

# Jephthah's Daughter:

A Story of Patriarchal Times.

By JULIA MAGRUDER...

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## CHAPTER I.

Jephthah, the Gileadite, had only one child, a young maiden named Namarah, and beside her, he had neither son nor daughter. Now, Jephthah was a mighty man of valor, and his name was feared exceedingly, albeit he had a heart most kind and tender, and the chief treasure of his heart was even the maiden Namarah; for he had been father and mother and all in all to the young child, whose other parent had died, and left her to the great soldier, as the sole fruit of a happy wedded love, too early cut off by death.

As the child grew into girlhood, it was known to her, by comparing her father to the other men she saw, that he was not as they; a gloom was ever on his face, except when his eyes were upon her, and then, indeed, he would look glad and smile. Namarah always felt that it was the early death of her young mother that made her father's face look sad, even (when aglow with pride she would look at him all in glittering armor) as he rode his magnificent war horse at the head of his host. For this, her heart was very tender to him, and she strove the more to make up to him by the sweet service of her love for what he had lost. As she grew older, and stories of the sin and folly of the world were told her, there was known to her a deeper reason yet for her father's melancholy. The stern grief of childhood had preceded the grief of age, and, though she only gained her knowledge by putting many small hints and observations together, she learned that this gentle father had been himself a neglected and abused son, whose mother he had never known, and whose father and brethren had treated him with cruelty and injustice. As his father's younger sons grew up, they hated Jephthah because he was stronger and of a nobler presence than themselves, and they thrust him out of their father's house, that they and their mother might be no more offended at the sight of him. So Jephthah fled from his brethren and dwelt in the land of Tob. But so great a soldier was he, so majestic in appearance and so valiant in fight, that the fame of him went abroad throughout the land, and came even unto the ears of his brethren.

In the land of Tob he took a wife, and there were spent his days of happiness, and there was born unto him the child Namarah. But it came to pass, before the babe could stand upon its feet, the wife of Jephthah died and was buried, and in all the world there was no comfort to the man save in the child Namarah. Her he watched and tended as his all in all, and so great was his love and kindness to her, that her heart was knit to his, even as his to hers. And in all the land there was no maiden so fair and beautiful. Her eyes were like cool streams of limpid water, for clearness and for blueness like the heaven above. Her skin for whiteness, was like the leaves of some little woodland flower on which the sun hath never shone, but which the gentle winds of shady places have fanned and kept cool. Her hair, wonderful, soft and dusky, was like the downy leaves of the forest, and when she shook it down, it wrapped the slimmest of her body round and clothed her like a garment. Her voice, when she spoke, was ever sweet and low, as the cooling of the wood doves in the branches, and when she lifted it up, and sang with the maidens that were her companions, it was, for clearness, like the sky lark's.

What wonder that Namarah was unto her father as the light of his eyes, and that many young men, strong and goodly to see, looked upon her with favor and sought her to wife. But of all these she would have none, disdain even to hear them speak, and saying only that her life and service were her father's wholly, and she desired the love and companionship of no man but him. When he was at home, she never left his side; tempting his appetite with dainty dishes when he was exhausted and in need of food, serving him with her own hands at table, and bringing herself the fresh water for his ablutions; after which she would bend her head for his blessing, and then lift up her face with a smile of radiance, good to cheer the weary man. If it was his will to stay at home and rest him from his strenuous exercises of arms, she would sit beside him, and draw his great head down upon her lap, and with her little milk-white fingers ruffle or smooth the thick masses of his curly hair and magnificent beard until she coaxed him to sleep.

"What love do I want more than his?" she would ask herself. "Why should I leave him desolate, to take up my life with another, who must ever be as a stranger to me compared to him who hath been my companion and my friend my whole life through? And where is another like unto him? In all the land there is not one who, beside him, seems not base and small."

And when Jephthah would wake from sleep, she would clasp and cling to him, and beg him that they never should be parted.

"Nay, my daughter," he would answer, "it must not be that thou sacri-

ficeth thy young life for me for whom pleasure is over. I would have thee wedded to a good man, who will cherish thee; and in seeing thee happy, and having thy children on my knee, I shall know the best joy that is left for me."

Then Namarah would weep, and implore him not to send her from him, saying that what he pictured as her happiness looked to her like the very face of death, so greatly did she dread it. Whereat her father Jephthah would but smile, and say it would not be so with her one day, when the lord and master of her heart should come.

"He is here," she would say, flinging her white arms about him, "there will be never any other." And Jephthah would smile again and say only the one word: "Wait," whereat Namarah would grow almost angry, and tears of vexation would spring into her eyes. Then would Jephthah rouse himself and stand upright on his strong legs and lift her in his mighty arms as though she were still the little maid he used to toss and dandle, and hold her high above his head, and refuse to let her down from this unseemly attitude until the break of her childish laughter had blown away her tears.

## CHAPTER II.

It happened one fair morning, when earth and sky seemed all to meet in a blessed promise of tranquillity and peace, that Namarah stood in the midst of her garden, with a small basket on her arm, from which she was scattering grain to a flock of white doves, which, fluttering from far and near, came to her feet and sank down there, a moving mass of snowy plumage, from which her slender figure, clad in spotless white, rose up like a human emanation from their pure loveliness of hue and outline. Her face and throat and hands were pure white, too, and a look of deep serenity was upon her. The sky above seemed not more still and placid.

She raised her hand and put a few grains of the food into her mouth, and at the motion some of the doves were frightened and flew up, with a whirling noise, only to circle round and come back again and fall to nodding and dipping about for the grain at her feet. Presently one of the flock flew up and alighted on her shoulder, then another and another. Namarah opened her red lips and showed the dark grains held tight between her little white teeth; at which a pecking and fluttering began among the three tame doves, as she would offer her mouth first to one and then another. It was evidently a familiar game which all the participants enjoyed.

Suddenly there was a great whirling and fluttering, and the whole flock flew wildly off, and were out of sight behind the trees, before Namarah, left quite alone, perceived the cause of their fright. A young man, taller even than Jephthah, her father, but with the ruddiness of youth and dawning manhood upon his beardless face, stood before her, all in shining armor, on which the moving light danced and glistened. He had taken off his helmet, and sunlight kissed sunlight in the gold of his thick curls. And, behold, when Namarah turned and looked at him, a strange thing came to pass. Her white cheeks, which no one had ever seen other than calm and colorless, were all at once suffused with pink, as if a rose had been suddenly placed beneath a piece of fair white cambric; and in that moment she became a hundred times more beautiful than she had ever been before. The young man colored, too, and bent his golden head, as she said:

"If this be the maiden, Namarah, thy father Jephthah hath sent me to ask of thee some pieces of his armor that he hath need of."

"Is he going into a fight?" the maiden asked, the rose disappearing from her cheeks. "Will he not see me, to say farewell?"

"There is, in truth, some danger of a fight," the young man answered, "for the times are troublous, and a mighty man like Jephthah must be ever ready; but his name is great and terrible, and in going forth to put down the enemy that hath so suddenly arisen, I think the report that thy father Jephthah leadeh the host will be enough, and that there will be no bloodshed. But, maiden," he added, more gently, seeing that her face looked still affrighted, "I pray thee have no fear for the safety of thy father. I will even guard his body with my own." And, as he spoke, he looked on her and loved her.

Namarah met the look, and the trouble of her face grew deeper. She felt the disturbing power of that quiet gaze, but all her thought was for her father.

"Maiden," the young man murmured, in a voice that had a softened cadence, "already, even today, there hath been a surprise attack, and your father hath been in danger; but I please God that I should be near him, to protect him, as I could, and for this cause Jephthah, thy father, hath chosen me to be his armor bearer, so that in future my place will be beside him; and I say but the truth when I

tell thee that I will protect his life with my own."

"But, truly," said Namarah, "thou art very noble, and life to thee is even also dear."

"Life would be dear to me no longer maiden," he made answer, "if I should look upon thy face to tell thee that I lived and Jephthah, thy father, was slain."

This time, when he spake the words "thy father," it seemed unto the maiden that his voice dwelt upon them by the space of half a second. The idea glanced through her agitated mind like lightning, but afterward she be thought herself of it. But now the young man spake again, and reminded her of his errand.

"My lord Jephthah hath sent thee his blessing through me," he said, "and he prays thee to be of good cheer, and to dread no danger for him."

"I cannot choose but dread," the maiden answered, as she walked beside him to the house, and led the way to where her father's armor lay.

"Nay, but surely," said the young man, full humbly, "thou wilt be a little comforted because of the promise I have given thee."

"Ay," said Namarah, "it doth comfort me much, and I thank thee from my very heart; but the thought of battle ever makes me tremble, although I am a soldier's child. I pray thee, give my loving greeting to my father, and tell him I go at once to pray the God of Israel for his safety."

"Maiden, I also would be thought of in thy prayers," the young man said, half doubtfully; and she answered:

"I will pray for thee also, soldier. Tell me thy name."

And he said:

"My name is Adina."

Then once more he looked at her, and again his strange look troubled her; and as she stood and watched the goodly figure in his shining armor down the streets of Mizpeh, a wonder got hold upon her that for the first time at the thought of battle her fears were not wholly for her father.

Long time she knelt and prayed, her maidens waiting without; and all her struggle was to recover the lost feeling that her father was her all in all, but another image rose up, over and over again, and would not be forgotten. At last she gave it up, and murmured, half aloud:

"Bless him, even the young man Adina, also, O my God; and bring them back in safety together."

Before the close of day, the streets of Mizpeh rang to the gladdening sound of the victorious return of troops from battle. Namarah, high up in her chamber, watched them with breathless delight, as she saw the body of soldiers coming down the street, and soon she was able to make out the majestic figure of her father, at their head. She was full sure of that, but still, she bent from her window eagerly, and strained her vision to see more. Suddenly, her breath was drawn in pantingly, and once more the rose was on her cheek. Behind her father she had recognized the tall figure of Adina, and her eyes continually strayed from one to the other, as the setting sun burnished the curls of his golden hair as the young man rode his splendid horse down the streets of Mizpeh.

(To be Continued.)

## MATCHINGBUTTONS HER TRADE

Old Sarah Cohen's Unique Business Proves Profitable.

In a little house just off Hester street dwells an old woman who carries on a most peculiar trade. She is Sarah Cohen, or "Old Sal," as she is more familiarly called, and east side residents know her well, and most of them patronize her. On the window pane of her little shop is a sign, which reads: "Buttons Sold Inside. Any Button Matched from One Cent to a Nickel." Her stock in trade is stored up in thousands of buttons in little heaps—pearl, glass, bone, jet, shell, brass, cloth, silk, horn, and every other variety of button made. It is said the old woman's business is profitable, and that she has managed to save about \$5,000 out of her curious occupation. "You see," she said to me, "it often is the case that a woman buys only enough buttons for a dress, and then, when she loses one, it is difficult to get it matched at a notion store. Those who know me come along here, and I can always do it from my stock. I have my regular customers, for most storekeepers around here know me and send their customers to me when they are unable to suit them, and they seldom go away without the very thing they are after? Where do I get them from? Many come from junk shops, where on the rags sold are buttons. All the rag dealers know I pay a fair price for buttons, and they save them until they have a sufficient quantity and then they come to me. Another way I obtain them is by visiting the dressmakers, who often have buttons left over, and their customers seldom ask for them. These I can buy up very cheap. Although my little board outside says that the highest price I charge is 5 cents, my better class customers do not hesitate to offer me a quarter, or even 50 cents, for a button that they have lost, in order to make their garments look neat and complete."—New York Herald.

## Honey an Excellent Food.

Scientific men say that honey is a much more healthful sweet than sugar, and has many valuable properties. It is nutritive, and when used freely with bread makes an excellent food for children. It is laxative and may be used advantageously in place of medicine by persons of sedentary lives. Being also the daintiest and most delicious of sweets—an extract of blossoms—it is hardly possible to eat it to an injurious extent. It needs no digestion, as sugar does, and even acts as a digestive aid.

## COBDENITE DIATRIBE

FREE-TRADERS OBJECT TO EXISTING CONDITIONS.

They Demand "a Sweeping Tariff Enactment That Shall Drive Every Vestige of Protection Out of Our Fiscal System."

The Boston Herald finds in the pending reciprocity treaties and in the proposition to bring Porto Rico into the American tariff system a convenient occasion for venting its free-trade spleen. Lapsing into Cobdenite diatribe, this irreconcilable protestant against the facts of history and the logic of events savagely assails the whole system of protection to American labor and industry as the product of logrolling and lobbying. Thus:

"A used his influence to secure favors of B, C, D and E, on the understanding that these latter were to use their influence to help him pull certain chestnuts out of the congressional fire, but under these reciprocal trade treaties A and B think that they are likely to lose a part of their ill-gotten spoils, and hence they call upon C, D and E, and the whole remaining alphabet of interests as well, to assist them in defending themselves against this invasion. As there has to be loyalty between logrollers as well as honor among thieves, the others are likely to respond to this appeal by doing what they can to defeat the objectionable proposition."

There you have the typical free trade conception of an economic system whose results are the marvel of the civilized world. The men who supplied the information which enabled congress to frame successful tariff laws are characterized as selfish conspirators against the general good, and by indirection are stamped as "thieves." Of course the Boston Herald has a remedy to propose. It is to abolish protection absolutely and get back to the platform of free trade pure and simple:

"We are thus in our policy, both international and national, the slaves of these industrial tyrants which the Protective system has built up. Apparently, the only way that we are to relieve ourselves of these 'old men of the sea' is to hurl them from our shoulders by a sweeping Tariff enactment which shall drive every vestige of Protection out of our fiscal system, and impose taxes only upon those commodities from which we hope to obtain a revenue, and on those at such a point, high or low, as seems best calculated to bring about the desired result."

Congressman Hopkins was right in contending in his Forum article that the Tariff is still a live issue. It is true that there are not at present a very large number of Free Trade propagandists who are so frank and so foolhardy as the Boston Herald writer above quoted. There are, however, many who believe as he does, but are restrained by considerations of prudence from saying so in plain words.

## Fulfillment Exceeds Promise.

The country's experience with the unfulfilled promises of the Free-Traders and with the unpromised fulfillment of the Protectionists affords a modern exemplification of the Scriptural parable of the two sons, one of whom said, "I go, sir," and went not; the other, of whom said, "I go not," and went. The Wilson law supporters promised to give us the markets of the world through their Tariff changes in the direction of Free Trade. Instead they gave our markets to the foreigners and struck a death blow to American industries. The supporters of the Protective Tariff policy have never made many promises in respect to the securing of foreign markets. They have advocated Protection chiefly as a means of preserving to us our home market. They have kept their promises, but they have gone far beyond any promises. Under Protection American manufacturers have kept for themselves the American market, with its marvelous consuming capacity, and they have won much beyond that. They have a large and constantly growing share in the markets of the world.

One of the most recent evidences of the entrance of American manufacturers into foreign fields is the announcement of the Baldwin Locomotive Works has recently had, in addition to many other foreign orders, an order for ten Atlantic type passenger engines for the state railroad of France. It is also reported that the Jackson and Sharpe company have received a large order for tramway cars from Alexandria, Egypt. These things, among thousands of others like them, were neither guaranteed nor promised, but they have come to pass under the benign regime of McKinley and Protection.

## Tariff and Trusts.

The Philadelphia Ledger does not believe that Congress can do anything directly to overcome the trusts. It says: "There is one method, however, of coping with monopolistic trusts without attempting specific legislation pronouncing them unlawful. It would effectually cripple the power of oppression exercised by the practical monopolies which are the beneficiaries of an excessive tariff. Should congress lower the rate of duties on all products that are the subjects of monopoly in the home market the competition of Europe would compel extortionate trusts to deal justly by the American consumer. This is an eminently practical plan, which is in complete accord with the protective tariff principle as defined by the last national convention

of the Republican party, which condemned equally foreign control and domestic monopoly."

The next thing, in the evolution favored by the Ledger, would be to remove the tariff altogether from certain articles, and we should soon have, not only the international trust, which could defy tariffs, but the whole tariff and revenue problem would be newly complicated. It is rather surprising that Republican papers should recommend any such course. They prove thereby how really deep-seated the indignation against the trusts is. But let the country honestly try direct and specific panel legislation before invoking free trade as an anti-trust ally.—Pittsburg Press.

## BOON TO AMERICAN LABOR.

Foundation of Prosperity That Cannot Be Undermined.

The London Globe, commenting on the present industrial condition in Lancashire, says, as quoted in the cable dispatches: "The high tariff on American manufactures virtually monopolizes the home market and is thus able to reap large profits in spite of labor being comparatively dearer in England."

The wording of the above is a little obscure, but the evident meaning is that by reason of the tariff protection American manufacturers are enabled to monopolize their home markets, thus shutting out the English manufacturers—which enables the American manufacturer to reap large profits, notwithstanding that they pay their workmen higher wages than the English manufacturers pay their workmen. Consequently English industry languishes while American industry flourishes.

We may commiserate the unfortunate condition of the English manufacturers and laborers, but at the same time we must recognize the fact that it is the business of each country to legislate for the interests of its own industries and people. The American Congress looks after the welfare of American industries and may with a good conscience leave the British parliament to look after British industries. If Parliament refuses protection to English manufacturers, that is its own lookout; and if Congress chooses to protect American manufacturers and thereby enables them to pay higher wages to their workmen, it cannot be held responsible if the policy has a paralyzing effect upon British industry.

The Globe's brief acknowledgment is an effective vindication of the American tariff policy as it affects American interests. By securing the American manufacturer his home market, the tariff furnishes him with a foundation of prosperity that cannot be undermined by foreign competitors—and working from this vantage point the American manufacturer is often able to undersell the foreign manufacturer in his own market.—Minneapolis Tribune.

## Unusual Cause for Worryment.



Mary—"You look worried, John; what's the trouble?"

John—"Why, you see, it's like this: Four years ago I was troubled about getting a job; now, so many jobs are offered that I don't know which one to take."

## Wool Growers Aroused.

At a meeting in Columbus, January 11, the Ohio Wool Growers' association adopted a protest against the proposed treaty of reciprocity with the Argentine Republic, wherein a reduction of 20 per cent in the duty on wool exported to the United States is provided for. The president of the association, Hon. J. H. Brigham, assistant secretary of agriculture; J. L. Lewis and C. S. Chapman were appointed a committee to go to Washington and work against the ratification of the treaty. A resolution was adopted indorsing United States Senator Warren of Wyoming for president of the National Wool Growers' association.

## Forced to Accept Prosperity.

Gen. John B. Golden, commenting upon the wave of Southern prosperity, says that the North and East will have to keep a sharp lookout or else the manufacturing interests of the South will overtake and catch them. That is all right; but isn't it about time for the South to help the North and East? If the South could have her way she would vote her own manufactures out of existence. Her prosperity has been forced upon her by the voters of the "North and East."—Benton (Ill.) Republican.

## Conspiracy.

That wages are being raised all over the country is doubtless due to a conspiracy among certain persons who want to give the Republican campaign material in order to defeat Mr. Bryan next year.—Cleveland Leader.

## HUNTING FOR GRIEVANCES.

Democrats Unhappy Because of Too Much Prosperity.

The great wave of prosperity that promptly followed the inauguration of a Republican national administration in 1897, a significant contrast with the preceding four years of industrial and financial depression, promoted by Democratic legislative and executive follies, a successful, brilliant and popular war, in the interests of humanity, which has immeasurably exalted the prestige of American arms, added to the domain of the nation some of the fairest and most valuable island areas of the eastern and western seas, secured for the Republic a commanding place among the nations of earth, and won respect for its flag wherever it greets the winds; an administration of public affairs so broad and sagacious that it restored brotherhood to the Union on fields of war, and in its settlements of peace accomplished in a twelvemonth the industrial and commercial work of half a century. For these gratifying results full credit is assuredly due the Republican party. It was Republican legislation that put in motion our existing rusting wheels of industry, thus furnishing employment to millions of idle hands, and while the Democratic rank and file manfully contributed to the successes of our war with Spain, their leaders are now clamoring for a relinquishment of all the fruits of their victories.

In all these triumphs they refuse to see anything but national peril, and even interpret as an omen of evil the glow of prosperity that rests upon the land like a vast benediction. Their last catalogue of minor grievances, recited in the House by Lentz of Ohio, during the recent discussion on the currency bill, was a remarkable exposition of party rancor. He is a blatant anti-expansionist, and, enraged at the certainty of coming defeat, recklessly charged the administration with crimes enough to make the angels weep. Like a rattlesnake in the dog days, he was blinded by his own venom, striking wildly at everything Republican, pointing to every political pain that is racking the Democratic anatomy, and making the exposure all the more amusing to his opponents because of his inability to devise a remedy for any of them. Could he be goaded into another intemperate harangue, we might be able to find out what is the matter with him and his faction besides the old chronic disorder of State rights.—San Francisco Chronicle.

## Will Come in Good Time.

The Dingley law seems to have gotten in good work in South Carolina along its specialty of promoting the establishment of new industries. The report of the Secretary of State of South Carolina shows that there were twenty-six new cotton mills chartered and commissioned in that State during the year 1899. Prosperity of this sort speaks for itself. Those twenty-six new mills represent the employment of many thousands of workmen, the payment in wages of many thousands of dollars, and the expenditure by the workmen employed of large sums of money for food and clothing and for all the requirements of life. As a result the South Carolina agriculturist sells more of his food products, and the South Carolina trader sees his sales and his surplus grow. The sale of the products manufactured by the new mills brings money into the state from the other States of the country and from abroad, money which becomes distributed among the people of the State generally, in exchange for what they have to sell, whether it be labor or property. The situation could hardly be improved upon except by having more of the same kind; and the Dingley law will see to it that that comes in good time.

## Brave But Injudicious.

History records the existence of a billy goat, dear to the heart of his master, but generally objected to by the community on account of his bucking proclivities. Nothing was exempt from his attack, and success only made him more and more aggressive. One day he felt unusually pugnacious, and in this frame of mind he wandered down on the railroad. Just then an express train came in sight. It was drawn by the most powerful engine in the country, called General Prosperity. Billy saw it and prepared for the battle of his life. As it approached he got himself in position and bucked. The result was disastrous. Billy lay bleeding and dead by the roadside, and General Prosperity, with its train, passed on. Hearing of Billy's death, his owner strolled down to where he lay and thus soliloquized: "Oh, Billy, why did you try it? Billy, you were a nice goat; you were not afraid of anything Billy, you were the bravest goat I ever saw; but, Billy, damn your judgment!"—Freeport (Ill.) Journal.

## A Stint Too Hard for Bryan.

It has been hinted that even should Mr. Bryan come east, perhaps he could not stem the tide of increases in wages which seems to be affecting all lines of industry like a panic. One of the last advances reported is the announcement that January 1 the cotton manufacturers of Augusta, Ga., will raise the wages of their employes, and it is predicted that other southern manufacturers will follow suit. It is estimated that when the first of January has come, there will be in the northern states about 140,000 cotton mill operatives working under increased wages, and that the advance in the south will bring the total number of employes in that branch of industry who are receiving higher wages up to more than 160,000.—Oswego (N. Y.) Times.