

An English Bugaboo.

It is amusing to read of the expedients suggested to prevent the proposed tunnel under the English channel from becoming a menace to British safety. One of the latest things solemnly put forth, says Troy Times, is to bring the tunnel out at a point where trains passing through it will have to go over a trestle or causeway before plunging into the actual midst of the tight little island. The idea is to have British warships so stationed as to command this stretch of road, and of course any train coming through the tunnel with hostile intent could be blown to smithereens before getting a chance to do the least damage. That an enemy meditating such an invasion would deliberately run into a trap of this sort seems to be the innocent belief of the projectors of this mighty idea. A tunnel of the kind in question could no more threaten peril to England than would a proposition to go around the other side and come down by way of the North Pole. The talk of invasion by that route is farcical. A stick of dynamite would put the tunnel out of business in considerably less than three seconds.

Where Titles Are Cheap.

The cheapest country for buying a title used to be Portugal. When a man is made a baron or a count there his patent recites the service for which the grant is made. I was once in Portugal and I had some curiosity to discover what were the services for which an Englishman of my acquaintance had been made a Portuguese baron, remarks a writer in London "Lith." I therefore looked the matter up and I found that it was for having introduced into the country a new tree. There used to be another plan for becoming a baron. It appears that there is now a convent which once had large possessions. All the tenants were, by the fact of being tenants, barons. But the convent had lost its possessions with the exception of one farm. It had an agent in London. For a very moderate consideration the agent let this farm to a noble tenant. He therefore became a baron, and when he resigned the farm to the next applicant he retained the title.

Excessive Neatness.

It is not the woman who is forever cleaning everyone in the house with a broom or duster who makes the most impression as to the desirableness of neatness and order. While she is making a martyr of herself in her frantic attempts to always keep the parlor tidy, and the woodwork polished, and the carpets free from spot and speck, she is often driving away the better elements of the home—peace and love and harmony. A child will not enjoy his playthings without a mother in which to play, nor a man feel at home in his own house if he must be constantly remembering that not so much as a magazine or book shall be left one moment out of place when not being read. Yet, observes New York Week-end, these overzealous women find happiness in their struggle for excessive neatness, and the thought that they are doing actual wrong in the carrying out of their extreme ideas never enters their minds.

The burning of an old house in Northampton, Mass., a few days ago failed to mind again the once famous ballad of "Old Grimes," for the house was built in 1761 by Joseph Grimes, whose son Ephraim, it is said, was the subject of the ballad written by Gordon Greene was the author of the piece. The studied inconsequence of the treatment was what made the ballad popular, and it is far the best specimen of a class of jocular ballads of the eighteenth century.

Because air is elastic and water is incompressible, a German aeronaut declares that the form of propeller best adapted to navigation of the latter element will not yield equally happy results in the former. The proposition may be required to develop the type of screw for a flying machine, but the task is certainly not beyond the reach of invention.

Joseph Potter has done public service by sounding a warning against the danger of becoming too deeply involved in the mechanism and red tape of charity organization. "The history of the wastes of charity," he says, "is a story of waste." It would make a good and depressing book.

Person, N. J., has come into the light again, naturally, with the conviction criminal. This is a man when arrested and sent to jail, the brass fittings of his cell, the being found on him when he was charged in the police court on a charge.

Britain last year consumed \$50,000,000 worth of American oleomargarine and \$4,200,000 worth of American butter. Evidently it is hard for the Britons to tell which side of the butter is buttered.

JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER

A STORY OF THE PERIOD OF THE JUDGES IN ISRAEL

By the "Highway and Byway" Preacher

Scripture Authority:—Judges 11:31-40.

SERMONETTE.

One cannot read this tragic and yet beautifully touching story of Jephthah's daughter without being deeply touched by her devotion to God, her heroic loyalty to her father, and her sweet, tender, graciousness as she faces the awful doom which her father's rash vow had brought upon her.

Her purity and strength of character stand out clear and positive.

She is one of the splendid galaxy of noble women which the Bible narrative gives to us.

This daughter of Jephthah had not much to look back upon in the way of ancestry, for her grandmother, as the Scriptures declare, was an harlot, and upon her must have rested much of the stigma that surrounded the birth and the early life of her father.

But whatever she lacked in the way of a proud family tree she made up in the charm and nobility of her own character.

There is much in this story of Jephthah's rash vow and the sacrifice of his daughter which we cannot understand, except as we consider the customs of the people about them and understand that that which Jephthah did was common practice in the worship of the heathen gods.

But without attempting to discuss the perplexing phases, which our space will not allow, even though such contemplation were profitable—which is doubtful—let us gather up some thoughts and suggestion which will be helpful to us.

First of all, we must recognize that however imperfect the knowledge of Jephthah's daughter concerning what the true worship and service of God required, she realized that God had first claim upon her and upon her father, even to life itself.

And second only to this was her deep sense of filial obedience. No word of reproach; no despairing cry.

Nay, rather, there was such utter forgetfulness of self, that she turns in solicitude to comfort her father and encourage what seemed to her a faltering courage and a threatened disloyalty to God.

And lastly, during those two months of seclusion what more reasonable to suppose than that she was performing a final ministry in spiritual things to the companions she had gathered about her. The precious moments which remained to her were to be used to the uplifting of others. Surely, in these more striking points Jephthah's daughter being dead yet speaketh.



THE STORY.

"MY father, reproach not thyself. Thou hast done well, else would not the God of Israel given thee this great victory over the enemy of thy people. Think not of me! Think of the God whom thou wouldst honor with thy most precious offering."

The great form of the strong man shook with the suppressed emotions that swept through his soul and by way of reply he drew more closely to him the form of the beautiful girl. He dare not trust himself to speak. All night long he had agonized over the awful tragedy which faced him. From the moment of his return from the battle when his daughter had come forth with music and dancing to meet him and he had realized the terrible import of his vow there had raged within his breast a conflict which it seemed at times would fairly tear body and soul asunder. Back and forth the battle of conflicting thoughts had raged. Now self was on top and he was almost ready to repudiate the vow he had made, and

then there would ring through his soul the words of his daughter: "If thou hast opened thy mouth unto the Lord, do to me according to that which hath proceeded out of thy mouth," and the sterner sense of duty and loyalty to God would drive the weaker self back and again hold him to the obligation he had taken.

And with the coming of the day light had come his daughter to say good-bye. She had chosen that time for leaving for her solitude in the mountains, for, said she: "It is not a time of darkness but of light; it is not a time of sorrow but of gladness, for God hath done great things for his people!" And as they stood there in the doorway in each other's embrace, the last they would ever enjoy on earth, it seemed to Jephthah as though the battle must all be fought over again, and as though all the powers of his strong nature were concentrating in effort to turn him from the fulfillment of his vow.

With an ineffable sweetness and tenderness the girl put up both hands until they rested one on either grizzled cheek of her father. With gentle pressure which he did not seek to resist she turned his averted face until she could look into his eyes. How that dear face had aged during that night of fierce conflict. For an instant the sharp pain which pierced her heart as she realized what he had suffered swept across her fine sensitive face, but with a mighty effort she controlled herself, and again hid the anguish of her own heart behind the sweet, almost heavenly, look which had rested there since first her father had told her of his vow.

"See father," she said, as she pointed towards the sun which was now bathing them both in its glorious light, "see, the sun which God has set in the heavens comes with its benediction even as we say good-bye. Again I say: Think not of me. Think of the victory God hath given thee in token of thy piety! Should I have been withheld if it was to have brought peace and success to our land?"

She spoke this last with spirit, almost of resentment, which appealed instantly to the father's sense of the heroic and patriotic, and he responded with something like his own boldness:

"Spoken like a true daughter of Jephthah, little girl. If I had no sons to give, I have given a daughter worth many sons."

Again they stood in silence. The precious moments, how sweet they seemed. Soon she would be wending her way to the mountain retreat where companions awaited her coming and where she was to pass in meditation and prayer the time which yet remained to her. Soon her father would be sitting alone, thinking of her; yes, thinking of her, and what last message, what last word could she speak that would help him to bear the loss and inspire him to the work of ruling the people who had chosen him as their leader? It should not be of herself. It should be of the present victory and deliverance from their strong enemy. No, it should be of the future, toward which every true son of Israel looked with expectant hope, because of the promises which God in times past had spoken to Abraham, Isaac and Jacob.

"Father," she said at last, "God hath spoken good concerning Israel."

"Yes, my daughter."

"And he hath not failed us even now in that he hath given us the desire of our hearts in the deliverance which he has wrought."

"Yes."

"And God hath given us this land and established us as a nation forever."

"He hath, indeed, my daughter."

"How great a privilege and honor then that we should have a part in carrying out the purposes of God. We serve not time but eternity; we give ourselves that we may continue to live in the life and memory of our nation forever. Let us see the brightness as we behold it streaming out of the glorious promise of the future."

While she was speaking she was gently disengaging herself from her father's arms. She stood for a moment pointing down the golden pathway of light that came streaming from the sun, and then quickly turning she threw her arms about her father's neck and drawing his face down to hers pressed one lingering kiss upon his bearded cheek and then was gone. Down the pathway of light he saw the white-clad form glide as though even then she was bound from earth to heaven and would step therein through the resplendent gateway of the sun.

During the two months which followed while his daughter kept her vigil in the mountains with her companions, that vision never left him, and when at times through the months and years which followed it seemed as though the anguish of his heart would crush him, he would hear her words again:

"Let us see the brightness as we behold it streaming out of the glorious promise of the future."

And he would exclaim, fervidly and reverently:

"Amen, and Amen!"

Tours the Holy Land. Rev. A. S. Carrier, D. D., who occupies the chair of Hebrew and cognate languages in McCormick seminary, has returned from an absence of eight months, during which he took a trip through the Holy Land, and has resumed his class work.

LOUISIANA NEWS.

King's Daughters Entertain.

Mandeville, La.: Seven coaches over the New Orleans Great Northern Railroad brought 468 passengers here today on the annual excursion of the King's Daughters. The Mandeville Brass Band greeted the excursionists. Many went to Rest-a-While, the beautiful home of King's Daughters. Following the usual custom, the first thing in order was devotional exercises, conducted by Rev. Dr. J. Caldwell, Mayor H. Forey delivered the address of welcome, response being by Miss Sophie B. Wright. A local circle of the order was organized with these officers: Mrs. Baker, secretary; Mrs. Peters, treasurer; Miss Wright says that Rest-a-While, where extensive improvements have been made, will be ready to receive guests about June 1.

Alexandria, La.: The city improvement bonds, amounting to \$55,000, recently issued, were approved by the New York attorney. The bonds are being lithographed. The Mayor and City Engineer are sending out a small pamphlet describing the proposed city hall to architects over the country. The hall and furnishings are to cost not exceeding \$75,000.

J. C. Brown bought at Sheriff's sale today 509 arpents of land on Bayou Rapids, ten miles from Alexandria. The sale was made to effect a partition for minors, children or John T. Cruikshank. The price paid was \$1,000.

Genevieve Orphanage Destroyed. Shreveport, La.: The Genevieve Orphanage, established eighteen years ago, was destroyed by fire today. The loss is estimated at \$12,000, including the building and practically all of its contents. All of the effects of the orphan children, inmates of the institution, were lost, but none of the inmates were injured. The building was partly covered by insurance. It is not known definitely what caused the fire, but it originated in the roof and is supposed to have been caused by a falling spark. The orphans, twenty-four in number, were removed to the Shreveport training school, where they will be cared for until the orphanage is rebuilt.

Tax for Drainage Carried. Pinecourt, La.: Another special election was held today at the residence of Judge A. Pothier, in Drainage District 5, in Assumption Parish, for the purpose of levying another drainage tax of 25 cents per acre for a period of eight years, and was carried unanimously. The Board of Commissioners found that the fifteen-year 5-mill tax levied at a special election December 8, 1906, would hardly cover the expenses of the necessary drainage work. The actual work of dredging will be under way within a short time.

Strawberries Require Moisture. Amite City, La.: Strawberry fields need a good rain, and if it does not come within the next week it will be too late to prolong the crop. The drought in some instances is impairing the quality, as well as the quantity of berries, and returns do not justify expense of shipping. Berries shipped around Independence are said to be unusually fine, and the prices are good, if not highly remunerative. Bricklayers' Union No. 3 has adopted the nine-hour rule.

Business Men Participate. Alexandria, La.: A number of prominent business men went to New Orleans today on the first train over the Louisiana Railway and Navigation Company Railroad. Deputy Sheriff R. A. Brown, from Green County, Tenn., is expected to arrive here tomorrow and take back with him the man supposed to be Rock Genry, who was arrested here last week. Genry is wanted for the murder of Frank Davis in the second district of Green County.

Prisoners Sentenced. Plaquemine, La.: District Judge Schwing today sentenced: For murder, Sam Harris, life; manslaughter, Laurent Bernard, nine years; El Smith, three months; Julius Camp, eight years; shooting with intent to kill, Reuben Johnson, three months; Ben Mitchell, fifteen days in jail; wounding less than mayhem, Eleanor Bradford, eight months; Emma Kitts, three months; robbery, Joseph Dennis, fourteen years.

Negro Hotel Burns. Morgan City, La.: Fire last night destroyed a new two-story building, valued at \$2,500, belonging to Rayfield Gray, a negro, and used as a hotel. The origin is believed to have been incendiary, as the weatherboarding near the ground was saturated with kerosene.

Fire at Compress Plant. Lafayette, La.: Fire today destroyed the engine and boiler-room of the Lafayette Compress Company. The main buildings were saved by prompt response of the fire department. The loss is about \$600 or \$800, covered by insurance.

Parish Teachers Meet. Reserve, La.: The regular monthly meeting of the Parish Teachers' Association took place yesterday at the courthouse. Dr. C. J. Bennett, of the Department of Pedagogy of the Louisiana State University, was to address the meeting on educational subjects, but was unable to attend. There were fifteen members present and a very interesting meeting was had. Prof. Guardia opened with a short address and introduced Miss Hulsart, who read a very instructive paper on Yellowstone Park.

A \$40,000 TREASURY ROBBERY.

Clever Work of Detective Revealed the Thief.

The robbery of the sub-treasury in Chicago recalls the fact that the treasury department in Washington was the victim of a \$40,000 theft about 30 years ago. At first, although no reasonable explanation of how the thing could have been done by an outsider could be given, it was assumed that it was the work of some one unconnected with the office in which the robbery occurred. It was not long, however, before a clever detective became acquainted with the fact that one of the clerks who might have had access to the bundle of bills was acquainted with a professional gambler of shady antecedents. That discovery solved the problem. A little patient watching resulted in catching the gambler with the stolen notes, and the rest was easy. The clerk was arrested, and, while in confinement, was given to understand that he was betrayed, whereupon he confessed the robbery, which was accomplished by shoving the package of notes, all of large denominations, into a position where they could be "snaked up" with a cane provided with a hook.

Maine Woman Has Pet Deer.

Mrs. Nellie Smith, of Sebec, Me., has a tame deer which is nearly two years old now, but which she has raised like a cosslet lamb, feeding it from a bottle at first and making a great pet of it. It was given to her by a lumberman, who overtook it in the deep snow and caught it in his arms when it was no larger than a cat, except for its legs. It has always been perfectly tame and domesticated, never having known anything of the wild life of its kind, but runs about the premises unrestrained, having its place in the stable on cold nights. The deer are numerous around Sebec, and it is a question whether, as Mrs. Smith's pet grows older, it will not answer to the "call of the wild" and join its comrades in the forest.

Genius is superior aptitude to patience.—Bunton

A SOCIAL LEADER OF KANSAS CITY

Attributes Her Excellent Health to Peruna.



MRS. W. H. SIMMONS. MRS. W. H. SIMMONS, 1119 E. 8th St., Kansas City, Mo., member of the National Annuity Association, writes:

"My health was excellent until about a year ago, when I had a complete collapse from overdoing socially, not getting the proper rest, and too many late suppers. My stomach was in a dreadful condition, and my nerves all unstrung. I was advised by a friend to try Peruna, and eventually I bought a bottle. I took it and then another, and kept using it for three months.

"At the end of that time my health was restored, my nerves no longer troubled me, and I felt myself once more able to assume my social position. I certainly feel that Peruna is deserving of praise."

There are many reasons why society women break down, why their nervous systems fail, why they have systemic or pelvic catarrh. Indeed, they are especially liable to these ailments. No wonder they require the protection of Peruna. It is their shield and safeguard.

Advertisement for Castoria 900 Drops. Includes text: 'Castoria 900 Drops. For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of J. C. Hathaway. In Use For Over Thirty Years. CASTORIA. THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.'

Advertisement for Virginia-Carolina Fertilizers. Includes text: 'Increase Your Yields Per Acre. Make the Farm Pay Big Money. It does not matter much what crops you raise—cotton, tobacco, corn, rice, all fruits, peas, potatoes, onions, cabbage and all other vegetables—you can easily "make your farm pay big money" by carefully preparing your land, and about ten days before planting use liberally Virginia-Carolina Fertilizers. You will then greatly "increase your yields per acre," for these fertilizers contain the necessary plant foods which your soil needs, and which will make your crops grow abundantly. Study carefully Virginia-Carolina Fertilizer almanac, and follow the suggestions in it. This almanac is free—ask your fertilizer dealer for a copy, or write us for one.' Includes image of a farmer with a hat and a plow.

Advertisement for GET RICH BY IRRIGATION. Includes text: 'You can file on 40, 80, 120 or 160 acres of public irrigated land in Idaho. Rich land and most successful irrigated tract in the world. 20,000 acres settled in two years. \$10,000 open. Easy payments. First opening April 22. Others to follow. Cheap power from Blackfoot Falls. Industries wanted. Act at once or you will be too late. Write 1224 First Nat. Loan Bank Bldg., Chicago.'