

# Jephthah's Daughter:

A Story of Patriarchal Times.

By JULIA MAGRUDER...

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## CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

Then the face of each turned to each, and long time they gazed into each other's eyes, as though their very souls were bared unto each other. Then silently their arms entwined, and softly their lips met and pressed and clung; and so rested they, still upon their knees, for the moment was sacred to once to love and to death. The thought of what was to come was in the heart of each, and cast around them a great awe that seemed to wrap them in; but even over this their pure love triumphed, and the man and the maiden were shown therein the truth of Namarah's words, that love is stronger than death.

Then Adina lifted up his voice and prayed.

And Namarah, in her gentle voice, which the words of Adina's prayer made now to tremble, answered even also, "Amen."

After they got them to their feet and went in search of the maiden's father Jephthah, that they might speak unto him cheering words and comfort him with the comfort wherewith their souls within them had been comforted.

And Namarah spoke unto her father Jephthah, and said:

"Let this thing be done for me: let me alone two months, that I may go up and down upon the mountains, and bewail my unhappy lot."

And he said:

"Go."

And after this, behold, the face of the maiden was no longer sorrowful, but ever there beamed forth from it a most calm and shining light that even comforted the hearts of all who gazed on her.

## CHAPTER VIII.

On the evening of the return from battle of the hosts of Jephthah, the Gileadite, Namarah went, as was her wont, to feed her doves, and as she stood among them, more white than was the gown she wore, there came to her, down the garden-walk, through the parted branches of the trees, the young man Adina.

Now, Namarah knew that he would come, even at this time and place, but her heart within her trembled, and the color was not so far gone from out her cheek but that his coming called it back, like to a rose in bloom.

Adina, who had rested from his traveling and refreshed himself, was clad this evening, like Namarah, all in white, in a stately robe that swathed his stalwart body from the shoulder to the sandals on his feet. His beautiful strong young arms were hid beneath its folds, until, as he came up to where the maiden stood, he reached them out and folded her tenderly and strongly against his breast.

"Hurt not the bird, Adina," she said, slowly, as he held her there and knew not to distinguish between the fluttering of the dove and the beating of the maiden's heart. "It is even thy little messenger, which did company thee upon thy dangerous wanderings and bring me the message of thy heart to mine."

"How knowest thou it is the same, Namarah," he made answer, "seeing that these snow-white birds of thine are like as be garden-lilies?" And as he spoke, he held her still with one strong arm, while the other hand he laid above her little one that gently smoothed the ruffled plumage of the frightened bird.

"I knew it even by its travel-stains and by its broken feathers. See, the birding hath e'en suffered in our service," and, as she spoke, she lifted it and kissed it tenderly, at which Adina swiftly bent his tall head and kissed the very spot whereon her lips had lain upon the bird, saying as he did so: "Thy kisses are all mine, Namarah, and I must even take back the one that thou hast given to the bird. It was ill done of thee to besow it on another than him to whom it doth by right belong. Release the bird that hath too long engaged the touches of thy hands, for these be mine also, and to-night I long for all thy love, seeing that my heart within me is like to burst with sorrow."

Then Namarah swiftly loosed the bird, which flew away and vanished from their sight, even as the maiden threw her arms about her lover's neck and yielded herself to his most sweet embrace.

"I pray thee sorrow not, Adina, my beloved." She spoke low. "Thine am I for eternity, and Heaven's joys can never end. Will thou not strive to give me strength to do the thing that lies before me? Pray for courage for both thee and me, for love is sweet, and death seems cruel."

"Ay, death is cruel, cruel!" made answer Adina, with that his brow grew stern, and the very hands that were about her soft young body clinched as if in anger.

"Now, may God forgive me," said Namarah, "for the evil word I spake. It even passed the door of my lips without mine own consent. Our God is good, Adina, and if we dishonor Him not, by doubt of His goodness and rebellion to His will, He will most likely deliver us both; and if it pleaseth Him

to take my spirit back to Him who gave it, and so leave thee here upon the earth, will it seem too hard a thing to wait with patience until the hour of thy release from earth and flesh shall come, when thy spirit shall again meet mine?"

"Too hard a thing, Namarah! I could wait till eternity were ended sooner than I could love any other maiden than thee!"

"Ah, sweet, sweet is thy love and loyalty beloved!" saith Namarah; "and my heart is even warmed and comforted to hear thee speak those words. Nevertheless, there is a thing I would have thee remember. If it should be, when I am dead, that thou shouldst ever love another maiden—for thou art young, and there be others worthy of thy love, and life alone is long and sad—I would not have thee live unwedded of me. If thou chooseth to marry thou hast my full consent, and even my blessing from Heaven."

But at her words the young man thrust her from him almost roughly, and turned on her the first ungentle look his face had ever worn to her.

"Thou art unkind and cruel unto me, Namarah," he said, "and thy love is not like to mine for thee, or thou couldst not think possible the thing wherewith thou speakest. The soul of Adina slept within him until, at touch of thy soul, it waked; and it lives but for thee alone. If thou must die, the desire of my heart will be still to thee alone, and my soul shall even wait for thy soul."

## CHAPTER IX.

Then Namarah came again into his arms, and while they clasped her close with love's true tenderness, behold the maiden began softly to weep, and said: "I am even satisfied to die to-night, knowing a love like thine, if I die and thou livest, I beseech thee that thou wilt be even as a son unto my father Jephthah, for his heart is broken within him, and by reason of his vow he giveth up his only child."

"That will I maiden," saith Adina; "and if so be that I shall live and thou diest, that will even be my work in life. Ah, Namarah, my most holy and most beautiful love, hast thou thought upon the weariness and darkness of the life that I will lead without thee, even through youth and manhood and old age?"

"Yea, beloved, I have thought of it," she answered—"be sure that I will thought of it—with a heart made wild with anguish, and it seemeth unto me that thy fate is even a harder one than mine. But now that we have spoken of these things, and thou knowest my thoughts and wishes concerning thy life, if thou are left to live it out without me, let us speak of it no more, and let us even, so far as in us lies, banish it from our thoughts. I would have thee give me a solemn pledge that when I depart on the morrow, I, and the maidens that be my companions, thou wilt pray continually, as I shall do, for deliverance. Kneel with me now, Adina, and let us pray thy prayer, even in the silence of our hearts."

And side by side, upon the grass beneath the white light of the moon, they knelt together, hand in hand, and lifted up their hearts. So still and silent was the night that the little brook which ran through the garden, down at the foot of the hill, could be heard gurgling over its stones, and the notes of the doves in their house near by sounded mournfully and pleadingly in their ears. The soft wind of the summer night played lightly over their bowed heads, ruffling Adina's golden curls and blowing against his throat a long tress of Namarah's silky hair. Long time they knelt there, their bodies touching only in that close hand-clasp, but their souls fused into one.

When they rose from their knees and stood erect in the pale moonlight, both so tall and young and beautiful in their fair white raiment, they turned and wound their arms around each other in an embrace of unspeakable love. Again the night lay wrapped in silence. Suddenly there was a fluttering above them, and a white bird flew down and alighted. There it nestled, with a little plaintive moan. As the young man and the maiden strove each to touch and soothe its ruffled feathers, their two hands met and clasped.

"It is the little messenger," said Namarah, as the bird crept closer to the warmth of their necks, between the arch made by their close-pressed cheeks. "It seemeth to be restless and unhappy. There was one of my doves killed by a hawk one day, while this messenger was gone with thee. Thinkest thou it could have been its mate? I saw the great hawk swoop down upon it one day, as it sat alone apart from all the rest, and before I could run to its rescue, the poor little thing had been carried off in those cruel claws. Thou knowest—dost thou not?—that the dove is the image of constancy, and that when it once loses its mate it takes none other evermore."

"Even as it shall be with me," breathed forth Adina. "If I lose the mate wherunto my soul is already

wed, so will I live lonely like the mateless bird, until mine end shall come."

Then, while the bird still rested between them, they clasped each other closer yet, for with the rising of the sun to-morrow Namarah and her maidens were to set forth unto the mountains, and this was their hour of parting.

Long time they rested there alone, after the bird had fluttered off to its house, and ever the sound of its sad complaining came unto their ears.

"It shall be my companion while thou art gone," said Adina, "and at night I will take it with me, so that its mourning shall be made against the warmth of my heart, that hath no voice wherewith to utter the greatness of its woe."

Nevertheless, I shall hear its complainings even with the ears of my soul," said Namarah, "and my heart shall answer them, in sounds inaudible that thy listening soul may hear. And now must I leave thee, beloved, for my father waiteth for our parting to be over, that he may even speak with me himself."

## CHAPTER X.

At break of day next morning, Namarah, accompanied by her maidens, dressed all in sad garments of mourning, passed through the streets of Mizpeh and wended their way toward the mountains, and, as they passed along, behold the people came forth of their houses to look upon them, and ever as they saw the maidens, in their sack-cloth and ashes, men and women, and even little children, lifted up their voices and wept, for the vow that Jephthah had vowed was known unto all the people; also that the maiden Namarah was gone, according unto custom, to bewail upon the mountains with the maidens, her companions.

And as the maidens walked with sad and measured steps, the maiden Namarah walked ever at their head, her stately height and noble form swathed in sackcloth. And, although the hood of her mantle hid her face from view, the people said she sobbed in passing, because that they saw the fluttering rise and fall of her breast beneath the folds of her gown.

But Namarah was not weeping. Her brow was calm and solemn, and her great eyes serene as be stars. Her vigil had made her pale as the ashes wherewith she had sprinkled her garments, but the look of her face was strong and confident, and ever she whispered in the silence of her heart "He will deliver."

As the town was left behind, and the rugged mountain path up which they were to wend their toilsome way was come in view, Namarah paused, and the maidens who followed, pausing also, say her part the folds of her garment and take therefrom the messenger-dove which had already served so faithfully. She spake no word, neither looked she to the right nor the left, while all the maidens wondered, but lifting it to her lips she gently kissed it, then raising her arm above her head she held it on her open palm, giving it a little impulse upward, at which it spread its wings and flew, with a sure and steady flight backward along the path that they had come. Namarah stood and looked at it until the whiteness of its feathers was even one with the whiteness of the clouds, and then she turned about and began to climb the mountain-path, her maidens following. Then were there tears in her eyes, in that moment, which overflowed and fell upon her cheek, but no eye there was that saw them.

(To be continued.)

## His Best Ideas.

That the American "man with the hoe" does not find the life of the farm stultifying must surely be inferred from the words of an old tiller of the soil, who came across a classical volume and found in Plato a kindred spirit. The good American farmer called upon a doctor, and was ushered into the library. At once the well-filled book-shelves drew his attention. "Are you fond of reading?" asked the doctor, noting the wandering gaze. "Well, yes," returned the farmer, modestly. "I should be pleased to lend you a book to take home with you," said the other. "Just take any one that you think you'd like to read." "Oh, I'm no good at selectin'," replied the old man. "You pick one out, doctor." So the doctor, in a spirit of fun, gave the farmer a book written by Plato. The old man went away, and at the end of a week reappeared with the book under his arm. "Well," queried the doctor, "did you read the book?" "Yes, I did," was the emphatic answer. "And what did you think of it?" "It was fast-rat," responded the farmer. "I've read it through from river to river. I never heard tell of this fellow Plato before, but all the same I'm glad to find that the old chap has been writing up some of my very best ideas."

## An Ideal of True Greatness.

A Cleveland paper tells a story of a street incident which shows the ideal of greatness which the sensational newspapers, with their extravagant attention to "athletics," are inculcating among the street boys. Two very dirty boys of this class were engaged in disfiguring as much as possible every face on the advertisements on a big billboard. They turned the actresses into bearded ladies, put cigars in the mouths of respectable aged gentlemen, and gave Admiral Dewey a black eye. Then one of them started with his pencil for a face in the middle of the board. But the others called out: "Hey! Don't do anything to that!" "Why not?" asked the first. "Why, don't you know? That's Jeffries, the champion!" They left the face unmutilated, looked respectfully at it a moment, and trudged along.

# CONSENTS TO RUN

## Dewey Willing to be a Candidate for the Presidency.

### ADMITS HE HAS HAD CHANGE OF MIND

#### Appeal of Countrymen Leads to New Decision—Willing to Serve if American People Want Him—Believes Task is Not at All Difficult.

A special to the New York World from Washington says:

Admiral Dewey authorizes the World to announce to the American people that after mature reflection and in response to the earnest entreaties from all parts of the country, his former decision not under any circumstance to run for the presidency is rescinded.

The World correspondent saw the admiral at his home. He said: "I realize that the time has arrived when I must definitely define my position."

"When I arrived in this country last September I said then that nothing would induce me to be a candidate for the presidency. Since then, however, I have had the leisure and inclination to study the matter, and have reached a different conclusion, inasmuch as so many assurances have come to me from my countrymen that I would be acceptable as a candidate for this great office. If the American people want me for this high office I shall be only too willing to serve them."

"It is the highest honor in the gift of this nation; what citizen would refuse it?"

"Since studying this subject I am convinced that the office of the presidency is not such a very difficult one to fill, his duties being mainly to execute the laws of congress."

"Should I be chosen for this exalted position I would execute the laws of congress as faithfully as I have always executed the orders of my superiors."

Admiral Dewey did not state which party's nomination he would accept. The reporter asked:

"On what platform will you stand?" and the admiral replied:

"I think I have said enough for this time, and possibly too much."

## PUERTO RICAN BILL PASSED

### Finally Adopted by a Majority of Nine Votes.

Tuesday was a notable day in the United States senate. It brought to a close the sharpest and most prolonged debate upon any measure since those discussed during the memorable "war congress" two years ago. At 1 o'clock in the afternoon the votes were begun upon the Puerto Rican tariff and civil government bill and the pending amendments, and less than hour later the measure, also, on which there has been so much contention in and out of congress, was passed by a majority of nine, the final vote being 40 to 31. Only committee amendments were adopted. The galleries were crowded and hundreds of people filled the corridors.

The particularly notable speeches of the day were delivered by Mr. Mason (Ill.) in opposition to the measure, and by Mr. Foraker (Ohio), who replied to a brief speech of Mr. Wellington of Maryland. The following is the detailed vote upon the measure:

Yea—Allen, Baker, Bard, Carter, Chandler, Clark (Wyo.), Cullom, Deboe, Depew, Fairbanks, Foraker, Foster, Frye, Gallinger, Gear, Hanna, Hansbrough, Hawley, Jones (Nev.), Kean, Kyle, Lodge, McBride, McComas, McMillan, Penrose, Perkins, Platt (Conn.), Platt (N. Y.), Pritchard, Quarles, Ross, Scott, Sewell, Shoup, Spooner, Stewart, Thurston, Wetmore, Wolcott—40.

Nays—Allen, Bacon, Berry, Clark (Mont.), Clay, Cockrell, Culbertson, Daniel, Davis (rep.), Harris, Hatfield, Jones (Ark.), Kenny, Lindsay, McLaurin, Martel, Mason (rep.), Money, Morgan, Nelson (rep.), Pettus, Proctor (rep.), Simon (rep.) Sullivan, Tallaferro, Teller, Tillman, Turly, Vest, Wellington (rep.)—31.

The only change in the pairs on the final vote related to Mr. Beveridge of Indiana. Mr. Clark (Montana) announced that he understood, if present, Mr. Beveridge would vote for the bill. He thereafter transferred his pair to Mr. Rawlins (demo., Utah). This permitted both Mr. Clark and Mr. Hanna (Mr. Rawlins' pair) to vote.

## SIFTING MURDER MYSTERY

### Detective Searching for Authors of Crime in Alaska.

Passengers arriving at Seattle from Sitka by the city of Seattle, say that Detective McGuire, the Pinkerton man who is working on the Reife-Clason-Olson murder mystery, believes that a fourth man was killed with the party and his body buried.

McGuire, it is said, thinks Graves, the partner of O'Brien, the suspected murderer, was the fourth victim. Graves is missing and heretofore it has been thought he came out to the coast immediately after the crime was committed. The supposition is that O'Brien murdered his partner.

## They Did Not Tarry.

Rudyard Kipling tells a good story of himself. One day, he says, I was sitting in my study in London, when suddenly a gentleman appeared at the door unannounced, followed by two schoolboys. "Is this Rudyard Kipling?" inquired the gentleman. "Yes," I answered. He turned round. "Boys, this is Rudyard Kipling." "And this is where you write?" he continued. "Yes," I replied. "Boys, this is where he writes." And before I had time to ask them to take a seat they were gone, boys and all. I suppose they had all literary London to do in that way.

## TRAP WAS WELL LAID

### Ambush of British Was a Very Clever Boer Maneuver.

The war office reports that Colonel Broadwood lost seven guns and all his baggage in the ambush laid for him by the Boers on last Saturday. The casualties numbered 350.

It would be impossible to conceive anything more ingenious than the Boer trap, and the only wonder is that a single man escaped. On crossing the spruit, where the ground rises immediately towards a grassy knoll, with stony slopes facing the drift, one came upon an enclosure from which it was possible to fire over the drift. At this point the spruit makes a circular bend, while the south embankment, which is protected by the partially constructed railway embankment, enabled the enemy to pour in galling fire on three sides, as well as a double tier of fire in front.

When the convoy was first attacked a scene of frightful confusion followed. The mules stamped and the wagons were overturned, while the concealed enemy poured in a deadly fire.

The latest news from the front adds little to the public knowledge of the convoy disaster. No credence is given to reports that the Boers numbered between 8,000 and 10,000 men. The general belief is that there could not have been half that number, but the mere fact that even so many as half could have been collected so near headquarters without the knowledge of the British commanders provokes much uneasy criticism. The disaster is regarded as a direct result of the inability of General French to cut off the command of General Olivier and the other commandoes when escaping from the Orange river.

## ELECTION ECHOES

### Lincoln Still Republican—South Omaha Goes Republican.

The entire republican city ticket was elected yesterday. Five out of seven councilmen were also elected by the republicans, being a gain of one councilman for that party. The three republican candidates for the school board were elected by majorities ranging from 1,900 to 1,400.

The day at the polls was one of the quietest in recent years. While active work was being done by candidates in the wards which were close, in few instances were the entire working forces of either party out. The votes came in steadily, however, throughout the day and when the polls closed a good list was in.

The principal contest centered on excise man, the question of saloon or no saloon being at issue. H. W. Brown, licensee, was elected over C. E. Loomis, no licensee, by a majority of 1,004. On the other offices the majorities ranged from 1,200 to 1,800.

## Result in South Omaha.

A. R. Kelley, republican, was elected mayor of South Omaha, his majority being about 500. Koutski, republican candidate for city treasurer, is elected, as are four out of six republican councilmen and two members of the school board.

## In Other Towns.

The cities of Fremont, Hastings, and other larger towns are republican. In the smaller towns the question of saloons was up, and the anti-saloon league tickets were successful at many points.

## WAVERLY HAS CLOSE CALL

### Elevator Burns and Cinders Start Several Small Fires.

The elevator of Walker & Adams at Waverly caught fire about half past five o'clock Tuesday evening. The discovery was made by Mr. Walker, one of the firm. He noticed a small blaze in the floor of one of the bins and on looking up saw that the whole top was on fire. There was a very stiff breeze blowing from the east, and as the elevator was situated in the eastern part of town, the cinders, which were very large, blew onto the principal business blocks, the roofs often getting on fire, and the men had hard work to save the buildings. Citizens did good work, but could not save the elevator. There were 5,000 bushels of corn in the elevator and about 4,000 barrels in cars. The cars were all saved. The elevator was worth about \$5,000, and there was \$2,000 insurance in the Phenix, but no insurance on the grain. It is not known from what source the fire originated, but in all probability it caught from the machinery.

## Threatened With a Strike.

At Omaha, Neb., the sheet metal workers decided to strike. They got twenty-eight cents an hour and demanded forty. Contractors wanted to compromise on thirty-two and a half cents. The action of the metal workers will be considered by the central labor union and everybody in position to know predicts a general strike in building trades.

## Killed the Night Operator.

Robbers last night rifled the Santa Fe depot at Winfield, Kan., and shot and killed D. C. Coates, the night operator, in escaping. They secured only a few cents. The killing was evidently committed to prevent identification.

## A Club of Redheads.

Philadelphia has an auburn-haired euchre club. Only those whose tresses resemble the golden rays of the setting sun are eligible to membership. The first meeting of the club was held last week. Sixteen charter members were enrolled and every shade of hair was represented, from fiery red to the most subdued Titian coloring. All passed a rigid examination as to their hair's credentials. The membership of the club will be limited to thirty and all the young people in the neighborhood with hair of the requisite shade are eager to join.

## VIOLA NOT GUILTY

### Jury in Horlocker Case Brings in Verdict Acquitting the Defendant.

Viola Horlocker, who for nearly two weeks has been on trial in district court at Hastings charged with administering poisonous candy to the wife of her employer, is again a free woman, and at liberty to go where she chooses or where her family and friends choose she shall go.

The verdict that released her from the embrace of the law's strong arm was handed to the court at just twenty minutes past 11 o'clock Friday morning, less than an hour from the time the court had finished reading its instructions and given the case to the jury.

At the close of the argument of the prosecution Judge Adams read his instructions to the jury and it retired to the jury room to deliberate.

At 11:29 a. m., just fifty-three minutes after leaving the court room, the jury asked to be returned to render their verdict. Telephone messages went flying over the city and in five minutes people were hastening toward the court house from all directions.

At 11:40 defendant and attorneys entered the room.

Miss Horlocker was absolutely colorless as she entered the room. Her lips were drawn and she gave evidence of the terrible mental strain under which she was laboring.

As soon as she was seated the jury filed in and took their places in the jury box. There was an instant of intense silence, and then the court said:

"Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed upon a verdict?"

"We have," came the response.

The foreman then handed the papers to the judge. Deputy Clerk Bratton took the verdict, and after affixing the filing stamp, handed it back to Judge Adams, who read it aloud:

"We, the jury in the above entitled case, being duly empanelled and sworn, do find and say that the defendant, Viola Horlocker, is not guilty."

"Gentlemen, is this your verdict?"

"It is," was the response.

The defendant threw up her hands and uttered a cry. Mr. Batty, her old, gray-haired counsel, was at her side in an instant and throwing his arms about her, hugged and kissed her fervently. Mr. Stevens went forward to extend his congratulations, but he was not so demonstrative. Her sisters had hurried to the jury box and were shaking the hands of the jurymen. Miss Horlocker arose and followed them, and as the jurymen passed from the box she grasped each by the hand and said: "God bless you; oh, God, I thank you for this."

The verdict, though not unexpected, was coldly received by the spectators and beyond a few handclaps there was no outburst or other demonstration than that made by Miss Horlocker's family and her attorneys.

## ARCHIBALD FORBES IS DEAD.

### Well-Known War Correspondent Succumbs at London.

A London, March 30, dispatch says: Archibald Forbes, the well known war correspondent, died in this city during the night. He had been in bad health for some years and during the last six months had been unable to write or do anything owing to complications arising from rheumatism and paralysis. He spent most of his time at his home in London. His wife was a Miss Meigs, daughter of the late quarter-master general of the United States, Gen. M. C. Meigs.

## KRUGER ISSUES WARNING

### Tells Women and Children to Move Out of Bloemfontein.

President Kruger's latest proclamation warns women and children to leave Bloemfontein within five days, as he intends to bombard and destroy the city and to shoot the burghers whom he captures.

## Shoots Himself at Falls.

A sensational suicide occurred at Niagara Falls, N. Y., in the river by Goat island, near the spring. A man waded out as far as he could, shot himself three times in the head, pitched forward into the water and was swept down between Luna and Goat island, going over the falls at the Cave of the Winds.

From papers and letters left behind he is thought to be Hippolyte Schneider, of Pittsburgh. Letters in French were found addressed to Madame Lillian Russell, Infanta Delia and the Westinghouse company, of Pittsburgh.

In one letter he blames the woman Lillian Russell for his death and leaves her all his property. The letters were rambling and indicate that the man was insane. Naturalization papers were found on him, dated March 9, 1882, at Pittsburgh.

## Strike Called Off.

A settlement of the strike in the machine shops of Chicago was reached at a conference held between officials of the unions and representatives of the employers. It is a settlement which is to be national in its scope, and under its terms the general strike timed to involve the 15,000 machinists of the country about April 1, will be averted.

## Kills Alleged Betrayer.

At Birmingham, Ala., G. B. Wilmet, passenger conductor, shot and killed C. C. Braxton, Braxton lived with Wilmet and is alleged to have been intimate with Mrs. Wilmet. Wilmet surrendered to the sheriff. He is a prominent Mason.

## Burns Nearly Two Blocks.

Fire at South McAllister, I. T., burned over nearly two blocks, destroying over a dozen small business buildings. The total loss is over \$50,000.