

# Jephthah's Daughter:

A Story of Patriarchal Times.

By JULIA MAGRUDER...

COPYRIGHTED 1890, 1891 AND 1896 BY ROBERT BONNER'S SONS.

## CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)

And when Namarah and her maidens reached the house of Jephthah, behold it was hung with mourning, and though the doors were wide, there was neither friend nor servant to be seen. So Namarah entered silently, and took her way toward the apartment of her father Jephthah; and as she came unto his door, she turned and spake unto the maidens, bidding them stay without in the hall while she went in alone.

And as she thrust open the door and came into the presence of her father Jephthah, behold he to was dressed in mourning garments, and he leaned upon the breast of the young man Adina, who was also clad in sackcloth; and the faces of both men were white as the faces of the dead; and Adina had grown gaunt and hollow-cheeked and lost his ruddy color, while her father Jephthah was as one grown old before his time.

And Namarah spake no word, but shutting close the door behind her, she went and put her arms about the neck of her father, but her eyes she gave unto her lover.

Her hood had fallen backward, and her white face rose from out its solemn mourning draperies as a fair flower springing out of earth; and her eyes, made large and luminous through fastings and vigils, seemed as the very windows of her spirit; and in their depth Adina read a love unspoken, unquenchable and not to be surpassed. He understood her tender thought in clasping first her father before her touch sought his, for it was by reason of her father that this blow was come upon them, and she felt he had great need of comfort and the assurance of her deep, unchanged affection; but in that long, deep look into her lover's eyes, she gave him her whole self. For a moment they rested in that look, quiet and calm as the deeps of ocean, and then the maiden spake:

"I pray thee leave me now, Adina," she saith, softly, as the voice of Jephthah her father brake into great sobs while she smoothed his snow-white hair, and stilled him as a mother might her babe. "I would be with him alone, that my courage fail not; for he hath more need of comfort than either thou or I. Return to me an hour after moonrise in the garden."

And Adina bowed his head and went, with never so much as a touch of her hand to feed the mighty hunger of his love, howbeit that look in her eyes which rested on him still, even as he left her presence, was as a draught divine wherewith the thirst of his soul might be quenched.

## CHAPTER XII.

Even before the coming of the time appointed, just as the moon was coming up behind the distant horizon, Adina made his silent way into the garden of Jephthah's house, and stood and waited. The hour of moonrise was just what it had been two months before, on the night of their parting here, and in his ears were the same sounds of the babbling brook and of the doves in their house near by. Up and down the young man paced, his thumbs thrust into the belt wherewith his white tunic was held in place, and his whole body tense and strained with the mightiness of his hardly mastered excitement. A light glimmered in the room of Jephthah, and on this he kept his gaze, until presently it became in a moment softly shaded, as if to screen the eyes of one who slept. Namarah, indeed, had soothed her father into a gentle slumber, and when it was known unto her that she slept she stepped forth into the garden.

She had even refreshed her from her journey and clothed herself in snow-white garments, perfumed with myrrh and frankincense, in which she moved softly down the garden walks to meet him whom her soul did love. The grasses of summer bent beneath the soft pressure of her feet, and the vines divided themselves at the light touches of her hands. The trees above her were as the wall of her temple of love, and the moon pierced through to light it. Adina stood and waited in the spot made sacred to them by the early dawnings, as well as by the fruition of their love; and as the maiden, fair and white as if made of the rays of the moonlight, moved softly toward him, he stretched out his two arms. She came to them with full gladness and assurance, as one of her white doves, after long wandering, cometh home.

And Adina spake no word; only he drew her to him, as though he would never lose her again. As she rested so, feeling against her heart the full throbs of his, while that his close clasp tightened and his breath came quick, it seemed to her a moment of such rapture that the thought of her heart came forth in words, as she said, on the breath of a low-drawn sigh:

"I would that I could die even now!"

And Adina answered:

"And I with thee, that our souls together might return to God who gave them."

"It is most sure," said Namarah, earnestly. "It may not be such as we would choose or look for; but He hath heard that prayer of mine and hath

each time our hearts have breathed it, and the answer doth somewhere await us."

She spake these words in solemn whispings, more tender than the cooing of doves, more murmurous than the rippling of the brook.

No eye saw the parting, when at last Adina wrenched his heart away from hers. They two were alone in the silence with God. Even the dove came not near them tonight, but remained apart and alone, as if it had knowledge of all and forbore to come between the beating of their hearts and the communion of their souls.

At the rising of the sun next morning, the altar was made ready in the heart of a deep wood, and by it stood a priest resplendent in the robes of his office. The wood was in readiness, and the fire prepared, nor was the offering for the sacrifice wanting. She stood, a pure virgin, clad in stainless white, and on her left, the young man Adina. And the face of the maiden Namarah was calm and peaceful, and her eyes trustful and quiet as the eyes of children when they know their parents are close by. And her face, for all its paleness, was more beautiful to look upon than ever it had been before, for the light that shone upon it was not wholly that cast by the rising sun, but, as it were, a light from within her soul.

And Adina's face was radiant, too, so that it seemed as if one light illumined them from within, even as the same sun from without. And Namarah's voice, as she spake, was tranquil and assured.

"Make ready thy fire, O priest of God," Namarah said, "for all is ready." And she turned and kissed her father Jephthah full tenderly. Then, speaking once more unto the priest, she said:

"I pray thee, while that the fire is kindling, suffer us to kneel and say one prayer—I and the young man Adina."

And they knelt together, both in virgin white, their hands clasped close and their faces raised to heaven, and the prayer of their hearts, even as the fire blazed and crackled, and the knife gleamed sharp and threatening near by, was that the God in whom they trusted would deliver them in His own time and way.

And they knelt so long in silence that the priest, who wished not to interrupt their prayers, was fain at last to speak to them, lest the sacred fires should burn too low. But there came no answer to his words, and when he turned and looked into their faces, that

wondrous light was gone from them; for their spirits had fled together, and the glare of sunshine upon them revealed that they were even the faces of the dead.

And it was even so that God delivered them. This was His time and place, and He had chosen His own way. And that the vow which Jephthah had vowed might be accomplished, the body of the maiden Namarah was laid upon the altar and with it the body of the young man Adina, a burnt offering unto the Lord.

And as the fires upon the altar began to sink, an object that seemed to fall straight from out the sky dropped down and fell into the flames; and lo! it was the body of a snow-white dove, which had been even dead before it touched the fire upon the altar.

(The End.)

## MASCULINE CHARACTERISTICS.

Begin to Show Themselves at an Early Age.

The masculine characteristics, as well as the feminine, begin to show themselves at an early age. There are a small boy and girl in the city who, in conversation the other day, showed this very notably, says the New York Times. They are particularly bright children, a little son and daughter of clever parents, who talk to the children very much as they would to older people. So when in talking together the other day something was mentioned which they did not understand, the children immediately began to discuss the pros and cons. The little girl is seven and the boy a couple of years younger. The former has a habit while she is dressing of talking to herself. "Arm, go in," she will say, as she puts on one garment, and "Foot go in," as she puts on another. The small boy had noticed this, and spoke to her about it. "Why do you say, 'Foot, go in,' and 'Arm, go in'?" he inquired. "Why don't you say, 'Me go in'?" "Why, it isn't 'me' that goes in," replied the small girl, "it is just my arm or my foot. What is 'me,' anyway?" The small boy thought earnestly for a moment. "Why, 'me,' is your head and stomach," he finally answered. "No," said the small girl, "I think 'me' is your head and heart." Which proves positively that even in early years the ego of the man is his stomach and that of the woman her heart.

## His Letter to the Judge.

"Will you please, suh, lemme know," wrote a colored prisoner to the judge, "des w'en my case'll come up fer conviction? I been in jail, suh, 'bout eight months ez de crow fly, en I hez a sorter restless feelin' er wantin' ter know des w'en my conviction'll come off. I writes dis, suh, kaze I feels it in my jints dat de spring season is comin' on, en hit come ter me dat you might go fishin' en feragit de time fer my conviction. Do, ef you please, suh, keep me in min', en do by me ez you 'spects ter be did by."—Atlanta Constitution.

Polite Chinamen consider it a breach of etiquette to wear spectacles in company.

# ON THE VELDT

A South African Love Story

In the kitchen of a Boer farm at Harrismith two brothers, Paul and Hendrick Hoopstad, sat in earnest conversation.

"Will you come, Hendrick?"

"I cannot leave, Paul; there is English in our veins, and, besides, to join the commando against the British would be taking up arms against the woman I love."

"The woman we love, Hendrick, for God knows that I think of her every minute of my life. You and I have been all in all to each other ever since we were born; but this mutual love for Nancy Martin seems likely to divide us. Even supposing we put our chances to the test, if I win her you will hate me, and if you were successful my thoughts would turn to you in anger. Let us then take our rifles, join the commando, and for the time forget her, and perhaps when the war is over one of us may gain by death what the other could not give in life."

"I will not fight against the English, Paul."

"Think well, Hendrick. Nancy Martin has been in England for the last four years—is it not possible that she may have an English lover?"

"We are being enticed and threatened into a foolhardy war by those who have their own ends to serve. I will take my rifle and fight, but it will be with the English."

"Then, Hendrick, we must part, though we part in all affection. God bless you, my brother, and the woman we love."

"Farewell, Paul, and God grant that we may not meet on the battlefield."

Paul turned his horse toward Newcastle, while Hendrick rode in the opposite direction, with the intention of making his way to John Martin's farm, which lay on the banks of the Caladon river, between Basutol and Natal.

Hendrick Hoopstad's love for Nancy, the only daughter of John Martin, of the Caladon farm, was the one thought that engrossed his mind. He loved her, and was willing to lay down his life for her without thought of re-

ward. It might be as John had suggested, that Nancy had an English lover; well, time would show, and whatever happened he would always strive to be worthy of her, and be willing to serve her in any way in his power.

In about three hours he had sighted John Martin's farm. Down the hill Hendrick let the reins drop on his horse's neck and proceeded at a walking pace. "It was a calm, still evening, and the horse's hoofs made no sound on the soft sand."

Reaching the orchard the sound of voices fell upon his ear, and almost mechanically he stopped his horse and listened. It was the voice of Nancy he heard. And standing in his stirrups he looked over the brush growth. Yes, Paul was right; she was standing beneath the shade of a spreading tree, a tall man, dressed in the British khaki uniform, held her in his arms, her head upon his shoulder and her lips upturned to his.

"The time was so long, Dick, I thought you would never come."

"Did you, darling? Well, I have come at last, though I could wish a more peaceful time for visiting my beautiful sweetheart. But when this war is over I will make you my wife."

"My love for you, Dick, can never change. Since I left you it has lived on the memory of those sweet hours of delirious happiness when we used to sit together in the sunshine and plan the joyful future—when we two shall be always together."

The man on the horse heard the words that pierced his heart like the stab of a dagger. For some moments he sat like a statue, his face grim and set, and his eyes staring into blankness. The steed moved forward of its own accord and wandered on for upwards of an hour, while its rider sat wrestling with himself. Then, with a sigh and a sob that almost choked him he gathered up the reins and once more turned towards John Martin's farm.

(To be continued.)

## TALMAGE'S SERMON.

THE RESURRECTION. THE SUBJECT LAST SUNDAY.

The Blooming of Flowers Fittingly Celebrates the Bursting of Christ's Tomb—Easter the Season of Rejoicing.

[Copyright, 1900, by Louis Kloppsch.] Text: John xix. 41, "In the garden a new sepulcher."

Looking around the churches this morning, seeing flowers in wreaths and flowers in stars and flowers in crosses and flowers in crowns, billows of beauty, conflagration of beauty, you feel as if you stood in a small heaven.

You say these flowers will fade. Yes, but perhaps you may see them again. They may be immortal. The fragrance of the flower may be the spirit of the flower; the body of the flower dying on earth, its spirit may appear in better worlds. I do not say it will be so. I say it may be so. The ancestors of those tuberose and camelias and japonicas and jasmynes and heliotropes were born in paradise. These apostles of beauty came down in the regular line of apostolic succession. Their ancestors during the flood, underground, afterward appeared.

The world started with Eden; it will end with Eden. Heaven is called a paradise of God. Paradise means flowers. While theological geniuses in this day are trying to blot out everything material from their idea of heaven, and, so far as I can tell, their future state is to be a floating around somewhere between the Great Bear and Cassiopeia, I should not be surprised if at last I can pick up a daisy on the everlasting hills and hear it say: "I am one of the glorified flowers of earth. Don't you remember me? I worshiped with you on Easter morning in 1900?"

My text introduces us into a garden. It is a manor in the suburbs of Jerusalem owned by a wealthy gentleman by the name of Joseph. He belonged to the court of seventy, who had condemned Christ, but he had voted in the negative, or, being a timid man, had absented himself when the vote was to be taken. At great expense he laid out the garden. It being a hot climate, I suppose there were trees broad branched, and there were paths winding under these trees, and here and there were waters dripping down over the rocks into the ponds, and there were vines and flowers blooming from the wall, and all around the beauties of the kiosk and arboretum. After the fatigues of the Jerusalem courtroom, how refreshing to come into this suburban retreat, botanical and promological!

## Most Celebrated of Tombs.

Wandering in the garden, I behold some rocks which have on them the mark of the sculptor's chisel. I come nearer, and I find there is a subterranean recess. I come down the marble steps, and I come to a portico, over which there is an architrave, by the chisel cut into representatives of fruits and flowers. I enter the portico. On either side there are rooms—two or four or six rooms of rock, the walls of these rooms having niches, every niche large enough to hold a dead body. Here is one room that is especially wealthy of sculpture.

The fact is that Joseph realizes he cannot always walk this garden, and he has provided this place for his last slumber. Oh, what a beautiful spot in which to wait for the coming of the resurrection! Mark well this tomb, for it is to be the most celebrated tomb in all the ages. Catacombs of Egypt, tomb of Napoleon, Mahal Taj of India, nothing compared with it. Christ has just been murdered, and his body will be thrown to the dogs and the ravens, like other crucified bodies, unless there be prompt and efficient hindrance. Joseph, the owner of this mausoleum in the rocks, begs for the body of Christ. He washes the poor, mutilated frame from the dust and blood, shrouds it and perfumes it.

I think that regular embalment was omitted. When in olden time a body was to be embalmed, the priest, with some pretension of medical skill, would point out the place between the ribs where the incision must be made; and then the operator, having made the incision, ran lest he be slain for a violation of the dead. Then the other priests would come with salt of niter and cassia and wine of palm tree and complete the embalment. But I think this embalment of the body of Christ was omitted. It would have raised another contention and another riot.

The funeral hastens on. Present, I think, Joseph, the owner of the mausoleum; Nicodemus, the wealthy man who had brought the spices, and the two Marys. No organ dirge, no plumes, no catafalque. Heavy burden for two men as they carry Christ's body down the marble stairs and into the portico and lift the dead weight to the level of the niche in the rock and push the body of Christ into the only pleasant resting place it ever had. Coming forth from the portico, they close the door of rock against the recess.

The government, afraid that the disciples may steal the body of Christ and play resurrection, order the seal of the sanhedrin to be put upon the door of the tomb, the violation of that seal, like the violation of the seal of the government of the United States or Great Britain, to be followed with great punishment. A company of sol-

diers from the tower of Antonia is detailed to stand guard.

## Shattered Beyond Repair.

At the door of the mausoleum a fight takes place which decides the question for all graveyards and cemeteries. Sword of lightning against sword of steel. Angel against military. No seal of letter was ever more easily broken than that seal of the sanhedrin on the door of the tomb. The dead body in the niche in the rock begins to move in its shroud of fine linen, slides down upon the pavement, moves out of the portico, appears in the doorway, advances into the open air, comes up the marble steps. Having left his mortuary attire behind him, he comes forth in workman's garb, as I take it, from the fact that the women mistook him for the gardener.

That day the grave received such shattering it can never be rebuilt. All the trowels of earthly masonry can never mend it. Forever and forever it is a broken tomb. Death, taking side with the military in that fight, received a terrible cut from the angel's spear of flame, so that he himself shall go down after awhile under it. The king of terrors retiring before the king of grace! The Lord is risen! Let earth and heaven keep Easter today! Hosanna!

Some things strike my observation while standing in this garden with a new sepulcher. And, first, post-mortem honors in contract with ante-mortem ignominies. If they could have afforded Christ such a costly sepulcher, why could not they have given him an earthly residence? Will they give this piece of marble to a dead Christ instead of a soft pillow for the living Jesus? If they had expended half the value of that tomb to make Christ comfortable, it would not have been so sad a story. He asked bread; they gave him a stone.

Christ, like most of the world's benefactors, was appreciated better after he was dead. Westminster abbey and monumental Greenwood are the world's attempt to atone by honors to the dead for wrongs to the living. Poets' corner in Westminster abbey attempts to pay for the sufferings of Grub street.

Go through that poets' corner in Westminster abbey. There is Handel, the great musician, from whose music you hear today; but while I look at his statue I cannot help but think of the discords with which his fellow-musicians tried to destroy him. There is the tomb of John Dryden, a beautiful monument; but I can not help but think at 70 years of age he wrote of his being oppressed in fortune and of the contract that he had just made for a thousand verses at sixpence a line. And there, too, you find the monument of Samuel Butler, the author of "Hudibras;" but while I look at his monument in poets' corner I cannot but ask myself where he died. In a garret. There I see the costly tablet in the poets' corner—the costly tablet to one of whom the celebrated Waller wrote: "The old blind schoolmaster, John Milton, has just issued a tedious poem on the fall of man. If the length of it be no virtue, it has none." There is a beautiful monument to Sheridan. Poor Sheridan! If he could have only discounted that monument for a mutton chop!

## Make the Living Happy.

Oh, you unfilial children, do not give your parents so much tombstone, but a few more blankets—less funeral and more bedroom! If 5 per cent of the money we now spend on Burns' banquets could have been expended in making the living Scotch poet comfortable, he would not have been harried with the drudgery of an exciseman. Horace Greeley, outrageously abused while living, when dead is followed toward Greenwood by the president of the United States and the leading men of the army and navy. Massachusetts tries to atone at the grave of Charles Sumner for the ignominious resolutions with which her legislature denounced the living senator. Do you think that the tomb at Springfield can pay for Booth's bullet?

Oh, do justice to the living! All the justice you do them you must do this side the gates of the Necropolis. They cannot wake up to count the number of carriages at the obsequies or to notice the polish of the Aberdeen granite or to read epitaphal commemoration. Gentleman's mausoleum in the suburbs of Jerusalem cannot pay for Bethlehem's manger and Calcearean cross and Pilate's ruffian judiciary. Post-mortem honors cannot atone for ante-mortem ignominies.

Again, standing in this garden of the sepulcher, I am impressed with the fact that floral and arboresecent decorations are appropriate for the place of the dead. We are glad that among flowers and sculptural adornments, Christ spent the short time of his inhumation.

I cannot understand what I sometimes see in the newspapers where the obsequies are announced and the friends say in connection with it, "Send no flowers." Rather, if the means allow—I say if the means allow—strew the casket with flowers, the hearse with flowers, the grave with flowers. Put them on the brow—it will suggest coronation; in their hand—it will mean victory.

Christ was buried in a garden. Flowers mean resurrection. Death is sad enough anyhow. Let conservatory and arboretum contribute to its alleviation. The harebell will ring the victory; the passion flower will express the sympathy; the daffodil will kindle its lamp and illumine the darkness. The cluster of asters will be the constellation. Your little child loved flowers when she was living. Put them in

her hand now that she can go forth no more and pluck them for herself. On sunny days take a fresh garland and put it over the still heart.

## Plant Flowers.

Brooklyn has no grander glory than its Greenwood, nor Boston than its Mount Auburn, nor Philadelphia than its Laurel Hill, nor Cincinnati than its Spring Grove, nor San Francisco than its Lone Mountain. But what shall we say to those country graveyards, with the vines broken down and the slab aslant and the mound caved in and the grass a pasture ground for the sexton's cattle? Indeed, were your father and mother of so little worth that you cannot afford to take care of their ashes? Some day turn out all hands and straighten the slab and bank up the mound and cut away the weeds, and plant the shrubs and flowers.

Some day you will want to lie down to your last slumber. You can not expect any respect for your bones if you have no deference for the bones of your ancestry. Do you think these relics are of no importance? You will see of how much importance they are in the day when the archangel takes out his trumpet. Turn all your cemeteries into gardens.

Again, standing in this garden of the new sepulcher, I am impressed with the dignity of private and unpretending obsequies.

Joseph was mourner, sexton, liveryman—had entire charge of everything. Only four people at the burial of the King of the Universe! Oh, let this be consolatory to those who through lack of means or through lack of large acquaintance have but little demonstration of grief at the graves of their loved ones. Long line of glittering equipage, two rows of silver handles, casket of richest wood, pallbearers gloved and scarfed, are not necessary. If there be six at the grave, Christ looks down from heaven and remembers that is two more than were at his obsequies.

Not recognizing this idea, how many small properties are scattered and widowhood and orphanage go forth into cold charity! The departed left a small property, which would have been enough to keep the family together until they could take care of themselves, but the funeral expenses absorbed everything. That went for crape which ought to have gone for bread. A man of moderate means can hardly afford to die in any of our great cities. By all means, do honor to departed, but do not consider funeral pageant as necessary. No one was ever more lovingly and tenderly put away to sepulcher than Christ our Lord, but there were only four people in the procession.

## Wake Up to Gladness.

Again, standing in this garden with a new sepulcher, I am impressed with the fact that you cannot keep the dead down.

Seal of sanhedrin, company of soldiers from the tower of Antonia, floor of rock, roof of rock, walls of rock, door of rock, cannot keep Christ in the crypts. Come out and come up he must. Come out and come up he did. Prefiguration. First fruits of them that slept. Just as certainly as we come down into the dust, just so certainly we will come up again. Though all the granite of the mountains were piled on us we will rise. Though buried amid the corals of the deepest caverns of the Atlantic ocean, we will come to the surface.

With these eyes we may not look into the face of the noonday sun, but we shall have stronger vision, because the tamest thing in the land to which we go will be brighter than the sun. We shall have bodies with the speed of the lightning. Our bodies improved, energized, swiftened, clarified—mortality, immortality. The door of the grave taken off its hinges and flung flat into the dust.

Oh, my brethren, death and the grave are not so much as they used to be; for while wandering in this garden with the new sepulcher I find that the vines and flowers of the garden have completely covered up the tomb. Instead of one garden there are four gardens, opening into each other—garden of Eden, garden of the world's sepulcher, garden of the earth's regeneration, garden of heaven. Four gardens. Bloom, O earth! Bloom, O heaven! Oh, my friends, wake up to gladness on this Easter morning! This day, if I interpret it right, means joy—it means peace with heaven, and it means peace with all the world.

Oh, bring more flowers! Wreath them around the brazen throat of the cannon; plant them in the desert that it may blossom like the rose; braid them into the mane of the returned war charger. No more red dahlias of human blood. Give us white lilies of peace. All around the earth strew Easter flowers. And soon the rough voyage of the church militant will be ended, and she will sail up the heavenly harbor, scarred with many a conflict, but the flag of triumph floating from her topgallants. All heaven will come out to greet her into port, and with a long reverberating shout of welcome will say: "There she comes up the bay, the glorious old ship Zion! After tempestuous voyage she drops anchor within the veil."

## New Story of Kitchener.

A new story of Kitchener is said by G. W. E. Russell to be "probably not so very far astray." Cecil Rhodes made more or less trouble for the military authorities in Kemberley, and finally Col. Kekewich one day holographed Lord Kitchener that Rhodes' interference was getting unbearable. Kitchener's prompt answer was: "You had better put him in chains!"