A Story of Patriarchal Times.

By JULIA MAGRUDER ...

her white arms about him, "there will

laughter had blown away her tears.

CHAPTER II.

blessed promise of tranquility and

which, fluttering from far and near,

which her slender figure, clad in spot-

Suddenly there was a great whirring

and fluttering, and the whole flock flew

wildly off, and were out of sight be-

their fright. A young man, taller even

than Jephthah, her father, but with

manhood upon his beardless face, stood

before her, all in shining armor, on

him, a strange thing came to pass.

Her white cheeks, which no one had

ever seen other than calm and color-

less, 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 be-

came a hundred times more beauti-

ful than she had ever been before. The

young man colored, too, and bent his

"If this be the maiden, Namarah, thy

"Is he going into a fight?" the maid-

her cheeks. "Will he not see me, to

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 fa-

ther Jephthah leadeth 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 fa-

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

"Maiden," the young man mur-

mured, 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 it

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

teli thee that I will protect his life

"But, truly," said Namarah, "thou

"Life would be dear to me no longer

maiden," he made answer, 'if I should

lived and Jephthah, thy father, was

This time, when he spake the words

"thy father," it seemed unto the maid-

en that his voice dwelt upon them by

glanced through her agitated mind

"I cannot choose but dread," the

on her and loved her.

with my own."

also dear."

father Jephthah hath sent me to ask

of thee some pieces of his armor that

golden head, as she said:

he hath need of."

say farewell?

It happened one fair morning, when

COPTRIGHTED 1890, 1991 AND 1896 BY ROBERT BONNER'S SONS.

Jephthah, the Gileadite, had only one | be never any other." And Jephthah rhild, a young maiden named Nama- would smile again and say only the rah, and beside her, he had neither son one word: "Wait," whereat Namarah nor daughter. Now, Jephthah was a would grow almost angry, and tears of mighty man of valor, and his name vexation would spring into her eyes. was feared exceedingly, albeit he had Then would Jephthah rouse himself a heart most kind and tender, and the and stand upright on his strong legs chief treasure of his heart was even and lift her in his mighty arms as the maiden Namarah; for he had been | though she were still the little maid father and mother and all in all to the he used to toss and dandle, and hold young child, whose other parent had her high above his head, and refuse to died, and left her to the great soldier. let her down from this unseemly altias the sole fruit of a happy wedded tude until the break of her childish love, too early cut off by death.

As the child grew into girlhood, it

was known to her, by comparing her futher to the other men she saw, that he was not as they; a gloom was ever | earth and sky seemed all to meet in a on his face, except when his eyes were upon her, and then, indeed, he would peace, that Namarah stood in the midst feit that it was the early death of her her arm, from which she was scatyoung mother that made her father's tering grain to a flock of white doves. face look sad, even (when aglow with aride she would look at him all in glit- came to her feet and sank down there. tering armor) as he rode his magnifi- a moving mass of snowy plumage, from cent war horse at the head of his host. For this, her heart was very tender to less white, rose up like a human emalove for what he had lost. As she grew and hands were pure white, too, and horse adown the streets of Mizpeh. older, and stories of the sin and folly a look of deep serenity was upon her. of the world were told her, there was The sky above seemed not more still known to her a deeper reason yet for and placid. her father's melancholy. The stern She raised her hand and put a few grief of childhood had preceded the grains of the food into her mouth, and Old Sarah Cohen's Unique Business grief of age, and, though she only at the motion some of the doves were gained her knowledge by putting many frightened and flew up, with a whirsmall hints and observations together, ring noise, only to circle round and she learned that this gentle father had come back again and fall to nodding been himself a neglected and abused and dipping about for the grain at son, whose mother he had never her feet. Presently one of the flock known, and whose father and brethren flew up and alighted on her shoulder. had treated him with cruelty and in- then another and another. Namarah justice. As his father's younger sons opened her red lips and showed the grew up, they hated Jephthah because dark grains held tight between her he was stronger and of a nobler pres- little white teeth; at which a pecking ence than themselves, and they thrust and fluttering began among the three him out of their father's house, that tame doves, as she would offer her they and their mother might be no mouth first to one and then another. more offended at the sight of him. So It was evidently a familiar game Jephthah fied from his brethren and which all the participants enjoyed. 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 through- hind the trees, before Namarah, left out the land, and came even unto the quite alone, perceived the cause of ears of his brethren.

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 | which the moving light danced and its feet, the wife of Jephthah died and glinted. He had taken off his helmet. was buried, and in all the world there and sunlight kissed sunlight in the was no comfort to the man save in the gold of his thick curls. And, behold child Namarah. Her he watched and when Namarah turned and looked at 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 brown leaves of the forest, and when she shook it down, it wrapped the slimness of her body round and clothed her like a garment. Her voice, when she spoke, was ever sweet and low, as the cooing 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.

In the land of Tob he took a wife,

. 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, disdaining even to hear them speak, and saying only that her life and service were her father's wholly, and she de-· sired the love and companionship of no man but him. When he was at home. she pever 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 to sleep.

"What love do I want more than his?" she would ask herself. "Why should I leave him desolate, to take up art very noble, and life to thee is even 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, begide 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 the space of half a second. The idea

should be parted. "Nay, my daughter," he would an- like lightning, but afterward she beswer, "it must not be that thou sacri- thought herself of it. But now the faceth thy young life for me for whom young man spake again, and reminded

pleasure is over. I would have thee her of his errand. wedded to a good man, who will cher- "My lord Jephthah hath sent thee ish thee; and in seeing thee happy, and his blessing through me," he said, "and having thy children on my knee. I he prays thee to be of good cheer, and shall know the best joy that is left for to dread no danger for him."

Then Namarah would weep, and im- maiden answered, as she walked beplore him not to send her from him, side him to the house, and led the way saying that what he pictured as her to where her father's armor lay. happiness looked to her like the very "Nay, but surely," said the young face of death, so greatly did she dread man, full humbly, "thou wilt be a it. Whereat her father Jephthah would little comforted because of the promise but smile, and say it would not be so I have given thee."

with her one day, when the lord and "Ay," said Namarah, 'it doth commaster of her heart should come. "He is here," she would say, flinging my very heart; but the thought of bat- quirer.

商商商者有老老老我我我我我我我我我我我我我我我我 tle 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."

Tell me thy name."

"Maiden, I also would be thought of in thy prayers," the young man said, half doubtingly; and she answered: "I will pray for thee also, soldier.

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 its 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 look glad and smile. Namarah always of her garden, with a small basket on 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 him, and she strove the more to make nation from their pure loveliness of burnished the curls of his golden hair up to him by the sweet service of her hue and outline. Her face and throat as the young man rode his splendid

(To be Continued.)

MATCHINGBUTTONSHERTRADE 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 heapspearl, 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 the ruddiness of youth and dawning it matched at a notion store.' Those who know me come along here, and I can always do it from my stock. 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 en asked, the rose disappearing from that they have lost, in order to make their garments look neat and complete."-New York Herald. "There is, in truth, some danger of

THE FILIPINO WOMAN.

She Is Never Pretty, but Is Scrupulously

Clean and Neat. Never pretty but scrupulously clean and with virtue unfailing, the Filipino woman is like no one else in the world, and from the white man's standpoint is the least like a woman of any feminine creature. Most women of tropical countries are fair to look upon, but the Filipino is the unloveliest of all ther. I will even guard his body with the sex. Her eyes are not large, but my own." And, as he spoke, he looked | they are black and beady and unreadable. Very often hunger looks out at you; often hatred, but it is not passionate hatred. It is a stare which neither revolts nor appeals. It seems to be the result of instinct rather than an action of the brain. Her nose is flat and thick skinned and her hair is dead black. Then again, as if to make her still more unsightly, pock marks are freely distributed over the face of nearly every woman of the island. The Filipino woman has a mania for washing, and so long as water is handy for her laving purposes, she doesn't seem to mind its nature nor the wherefore of its presence. She is mildly devout. Religion to her is an inflexible duty bred in her babyhood. It is partly fear, partly pleasure, but in it there is no fervor of intensity or fanaticism.

Philippine Housekeepers. "I never get tired of watching the look upon thy face to tell thee that I simple, primitive methods of Filipino housekeepers, for their processes are carried on before the eyes of all men." says a contributor. The men themselves do the large part of the hardwork, while the women perch on the ladder-like steps that lead into their houses and look on. All the cooking is done out of doors and usually on the ground. Their little stoves of red clay are hardly as large as the iron pots we have at home. One side is bent down like the primitive hearth, and the fire is kept going by long tubes which the men blow through instead of using bellows. On this funny little apology for a stove they cook their rice or chocolate, stirring the latter with carved sticks, which they twirl between their palms to keep the beverage from sticking. Often they do not use the stove at all, but make a fire right on the ground, between two stones. over which they set red earthen bowls fort me much, and I thank thee from in which they cook."-Philadelphia In-

THE LOST JEWEL.

Sidney Waterhouse, manager for Lehr & Roeder, diamond merchants and purveyors of elegant novelties, had become a happy man. From having no particular interest in life he had acquired a distinct one. This new and alert interest was the result of his having met Mary Boswell. She had come in the store-an ordinary customerand it had been his fortune to serve her. They looked at topazes together, and she ran the unset jewels through her white hands and talked about them in a fanciful way that quite enchanted the young man. His business was one that brought him in contact with many | ing faint as she approached him. fascinating and brilliant women, but he had never met one with such a dis- fessed Mr. Lehr. tinct and delicate charm as that possessed by Mary Boswell. Her irregular mouth, with its fitful smile, the humor of her brown eyes, the wayward the loss of the stone?" she asked, half tricks of her abundant brown hair, piteously, yet with no little pride. and the glow and changing expression | "You knew it was I who looked at of her face had fairly bewitched Sidney them last!" He flushed scarlet, but he Waterhouse. He reflected with delight reminded her of the circumstances. upon the fact that the splendid pink by their goldsmiths in a pendant amid ness, Mr. Waterhouse," she said. "I opals and diamonds. She would be have a strange story to tell them. Afmaking of the ornament.

cize the work upon her brooch, and on the table. each occasion Waterhouse managed to find an excuse for conversation with her. She did not resent his pertinacity. She seemed rather to welcome it. the lady justified. Waterhouse spent his days wondering

all happened as he desired. Miss Bos- house. Did you miss it?" well stood looking at a number of unset diamonds, and she held an exquis- said, "and left me no word, though I itely cut one in her hand.

"We never seem to reach the end of our conversation," she said laughing- had expected to derive from that meetingly, holding the jewel up to enjoy fairy prisms.

"I know," he returned, enjoying the



beauty of the white hand that played "I am sufficiently punished." he rewith the jewel. "Just as you become plied. "I have lost your regard. the most interesting, you go away. have lost you." You will not even stop to finish the my curiosity it would be impossible forgive you, after all."

see him and become better acquainted a jewel."

"Are you never to be seen anywhere | self. out ide of this place?" she asked. in my own home and meet my people stances."

"When may I come?" asked Waterhouse, eagerly. "Tonight?"

"No, no! Not tonight! You must appear indifferent to my invitation. It is not good form to be so precipi-

"Perhaps I may call this afternoon?" "If you do not exhibit better manners you shall not be permitted to

come at all." "I shall be at your house tomorrow

evening," he replied, decisively. She went smiling, as if happiness had come to her, too, and Waterhouse, full of anticipating dreams, busied himself with rolling the diamonds in duplicated by any metal worker today. their bits of tissue paper and putting He says that in examining hundreds of them away in the large leather port- specimens alleged to have been temper-

folo in which they were kept. task when he realized that the finest | ered any one who had seen such work. stone of all-the one Miss Boswell had and the fable which has been implicitly held up to the light while she noted its | believed for centuries is being shattergleaming beauty-was missing. Water- ed in the light of modern research. house searched everywhere about the This is not the only story believed for place, though he had to do so surrepti- centuries tending to belittle the man tiously, for he was most anxious that of today, to make him the inferior of the loss of the stone should not be- his forefathers, which failed under the come known. He guessed how quickly searchlight of inquiry and science. The

in its history. the electric lamps hunted till nearly Manufacturer. dawn. But it was useless. The jewel was gone. It was what was known as a "daylight" diamond and of the most intricate cut. Its loss could not | England, cat a few days ago proved be concealed. It was considered one the means of saving a whole family of the most attractive stones in the from destruction by fire. At half past establishment, although not of great two in the morning a shopkeeper

made his way to Miss Boswell's house. gently scratching his face. He tried He determined to tell her of his trou- to drive her away, but as the faithful ble. He would not in his most tortur- feline persisted, he aroused himself to ed moments admit she might have de- find the room full of smoke. He ceived him and her beauty been a alarmed a lodger, Herman Muller, who snare. But when he reached her house was sleeping on the same floor, and that Miss Boswell had received a tele- woman. They all rushed to the stairs, gram and been called suddenly to the where the flames were already spread-Pacific coast. She did not know her ing. With the exception of the lodger,

exact address. learn it. He set his teeth hard and caped to the back yard. Just as the went to his employers and told them | flames shot right through the spiral the whole story.

Boswell can be responsible," they said, cape. The flames reached his room, "We must withhold our judgment, Mr. and then, throwing out some bedding, Waterhouse."

picion would not die in their minds COURAGE IN BATTLE. any more than in his own.

A year passed. Sidney Waterhouse married a distant cousin whom he had always known and who needed a home. Everyone said it was a sensible marriage. It did well enough, without doubt. He admitted that he was comfortable and well cared for. Life was not, evidently, the interesting affair that he had supposed it to be, but it did well enough.

In the midst of this emotional monotony there appeared at the store one day Mary Boswell. She was more beautiful than ever, but seemed excited and distressed. She came toward him at once and he felt himself grow-

"We searched for it for weeks," con-

The lady turned her eyes to Sidney Waterhouse with an appeal in them. "Why did you not write me about

"I want you to call Mr. Lehr and topaz selected by her was to be set Mr. Roeder, if you will have the goodsure to call several times to watch the terward, if you like, we shall talk about other matters." Alone with the It was as he expected. She came of- three men, she took from her purse the ten, now for some trinket, now to criti- lost "daylight" diamond and laid it on

"Is that yours?" she asked. "It is ours," said Mr. Lehr, eagerly, anxious to have his high opinion of

"I returned from Calfornia last how he might secure an invitation to night," explained Miss Boswell, "where I had been most unexpectedly called He felt that the acquaintance was by the serious illness of my brother, destined to be a serious matter with and yesterday, in looking over some him. He could not trust himself to old letters I found this stone in one of look in this woman's eyes lest his ar- them. The letter which contained it dent admiration should offend her. was an important one to me, and I was When she held out her hand in greet- therefore able to remember having had ing and he took it within his own he it in my hand when I last visited your could feel his heart fluttering within store. The only way that I could achim. He confessed to himself that count for its presence there was that he was no longer sane. An enchanting it slipped into the letter I held in my madness was upon him. One morning hand while I was talking to Mr. Water-

"You left the city unexpectedly," he had an engagement with you." The ing caused them to search each other's faces with a sad scrutiny. "I left a note to be delivered to you

to you to write. I have recently learned that you did not call." "I called in the morning," he said,

"but you had gone and I did not tell the maid my name."

The comedy of errors amused the onlookers. Mr. Roeder spoke his congratulations upon the happy conclusion to all these perplexities, but a look of suffering showed itself in Sidney Waterhouse's eyes and mirrored itself in the soft orbs of the lady. She arose, visibly embarrassed, bade adieu to the other gentlemen and

started to the door. Waterhouse accompanied her. as they walked down the aisle together. I find it difficult to forgive you."

"Do not be so hopeless," she restories you have begun to tell me. sponded with a dash of her old time

What I suffer from these repulses to coquetry. 'Perhaps I shall be able to

He turned from her bitterly. "I was She smiled at him frankly and it more miserable than you can ever unwas evident that hidden under her derstand," he responded. "And I marcareless words was a deep desire to ried-to forget. So I have indeed lost

She turned white, but recovered her-

"I have had my bad hour," she said, Why do you never follow me and in- frankly, holding out her hand in faresist on hearing the conclusions to these | well. "It was when you did not write. uncompleted stories? Come, visit me I thought that you did not care. Now -now my old distress returns to me. and talk under more peaceful circum- But I'm not going to disappoint you. I'm going to do as-as bravely as you." She gave him a courageous smile and went out. Sidney Waterhouse closed the door upon her thoughtfully. He knew it to be the end. The jewel was lost.-Chicago Tribune.

Tempering of Copper.

The allegation that ancient Egyptians tempered copper and bronze to carry a razor edge is not borne out by investigation. Thomas Harper of Bellevue, Pa., challenges any one to produce a piece of metal tempered by the ancients that can be more than ed to the degree that steel is tempered, But he had not proceeded far in his he failed to find any, nor had he discov-

Saved by a Cat. Score one for pussy. A Bristol, named Ledo Schniedermann was In the early forenoon Waterhouse aroused by his pet tabby, which was the inmates, taking puss with them, Waterhouse no further attempted to reached a landing, from which they esstaircase, Muller, who had stopped to "It does not seem possible that Miss put on his boots, was cut off from eshe leaped from the second-story win-He thanked them from the bottom dow. He badly sprained his ankle, of his heart, but he knew that the sus- | and was taken to the infirmary.

THE INHERENT BRAVERY OF EVERY MAN.

Individuals Who at Home Are the Most Peaceful of Men Become Demons in of Heroism.

side our personal sympathy may be otherwise? It is natural. It is the really brave men are always true men. The great majority of people who have casually noted and dissected this universal applause for feats of military prowess have completely misunderstood the real meaning. The performance of a great tragedian may thrill us and bring forth our unstinted admiration, an admiration increased perhaps by the knowledge that we ourselves have none of the qualities he possesses and that a century of training would not bring us an inch closer to rivaling his wonderful genius. And not one man in a hundred who has read the stories of heroism that have come from Cuba and the Philippines, the possibility of his ever performing recollection of the pleasure that both clerk, but, whatever his station, the in induces only abhorrence in her. the evening you were to call. It con- But out in the open, with most of the rays of light. The most peculiar fact nature a brave and fearless animal- | ican. the most fearless of all the animal species-simply remains true to his birthright and goes through the ordeal in the natural way. What can be the deduction? There is only one. It is that battle gallantry and battle brutality, springing as they both do from "You distrusted me," she murmured allied. You cannot slip the leash of Detroit public schools. A class from a bloodhound and stop him half way to his scent. If any proof were needed is engaged in battle. Those who have seen their fellows under such conditions will have no difficulty in calling to mind what this change means, Refined men, and rough, uncultured men,

How a Duke Earned Sixpence.

plete possession of the human body.

How the Duke of Norfolk, one of the richest of England's peers, earned his first sixpence is related by his friends with a great deal of gusto. A few

Curious Bibles.

There are in existence a number of very odd and curious Bibles, which are always eagerly sought for by collectors. has established its priority of claim.

ance with her.-Philadelphia Record.

Not a Speaking One. talker. Did you ever meet her? Joax evaporation and leaving the moisture

MAKES HER SICK,

New Jersey Woman Who Is Strangely Affected by Light.

In a Spruce street boarding-house

there is now living an elderly spinster

who for thirty years has avoided the light. She is no misanthrope, no recluse, nor does her aversion to light the Face of an Armed Enemy-Stories arise from any constitutional defect. Of wide information, chatty and fond of company, her peculiar condition pre-Among the millions of citizens cludes enjoyment of society in circumwhose lives have run along in peaceful stances making social intercourse most channels and who have never been pleasant. In the evenings when the urged by duty or inclination to forsake gas is lighted, she retires to a cloaked the ordinary routine of life for the corner, and hidden under an umbrella camp and battlefield there is a senti- especially constructed to ward off raysment of warm admiration and love for of light, she holds converse. Thus she the soldier who performs daring deeds sits for hours, like some seeress unin time of war. It matters not the na- seen by those in the same room, and tionality of the warrior, or on which not seeing those to whom she talks and charms with her fund of bright and placed, the announcement of some dare- interesting things. Not that her eyedevil act of heroism calls forth our sight is affected-it is as good as that hearty applause. And why should it be of any woman 60 years of age. She simply cannot bear the light to strike strong heart that wins. The dashing her. Diffused sunlight as a rule does blade or free lance who with his life not trouble her, but a tiny ray illumin his hands faces death calmly is to inating a near-by object upsets her be respected, for in most instances physical system and is followed by an attack of nausea. The patient is Miss Ford of Moorestown, N. J., a descendant of the Fords in whose house Washington made his headquarters while in that part of New Jersey. She came here recently to be treated for her peculiar malady. The physicians who have her case in charge will not say whether her condition is pathologically natural or reflex. Her ailment has existed for thirty years. For all that time she has been unable to suffer the radiance of gaslight, and when electric light was introduced her retirement from its presence was rendered imperative. Its effect upon her nervous system is so baleful that she is made ill, as though some nauseating dose or later from South Africa, but places had been administered to her. So sensitive has Miss Ford become to the similar deeds just as far above him. irritating effect of light that should a He is in error. The inborn genius of sun's ray invade her corner and flicker dramatic fire is the property of the upon the hangings, or tint the window favored few, but the recklessness and shade, she would be immediately courage of the soldier on the battle- thrown into a nervous spasm. The field are simply an outcropping of the sun which brightens and cheers all the common heritage of mankind. At world is to her a dread visitor, whose home, in a progressive community, a benign sparks are malevolent messenman may be a merchant or a bank gers. The effulgence all nature glories environment of civilizing influence is When she drives out, except on cloudy strong upon him, and most of his days, the curtains of the carriage are chances for the display of courage drawn and draperies so arranged that come to the moral side of his nature. there may be no invasion of distinct trammels cast off and the enemy in connected with Miss Ford's unique front, with the ripple of the colors | condition is that it is not necessary for about him, and, more than all, the her to see the ray of light to be adfeeling that comes from companion- versely affected. Its mere presence ship in a common danger with many in her immediate vicinity, at her side of his fellows, it is the animal that or behind her back, renders her susgains supremacy. And man, being by ceptible.-Philadelphia North Amer-

> DEAF CHILDREN LEARN MUSIC Interesting Experiments With a Suc-

cessful Result at Detroit. An interesting work with deaf children is being done under the direction the same source, must necessarily be of the superintendent of music in the which the best results are obtained consists of about six pupils. The to make the fact of inherent bravery | children gather around a piano, restand-the other thing-certain, it is to | ing their hands and in some cases their be found in the marvelous change in arms upon the instrument. Soon after face, manner and even speech that a piece is started the children will becomes to nearly every man when he gin to count in correct time with the music, catching the accentuation of beats through the vibration of the wood. Occasionally a child would seem to progress beyond the mere response to time and count aloud with too, for that matter, with the tenderest | some approximation to the tune. When and most humane feelings, men who this fact was observed by the teachwould shudder and turn sick at the er the pupils were told to repeat the sight of a slight accident on their words "baby, baby," over and over home streets, have been frequently and at the same time a lullaby was known to stand and deliberately watch | played on the piano. In a short time the writhings and death agonies of it was noticed that nearly all the chiltheir comrades who have been hit and dren with whom the experiment was torn to pieces by bursting shells, as if tried indicated the air with more or it were the commonest sight in the less distinctness. Still another experiworld. It may be urged that the ex- ment was tried by singing the scale citement of being under fire would be into the ear of a boy and playing it sufficient reason for this callousness, on the piano. After a few trials the but such an explanation will not ac- pupil was able to sound the notes as count for the entire subversion of a | well as could many children with unman's whole life training. The real impaired hearing. These tests seem to reason is that at such times it is the indicate that singing with some degree of accuracy may be taught the most animal nature that takes full and comdeaf children. If such proves the fact a new pleasure and a new educative influence will come into their lives .--Buffalo Express.

For Black Eyes. It is often the case that people meet years ago a large English party head- with accidents and bruises that cause ed by the duke, went on a continental disfiguring and discolorations from tour. The duke busied himself very which they suffer not a little embarmuch on the journey in a kind-hearted | rassment and annoyance. It is worth way about the welfare of everyone in while to know that there is a simple the party. At every station he used remedy, and one quite within the reach to get out and go round to see if he of everyone. Immediately after the could do anything for anyone. One old accident, mix an equal quantity of lady who did not know him when she capsicum annuum with mucilage made arrived at last in Rome, tired and hot, of gum arabic. To this add a few found great difficulty in getting a por- drops of glycerine. The bruised surter. So she seized on the duke. "Now, face should be carefully cleansed and my good man,' she said, "I've noticed dried, then painted all over with the the men in the shop would jump to the ancients were children in mechanical you at all these stations loafing about. capsicum preparation. Use a camel'sconclusion that Miss Boswell was an knowledge as compared to the people Just make yourself useful for once in hair brush and allow it to dry; then adventuress, whose fascinating ways of today, and if there was a demand for your life. Take my bag and find me put on the second or third coat as soon had cozened him. The house had cer- any particular building or piece of a cab." The duke mildly did as he as the first is entirely absorbed. A tain turned-down pages of that sort work such as was produced by the an- was bid and was rewarded with a six- medical journal is authority for the cients it could be duplicated and im- pence. "Thank you, madam," he said; statement that if this course is pursued But after the shop was closed he proved on by the skilled artisans of "I shall prize this indeed! It is the immediately after the injury, discolorreturned and by the searching light of the nineteenth century.—American first coin I have ever earned in my ation of the bruised tissue will be wholly prevented. It is also said that this remedy is unequaled as a cure for rheumatism or stiffness of the neck.

Big Crops in Arid Lands.

Can the arid lands of western Kan-At a recent book sale in London a copy sas. Utah and other states subject to of the Mazarin Bible brought the drought be made to raise crops regurather unusual sum of \$20,000. The larly year after year, and that without special value which attaches to this irrigation? H. W. Campbeil, a farmer book comes from the fact that it is the formerly of Brown county, South Dafirst book of any account printed from kota, claims that they can. He has movable type. It was issued in 1455 by originated a method of cultivation Gutenberg, and has by some authori- which, he asserts, never fails to proties been called the Gutenberg Bible, duce crops in the sun-baked territory. he was not admitted. The maid said also his sister and another young It is in two volumes and the pages are no matter how dry the season may be. set in two columns each. For some | His plan is based upon the theory that years there was much dispute as to the droughts are caused not by lack of first printed Bible, some experts claim- sufficient fall of moisture, but by too ing that the Bamberg Bible was the rapid evaporation. He plows the soil first book printed in this manner. It deeply and subpacks the lower poris, however, admitted that the Mazarin tion, thus forming a shallow water reservoir under the surface. The top strata of earth is then pulverized as fine as dust and kept so by frequent stirrings, forming a fine dust, which Hoax-Henpeck's wife is an awful chokes the pores of the soil, cutting off -Oh, yes; I have a listening acquaint- in the earth to be drawn on by the roots of the growing plants.