

Jephthah's Daughter:

A Story of Patriarchal Times.

By JULIA MAGRUDER...

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CHAPTER IV.

But Namarah raised her hands and hid her face from sight, and Adina's voice began to tremble as she spoke to her again, and said, full tenderly: "Didst thou not know, Namarah, when I told thee I would send thee a message by thy bird, but that I lacked the courage, that that message was my love for thee? As God beholds me, maiden, my heart hath even been knit to thine since first my eyes fell on thee; and if thou love me not, my life is all over for me."

Still was silent the maiden Namarah, so that Adina's heart grew cold with fear within him, and his voice broke as he spoke once more:

"I go forth to battle, O maiden, to fight against the enemies of the Lord and to shield thy father. It may be that death awaits me, and if thou hast in thy heart aught of tenderness toward me, I pray thee speak, or let me go to death and silence and forgetfulness."

Then did Namarah turn to him, a sudden trembling passing over her whole body, and dropping her hands from before her face, she stretched them out toward him. Whereat Adina fell upon his knees and bowed his head, thinking it was her to bestow her blessing upon him in token of eternal farewell. But with a swift and silent motion, Namarah was at his side, and before he could lift his head, her soft arms clung around his neck.

"Maiden," he muttered in a voice deep with passion, while he reached upward his strong arms, and held her in a close and gentle clasp, though he rose not from his lowly posture, "tell me, I pray thee, what thou meanest. Is it for pity thou dost clasp me? If so—"

But Namarah bent her head above him, and made answer:

"No, not pity—love."

Then did he spring to his feet, and stand erect in all the comely beauty of his goodly youth, and drawing her close against his breast, he bent his head and kissed her. It was to Namarah the first time she had ever felt her heart respond to any sign of love, and Adina's heart was even as virgin as her own. It was this in the heart of each that made that moment's rapture. It was a long, long time that neither spoke. Their arms were folded close about each other, and once and again their lips met and clung to those sweet and sacred kisses which are the precious fruit of purity of life.

Then spake the young man Adina: "Willst thou have me tell thy father, Namarah, that we may have him blessing on our betrothal—for I think he will not turn him from me, seeing he hath but lately told me that he oweth unto me his life?"

But Namarah answered: "Nay, I would have him go forth to the fight, as hath been his wont of yore, believing himself my only object of care and love and prayer. He hath told me that he wills that I shall marry, and when thou comest back with him victorious, then will I tell him all, and ask his blessing. But, ah, Adina, my most loved one, my new-found joy and hope, how if the enemies of the Lord should say thee, that thou returnest to me no more?"

And at these words she fell to weeping, and sobbed upon his breast. But Adina comforted her strongly, and bade her pray to God with faith, telling her he felt within himself that God would prosper the army of her father Jephthah, and bring them back victorious.

"Then will I claim thee for my bride, Namarah, thou fairest of women and maidens, and joy will be ours as long as life shall last."

Namarah clasped him closer yet, and turned her face upward to receive his kiss; and behold, as his lips rested upon hers, they heard the doves near by cooing and calling.

"Thou shalt give me one of thy birds, Namarah," Adina said; "and I will make for it a little cage, and carry it with me; and when the enemies of the Lord shall have been vanquished, then will I send thee the tidings on the wings of thy bird."

And the idea pleased Namarah, and side by side they went together to where the doves slept, and Namarah opened the door and called them to her with the little call they knew so well; and, although the time was late and strange, they circled round her head, and one of them settled on her shoulder. Namarah took it gently in her hand, and ere she gave it over to Adina, she kissed the crest of its snow-white head.

"Come back to me in peace and triumph," she said.

And then, when Adina had taken the dove from her, she realized that the moment of parting was come, and, with a great wave of love and tenderness and longing sweeping over her, she gave herself into her lover's arms to receive his last embrace.

Solemn and sweet and silent it was, there in the holy moonlight; and when at last she raised her head to speak, there were brave words on her lips.

"Thou knowest the meaning of our city's name," she said. "Take it for an omen to comfort thee and rest thy heart, and I will even rest on it, too."

"Yes, I know it," he answered; then kissed her once more, and murmuring the words "Mizpah," between his half-parted lips, he turned and left her alone.

CHAPTER V.

It was many a weary day that Namarah waited for tidings which came not. It was her habit to sit at work with her maidens upon the roof, or else high up in the top chamber of the house, and always she would place

herself near to the window which looked toward the field of battle, and none knew why it was that she strained her eyes so wistfully into the air, as if she looked for and expected some token in the heavens. Often her work would fall from her fingers, and she would rest a long time idle, with no sound escaping her, except the deep-drawn sighs which none knew how to interpret. The maidens that were her companions looked on at this and marvelled. They knew that Namarah was ever a loving and solicitous daughter, but it was not uncommon for her father to be away and in danger, and this was something more than her usual concern for him. She had lost heart in her work, also, and cared no longer for the amusements and pastimes with which it had formerly been her wont to occupy herself. But, in spite of this, her interest was more tender than ever before in those who were sick or in trouble, and she spent much time in prayer.

Her chief amusement and diversion during this time were her doves, and sometimes, after feeding them she would place herself on the garden seat and let them climb and flutter all about her, and take their food from her mouth and fingers, and even from the meshes of her hair. She had told to no one the secret of her heart, and those silent witnesses of her meetings with Adina seemed now the nearest thing to him that there remained to her.

At length, one morning, when Namarah had grown paler than was her wont, with long waiting and watching, she stood at the casement of her chamber, and her listless gaze that had been long fixed wearily upon the distant scene, became in a moment alert and animated. Far up in the blue she had seen a flying bird, and at that sight her heart within her always trembled. Perhaps it was a skylark, or even one of her own pets, wandered farther than its custom away from home. Yes, it was a dove—a snow-white carrier—and surely, one of her own, as there was none like them in that region. She had never known one of hers to fly so high as that before, and the throbbing of her heart grew violent, as she looked up and saw it pausing and circling above her head. Surely she caught sight of a tiny object, not a feather, between its wing and breast, as the bird swooped downward and flew into the pigeon house.

With limbs that shook with hope and fear, Namarah stole softly through the silent halls and chambers, down the garden path and into the place where all her birds were together. They were cooing and muttering and gabbling as if something out of the common had happened to them, and when she paused in the doorway and called, they all came fluttering to her. One by one she touched them with her hands and felt beneath their wings. They were too exactly each like each to distinguish among them, but all of them came tately to her call, it being her habit to stroke and smooth them as she would. Just as her heart began to sink with disappointment, she noticed one with broken feathers, and her fingers touched something smooth and hard, and lo, there was, indeed, the thing she sought—a tightly folded paper, tied with a small cord under the bird's wing. Her hands trembled as she loosed it, and she hid it hurriedly in her bosom. Then she ran swiftly through the garden paths and back to her own room, where she shut her door, and taking out the precious paper, pressed it to her lips and then fell upon her knees in prayer. She entreated God most earnestly that the tidings might be good; her heart swelled with praises to His holy name, and her faith was strong in the answer to her prayers, as she opened the paper and read. These were the words:

"Most Dear Maiden—It hath pleased the God of Israel to send the hosts of Jephthah, thy father, a complete and mighty victory, and we be, even now, upon our way to thee, returning in triumph and great thankfulness of heart. Thou wilt greet me as thy chosen and sanctioned husband, Namarah, for thy father hath so commended my bearing in the fight, wherein I was able to render him good service, that he hath promised me that I shall choose my own reward, and I have chosen even the maiden Namarah to be my wife. I have even so spoken to thy father, feeling sure that at that moment he would not say me nay, and he hath even given me his blessing, and avowed that I have found favor in his eyes. The white bird will bear to thee those tidings, and before set of sun we shall be with thee. God grant to me, O maiden, that thy heart may reach forth to mine with the same love wherewith I feel mine reach to thee, as I write these lines, to be held in thy dear hands beneath thy dear eyes."

THY ADINA.

Now, as the maiden Namarah read these words, there rose within her so great a rapture that her very face did glow and become radiant with joy. For until her eyes had rested upon the young man Adina, she had known not what it was to feel the mighty love which impels thousands of miles through the frame of the globe as a source of ceaseless wonder. In September last Professor Milne's instruments detected remarkable tremblings of the earth on the 3d, 10th, 17th, 20th and 23d. Since then he has traced the origin of the shakings on the first three days named to Alaska, on the 20th to Asia Minor and on the 23d to Japan. But every earthquake does not thus set the globe in a tremble, for, the shocks at Darjeeling, in India, on September 25th and 26th were not felt at the Isle of Wight, the reason being, Professor Milne thinks, because those shocks were due to local landslips.

brought, such visions as ever fill the minds of maidens when love is come in truth passed like pictures before her. She saw herself meeting with Adina without the need of concealment and she felt again those arms about her and those kisses on her lips, at the mere memory of which she thrilled. She saw the calm delight upon her beloved father's face, as he blessed her union with Adina, and gazing further yet into the future, she saw herself the happy wife and mother.

CHAPTER VI.

Now when the sun began to sink toward the west, Namarah called to her maidens, and Namarah called to her maidens, and arrayed herself in garments that looked a great feast. Her robe was all of white, embroidered with gold, and the encrusted folds fell heavily about the splendid curves of her most noble figure. In her loosened hair were twisted chains of gold that wrapped it in and out, and made a light and darkness beautiful to see. About her shoulders, which her robe left bare, she wrapped a scarf of gleaming tissue, through which her gleaming neck and arms shone fair as moonlight seen through sunbeams.

And when the maidens and all the household of Jephthah wondered to see her so adorned, she spoke, and said unto them:

"I go to meet my father Jephthah and his host returning from victory." And when they asked her:

"How knowest thou that he hath won the day, and is returning?" She made answer, as she saying was: "A little bird hath told me."

And they knew not how true indeed were the words she spoke.

And as the sun sank lower and lower and it began to draw toward evening, behold, there fell upon the ears of Namarah and her maidens the distant sound of tramping horses and anon the notes of a trumpet.

"They be notes of victory; even as thou hast said," spake one of the maidens, while Namarah stood and listened, breathless and half trembled, like an image of too perfect joy. And Namarah said:

"I will even go forth to meet them." Whereat her maidens wondered, for it was her custom to await her father within the house, a feeling of timidity ever preventing her from appearing before the eyes of the soldiers. But now there showed in all her bearing a very noble pride, so that she looked no longer a shy and trembling maiden, but a woman and the daughter of a conqueror. There was a most rich hue of roses on her cheeks, and her great eyes blazed and sparkled, so that Namarah looked that day a being of such glorious beauty as none who looked on her had ever seen before.

(To be continued.)

OLD WITCHCRAFT.

John Flske, the Celebrated Historian Talks of the Delusion.

The Lexington (Mass.) Historical Society observed Forefathers' day with a public meeting, held in the Hancock Congregational church. The special feature was an address by John Flske, of Cambridge, on "The Salem Witchcraft," who spoke as follows: "The sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were the flourishing ages of the witchcraft delusion. Witchcraft, in the early ages, was considered one of the greatest of crimes, as much so as murder, robbery, or any other serious offense against the law, and the belief in it was shared by the whole human race until the latter part of the seventeenth century. In England, in 1664, two women were tried before Sir Matthew Hale, charged with bewitching several girls and a baby, and they were put to death, for at that time the evidence seemed perfectly rational. In 1615, in Geneva, 500 people were burned to death on the charge of witchcraft. It was the proudest boast of a noted executioner in northern Italy, at this time, that in fifteen years he had assisted in burning 900 persons charged with sorcery. In Scotland, between 1550 and 1600, 8,900 people were put to death, an average of 200 a year. The last execution for witchcraft in England took place in 1712, in Scotland in 1722, in Germany in 1749, and in Spain in 1781. In 1656 Mrs. Ann Hutchinson was tried before Governor Endicott, found guilty, and hanged on Boston Common. In the next twenty or thirty years there were a number of cases tried, and, strange to say a number of those charged with the crime were acquitted. John Bradstreet, of Rowley, was accused of intimacy with the devil, and sentenced to pay a fine or be whipped. A noted case was that of a woman employed by the Goodwin family in 1683 in the fact that Cotton Mather took an active interest in the case. This woman confessed, thinking that clemency would be shown her, but she was hanged." Professor Flske gave a brief resume of Mother's life, and said that early historians had not done him justice, and that his memory had been held up as that of one who more than any other man stimulate the delusion of witchcraft. This, the speaker said, was not so, and the first man to do him justice was the poet Longfellow, in 1868, and, later, William Frederic Poole, the latter giving the most accurate view of the case. The speaker then came to the Salem cases. He said that in 1692 the circumstances favored an outbreak of witchcraft. Everything in Massachusetts was going wrong, it was believed that the devil was in their midst, and the reverses in Indian wars and other afflictions had wrought the minds of the colonists up to a high pitch.—Boston Herald.

Shocking the Earth.

The revelation of Professor Milne's observatory on the Isle of Wight of the manner in which earthquakes send their impulses thousands of miles through the frame of the globe as a source of ceaseless wonder. In September last Professor Milne's instruments detected remarkable tremblings of the earth on the 3d, 10th, 17th, 20th and 23d. Since then he has traced the origin of the shakings on the first three days named to Alaska, on the 20th to Asia Minor and on the 23d to Japan. But every earthquake does not thus set the globe in a tremble, for, the shocks at Darjeeling, in India, on September 25th and 26th were not felt at the Isle of Wight, the reason being, Professor Milne thinks, because those shocks were due to local landslips.

QUEEN VIC'S LIFE.

SHE DRESSES PLAINER THAN HER SUBJECTS.

Lives More Frugally and Maintains a Greater Air of Comfort and Homeliness About Her Private Rooms—Her Daily Labors.

The home life of Queen Victoria has ever been a subject of widespread interest and sympathy. Her somewhat dull and monotonous childhood, her idyllic married life, her long widowhood and her peaceful by busy old age have alike attracted both writers and readers on every hand. Perhaps the most remarkable feature in the queen's career has been the skill with which she has contrived to maintain the simplicity of an old-fashioned English home life, notwithstanding the pomp and ceremony which necessarily belong to court. This is largely due to her early training. The daughter of the duke of Kent, a prince of very limited income, the young Princess Victoria saw little of the luxury which is commonly supposed to abound in royal circles. Strict economy was the rule of her early home, and the lesson has never been forgotten.

Amid the costly magnificence which characterizes the state apartments the queen's private rooms are always notable for their comfort and homeliness. In matters of dress, too, Queen Victoria is far more economical than many of her middle-class subjects.

The queen attributes her long life and excellent health very largely to her practice of spending as much time as possible in the open air every day. In her youth riding was her favorite recreation, and in Scotland she has almost lived on pony back. Now, of course, carriage exercise has taken its place. Every morning her majesty goes out in her little pony chair, often visiting the farm and stables in the course of her drive. Sometimes her chair is drawn by a beautiful donkey which was purchased in the south of France by his royal mistress to save him from ill treatment. This donkey rejoices in the name of Jacko, and on holiday occasions wears a curious harness adorned with bells, and with two foxes' brushes hanging over his blinkers. The greater part of the forenoon of each week day is devoted to business, for no woman in the land gets through more actual work in the course of each week than the queen. Her dispatch boxes are arranged on a table set in Windsor park, near the Frogmore tea-house, whenever the weather permits. Here the queen carefully reads and annotates the innumerable dispatches which come to her from the foreign and home offices, for it has been the rule of her life to attend personally to all important affairs of state.

But this by no means represents all the multifarious occupations of the queen. Her private correspondence is enormous, for it is a kind of unwritten family law that all her children and grandchildren shall write to her every day. All important housekeeping questions are settled by the royal mistress herself, who often orders the meals and even keeps an eye on the household linen.

Even the smallest details of domestic economy are not regarded by the queen as beneath her notice. A story is told that on one occasion she went into a practically disused room at Windsor and noticed a cabinet that had evidently not been dusted that day. She promptly wrote the royal autograph in the dust, and bade whose duty it was to dust the room. This may seem rather a small matter, but when one remembers that nearly 2,000 persons are employed in Windsor castle and its precincts it shows a very remarkable knowledge of the personality of so vast a staff.

The Power of Imagination.

Stories illustrating the power of imagination are many. Here is a new one. It comes from a recent number of the Psychological Review which relates an interesting experiment made by Mr. Slosson with the view of demonstrating how easily this faculty of imagination may be called into play. In the course of a popular lecture, Mr. Slosson presented before his audience a bottle which he uncorked with elaborate precautions, and then, watch in hand, asked those present to indicate the exact moment at which a peculiar odor was perceived by them. Within fifteen seconds, those immediately in front of him held up their hands, and within forty seconds, those at the other end of the room declared that they distinctly perceived the odor. There was an obstinate minority, largely composed of men, who stoutly declared their inability to detect any odor, but Mr. Slosson believes that many more would have given in, had he not been compelled to bring the experiment to a close within a minute of opening the bottle. Several persons in the front rank finding the odor so powerful that they hastily quitted the room. The bottle contained nothing but distilled water. It would be interesting to know the effect of the explanation on the audience, but this part of the story is left to the imagination of the reader.

Age Limit for Cheese.

"A few days ago," said Harry Cunningham, of Montana, at Chamberlain's, "the late Charlie Broadwater, of our state, gave a banquet to about a score of his personal friends. It was an elaborate spread, and one of the chief items was some twenty-year-old brandy that cost Mr. Broadwater a fabulous price and regarding which he spoke with much enthusiasm. At a wind-up of the feast coffee and Roquefort cheese were brought in, though the latter was not commonly down on Montana menus at that period. Sitting near the host was one of his special friends, who, after eyeing the Roquefort a trifle suspiciously, tasted it, made a wry face and shoved his plate to one side. 'You don't seem to like that,' remarked Mr. Broadwater. 'Indeed, I do not, Charlie. Your twenty-year-old brandy is all right, but I'll be d—d if I like your twenty-year-old cheese.'"—Washington Post.

God works through human instruments, through the natural laws that he has instituted.—Rev. P. C. York.

STOPPED DRINKING.

New Orleans Drunkard Saw a Verbatim Report of His Monologue.

"There goes a man whom I reclaimed from the Demon Rum," remarked a New Orleans court stenographer recently. "It happened in this way. He is a tip-top fellow, and has no end of ability, but four or five years ago he began to let liquor get the best of him. He had a fine position at the time, and I don't think he exactly neglected his work, but it got to be a common thing to see him standing around barrooms in the evening about two-thirds full and talking foolish. A few of his close friends took the liberty of giving him a quiet hint, and as usual in such cases he got highly indignant and denied point blank that he had ever been in the least under the influence of liquor. All the same he kept increasing the pace, until it became pretty easy to predict where he was going to land, and it was at this stage of the game I did my great reformation act. I was sitting in a restaurant one evening when he came in with some fellow and took the next table, without seeing me. He was just drunk enough to be talkative about his private affairs, and on the impulse of the moment I pulled out my stenographer's note book and took a full shorthand report of every word he said. It was the usual muddle of our good fellow half seas over, shading off in spots to boozey pathos, where both gentlemen wept in their beer, and including numerous highly candid details of the speaker's daily life. Next morning I copied the whole thing neatly on the typewriter and sent it around to his office. In less than ten minutes he came tearing in, with his eyes fairly hanging out of their sockets. 'Great heavens, Charley!' he gasped, 'what is this anyhow?' 'It's a stenographic report of your monologue at ———'s last evening,' I replied, and gave him a brief explanation. 'Did I really talk like that?' he asked faintly. 'I assure you it is an absolutely verbatim report,' said I. He turned pale and walked out, and from that day to this he hasn't taken a drink. His prospects at present are splendid—in fact, he's one of our coming men. All that he needed was to hear himself as others heard him.'"

SOMETHING NEW AT BULL FIGHT.

Some of the Spectators May Lose Their Sight.

A disgraceful scene was witnessed in a bull ring, when there was a struggle between a small panther, an old lioness, a large bear, and a powerful bull, says a Madrid correspondent of the London Standard. In a short time the bull terribly gored the panther and the lioness, but he had more trouble with the bear, which required several terrific tossings and wounds from which blood flowed freely, before the wretched animal gave in. The proceedings were witnessed by 12,000 spectators of all ranks, who were so much engrossed in the fight and so enthusiastic over the victory of the bull, that they hardly noticed the report of a gun fired by the keeper to goad on the wild beasts when at first they did not show fight. About twenty persons, however, hurriedly left one of the stone galleries, and when the performance was nearly over it was found that these twenty spectators had been wounded, several seriously, in the eyes and face by the slugs fired at the animals. All the injured were instantly attended to by the doctor of the infirmary at the bull-ring, who stated that one man—an Austrian baker—would lose the sight of both eyes, while another would not be able to see again with his left eye. On hearing this the crowd became very demonstrative toward the tamer, who was at once arrested and taken to the office of the civil governor by the gendarmes. He is to be prosecuted for having caused the injuries to the occupants of the gallery. The Madrid papers denounce the authorities for allowing the use of firearms in a crowded bull-ring, but only El Correo and El Correspondencia have the courage to lament the fact that such scenes are possible in the capital of Spain.

Prehistoric Man in California.

The antiquity of man in America is an important problem, and W. H. Holmes in The American Anthropologist revives the evidence relating to auriferous gravel man in California. His conclusion is that the testimony furnished is greatly weakened by the facts (1) that the finds on which it was based were made almost wholly by inexperienced observers, and (2) that all were recorded at second hand. Nothing short of expert testimony, amply verified and vigorously stated, will convince the critical mind that a Tertiary race of men, using symmetrically shaped and beautiful implements, wearing necklaces of wampum and polished beads of marble or travertine bored accurately with revolving drills, fishing with nets weighted with neatly grooved stone sinkers, and having a religious system so highly developed that at least two forms of ceremonial stones had been specialized, occupied the American continent long enough to develop this marked degree of culture without having numerous and distinctive traces of its existence. All these objects resemble modern implements in every essential respect. They are such as may have fallen in the mines from Indian camp sites or been carried in by the Indians themselves.

Would Have Them. Visitor (looking at portraits)—"What a lot of ancestors you've got!" Porkenchoops—"That's dead right. I didn't want so many, but Sarah she insisted."—Brooklyn Life.

A Contrary Man. Nixon—"Would you call Dickson a contrary man?" Funderberger—"Contrary? Why, that man would try to toboggan up hill!"—Harper's Bazar.

Race with the Trains. A common sight in Cape Colony is a herd of ostriches accompanying a railway train as it speeds on its way.

Colleges in India. India now has 140 colleges and 170,000 students.

PECULIARITIES OF GENIUS.

Stories of Mme. Sembrich, Sig. Tamagno and Sig. Foli.

One prima donna at least has been known to take her own cook to prepare dinner for her when she was invited out to dine. Mme. Sembrich is no exception in her requirements. In one respect she is unyielding—everything she drinks must be warm, even champagne. The other night at a large dinner party she surprised her hostess by asking for a pitcher of hot water. When it was brought to her she proceeded to dilute the champagne in her glass, "to keep," as she expressed it, "from taking cold." Her husband, possibly fearing that with such a sensitive organization Mme. Sembrich might take cold if he failed to pour hot water in his champagne, followed the same hygienic course. But Tamagno was the trying one, when it came to dinner parties. Upon one occasion, the last, indeed, of the kind, he was invited to dine in the sacred and innermost circles. Some of his fellow singers, including the De Reszkes and Mme. Melba, were also invited. The first thing he did was to open his opera hat and put it on the floor beside his chair. The soup, fish and the earlier courses passed without surprise. But after awhile hothouse grapes, bonbons and other edibles found their way into his hat. With each relay he would say briefly, "For my daughter." Finally, when the company arose from the table, his colleagues completely overcome with chagrin, he took the bouquet of the lady who sat next to him, calmly saying, "For my daughter," and placed that on top of the collection, put his hat under his arm and marched out. Signor Foli some years since took part in a concert at St. Helen's, where he sang "The Raft." He had just finished his first verse when an infant in arms made the hall resound with its cries. Foli commenced the second verse, the first line of which runs "Hark what is that which greets the mother's ear?" He could get no farther than the end of the line by reason of a fit of uncontrollable laughter. He left the stage, but soon returned, smiling, and sung in his inimitable style, "Out on the Deep."—Denver Times.

REBUKE TO A BRIDE.

During the Honeymoon That Lasted Through Her Life.

"Never shall I forget," said a bride, "the first word of criticism I received from my husband. Everything was moving along beautifully. There hadn't been a single cloud over our honeymoon. Then one morning I found Hal standing before my dressing table looking down disgustedly at the comb lying there. 'What was the matter?' he asked. 'I had it full of combs, a habit, I frankly admit, I had always been guilty of. This time it got me into a jiffle. Hal held that comb out at arm's length, the untidy mat of hair clinging to it, and I will say he tried to make his voice nice and lamb-like, but I saw by the line of his lips and the flash of his eyes that he was thoroughly put out. 'Elizabeth,' he said, 'is this your comb?' just as if he hadn't known it was the very comb he had given me last birthday. I meekly answered 'yes.' 'Then,' he said, 'I would try to keep it like a lady's comb.' With that he turned on his heel and stalked out of the room, leaving me smelly and terribly abused. But it was a wholesome lesson. I never forgot it, and my comb rested in dresser ever afterwards. Not that comb. I packed it out of sight, handsome as it was, that very morning, and couldn't bear to use it again. But I've never been caught napping with its substitute. Not a single hair is allowed to remain in it over time." This bride's husband had the courage to correct her for her fault. How many men, though, naturally neat themselves, have to endure the petty trials of a wife who is careless in just such toilet trifles?—Philadelphia Inquirer.

A Scientific Bequest.

An important bequest has been made to the University of France by M. Raphael Bischoffsheim, the banker of Dutch origin who became a naturalized Frenchman nineteen years ago and now sits in parliament for a division of the Alpes Maritimes. He has made over the freehold of the Nice observatory, founded by himself, with its branches, instruments, library and lands, to the university, together with a sum of £100,000, to be devoted to the maintenance of the establishment on Mont Gros, so well known to English visitors who patronize Nice or its neighbors in winter. The total value of the Bischoffsheim bequest is estimated at 5,000,000 francs, or £200,000. The Nice observatory has done good work and scientific men are glad to see that its future is assured through the liberality of its founder.—London Telegraph.

The Byzantine Empire.

Byzantine Empire was the Roman Empire of the east. The name was derived from Byzantium, the ancient name of Constantinople, the capital of the empire. As a separate power it began its existence in 395 A. D., when Theodosius the Great died, bequeathing the Empire of Rome to his two sons, who divided it—Arcadius taking the eastern half, with his capital at Constantinople. It was a rich and powerful sovereignty, and continued to exist for over ten centuries. During the last few centuries it was gradually but surely declining before the Turks and Saracens, and ended with the Mohammedan conquest of Constantinople in 1543. It was also called the Greek Empire, and was the home and head of the Greek church.

Spread of the English Language.

Writing on the decline of the French language, M. Jean Finot points out that at the end of the last century French was the language spoken by the greatest number of civilized people, whereas now it stands fourth. English is spoken by 116,000,000, Russian by 85,000,000, German by 80,000,000, and French by 58,000,000.

A Queen's Collection of Bolls.

Queen Wilhelmina has preserved her dolls and adds constantly to her collection.

THE MORMONS DID IT.

WHAT WE OWE TO BRIGHAM YOUNG'S FOLLOWERS.

They Were the First to Put Into Operation the Idea of Irrigating Arid Regions—Has Grown Into Vast Proportions.

(Doise, Idaho, Letter.) Criticize the Mormons as you will, they must be credited with the wonderful system of irrigation by which the wastes of the western states have been redeemed. On July 24, 1847, Brigham Young and his little band of pioneers began the construction of the first irrigation canal ever built in the United States.

Irrigation made of Utah's desert wilderness the garden spot of America. It is doing as much for Idaho, where the mountains are so located that ample valleys, and plains of millions of acres, may be easily and economically watered. On the Nile, in Italy, Spain and elsewhere in Europe, irrigation has prevailed for centuries. Indeed, 60 per cent of the world's breadstuffs and cereals are grown by irrigation.

Where "the vine-clad hills and citron groves" around Vesuvius in sunny Italy are found, a great population has been sustained for many thousand years—and the land has never worn out—its wonderful vitality being due to underlying strata of lava which by some curious chemistry renders the soil immortal.

Idaho's wonderfully productive soil covers lava strata deposited by volcanoes long ago extinct. The rejuvenation of the land results not alone from this lava, but from rich fertilizers annually brought to it by the irrigation waters. It is almost an aphorism that land is good where sage brush grows. Marvelous must therefore be the fertility of Idaho, for everywhere the green of the sage is seen. Wheat, corn, oats, barley, alfalfa, timothy, rye, flax, tobacco, broom corn, sorghum, sweet and Irish potatoes, beets, cabbages, apples, and fruits, such as prunes, apricots, nectarines, grapes and all of the small bush products, grow profusely. Particularly do the apple, pear and prune attain to perfection in size and flavor.

Alex. McPherson of Boise City realized \$500 per acre from apples. Geo. L. Hall of Mountain Home sold \$800 worth of peaches from one acre. T. J. Phifer of Boise City realized \$900 from two acres of Italian prunes. Instances like these can be multiplied ad infinitum.

But Idaho does not depend entirely upon agriculture. Its mountains are filled with mining camps which furnish a home market for far more agricultural products than the state is now able to produce. Snake River Valley contains about 3,000,000 acres and some of the finest pastoral scenes there presented are in the midst of gold placer mining operations. Many farmers there realize handsomely for work during spare hours—washing shining powdered gold from the river's bed.

In a state having so many productive portions to select from it is hard to suggest particular locations, but settlers will find room for any number of new homes.

Different state and private agencies are sending out printed information about Idaho. Perhaps the most conservatively prepared matter is that now emanating from the general passenger agent of the Oregon Short Line at Salt Lake City, Utah. This railroad permeates almost every agricultural region in the state and stands ready to furnish to homeseekers every courtesy in the power of its officers.

At the present rate Idaho will soon be as thickly populated as Utah. It is in the same latitude as France, Switzerland, Portugal, Spain and Italy, and its climate is incomparable.

Vast timber areas furnish lumber of excellent quality. Cyclones and destructive storms never occur. The winters are short and people work out doors all the year. The annual death rate is the lowest of any state in the Union.

Verily Idaho is a wonderful state and destined to become the home place of many times its present population.

Senatorial Snuffakers.

There are but two confirmed snuff smokers in the United States senate at the present time. Senator Turner, of Washington, and Senator Carter of Montana. The old custom of taking snuff has about died out.

Broken-Necked Man Getting Well.

Walter Duryea, whose neck was broken early last summer, by a dive into shallow water at the Duryea country place, Glen Cove, L. I., and who has since been a patient at Roosevelt hospital, is steadily improving. He has now full control of the muscles of the upper part of his body and though the lower part of his body is still paralyzed and he is unable to walk or stand, sensation has returned which is regarded as a hopeful sign. He is confident of his eventual recovery.

Chicago's Extortionate Tax Rate.

Because of the multiplication of governments in Chicago, due to the existence of seven townships in Cook county; the per cent cost of collecting taxes is 6.58, as compared with 57 in New York proper, 36 in St. Paul, and 1.12 in Boston.

Feminine Bank Stock Owners