Jephthah's Daughter:

A Story of Patriarchal Times.

By JULIA MAGRUDER...

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

Now, as the host of Jephthah marched down the streets of Mizper, while all along the people cheered and shouted as they passed, behold at Jephthah's side, in front of them, there rode the young man Adina, and not behind, as was his wont. And by this token all the people knew that he had won glory for himself in battle, and that Jephthah strove thus to show the favor which he had toward him, and with the noise of their shoutings, "Long live Jephthah, the Gileadite!" were mingled cries of "Long live Adina!"

And as these sounds came even to the ears of Namarah, behold the flush upon her cheeks grew deeper and her eyes yet more glorious. And ever the soldiery pressed onward, followed by the shouts of triumph from the crowd. And Jephthah, the mighty captain, rode a night-black charger, while that of Adina was white as milk. Both men were clad in gleaming armor, on which the rays of the setting sun made blazes of vivid fire, gilding the silver of the old man's beard, and burnishing the gold of Adina's thick curls, which seemed a part of his shining helmet. And ever, as they rode, the eyes of both were turned toward the house of Jephthah, for Jephthah had vowed a vow unto the Lord, and had said: "If Thou shalt without fail deliver the children of Ammon into my hands, then it shall be that whatsoever cometh forth of the doors of my house to meet me, when I return in peace from the children of Ammon, shall surely be the Lord's, and I will offer it up for a burnt offering." And he looked to see what it should be.

But the young man Adina, who knew not of Jephthah's vow, and had said naught of the tidings sent to Namarah by the carrier bird—that being a secret between the maiden and himself—knew that Namarah would be prepared for their coming, and rightly thought that she would come to meet them.

And now, as they began to come nigh to the house, behold, the great doors were thrown open, and forth there came the maiden Namarah, clad all in white and gold, and after her her maidens, with timbrels and dances. But Namarah came first, with her head erect and all her face made glorious with joy. The childish timidity she was wont to show had vanished now, and she faced the band of soldiery a royal princess in her bearing. She felt herself a queen, indeed, for happy love had crowned her.

And as she came, behold the two men who were at the head of the great host drew rein and suddenly checked their horses, and all the soldiery halted. All eyes were on the beauteous face of the majestic maiden, hers only seeing the faces of the two men who led the host.

Her gaze sought first the face of Adina, with a treacherous fealty which she could not control, and as their looks met thus, behold the joyousness of his heart gleamed forth into his eyes, which met hers, with a look that thrilled her soul with rapture. For a moment she was blinded with ecstasy, and saw naught before her but light, supreme, bewildering; and then, with the reflection of that light upon her face, she turned her raptured gaze upon her father, and suddenly the great light became a great darkness, which likewise cast its reflection upon her; for the face of Jephthah her father was as the face of a man in mortal throes, and behold the hand that held the bridle shook and fell, and his body swerved in the saddle, so that he would have fallen but that the young man Adina, seeing the maiden's sudden change of countenance had looked toward its source, and was just in time to put out his hand and stay Jephthah in his place.

Then Adina dismounted and ran to Jephthah's side, and while the maiden Namarah herself laid hold on the bridle of his horse, the young man assisted him to the ground, and with Namarah's help led him into the house. The eyes which had but lately looked such joy into each other, exchanged now looks of pain and horror, for it was quickly passed from mouth to mouth that the great captain had been seized with mortal illness, and that the joy of his victorious return and meeting with his daughter was like to cost him his life.

But Jephthah, when he heard these words, denied and said:

"It is not as ye say, O men of Israel; nevertheless the hand of the Lord is heavy upon me this day. Cause to go out from me all save the maiden Namarah and the young man Adina."

And when they had so done, behold Jephthah rent his clothes, and said:

"Alas! my daughter; thou hast brought me very low; and thou art one of them that trouble me; for I have opened my mouth unto the Lord, and I cannot go back!"

And Namarah said unto him:

"My father, if thou hast opened thy mouth unto the Lord, do to me according to that which hath proceeded out of thy mouth; forasmuch as the Lord hath taken vengeance for thee of thine enemies, even the children of Ammon."

So spake she, and her voice was firm and clear, but her face went deadly pale, even as the face of the young man Adina put on a ghastly pallor; and as he stood before her in his shining armor a great trembling seized him, so that his armor shook and sounded. And as she looked on him and saw his grief, behold her heart bled for him, and for all the visions of her happy love; and she turned to him and threw her arms about his neck. And Adina clasped her to him, careful not to hurt her tender body against his mail-clad breast, and it seemed unto them both that the barrier that had come so suddenly between their two souls was even as this barrier between their bodies—hard and cruel and impassable. But there was no barrier between their lips, and as they softly touched and trembled on each other, they knew not whether that moment's ecstasy was of pain or joy.

And Jephthah sat and gazed on them, and as he looked he was no longer the mighty man of valor, but a creature sore stricken, so that his hands shook for very weakness, and feeble and impotent tears fell down upon his beard and trickled to his armor, while his face was changed and piteous to behold, and he looked, all at once, an aged man.

Turning her eyes toward him, and seeing him in such unhappy case, Namarah slipped from her lover's arms, and went and knelt beside her father, circling his neck with her tender arms, and calling him all manner of caressing names, while she kissed him with deep lovingness on his forehead, his cheeks and his lips. Then did she loosen his heavy armor, and remove each piece in turn, beseeching him to take comfort, and avowing toward him an affection more fervent and dutiful than ever she had shown him in the past. But Adina spake no word either with or against her, but stood where she had left him, with his right hand holding the elbow of his left arm, which was raised toward his face, his chin sunk in his palm. He was still in complete armor, only he had removed his helmet, so that his sunny curls were uncovered. Right goodly to look upon he was, in the majesty of his stalwart youth, but his ruddy skin was ashen white, and in the great blue eyes, which had so lately glowed with so luminous a love-light, there was now the shadow of great despair. And ever his eyes were fixed upon the maiden, following each movement that she made, and the hunger of his soul was in them.

CHAPTER VII.

When Jephthah, at her bidding stood up, that Namarah might lift from him the weight of his heavy armor, he turned and looked upon Adina, and a great cry broke from him, and he sank backward into his seat and covered his face with his hands. But Namarah bent above him and drew away his hands, kneeling on her knees before him, and holding them in both her own.

"Nay, grieve thee not, my father," she said, tenderly. "Let it be done to me according as thou has vowed."

"Thy life is mine, and vowed to me!" burst forth Adina, hotly, taking a step toward her, as if he would wrest her from her father. But the compelling eyes of the maiden Namarah arrested him, and he turned, and began to pace the apartment with the angry strides of a caged beast.

"Ah, woe, my daughter," Jephthah spake, "that thy father, who hath so loved thee, should bring thee now such hurt. It had pleased me well that thou shouldest wed Adina. It was but the morning of this day on which I dreamed these dreams, and to what are they come? Alas, my daughter, why camest thou forth to meet me, so contrary to thy wont and usage? Thou wast ever affrighted before the soldiery and held backward when they came about the door."

"I was even bold and fearless, my father, against my usual wont, because happy case. Namarah slipped from her that love had made me so, and in the presence of my lord, Adina, I had but one fear only, lest I might fail of my honor to him—who knew not my ways as thou knewest them—and appear unloving and ungracious in his eyes.

At these words Adina's motions grew more gentle and he checked him in his walk, and came and stood near by, his chin sunk in his palm, as before, and his eyes, with a most mighty tenderness in them, bent upon Namarah.

"But, how knewest thou, my daughter, that the victory was won and thy father's host returning, seeing I sent no messenger before me, but made haste myself to bring thee tidings?"

Then Namarah turned her fair face upward, and said:

"Adina, speak. Let it be known unto Jephthah, my father, that the thing that is come upon us was partly of our own doing—thine and mine."

Then Adina, softened, mayhap, by the sight of the old man's suffering, and more yet by the nobleness and submission of Namarah's spirit, answered, and said:

"These words be true, O Jephthah, for it was even I that sent unto the maiden tidings, by which she gained the knowledge of our approach."

"But how sendest thou these tidings," said Jephthah, "seeing that I gave thee no leave to take a messenger?"

"Therein the fault was mine," Namarah said, "if fault there be—for, were it not the will of God, naught that was done or is to be were possible—seeing that I gave unto Adina one of my carrier birds, to send me word of thy triumph and return, and the bird, in truth, brought me the tidings this morning. Seest thou not then therefore, oh, my father, that this thing that is befallen us was to be?"

Then Jephthah bowed his head upon his hands and uttered a mighty groan.

"How sayst thou, my daughter, that we shall be delivered? Knowest thou not that according to my vow thou must be offered a burnt sacrifice?"

As he spake these awful words, the maiden's face grew whiter still, though the courage of her eyes faltered not, and through all the body of the young man Adina there ran a great shiver that again made to shake his armor that it rattled and sounded, seeing which, Namarah rose and ran to him, fearing lest he might even fall to the ground, so greatly he tottered and trembled. Taking him by the hand, she led him to a place beside her father and gently pressed him to a seat, while she herself sank back upon her knees before them, holding a hand of each, and as she lifted up her head and looked at them, it seemed unto the father and the lover both that her face was as the face of an angel.

"Hearken to me, O thou to whom my soul best loveth," said Namarah, "for there is a voice within me that seemeth to me to speak, and that most dread and sacred voice saith to me what it shall comfort thee to hear. 'I will deliver thee,' the voice crieth continually, and shall we not believe this Heavenly voice? Let us, therefore, be comforted, and take courage and pray continually for deliverance from the terror wherewith we are affrighted. For what is it that thy soul feareth O Adina, and O Jephthah my father? Is it not even the thought of parting?"

As Namarah spake these words, the spirits of the men who listened to her grew suddenly more calm, and the faith and courage with which her own heart was animated seemed to be in some sense imparted to them, so that Jephthah turned unto Adina, and spake unto him in these words:

"Let not thy soul within thee hate me, O Adina, for my heart is sad even unto death. Forgive me the harm that I have done unto thee through ignorance, and let it be with us both even according unto the words that this maiden hath spoken, and let us take comfort and have hope. Let us together pray continually for the deliverance that she feeleth to be in store for us."

And Adina answered, and said:

"It shall be as thou sayest, O Jephthah, and the God of power hear our prayers."

Then Jephthah caused him that he knelt in front of him, at the side of the maiden Namarah, and as they rested so, Jephthah lifted up his hands, and blessed them. And as their heads were bowed together, the short golden curls of the man beside the long dark tresses of the maiden, Jephthah rose, and softly left them; and when they lifted up their heads, behold they were alone.

(To be continued.)

JOSEPHINE LIVED FOR DRESS.

Her Love of Adornment and Extravagance in Gratifying It.

The love of the Empress Josephine for dress, and her extravagance in gratifying it, are matters of history. Her annual allowance of 600,000 francs was not sufficient to pay for the gratification of her vanity, and year after year her debts increased in the most alarming fashion. Dress with her was the absorbing object and interest in life, and she was unwearied in her efforts to preserve and enhance her beauty. Three times a day she changed her linen, and she never wore stockings that were not absolutely new. Huge baskets were brought to her every morning containing a selection of gowns, shawls and hats, and from these she chose what she would wear during the day. She possessed between 300 and 400 shawls, one of which she wore in the morning, draped about her beautiful shoulders with wonderful grace. Her evening toilet was as careful as that of the morning; then her hair was adorned with flowers, pearls or precious stones. The smallest assembly was always the occasion for buying a new costume, and that in spite of having almost incredible stores of dresses at the various palaces. For shawls the empress had such a penchant that she bought all that were brought to her, utterly regardless of the cost. The emperor, exasperated at his wife's extravagance, often became angry and rated her soundly, with the result that she wept and promised amendment, and then went on just as before. Her love of dress never wore itself out, and she died decked out in ribbons and a robe of pale rose-colored satin.

Misunderstood Patriotism.

Prof. Alfred B. Adams of New York was a soldier in the civil war, and took part in the Red river campaign under Maj. Gen. Banks. "At one place," he said recently to one of his classes, "we surprised a southern garrison and took many southern prisoners. They were guarding a mountain of cotton bales which were intended for shipment to Europe on account of the southern government. Gen. Banks promptly confiscated the cotton and transferred it to his flotilla. Each bale was stencilled 'C. S. A.,' and over this the northern soldiers with marking brushes wrote in huge characters, 'U. S. A.' I was on guard at the time, and one of my prisoners, a handsome, bright-eyed young southern officer, said, 'Yank, what's that writing there?' I looked proudly at him as I replied: 'The United States of America over the Confederate States of America. Can't you read—U. S. A. over C. S. A.?' He looked at me quizzically. 'Thank you,' he said. 'Do you know, I thought it was United States of America Cotton Stealing association' The next question he put to me I didn't answer."—Philadelphia Post.

Church's Most Pressing Need.

Mrs. De Silke—"I wish to give a memorial of some kind to the church, in memory of a relative. What would you suggest?" Struggling Pastor—"A—er—an appropriately decorated—er—new church furnace, madam, and a—a few tons of coal."

Dentistry Among the Ancients.

The manufacture and use of false teeth is undoubtedly a practice of great antiquity. The ancient Egyptians were no mean dentists. Jawbones of mummies have been found with false teeth in them, and also with teeth filled with gold.

Off the Old Block.

"James, you ought to control little Jim better." "Mother, we can't; he's too much like you."—Indianapolis Journal.

World's Longest River.

The Nile is the longest river in the world, 4,300 miles. The Niger is 2,500 miles and the Zambesi 1,600 miles.

Seasoned conversationalists are careful not to put too much spice in their remarks.

MERCERIZED COTTON.

WHAT IT IS, HOW IT IS MADE, WHAT IT DOES.

An Englishman Discovered the Process but Didn't Develop the Wrinkle That Made It Useful—Silk Produced Out of Cotton.

A boy sat before the fire and watched his mother's kettle boil. The lid quivered, rose a little, and the boy gave steam motor to the world. John Mercer, an English dyer, filtered caustic soda through a square of cotton cloth. Thence a new verb—to mercerize—in the language, a new fabric on the market, and a new business, engaging millions of capital, to cheer the unemployed.

The story of the boy, John Watt, is old, but Mercer's story is new and interesting. Mercerized cotton, either cotton yarn or cotton cloth, resembles silk absolutely. It has the luster of silk; it will take on, like silk, the richest and most brilliant dyes, and it has the unmistakable, soft-harsh, nestling feel which nothing but silk ever had. Also cotton under this process, does not weaken, as might have been feared, but it acquires strength. A skein of cotton yarn in the natural state that will carry thirteen ounces without breaking, will carry, after mercerizing, nineteen ounces. And if you take three coats, and line the first with a plain cotton lining, the second with mercerized cotton and the third with silk, the cotton and the silk will wear out about together, but the mercerized lining will outlast them two or three times over. Mercerized cotton is used in linings, in underwear, in spindle banding, in stockings, in dress goods, in negligee shirts. There is a profit in mercerizing of from 100 to 200 per cent. In the last year or two many public dyers have added mercerizing machines to their plants, and a good number of mercerizing mills have been established.

Mercerizing began as far back as 1846 in the English town of Accrington, where John Mercer, manager for the firm of Hargreaves, filtered caustic soda through cotton cloth. Mercer, by accident, kept this cloth by him, happened to test its strength, happened to splash it with a dye. He found that it was about twice as strong and about twice as susceptible to dye liquor as it had been before. He refused for his secret an offer of $200,000 from a French firm. He had the idea of an immense syndicate, with himself at the head, rolling up millions of profits per annum.

Then it was found that cotton shrunk in the mercerizing. A yard of cloth would save in dyestuffs and in raw stock, say five cents to its manufacturers, but it would come out of the mercerizing bath only three-quarters of a yard of cloth. Against the profit of five cents a loss through shrinkage of about ten cents would have to be set. That is why Mercer never formed his syndicate, why mercerizing was of no commercial importance until latterly.

For the remaining twenty years of his life the man toiled ineffectually on, and he died disheartened. But his name lives. That is because somewhere around 1890, Horace Lowe, in England, and Thomas and Provost, in Germany, began to try to see if it might not be possible to mercerize a cotton thread and to prevent the thread from shrinking in the process. They more than succeeded. They tied the ends of their cotton thread to sticks and then mercerized them. The sticks did not break, the threads did not even show signs of shrinkage. So easy was it to do what Mercer had been failing at for years and years.

But, more than this, they found that cotton mercerized under tension came out glossy, soft and rustling. To their amazement they found that they had transformed cotton into silk. The explanation of the luster that cotton, being mercerized, takes on, is simple. The soda and the tension together change the nature of the cotton fibre. The natural fibre is flat, shriveled; the mercerized fibre fills out, becomes round and smooth. And just as a flat, dried raisin has no luster, whereas the full, ripe grape catches and throws back the light, so there is no luster to the flat fibre of the natural cotton, but on the mercerized sort the light shines and is reflected just as on the grape.

COLD FIGHTING IN THE CRIMEA

British Soldiers Were Clad in Furs During the Terrible Winter.

Remembering the bitter blasts which so recently swept over the city Chicagoans will realize how valuable to British soldiers were the fur garments provided for them during the terrible winter weather of the Crimea during the war with Russia. The coats of the officers were made of a fine brown fur, cut in the well-known military shape of the time. The coats and cloaks for the men were not of so fine a quality, but were, nevertheless, of a good substantial make, and were, furthermore, supplied with water-proof shoulder covering. Both officers and men alike wore very strong overalls of cowhide, and it is on record that one London firm alone secured a contract to supply 50,000 suits of this material for the men and 100,000 more for officers. A noted London furrier made no fewer than 50,000 pairs of large fur gloves to complete a single order. Those regiments that did not wear bearskins, as did the guards, were supplied with a sealskin head dress, an exact copy of that worn by Arctic explorers. This cap was pronounced to be both warm and easy to wear and was a boon to many poor fellows who otherwise must have suffered terribly from frost bite. Whatever may have been the mistakes of the Crimean-British war there was no stinginess on the part of the government in providing the soldiers with warm clothing, as is evidenced by the fact that one cosignment of stores included 250,000 pairs of gloves, 200,000 pairs of lambs wool stockings, some 50,000 flannel gowns for the hospitals and 60,000 greatcoats for wear over the others.—Chicago Chronicle.

Men and women agree oftener in love than in money matters.

BLUFF OF LAND.

That Has Been Sliding Toward the Missouris for Twenty Years.

Atchison (Kan.) Cor. Chicago Record: A mile south of this town the entire side of a bluff is sliding into the Missouri River. The avalanche is a quarter of a mile long, and at its base is the most expensive piece of railroad track on the Missouri Pacific system. There is probably not another quarter of a mile of track in the United States which it cost more to maintain. The odd thing about this monster landslide is that it has been slipping down for 20 years, and unless it takes an unexpected plunge will probably be slipping down for the next 20 years, and possibly 50 or 100. The avalanche is moving more or less at all times, but not enough to require watching by the Missouri Pacific except about two months in the spring. During the winter the moisture is held in the ground, and when the first thaws and the spring rains come the great mass of earth begins slipping. Sometimes it comes down a foot in 24 hours, and once in a while it slides six feet. The Missouri Pacific then puts a force of from 20 to 50 men at work pulling the track back to its proper place and keeping it level. A man is employed to watch the track at night and see that it does not get so far out of line as to topple a train over into the river. Orders are issued to engineers to go slow over the bad track, for the jar of a train might cause an unprecedented move. The current of the Missouri River is always very swift in the spring, and it wears away the earth as it slides in, and it appears a few miles below in the form of an island. The bluff is one of the highest of the very high bluffs along the Kansas side of the Missouri River from Kansas City to the Nebraska line. Lying under about 15 feet of earth there are one or more strata of rock aggregating from 20 to 40 feet in thickness. There seems to have been a perpendicular split down through this rock dividing the bluff almost half in two, and extending a quarter of a mile north and south. The side which lay on the river, or east side, slid because there was nothing to hold it, while the opposite, or west side, was up against another bluff. Thus the east side began gradually to sink into the river and has laid bare a wall 30 or more feet high in places. Here and there enormous bowlders, which hung for a long time undecided with which side to identify themselves, finally lost their balance and crashed down, dashing themselves to pieces below. It costs the Missouri Pacific several thousand dollars and causes a great deal of anxiety every spring, but there is no way of avoiding it.

A DOCTOR PRAISES TEA.

Declares It Is Refreshing When Taken in the Evening.

"Nature is, after all, to be depended upon pretty thoroughly," says a physician who has made a study of the effects of tea on the system. "For example, it is the exceptional person who craves tea at breakfast, a time of the day at which it is least needed and is frequently most injurious. Tea with dinner, too, is not to be recommended, because even if perfectly made there is sure to be a little tannic acid in its composition, and the stomach, in attempting the digestion of a heavy meal, is much better without this principle. About 5 o'clock, however, the hour that fashion and custom agree in providing tea, is an hour that is also proper and favorable to the system. The supply of energy with which the day was begun is about exhausted, and a cup of well-made tea is often a refreshment and tonic that is both acceptable and desirable." In England it is not only in the households, both modest and elaborate, that 5 o'clock tea is served, but in business places as well, says the New York Post. In some, at least, of the newspaper and periodical offices, everybody, including the office boys, may have his cup of tea in the afternoon. One wonders how the experiment would succeed of a tea-room in lower New York for the revival of the weary crowd that every evening sets its face homeward, many of its members often unequal to the scrambling and jostling necessary to secure even standing room in our public conveyances.—Rehoboth Sunday Herald.

Awful Railroad Fatalities.

More persons are killed and wounded each year in railway accidents in the United States than on either side in the terrific three-day battle of Gettysburg. Looked at in this light, the yearly casualties on the railroads are appalling. According to the latest report of the interstate-commerce commission, those killed in railway accidents in one year numbered 6,859, and the injured 40,882. Of the dead, 1,958 were employes of the railroads, and 31,761 of the injured. In coupling and uncoupling cars 279 employes were killed and 6,988 hurt. Two hundred and twenty-one passengers were killed and 2,945 hurt. It can easily be seen that the combined number of fatal accidents to employes and passengers does not make up the total for the year. There is still left, of persons other than these two classes, 4,680 dead. Of these, 4,063 are classed as trespassers—that is to say, they belong to the vast army of hoboes who steal rides on brake beams and trucks, or on the tops of freight cars.

Indians Gave Us the Blue Fox Fur.

Most of the furs worn by New York belles come from Unga Island, Alaska, the great center for sea otter and fox skins. The Indians there have caught seventeen sea otter this year—to the unknowing one a small quantity, yet enough to carry the entire village of 250 persons through the winter. For the skins they receive $700 each. Blue fox is another popular fur sent south by our Alaskan brothers. The Shumagin group originally was planted with black fox by the Russian-American Fur company to augment the scant supply left. Later the United States leased the islands to different traders and the Aleut chiefs, who stocked the islands with blue foxes. The crossing of the two varieties has resulted in the fine fur so popular for the past two or three years.

Few persons have sufficient wisdom to prefer censure which is useful to praise which deceives them.

PRESERVE FORESTS.

URGENT NEED OF STOPPAGE OF WASTE.

The Greed of the Present Generation of Capitalists May Leave the People of the Future Without Necessaries Even at Any Price.

Popular disinterestedness in the fate of our forests is due to popular ignorance. Unless our supply of all kinds of wood is kept up, every man, woman and child must help pay the penalty in the near future. We read about multitudes of people in Europe that have to be satisfied with meat once a week, because they have not a bountiful supply at hand. Meat is scarce there, and consequently high, so high as to be beyond the reach of some. The people find it easy to obtain anything of which there is an abundant supply. It is for the interest of all of us therefore that the supply of wood in every form be kept as abundant as at the present time, that the things that are made of wood be not advanced so far in price that the masses will have to be content with a very small supply of the things that are made from wood. A critical scarcity of timber will mean a frightful advance in the price of nearly all our utensils. Building operations in Chicago last year were the smallest in volume for ten years due to the advancement in the cost of material. Thousands of artisans were reduced to straitened circumstances and would have been rendered destitute were it not for increased activity in other lines that made it possible for them to get work outside of their trades. What will be the effect on the building trades when cost of lumber is many times what it is now? Millions of buildings have roofs that need shingling this year and new millions will need shingling next year and the year after that and so on into the distant future. When shingles cost several times their present price the owners of the buildings will find these annual repairs a heavy tax. Substitutes for wood, such as slate, will be more costly than at the present time, because their great rival—wood—will have been taken out of competition with them, and they will occupy the whole field. Every carriage will be costly on account of the wood in it. Our agricultural implements will feel the effect of the scarcity and every piece of wood in the reaper or mower will cost good hard money far in excess of the cost today. Let every man ponder the fact that he himself will be affected in a thousand ways. He will be taxed extra for about everything he uses. What objects? The chairs he buys for his home, the tables for his sitting and dining rooms, the book cases that hold his library, the picture frames that hang on his walls, the boxes that contain his goods in transport, the barrels that hold his fruit, the coffin that contains his dead. He will be charged more to ride in the palace cars made of wood and running on rails laid on wooden sleepers; more for journeying in the steamboat, which must still be largely made of wood and furnished by the same. His leather will cost more because tanning bark will be high, and even tar, pitch and turpentine will be luxuries because of the disappearance of the pitch pine forests. The price of telegraph poles will raise the toll for telegrams, and his newspaper will cost more because of the price of wood pulp. A man needs only to look around him to see how seriously a decreased lumber supply must affect our prosperity. The result must be an immense falling off in the sales of hundreds of manufactured articles into which wood enters largely. The secondary effect must be the laying off of multitudes of artisans that are now engaged in making those articles.

The enhanced prices will help no one but the few that control the limited forest supply, or those foreign countries that can sell us some of their trees. It is full time that we, as a nation, were looking after our own interests in the shape of our menaced forest supplies.

NATIVITY PLAYS.

They Existed Before the Time of St. Francis.

Nativity interludes and plays existed before the time of St. Francis; the first extant regular drama performed at Christmas belongs to the precious manuscript of the Abbey of Saint-Benoit-sur-Loire, and it is one of the earliest specimens of a modern drama (as distinguished from mere dialogues) which we possess, says the Contemporary Review. Hrotswitha's imitations of Terence alone preceded it. The Saint-Benoit play is called "Herode." The shepherds (rather neglected in earlier art and literature) now make their formal appearance and describe how they have found the Babe lying between two dumb animals. The three kings follow with their offerings, which they present almost in the words of the Greek Christian poet Synesius: "O king, take this gold. Gold is the symbol of kings. Take the myrrh. Myrrh is the symbol of tombs. Take the incense, for Thou art truly God." The Infant Jesus is brought out to them, not by the virgin, but by two nurses; the non-appearance of the Madonna is perhaps to be attributed to a scruple, soon to disappear, as to showing her in the first moments of her motherhood.

Got Ahead of Queen Victoria.

Queen Christina of Spain has conferred the Golden Fleece on the German crown prince, and has deputed the Duke of Veragua, who attended the World's Fair as the representative of Columbus, to convey the order to Berlin. Queen Victoria, who intends to give the crown prince the order of the Garter on his 18th birthday in May next, is said to be much annoyed, as she wished the Garter to be the first great foreign order bestowed on her great-grandson.

Justifiable.

She—"His arguments seem to have considerable weight." He—"Of course they have. He tips the scales at 200 pounds."—Exchange.

LION CUBS ARE CHEAP.

So Easily Bred in Captivity, They Are a Drug in the Animal Market.

The importation of lions has almost ceased, because it is cheaper and easier to breed them in captivity. Formerly an importer of fine lions could calculate upon getting $5,000 for a good specimen, but today young lions bred in captivity are almost a drug on the market. The only demand for imported lions is to keep up the stock of the breeding ones, or for very large, powerful creatures, for it is noticeable that the tendency in the cage breeding is for the animals to degenerate in size and ferocity. Tigers do not take kindly to cage life as the lions, and they do not breed so satisfactorily in captivity, and considerable numbers are imported every year. Elephants do not breed well in captivity, not more than two or three ever having been bred in this country; but the importations of these animals are so large that the prices obtained for them have dropped from $10,000 to from $1,500 to $2,500 each. Numerous as monkeys are in this country, they are not bred here, as they do not breed well in captivity. They are so easily obtained in the country south of us, however, that prices obtained for them are merely nominal, and there is little danger of their immediate extermination. In their native countries they multiply so rapidly that the supply always keeps well up to the demand. Among the highest priced animals of today are the rhinoceroses. They are quite scarce, and they do not breed in captivity. There are probably not more than half a dozen in number in this country; all were bought years ago at good round sums. Thus, the full-grown and in Central Park cost the department $7,000, and a similar sum was paid for the fine African specimen in the Philadelphia zoo. The hippopotamus is another extremely rare and expensive creature and sales of these African products are so few that it is difficult to quote a price for them. The hippopotamus born in Central Park is the only instance of these animals breeding in this country.—Scientific American.

INDIVIDUALITY OF TASTE.

French Women Will Not Dress Alike—Americans' Mistake.

French women religiously cultivate individuality. You can pass an entire afternoon on the promenade in Paris and not see two women gowned exactly alike. No matter what is la mode, the artistic Parisian adapts the styles she selects to her individual taste and type, rather than copies them. It is claimed that American women are less self-assertive in this respect, says L'Art de la Mode, but the possibilities and innumerable opportunities presented this season have afforded her great scope and the effect in the way of greatly improved gowning has been everywhere apparent. Decoration has much to do with the most desirable result and if a graceful drapery effect is found becoming, as it always is to women of tall, slender figure, this may easily be accomplished by a certain adjustment of trimming. On the other hand, if severe lines only are suitable, fashion presents any number of perfect styles favoring these effects. Even embonpoint is rendered less marked by the deft application of flat, perpendicular or ingeniously curved and graduated decorations. It is a mistake to assume that absolute plainness in dress renders unduly large proportions less noticeable. The subtle adjustment of prevailing styles must be carefully studied if an ensembly above reproach is to be produced.

Where Woolf Learned Poverty.

Michael Angelo Woolf, whose black and white sketches of street waifs endowed with most of the ambitions of more favored children have given him a lasting place in the hearts of the people, knew what it was to be poor himself. For many years he was an actor. Once his company was stranded as far away from civilization as they could possibly get. Weeks afterwards Mr. Woolf walked into New York an artistic wreck. He was seedy, polished with wear, but clean. He was unshaven and wore no shirt. His boots consisted entirely of soles held to his feet by fragments of uppers, and his toes were painted black so that from a distance he looked like a man with the gout to whom his shoemaker had been uncommonly kind. It appeared that Woolf was the only man in the company who had received his salary in full. He had spent every cent of it in paying the railroad fares home of the women of the company, and had walked back every step of the way.

A Big Map.

At the Paris exposition the city of New York will make an exhibit calculated to enlighten as well as interest those who visit it. It is to be a great relief map of New York, fifty feet square, prepared under the direction of the city engineer. It is expected to cost $10,000. The new library building on Fifth avenue, Gen. Grant's tomb, and the statue of Liberty will be shown, as will sectional models of some of the greatest structures and "sky-scrapers" in the city, together with models of the best sailing and steam yachts. The commission also hopes to secure models of a typical ferry-boat, a fireboat, and the best river steamers.

Did Not Want to Be the Emperor.

At the time when the war with Spain had been brought to a successful close a number of statesmen were discussing the future of the country over their cigars in Washington. At last one enthusiast exclaimed, addressing himself to the most prominent member of the group: "In my opinion we are drifting toward imperialism and you, sir, should be the first emperor." "Not if I know it," drawled the great man: "I am not fool enough to want to be the first emperor of a nation of such good shots."

Feminine Superiority.

"Leonidas," said Mrs. Meekton, sharply, "whom do you regard as the greatest general in history?" But he was not to be caught napping. Without a moment's hesitation he answered: "Joan of Arc."