

Last November the United States bought \$91,412 worth of Mexican oranges, the shipments for that month being nearly as heavy as for the entire year 1898.

Count Boni Castellane's reiterated expressions as to the generosity and hospitality of the United States indicate that he held New York up for more than is generally suspected.

Similar natural advantages to those offered in California for homes can be found in many parts of Mexico, together with the far-reaching argument that an American dollar goes as far as two of Mexico. For all expenses connected with housekeeping, says Modern Mexico, and all the little incidents in the rural districts this will be found true.

The Samoan treaty was ratified by the senate with scarcely any opposition—with none, in fact, which involved principle. So this country has become possessed of one large island and several small ones, five thousand or more miles distant from the continent of North America, the very names of which few of us know how to pronounce. It shows what an excursion into the world we have made in the last three years.

The famous Ross case, by which the Supreme court of the United States held that a conductor of a freight train is a vice-principal of the railroad company in his relation to other trainmen, is overruled in the recent case of New England Railroad company vs. Conroy, Advance Sheets U. S. p. 85, which holds that the conductor is a fellow-servant of the engineer and brakeman, unless special and unusual powers have been conferred upon him.

Moody's death brings to mind the fact that he and his collaborator, Mr. Sankey, exerted the most beneficial influence upon the organ trade for many years. When they were at the height of their success people all wished to be able to sing their hymns at home, and an organ seemed to produce the best effect, so that their tour was always sure to be followed by substantial orders for small organs suitable for the household. Thousands were sold in consequence.

The American workman is declared to be more alert in action and quicker in perception than his foreign competitor. The writer asserts, as a "well-known fact," that in a given amount of work to be accomplished in a given time, by an equal number of foreign and American workmen, with equal appliances and facilities, the American will excel his foreign rival in the proportion of almost two to one. Qualities so essential in the struggle for mercantile supremacy should not be overlooked, he thinks, in estimating the causes which are contributory to this result.

Col. Count Georges de Villebois Mareuil is the brains of the Boer army. He recently received the thanks of the Transvaal government, in its official paper, for the victory at Colenso. The count, who is Gen. Joubert's chief of staff, served in the French army, through the Franco-Prussian war, rising to the command of a regiment in the foreign legion, and was afterward with the French forces in Tunis, Tonquin and the western Sudan. Two years ago he threw up his commission because he was not promoted to the rank of general. From Dr. Leyds he procured the rank of lieutenant general in the Boer army. He had said that the Boer country "offered every advantage for a campaign of surprises and a war of ambushes."

A Yukon mail-carrier writes to the general superintendent at San Francisco, telling how he has had to sacrifice "celerity," one of the requirements of the "star" postal service, to "safety" in some recent experiences. On his arrival from the trip up Forty-Mile river, he found the Yukon jammed with huge cakes of ice, which it was unsafe to cross because of the great holes through which a man or mail-pouch might easily fall. Whenever any mail has gone to the bottom in an ice-jam, he says, every man thereabouts feels certain that at least a dozen of his letters were in that particular pouch. So this carrier waited a favorable opportunity, which came on Nov. 6, when his party started forth at daylight. They made ten miles before sundown, having two sleds loaded with 300 pounds each drawn by dogs. The ice was piled so high in some places that they had to chop a passage through it rather than attempt to go over. These are some of the difficulties that Uncle Sam's servants in the postal service have to surmount.

Although charges of wanton cruelty have been made by Boer against Briton and by Briton against Boer, the contest thus far has been marked by chivalrous humanity on both sides when the fury of battle has left its stricken victims to be secured by their foes. In Boer operating camps and hospitals, as in the British, no discrimination was shown between friend and foe. Common suffering has appealed to common humanity, enmities have been forgotten, and the same pitying kindness and tender care extended to one as to the other.

# 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 casement, 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 to 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 never lose 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 sentest here this morning?" Whereat she laughed, softly and blushed 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 walk 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 thus. 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 will 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 mayst test it

some day. When next thou goest on a journey, thou mayst 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, 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 mayst 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 spoke, 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 forth 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 into 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, 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 sleepeth 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 galsay 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:  
"Will it be that thou takeest 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 on the eve of his 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 cooing of the doves in their house close by. But, after long waiting, there mingled with this the tread of approaching footsteps. The folds of her white gown trembled on her breast, as if 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 heardest my prayer, and hast let me speak to thee, before I go to battle. Hast thou no thought, Namarah, of the words I have come to speak?"

The doves cooed and gabbed 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.)

## Master of the Steam.

There is one thing for which an engineer is noted. This is the absolute obedience of orders. He is brought up on that from the time he starts to firing till he becomes a graduate and takes charge of an engine. Then he becomes the instructor of others, and, of course, never loses the main point. There is a story told illustrative of this. Two men were applicants for positions on one of the railroads in Boston not long ago. They both wanted to be engineers, and there was but one place vacant. The superintendent before whom they appeared asked one a question, which ran after this fashion: "Suppose you were on a siding with orders for a train to pass. A message would go over the wire that the oncoming train for which you were waiting was two hours late. What would you do?" The first one was asked the question, and he pulled his hat down over his face and said: "I dunno. That is the conductor's job, not mine." The superintendent said he might leave his address, and if he needed him they would drop him a line. The second man was standing at a respectful distance, with his cap in his hand, and was asked the same question. "I tell you, sir," he said, "if the orders looked all right, and I thought the signature was good and all that, I would stand on that siding forever." "I guess you had better report to the roundhouse for duty," said the superintendent.—Boston Journal.

## In the Tunnel.

A young governess, going on a long journey, was recommended, among other means of precaution when passing through a tunnel, always to put her hand in the pocket in which she kept her money, so that it might not be stolen. She acted upon the advice, and on coming to a tunnel put her hand in her pocket, but was startled on finding it already occupied by another. She grasped the intrusive hand and held it firmly until the train emerged into daylight, when the gentleman sitting next to her explained, with a smile, that both hands were in his pocket.—Weekly Telegraph.

# NEWS OF THE STATE

## Ordinary and Extraordinary Happenings.

### THE PAST SEVEN DAYS IN DETAIL.

Brief Summary of State Doings—State, County and Municipal News of Importance to Our Busy Readers—Big Items Bolled Down.

At Beatrice Mrs. Nancy J. Cruncleton slipped and fell as she stepped on the icy porch at her home, sustaining a broken collar bone. Lynus Knight fell and was badly hurt.

At Chadron, Neb., the jury declared George Coll guilty of murder in the second degree in the killing of Mike Ryan. Clemency was recommended. A new trial will be asked for.

A. L. Turner, who has been janitor at St. Patrick's parochial school, Fourteenth and Castelar streets, Omaha, for about a month, fell dead Thursday evening just as he had finished his work for the day. He was discovered by one of the boys who had returned to the school to get his books. Death was due to heart failure.

I. Griffith, a recent investor in sheep in Dawes county, Neb., has suffered the loss of nearly three hundred of his flock within as many weeks. They first packed up in a shed and smothered nearly two hundred to death. The next day they stampeded in a storm and a hundred were killed by coyotes. He is a new man in the business and the only man reported having lost sheep in that section.

Dr. S. A. Sammons was hastily called to the home of H. J. Lammers at West Point, Neb., to ascertain the cause of the serious illness of the family. It was found to be case of poisoning. Dr. Sammons called medical assistance and the two doctors quickly got to work with stomach pumps and were kept busy the greater part of the night. When Mr. Lammers was able to be questioned it was found that the family had eaten brick cheese, which is supposed to be the cause of the poisoning. The cheese was purchased from one of the local merchants. The family is now thought to be out of danger.

For some time Chadron citizens have had under consideration the establishment of sales yards at that place. The project is now sufficiently matured to indicate that the yards will be built within the next few days. The plan, under the management of W. R. Johnston and William McGannon, is to establish permanent yards for the selling of all kinds of young stock, but principally stock cattle, to accommodate stockmen of the adjacent country. While this will be an advantage to those having large herds, it will be especially beneficial to the owners of small herds for the reason that such parties can purchase just the number their means will permit or the circumstances warrant.

Erick Shortmont, a pioneer of Stromsburg, Neb., was stricken with paralysis and is in a dangerous condition with little hope of recovery.

Lieutenant E. F. Koehler of the Ninth infantry, killed near Tarlac recently, was a brother of B. Koehler of Geneva, Neb., and A. Koehler, who was buried there ten days ago.

Jack McChrystal, charged with the murder of John E. Robson, was arraigned in police court at Sioux City, Ia., but took a change of venue to a justice court. McChrystal stoutly maintains that he is innocent.

The State bank building at Indianola, Neb., was completely destroyed by fire. The loss of the bank is fully covered by insurance, and it will be rebuilt immediately. The loss will not interfere with the business of the bank. The fire started in the Reporter office in the bank building. The bank and fixtures are nearly a total loss. Dr. McKeel's loss is \$600, insurance \$200; Reporter's loss, \$800, insurance \$500; S. R. Smith, \$600, no insurance.

At Broken Bow Ed Landsigan of Alliance, brakeman on the second division of No. 45, had his right arm badly mashed while attempting to adjust a coupling. The train had just started out when he noticed the pin was nearly out. He motioned the engineer to slack, thinking he could readjust the pin without stopping the train. Just as he passed between the cars the bumpers caught his arm, mashing the flesh, but fortunately missing the bone.

As a result of jealousy Frank Steele of 419 Walnut street shot his wife and killed himself at the home of Rev. A. F. Nelson at 2839 Cass street, Omaha, Neb. Steele fired six shots, four of which took effect, two in the body of his wife and two in his own body. Mrs. Steele was taken to the Clarkson hospital and the body of Steele was removed to the coroner's office, where it was found that he had shot himself in the center of the forehead and just below the heart. The course of the bullets in his wife's body have not yet been traced.

A dispatch from Omaha says: After a hard fought battle Frank E. Moores has been elected mayor of Omaha by a handsome majority. Moores carried eight out of the nine wards in the city by a majority ranging from eight in the Second to 589 in the Third. The Seventh gave thirty-nine majority for Poppleton, making Moores' majority in the city 1,069. At 2 o'clock Wednesday morning complete figures on the balance of the ticket are not obtainable, but the entire republican ticket is probably elected. The republicans have elected seven of the nine councilmen sure, and possibly the entire nine.

In the district court at Auburn, Neb., Judge Stull passed sentence upon Geo. H. Ray who was tried at this term for the killing of Frank Cheesman at Brownville, during the month of November, 1898. Counsel for plaintiff and defendant mutually agreed that the defendant might plead guilty to the charge of manslaughter, which he did. The court passed the sentence, giving Ray ten years in the penitentiary at hard labor. The result of the trial gives general satisfaction.

James Koutnik, a farmer aged thirty-two years, committed suicide by taking strychnine while in Lincoln, Neb. Motive is unknown.

At Kearney, Judge Sullivan has refused to grant a continuance in the case against Frank L. Dinsmore, who is charged with the murder of a neighbor.

The county supervisors of Platte county in session at Columbus have directed the county attorney to proceed without unnecessary delay against the bondsmen of Ex-Treasurer J. U. Lynch for a balance of about \$13,000 in his shortage in settlement with the county. Lynch was treasurer prior to January 1, 1896, and his original shortage was \$30,000, over half of which he managed to make good.

M. Inhelder's hardware store and Herman Miller's saloon at Pierce, Neb., were broken into by burglars and about \$500 in all was secured. No clue.

John Galbraith has been arrested at Red Cloud, Neb., charged with stealing \$155 from Amos Gust, with whom he had been sleeping. Seven hundred dollars, which was in another compartment of Gust's pocket was not taken.

News from what is considered a reliable source, reaches Sioux City, Ia., that Archbishop John Keane is to be Archbishop Hennessey's successor. It is said the archbishops of the country and the arch diocese have unanimously agreed to send his name to Rome. It is further stated that there are to be two new Catholic sees in Iowa, with Sioux City and Des Moines as see cities.

The domestic difficulties of Warren Coon and his wife, of Ashland, culminated in a shooting affray, in which he fired three shots at his wife. Coon is a blacksmith, who has lived for several years in Ashland. He has a wife and two sons, one of them a young man away from home. For some months there has been domestic discord, with claims on the part of Mrs. Coon that he was unfaithful to her. The climax was reached a month or more ago when Mrs. Coon filed a suit for divorce. A few days ago she returned from Omaha, where she had been staying, and took possession of the home. Mr. Coon has been acting in a strange and flighty manner, and it is charged has been drinking a good deal. This afternoon he watched for his wife, and fired three shots at her, but failed to hit her. He was disarmed, arrested and bound over.

## ROAD IS LEFT OPEN

Nothing to Stop British From Entering Bloemfontein.

A Poplar Grove, Orange Free State, March 9 dispatch says: General French who is ten miles ahead, reports that his front is clear of the Boers. All other reports tend to confirm the state of disorganization of the Boer forces, Transvaal as well as Free State. The general impression is that the further progress of the British to Bloemfontein will not be opposed. A great amount of ammunition was destroyed today. This included several boxes of explosive bullets, on the outside of which the Boers had marked "Manufactured for the British government."

## Cuts Husband's Throat.

At Joliet, Ill., Mrs. John Gallagher, fifty years old, while in a fit of temporary insanity arose from her bed, procured a razor and returning to the bedroom, cut her husband's throat from ear to ear. He died before the police arrived on the scene. The demented woman is now in jail. Two small children were sleeping in an adjoining room, but were not molested.

## Chicago Church Burned.

The second Presbyterian church, at the corner of Twentieth street and Michigan avenue, Chicago, was completely destroyed by fire, causing a loss of \$200,000. A reception was being given in the church parlors by the young people's Christian endeavor society. Sixty guests were present, but all escaped without injury.

## Murdered by a Relative.

Christ Bauer was murdered by Ernest Meyer, his brother-in-law, thirty miles east of Sioux City. Both men are farmers. Bauer met death in defending his mother, with whom Meyer had picked a quarrel. Meyer had been drinking.

## Texas Hanged for Murder.

At Beaumont, Tex., Anthony Hopkins was hanged for the murder of his wife, in the presence of 5,000 people, who took up a collection of \$100 for his mother and sent it with his remains to her in Waco.

Frank L. Dinsmore was taken to Lexington from Kearney. He will be held there while his attorneys argue a motion for a continuance, after which he will be returned to Kearney.

Maurice Baumgarten, who has been a resident of Nebraska City for many years, has received from Denmark the news of the death of his mother. By her death Mr. Baumgarten and a sister, who are the only heirs, come into possession of between \$25,000 and \$30,000 each. As soon as he can make arrangements he will, with his family, go to his old home, and it is thought will reside there in the future.