

A Sacrifice To Conscience

by
H. B. Welsh

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

He turned to Jasmine, and laid his hand again on hers.

"I shall go and get something that will strengthen him meanwhile, and I shall telegraph for Doctor Bunthorne. I know he will come when I ask him to do so."

"You will come back again?" Jasmine said, looking in his face with an expression of such pitiful appeal as almost overcame Enderby. "I am all alone—there is no one I know in all London whom I could ask to be with me, and I am afraid I never have been that before."

"I shall come back, my child; do not be afraid," said Enderby gently.

He went out.

It was easy enough to get what he wanted in that district—a small flask of brandy.

Enderby was, as has been said, a total abstainer, and never touched any intoxicant, but he believed the strong stimulant was of use as a medicine, especially in a case when the flicker of life is very low.

Then he went to the nearest post-office to dispatch a telegram to Doctor Bunthorne.

As he came out of the postoffice he came face to face with Dixby Dalton. The latter smiled, lifting his hat.

"Pray excuse me, I am in a hurry," said Enderby, endeavoring to pass the other.

"I can go in your direction, and shall not retard your progress," returned the other, in the sneering tone which Enderby knew hid something of malicious triumph. "I have to thank you, Mr. Enderby, for a great kindness—intentional or the reverse—which you have done me."

"Indeed?" said Enderby coldly.

"Yes. It is, in fact, the passing over to me of a chance such as few men have so early in their career as I. Sir Henry Lennox has told me you had the first offer of the position of junior counsel in the great Brownlow Pearl case which is now pending."

Enderby started slightly; Dalton, with a malicious smile, went on:

"I am not too haughty to refuse to wear your rejected shoes, you see, Mr. Enderby. I have reason to believe that the whole case is now in proper form, the only difficulty hitherto being the rather important one of ignorance of the culprit's whereabouts. These have now been discovered, and I believe Mr. Paul Enderby might have been able to enlighten us regarding these some time ago."

Enderby started again, then turned and faced the other man with an expression which made the malicious triumph of Dalton's face fall a little.

"I see you have not scorned to act the part of the spy, Mr. Dalton. Let me tell you you are quite welcome to continue so honorable a career, if you choose. I do know Mr. David Lloyd and his daughter, if you mean to insinuate that. At the same time, if they have anything to do with that case, let me assure you their whereabouts have been known to those who are connected with the prosecuting side long before they were known to me. Now, if you will pardon me, Mr. Dalton, I shall leave you. If you wish me to put the matter more plainly, I decline to walk in your company."

The other turned livid.

"I suppose you are aware that Sir Lennox and Miss Lennox cannot long remain in ignorance of your underhand and deceitful course of conduct?" Enderby bowed coldly.

"I have the honor of wishing you good-day, Mr. Dalton."

He went on, leaving the other to look after him, with baffled rage and wrath depicted in his face.

"So the bolt is about to fall," he said to himself. "It is inexplicable why it has never done so until now. Why has Dundas Lyndon known the whereabouts of this poor dying man for so long and never revealed them to the authorities? Has he kept it a secret from Sir Henry also? And has Sir Henry only now discovered it?"

His mind wandered to the ravings of the dying man. Who was the "Hal" whom he was addressing. Could it be a name which Lyndon himself could lay claim to? Enderby did not know the Christian name of the latter.

Jasmine opened the door as soon as she heard his low rap.

He has fallen into a kind of doze, or else it is the unconsciousness that comes before the end," she whispered. "Come in and see him."

As Enderby entered he asked:

"Has he had any one seeing him today?"

"Yes," she answered. "The friend who came to see him when first we came here. I do not know who he is; father would not tell me. He is tall and fine looking, and looks a great man. He came today about 10, and stayed with father for a while. I did not see him go away—he went out himself; but father was terribly weak and ill after he left. He kept on saying to himself again and again:

"And it was for his sake—for their sakes! Oh, God, my stroke is heavy!"

"Then I had to run out for something to make beef tea with, and when I came back Doctor Lyndon was in. He said he had given father his medicine; but father did not seem ill like this until a little while before you came."

CHAPTER VIII.

It had been Sir Henry's! Enderby had no doubt of that as he entered the sick room. But he kept revolving in his mind the new mystery. If Sir Henry had seen David Lloyd nearly six months ago, why had he kept silence on the subject and prevented the law from taking its course?

Had it been out of a human desire to save the miserable man from the fate that would be inevitable once his whereabouts and identity with the outlawed man Gerard were discovered?

The dying man lay on his pillow with closed eyes, looking so ghastly that for a moment a fear took Enderby that he was dead. Jasmine, seeing the thought in his face, clutched his arm.

"He is only sleeping; he has moved since I was in!" she whispered, in an anguished whisper.

Enderby felt his pulse; then nodded.

"Yes, he is sleeping; we can do nothing," he said. "We must wait till Doctor Bunthorne comes. He will not be long. I shall stay with you till he comes."

"Oh, no, you have other things to do," exclaimed the girl. "It is too good of you, but you must not do it. I shall be all right alone."

The pitifulness of the position of the poor child utterly alone in this great city, friendless, forlorn, with the dying father whom she loved, who was only, perhaps, to leave her a legacy of shame, struck upon Enderby's heart again with strange force.

"I shall not leave you, my poor little child," he said, and instinctively his hand sought hers and closed upon it. Hers was cold and trembling; his strong, warm, and full of human sympathy.

Jasmine's eyes rose to his face; but he did not see the look. If he had, perhaps it would have startled him a little. He did not know how, in the midst of an agony of sorrow and dread, the girl's heart thrilled at his touch as it had never thrilled in her life before.

They sat down together, Jasmine with her eyes on her father's face, and set themselves to watch and wait. Enderby thought Doctor Bunthorne would arrive soon, and had made up his mind to wait until the doctor came. But the time passed, and he did not come; and still David Lloyd slept on.

Enderby had an engagement with the solicitor in his case at 4 o'clock, but he felt he could not leave Jasmine alone even if he broke it.

Suddenly, to the startled surprise of both his watchers, the sick man opened his eyes wide and fixed them upon Enderby's face. There was consciousness in them, notwithstanding the shadow that was ever creeping higher and higher, and deepening and darkening upon his face—such full consciousness that Enderby was startled.

"Mr. Enderby," said the weak voice. "It was only a whisper, and Enderby had to bend his head to catch it. "It is you, is it not?"

"It is I, Mr. Lloyd," said the young man, while Jasmine, with hands tightly clasped on her breast, as if to keep down its wild heaving, stood close to her father's pillow.

"Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Yes, yes," he muttered faintly. "I have been wandering in my mind, I think, I imagined strange things; but now all is clear, even the fact that I am dying, and my child, my little Jasmine, is left alone to face poverty, hardship, perhaps shame. Oh, if I had but done that which I knew was right for me to do! But now I am weak—I have not strength."

"Perhaps we can give you something that will revive your strength a little," said Enderby.

He motioned to Jasmine to bring him a glass, and, dropping a little of the brandy into it, diluted it with water, and held it to the sick man's lips. Lloyd was able to swallow it, and a moment after a faint glow of color came into his cheeks a brightness into his eyes. When he spoke his voice had acquired a new strength.

"Yes, that has given me new life," he looked at Enderby eagerly. "You are a barrister, Mr. Enderby, and you have been very kind to my poor girl. There is no one in this city whom I can entrust with my story but you. I shall tell it you, and leave it in your hands to make what use of it you deem right, for my child's sake."

"You have a declaration to make? I shall take it down in writing, and you will be able to sign it!" exclaimed Enderby.

He whispered to Jasmine, and in a few minutes she had brought paper and ink and set on a little table by him.

Then she went to her father's side, and supported him in her arms as he spoke—low, and sometimes pausing a long time for breath, but still distinctly enough.

"My name is not David Lloyd; it is

Gerard—David Gerard. I fled the country and changed my name because I was accused of a fearful crime—the crime of stealing Lady Brownlow's jewels—while a tutor in her house."

Enderby heard a low, instantly suppressed sound like a moan break from Jasmine's lips, but if the dying man heard it he gave no sign. "He went on slowly, with closed eyes:

"I was always an unfortunate man and when my wife died and my sister took my little Jasmine, I went as tutor to Sir Francis Brownlow's two boys. I was a public school and Oxford man. Of all the friends of my youth there was one whom I had never ceased to correspond with. That was Hal Lennox, who had gone in for the law, and was getting on wonderfully well.

"When young, Hal and I had both loved the same girl. She had promised herself to me; but when she found out that I would never be a wealthy man, she threw me overboard. She was beautiful beyond the privilege of women; but she was ambitious, extravagant, unprincipled. Yes, I know all that now—I knew it then; but still I loved her."

"She came to the Brownlows on a visit. She was deep in debt, though I did not know it. One night Lady Brownlow had showed her the jewels, and told her the priceless value of her pearl necklace. There was not one like it in England."

"A few nights after temptation came to her. I do not need to tell you how—my time is short. She took the necklace while Lady Brownlow was absent from her boudoir for a few minutes. She hid them in my room, though I did not know of it then. The day after she came in for them, when I was supposed to be in town; but I returned unexpectedly, and caught her. She wildly flung herself on my mercy, saying she had come to give them back."

"It was untrue; she sent her brother—her accomplice—to Paris to sell them there. A few days later the loss was discovered; there was a hue and cry, and all the rooms were searched. In my room, in a secret drawer of my writing table, was found one of the clasps of the necklace, with a bit of crushed pearl adhering to it. In her haste the necklace had caught in the hasp of the drawer as Lady Lennox thrust it in."

Of course, I was accused. There was other evidence against me; but let that suffice. In mad desperation, Lady Lennox sent me a letter, beseeching me to shield her. No one knows I have that letter—not even her husband."

"What could I do? I had once loved her; I loved her husband. I would say nothing, and I was sent to Monmouth prison to await my trial. There I heard that Sir Henry Lennox was to prosecute."

"He came secretly to see me, and I told him all. I told him I had convincing proof of her guilt. I do not know if he had known of it before, but he besought me to spare him this awful blow. He said it would ruin him for life, and as for Clarice he dared not think of her doom. What could I do? I agreed to hide the truth, and my old friend promised to save me."

"That was when I knew Dundas Lyndon. He certified that I was ill, and, when I obtained greater liberty, I escaped."

"I came home because I heard of Lady Lennox's death; and I thought of my own child, to whom I had nothing to leave but a stigmata name. I came! I saw Sir Henry. He tried to persuade me to keep silence; but now, for my Jasmine's sake, I cannot. Then I became ill, and Lyndon came. Each day I wished him to allow me to go out, that I might see a solicitor who would undertake my case, but he would not. He kept me back day by day. And now I am dying; but I leave this and the proof of my innocence to those who will see justice done to my poor little girl."

(To be continued)

The Parasite of Elephantiasis.

By Reuter telegram it is learned that the second malarial expedition of the Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine has wired home from Bombay, in Nigeria, the important discovery that the parasite that causes elephantiasis has been found, like that which causes malaria, in the proboscis of the mosquito.

It has long been known that the small worm which produced this disease of hideous deformity by taking up its abode in the lymphatic vessels of the human subject can also live in the proboscis of the insect discovery in the proboscis of these pests are responsible for the human affliction. The disease is very prevalent among the natives of tropical countries and sometimes attacks the European residents. It is an interesting fact that this discovery has been announced almost simultaneously with that from Bombay by Dr. Low in England, who found the parasite in mosquitoes brought from Australia, and by Capt. James as a result of his investigations in India.

Warning to Americans.

Referring to the marriages with foreigners, the Law Journal sounds a note of warning. It seems almost impossible to make American women understand that it is not safe to marry even distinguished foreigners without making proper inquiries and taking legal advice, and that the danger is greatest with Frenchmen. The result of the invincible ignorance of the American is that far too many of our women find themselves in the equivocal position of being wives in their own country, but not in that of their husbands.

TRIOLETS OF DISCRETION.

She drew her little hand away And, pouting, warned me "not to tease."

Was it in truth, or just in play, She drew her little hand away.

That rare and radiant summer day, When we sat side by side at ease? She drew her little hand away.

And, pouting, warned me "not to tease."

He drew his little hand away And scanned it with inquiring eyes;

Remarking, "It takes five to stay," He drew his little hand away.

And left me guessing how to play. The while I stared in awed surprise. He drew his little hand away.

And scanned it with inquiring eyes.

"Two bluffs, were those," perhaps you'll say;

I didn't clearly see my way. "Two bluffs, were those," perhaps you'll say;

But if they weren't—I must betray A shrinking from the "marble fall."

"Two bluffs, were those," perhaps you'll say;

I thought so, too, but didn't "bail."

—John Pengrave.

Chicago, July 9, 1900.

At the Wedding Breakfast.

BY BERTHA BOGUE.

(Copyrighted, 1900, Daily Story Pub. Co.)

Marion Evans had known Elizabeth Stanton but slightly at school and had moreover considered her most unattractive.

On meeting her in the city where she had come for a few days' shopping, she was most surprised to find her looking positively pretty. The cause she learned at once; Elizabeth was happy and happiness, Marion had read, is a great beautifier. Elizabeth was to be married in a few days and she did hope that Marion would be in town long enough to go to her wedding. Wouldn't she come to the breakfast? Only a few intimate friends and relatives? As Marion thanked her she smiled inwardly at the absurdity of even considering the invitation. Hadn't she always been bored by receptions and teas? Truly a wedding breakfast was somewhat different, but when everyone would be a perfect stranger what possible pleasure could there be in it? "Another present," she thought. "If many more of my friends become so rash, I shall soon be a bankrupt."

Two days later when she had donned one of her new gowns, for which she had come to the city and was receiving the congratulations of her mother and sister in regard to its becoming qualities, a longing to display it overcame her, so she decided to keep it on and go to the wedding. When her cab reached the church door, streams of people were pouring out. "Very well then," thought Marion, "there is the breakfast. I am not too late for that," and her cab straightway proceeded to the house.

For the first time in her life she felt a trifle shy as she mingled with so many strangers in the dressing-room, where the ladies were removing wraps, and exclaiming in most intimate tones, "Didn't the bride look sweet?" "How well she carried herself!" "I can't imagine why Jessie Jones was the maid of honor." "Elizabeth and Eleanor have always been much more intimate," "But," explained an eager whisperer from a remote corner of the room, "he was once devoted to Eleanor and she, it seems, loved him not."

"Oh! that explains it," exclaimed the others with a sigh of relief. "Hush, here comes Eleanor's mother!"

Marion went downstairs with the first arrivals, greeted the long line which composed the wedding party, and was wondering what was to become of her among so many strangers, when one of the bridesmaids introduced her to a young man. Marion, quick in forming likes and dislikes, decided at once that she liked him. He was broad-shouldered, erect, of medium height, with dark hair and deep gray eyes, which looked as if they could enjoy the humorous as well as appreciate the sad side of life. It was not long before they had established a bond of sympathy from the fact that they were both strangers in the city, and they also discovered many mutual acquaintances at Yale, where the young man had graduated a few years before.

They went out into the dining-room together, and in the course of the conversation, Marion learned that the young man had been born in India, his family lived in Connecticut, and he at present was located in a small town in Iowa, the home of the groom. All this was told with many interesting anecdotes, not to mention expressive glances, for Marion was a pretty girl, interested her greatly. She wished to know more about the young man. She even hoped that she might meet him again, somewhere, somehow. "And if you were born in India, your family live in the east, what are you doing in a small town in Iowa?" she queried.

"I will give you three guesses," he said, looking down at her gratified that she should want to talk about him.

"I am not a good guesser," exclaimed Marion.

"Well, try anyway."

"Oh—I guess you run a gambling house," she said irrelevantly.

"No."

"Well, perhaps you keep a boot-blacking establishment. I am sure that people in Iowa are most careful about keeping their shoes shined. I noticed the groom particularly as he came down the aisle. His shoes had a most beautiful finish."

"You were at the ceremony then? I rather imagined from your remarks that you were not."

"Why from my remarks?" questioned Marion. "I didn't know that I had mentioned the church or the wedding. Anyway you haven't told me whether you do keep Iowa's shoes well polished."

"No, I haven't that honor," he said smiling at her quizzically.

"Well, here is my last guess—perhaps you're a minister."

"Perhaps I am; what then?"

"Oh, but I know that you are not."

"I am though."

"Yes, of course, but please don't grieve, and tell me what you really do in that small town."

"Do? I do just what most ministers do. I look after my parishioners and I—"

"If you can't stop fooling," interrupted the girl, "we will talk of other things."

"If you are as fond of golf as you claim to be," said the young man abruptly, changing the subject, "and ever pass through my present abiding place, I can show you the finest links on which you have ever played."

"I suppose when you are not preaching you play golf?" interrogated the young woman sarcastically.

"That is just about it, at least I take it for recreation and—"

"Who is that distinguished looking old man?" interrupted Marion.

"That," said her friend, with a faint suspicion of a smile, "Oh, that is Mr. Miller, minister of one of the largest Unitarian churches in the city."

"Is there any man in this assemblage who isn't a minister?"

"Why yes, none of the other men present save Mr. Miller and myself. I assisted him in the ceremony this morning. You said that you were at the church I believe."

"No, I wasn't," answered Marion, becoming somewhat convinced, and speaking somewhat defiantly. "I arrived at the church too late, so I came directly here." She was about to question him further when shouts of "good-bye!" resounded, and rice was thrown to speed the newly wedded couple. In the rush, Marion took pains

to separate herself from her companion. She must find out if he were quizzing her. She applied to the bridesmaid who had introduced her as the quickest solution of the problem, and was informed that he was the young clergyman who had assisted at the ceremony, being a close friend of the groom. "And I accused him of running a gambling house," thought Marion desperately. "Shall I apologize? No, it was just as much his fault as mine. He didn't look nor talk like a minister. How could I know? I do like his looks. I wonder what he thinks of me." And with a shudder at her boldness, which now almost amounted to a sacrifice in her eyes, she hastily bade the bridal party adieu.

When she came down with her wraps on, she saw the young man gazing at her with a smile. "Why did you run away from me? he queried.

"Because I consider that I have said unheeded things to a minister. It wasn't fair of you not to let me know in the beginning."

"But I supposed that you did know. You see I was conceited enough to think that everyone at the church saw me as well as the bride. I didn't know that you were not at the church. You remembered the groom's shoes so perfectly."

She colored slightly.

"Did you ever hear the story," he continued, "of the mother with five sons all of whom she wished to be ministers? Four of them obeyed her wishes, but the fifth informed her that he could not comply with her request. 'Why not,' asked the irate parent. 'Because I am not good enough,' answered the son. 'Then be a Unitarian minister,' ordered the mother. Now,

to separate herself from her companion. She must find out if he were quizzing her. She applied to the bridesmaid who had introduced her as the quickest solution of the problem, and was informed that he was the young clergyman who had assisted at the ceremony, being a close friend of the groom. "And I accused him of running a gambling house," thought Marion desperately. "Shall I apologize? No, it was just as much his fault as mine. He didn't look nor talk like a minister. How could I know? I do like his looks. I wonder what he thinks of me." And with a shudder at her boldness, which now almost amounted to a sacrifice in her eyes, she hastily bade the bridal party adieu.

When she came down with her wraps on, she saw the young man gazing at her with a smile. "Why did you run away from me? he queried.

"Because I consider that I have said unheeded things to a minister. It wasn't fair of you not to let me know in the beginning."

"But I supposed that you did know. You see I was conceited enough to think that everyone at the church saw me as well as the bride. I didn't know that you were not at the church. You remembered the groom's shoes so perfectly."

She colored slightly.

"Did you ever hear the story," he continued, "of the mother with five sons all of whom she wished to be ministers? Four of them obeyed her wishes, but the fifth informed her that he could not comply with her request. 'Why not,' asked the irate parent. 'Because I am not good enough,' answered the son. 'Then be a Unitarian minister,' ordered the mother. Now,

"Decided at once that she liked him."

"Decided at once that she liked him."

"Decided at once that she liked him."

"Decided at once that she liked him."

"Decided at once that she liked him."

"Decided at once that she liked him."

"Decided at once that she liked him."

"Decided at once that she liked him."

"Decided at once that she liked him."

"Decided at once that she liked him."

"Decided at once that she liked him."

"Decided at once that she liked him."

"Decided at once that she liked him."

"Decided at once that she liked him."

"Decided at once that she liked him."

"Decided at once that she liked him."

"Decided at once that she liked him."

"Decided at once that she liked him."

"Decided at once that she liked him."

"Decided at once that she liked him."

"Decided at once that she liked him."

"Decided at once that she liked him."

"Decided at once that she liked him."

"Decided at once that she liked him."

"Decided at once that she liked him."

"Decided at once that she liked him."

"Decided at once that she liked him."

"Decided at once that she liked him."

"Decided at once that she liked him."

"Decided at once that she liked him."

"Decided at once that she liked him."

"Decided at once that she liked him."

"Decided at once that she liked him."

"Decided at once that she liked him."

"Decided at once that she liked him."

"Decided at once that she liked him."

"Decided at once that she liked him."

"Decided at once that she liked him."

"Decided at once that she liked him."

"Decided at once that she liked him."

"Decided at once that she liked him."

"Decided at once that she liked him."

"Decided at once that she liked him."

"Decided at once that she liked him."

"Decided at once that she liked him."

"Decided at once that she liked him."

"Decided at once that she liked him."

"Decided at once that she liked him."

"Decided at once that she liked him."

"Decided at once that she liked him."

"Decided at once that she liked him."

"Decided at once that she liked him."

"Decided at once that she liked him."

"Decided at once that she liked him."

"Decided at once that she liked him."

"Decided at once that she liked him."

"Decided at once that she liked him."

"Decided at once that she liked him."

"Decided at once that she liked him."