we were devoutly thankful for many great blessings. But we were poor. It is difficult to exaggerate our poverty. We used to sit before the dismal steam radiator with our dear old Nancy McMahan and wonder how anybody could be so poor who was not defective in sense or limb. Nancy McMahan, like ourselves, subtletted from Mrs. Nora Brandon. She had a room at the end of the hall, and she compounded a hygienic face powder which she sold from door to door.

Nancy was altogether the most interesting person we had ever met. She had green eyes, so clear and luminous that it seemed almost possible to see through them. Her forehead was high and unshaded by curls of any sort. Indeed, her pale hair was brushed back relentlessly from her brow. Her mouth was large and kindly. Her complexion white and wax-like. She had been born in an orphan asylum and her life had been one of the strangest vicissitudes. Her adventures were a never-ending source of delight, and

to hear her tell them was our one great entertainment. She had a heart that ached to love, and not finding anything better at hand she consented to love us.

We returned it in kind, and got into the way of sharing everything with Nancy. We hardly enjoyed our own jokes till she had given them the approval of her laughter. She knew our hopes and expectations and in our helplessness we overlooked the fact that she had neither hope nor expectation.

Late one winter after our dear friend had worn herself out with ineffectual tramping of the icy street in the bleak wind, she fell ill with pleurisy, and though we gave her our unremitting attention, pawning some of our trinkets to buy her medicine, she died. Nora Brandon and Jay and I saw her laid away among the poor.

"This is but a lodging for the night," said my husband, weeping, "some day she shall lie in a better place than this and have her own headstone." Not that it mattered to Nancy.

We couldn't help laughing when we found that the dear old thing had made a will, leaving everything to us. She had left Jay all of her furniture and the apparatus with which she had made her hygienic face powder, and she had bequeathed me her quaint old clothes and a recipe. The recipe was contained in a letter. It said:

"My Dearest Friend: I shall be dead when you take this in your hand, and so I shall not mind having you laugh at me. The recipe which I enclose was given me by a dying woman—and now a dying woman gives it to you. She told me that she had had a dream that this little formula would bring a mighty fortune to some one, but she felt that the fortune was not for me, but for the one to whom I should give it. For seven years I have dreamed that in your hands it would become a great instrument of healing, and bring you wealth beyond your dream of riches. The prescription is for a cleansing medicine which will reach all the secretions of the system. I enjoin you by my love not to delay in your manufacture of this thing. For all the happiness you have brought into my life I shall remain your debtor beyond the grave."

"NANCY McMAHAN."

Jay was touched and amused, but from the first moment I believed in the thing. I pawned my violin and got money with which to make a quantity of the medicine, and tried it on Nora Brandon and on Nora Brandon's protesting relatives. I had the delight of knowing that dull, aching heads became clear, that heavy eyes grew bright, that drooping spirits regained their tone, and lost appetites returned.

Then, in spite of my husband's protestations, I went in search of a man with money to invest, and I found one—a young Irishman with a patrimony and no vocation. He was one of those singularly alert young men who develop from his race after two generations in America, and he believed in advertising with a fanatical intensity. He caused packages of "McMahan's Tea" to be thrown at nearly every door in the city.

"In a short time," said he, "we shall see that at least a package is left semi-annually at every door in the United States."

It may seem curious, but returns began to come in almost immediately. It seemed like a sort of commercial miracle. In a short time Jay deserted his electrical experiments. We needed him for an overseer, having more people to manage than we could see to without his assistance.

You know what has followed. You know that of all the great villas that pay tribute to the loveliness of the California climate there is none larger nor more beautiful than ours.

You know that in memory of dear Nancy McMahan 100 orphan children live here in a home on our ranch at our expense, and have the best instruction we can procure for them. We are indeed, rich beyond our dreams of wealth, as Nancy prophesied. And we do not find our wealth a burden. What we cannot well invest or use we give away. If we sometimes lose we are not distressed. For does not our proprietary medicine continue to grow in fame and popularity?—Chicago Tribune.

## CHURCH SMOKING.

Instances in Which the Practice Has Been Authorized.

Although not exactly a popular custom, smoking in churches has been and is more largely indulged in than is generally supposed. The custom is Dutch, that people being most inveterate smokers and rarely seen without their pipe. They even indulge it in their churches, and spittoons are frequently provided for the better accommodation of those members of the congregation who cannot deny themselves the enjoyment of a smoke. A similar practice exists in several churches in South America. Smoking in churches in this country is said to have been prevalent in the last years of the seventeenth century. At one time smoking was carried to such an excess in Seville Cathedral that the Chapter applied to the Pope for power to repress the abuse. Urban VIII, yielding to their wish, issued a bull, which was promulgated on January 30, 1642. In Wales smoking in church was indulged in as late as 1850. In one church the communion table stood in the aisle, and the farmers were in the habit of putting their hats upon it, and when the sermon began they lit their pipes and smoked, but without any idea of irreverence. It is also stated that when the Archbishop of York was on a visitation in St. Mary's, Nottingham, he ordered some of his attendants to bring him a pipe, tobacco and some liquor into the vestry for his refreshment after the fatigue of confirmation, but the rector would not allow it to be done. It was reported recently that at a Presbytery meeting in Scotland an adjournment was made to the churchyard, where all the members lighted up their pipes and had a smoke before returning to their deliberations.

## ESQ. OR MR.; WHICH?

A Form of Address Which Is Woefully Abused.

The word "esquire" is perhaps the most woefully misused one in the English language, being used, as it is, so indiscriminately in forms of address. The old Puritan plan of writing simply "Oliver Cromwell," which is used by Quakers to the present day, has much in it to be admired, but most people like a handle to their name, and a youth of 16 will address his brown of his tender years as "John Brown, Esq." It may be interesting to know, therefore, that only the following persons are legally "esquires": All sons of "baronets, baronets and knights; the eldest sons of the younger sons of peers, and their eldest sons in perpetuity; king of arms; heralds of arms; officers of the army and navy ranking as captains and upwards; sheriffs of counties for life; J. P.'s of counties, while in commission; sergeants-at-arms, sergeants-at-law, and queen's counsel; companions of the Order of Knighthood; the principal officers of the queen's household; deputy lieutenants; commissioners of the court of bankruptcy; masters of the supreme court, and those whom the queen may see proper to style "esquire." All others have no right to anything beyond the simple prefix "Mr.," and the present universal use of "Esquire" is nothing more nor less than a piece of general presumption.—London Daily Mail.

## London's Libraries.

An interesting return has been obtained a half-penny rate suffices to meet the expenditure. The total number of books in use at the various public libraries of the metropolis is £61,050, in an area of the statutory rate for home reading, 127,272 for reference only and 2,624 for the use of juveniles alone at certain of the libraries. Of the total available for home reading 193,132 are works of fiction, and 278,499—or fifty per cent—non-fiction. During the last year 3,893,670 books were issued to readers, of which 3,120,118, or eighty per cent, were fiction and 773,553 non-fiction. For reference purposes 554,642 were issued on the premises in the same period and 66,540 to juveniles in the libraries. There is a department for children. These figures show great preponderance of readers of fiction.—Newcastle (Eng.) Chronicle.

## Cleanliness.

One of the most important factors in maintaining health in good order is cleanliness. It is comprised in measures that tend to keep the organs clean and in proper order to perform all their functions. The cleanliness of the skin and the air (purity of the air) that we breathe in are essential for the proper keeping of one's health. Any impurities that are taken in breathing find their way to the blood, and thus serve as many centers of disease, and are the cause of many infectious diseases. Again, if the skin is not kept clean the impurities that are to be secreted are unduly accumulated in the blood and tend to give rise to severe and often dangerous disorders, such as skin diseases and blood-poisoning.

The graffe, the armadillo and the porcupine are voiceless.

## FIGHTING WINTER FIRES.

Firemen Show All the Heroism of Brave Soldiers.

What Col. Roosevelt said of his Rough Riders after the fight in the trenches before Santiago, that it is the test of men's nerve to have them roused up at 3 o'clock in the morning, hungry and cold, to fight an enemy attacking in the dark, and then have them all run the same way—forward—is true of the firemen, as well, and like the Rough Riders, they never fall when the test comes. The firemen going to the front at the tap of the bell, no less sure to grapple with lurking death than the men who faced Mauter bullets, but with none of the incidents of glorious war, the flag, the hurrah, and all the things that fire a soldier's heart to urge them on—clinging half naked with numb fingers to the ladders as best they can, while trying to put on their stiff and frozen garments—is one of the sights that make one proud of being a man. To see them in action, dripping icicles from helmet and coat, high up on the ladder, perhaps, incased in solid ice and frozen to the rungs, yet holding the stream as steady to its work as if the spray from the nozzle did not fall upon them in showers of stinging hail, is likely to make a man devoutly thankful that it is not his lot to fight fires in winter. It is only two winters since, at the burning of a South street warehouse, that two pipe-men had to be chopped from their ladder with axes, so thick was the armor of ice that had formed about and upon them while they worked. The terrible beauty of such a sight is very vivid in my memory. It was on the morning when Chief Bresnan and Foreman Rooney went down with half a dozen of their men, in the collapse of the roof of a burning factory. The men of the rank and file heaved their way through to the open with their axes. The chief and the foreman were the warden and the warden's supports of which had been burned away, and were killed. They were still lying under the wreck when I came. The fire was out. The water running over the edge of the tank had frozen into huge icicles that hung like a great white shroud over the pier of the two dead heroes. It was a gas-fixture factory, and the hundreds of pipes, twisted into all manner of fantastic shapes of glittering ice, lent a weird effect to the sorrowful scene. I can still see Chief Giquel, all smoke-begrimed, and with tears streaming down his big, manly face—poor Giquel! he went to join his brothers in so many a hard fight only the other day—pointing toward the wreck with the choking words, "They are in there!" They had fought their last fight and won, as they ever did, even if they did give their lives for the victory. Greater end no fireman could crave.—The Century.

## CAUSE OF THE GRIP.

A Queer Theory About London's Present Influenza Epidemic.

Of all the many theories about the origin and spread of influenza the latest is surely the most weird, says London Truth. Some eighteen or twenty years ago occurred the loudest noise ever heard on the earth in historic times. It was the effect of a violent volcanic disturbance in the Pacific, which converted the Dutch island of Krakatoa into fine dust floating in the higher atmosphere, and it is said that every Dutchman swelled with pride at the thought that his country was responsible for so distinguished a phenomenon. The fine sunsets produced several years afterward by the absorbent properties of the dust were matters of common observation. But the dust, if we are to believe the new influenza theory, has far more to answer for. In common with other kindred varieties, it affects the breathing surfaces of sensitive people and irritates the eyes, throat, mouth and bronchial tubes in much the same way, we take it, as the dust of various vegetable compounds produces sneezing, asthma, and other inconvenient effects. In that case no wonder we find it difficult to protect ourselves from the ravages of the disease. Apparently we shall have to depend on the efforts of the vestries to have the atmosphere properly cleansed and disinfected. Failing that perhaps some genius may be able to invent an anti-influenza muzzle or respirator. We will, no doubt, be ready to make the wearing of it compulsory, and we may yet see the unmuzzled portion of the public chivied about the streets by muzzled constables.

## AIR WHICH WE BREATHE.

Important Agencies by Which It Is Purified.

In common life at the easy average of eighteen to twenty inspirations a minute an ordinary man will inhale and exhale a bulk of air amounting to about 4,000 gallons a day, and while undergoing violent exertion will require much more than this. Air after having been breathed two or three times becomes deadly poison, unless purified by the combination with it of more oxygen. For the necessary supply of this life-sustaining element we are dependent, in the city, as well as in the country, on nature's laboratory. Here, by the action of forces that are never at rest, by the constant movement of wind currents, by means of rain, which washes down atmospheric impurities and causes them to be absorbed into the earth, by these and other means, the life-giving elements of the air are constantly renewed. Though one of the most important agencies of atmospheric purification, that of trees and vegetation, is, as a rule, wholly wanting in a closely built city, the other means used by nature are so far effective as to greatly counteract the evils resulting from its crowded population.—Minneapolis Journal.

## Saving Him Money.

Mr. Wheatpit—My failure is the talk of the street today I arranged to pay 10 cents on the dollar. Mrs. Wheatpit (after a moment's figuring)—Oh, Henry, isn't that lovely? Then the \$50 that I sent home today will only cost you \$5.—Life.

## Their Loving Friends.

Clara—Did you notice that fine looking gentleman turn and look back at me after he had passed? May—Isn't it queer how little it takes to turn a man's head?—Stray Stories.

## WATERING THE LAND

HOW IRRIGATION IS PROGRESSING IN IDAHO.

Heterodox Arid Regions Being Rapidly Transformed Into Gardens—Farmers Societies in Many Instances Own the Irrigating Works.

(Boise, Idaho, Letter.)

Most of the people who farm in the rainfall regions suppose that the irrigation of land is a complicated process and that the art of doing it can only be acquired after years of experience, whereas, as a matter of fact, it is about the easiest and most simple work the western farmer has to do. In most cases the children attend to it under the direction of their parents, and any boy of 10 or 12 can do a man's work when it comes to irrigation.

The western farmer is wholly indifferent as to rainfall. He doesn't depend upon it in the least. The water that interests him is that which flows down into the valley from the melting snows in the mountain ranges. These waters he diverts into great canals which run along the rim of the valley about the irrigable lands and are tapped at stated intervals by what are called "laterals" or sub-ditches which flow from farm to farm and out of which the farmer takes the water for his fields. In some cases the waters of these mountain streams are acquired by the community of farmers along their course, each one holding as many shares of stock in the co-operative canal scheme as he owns acres of land, and being entitled to so many inches of water for every acre of his ownership. This is the usual plan. But when the construction of the main canal, owing to engineering difficulties, is too expensive a piece of business for the farmer to afford, irrigation companies undertake the work and build the canal into portions of the country where large areas of land are to be reclaimed. These irrigation companies are "common carriers" of water and furnish it for a nominal price per acre per annum to the farmer. Sometimes these irrigation companies own large tracts under their ditch which they sell in small farms with the water right, to settlers at a nominal price per acre. In other instances they do not own land at all, leaving that to be acquired by the settler under the various acts of congress.

Perhaps no portion of the Union is now making such active progress in irrigation development, or is receiving so large a quota of immigrants as southern Idaho. There are millions of unoccupied acres in that state which only await settlement to become as productive as the lands upon the Nile. Efforts are being put forth by the state authorities to bring the advantages of these lands to the notice of the eastern farmer, and the several railroads of the state are engaged in the work.

Perhaps the easiest and the best way to acquire information is from the General Passenger Agent of the Oregon Short Line at Salt Lake City, from whence conservatively prepared pamphlets descriptive of irrigation methods and containing reliable information about the various localities now open for settlement, are being mailed free.

The time is certainly not far distant when the unoccupied public domain of Idaho will be entirely taken up, a condition which will be most unfortunate to those who delay taking advantage of the rare opportunities now offered.

Household Bookkeeping.

A prominent Eastern manufacturer, with a \$10,000 a year family on his hands, undertook to establish a system of bookkeeping in his home. He bought a gilt edged, gilt covered account book and all that went with it. He explained single entry bookkeeping to his wife, and she agreed to keep the accounts as directed. There were only two entries in the book when the husband banked it. They were: "Received \$250 from M—"; "and spent it all."

Street Fakery.

Street fakery is selling models of house flies so natural that when they are fastened to a necktie, the impulse of the friend of the man wearing the fly is to brush it off. Then the fly wearer laughs, and—that is the joke.

Municipal Bath Houses.

Under a state law the voters of New York cities may direct the municipal authorities to erect a public bathhouse. Buffalo provided one in 1897 at a cost of \$14,800. It was used last year by 51,793 persons, and its running expenses cost the city \$2,370.

The Sympathetic