

A Sacrifice To Conscience

BY
H. B. Welsh

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

She hesitated. And he saw her bare hands—they were very small hands he had noticed, with slenderly-shaped fingers—wrapping themselves together as if in overwhelming distress or perplexity. Then she spoke in a half-stifled voice:

"I think I shall go home to him. I am afraid to bring another doctor. I shall do what I can for him myself." A thought struck Enderby and he said quickly, with a shade of embarrassment:

"If you are afraid of Doctor Howarth's charges, Miss Lloyd, I think you can let your mind be easy about that. He is, I believe, a very kindly and generous man."

He saw the girl start and flinch a little, as if his words had stung her. Then she said:

"It is not that. I think I had better go straight home."

"Very well." Enderby stopped the driver and stepped out. The gaslight fell full on the girl's face as he turned to look at it. What a ghastly, pale, troubled young face it was! Yet it struck him that it might under certain circumstances, be beautiful.

The features were small and aquiline, the brow childishly smooth and white, the mouth and chin softly and roundly formed, though the former had a strange expression of self-repression now; the eyes were weird and dark, though the hair seemed auburn, the brows above them of startling blackness. And what a child she looked! Hardly sixteen, he thought, as he looked at her.

"What address shall I give the man?" he asked.

"Burton Mansions," she answered. "They are only about five minutes' walk from here."

Enderby knew them well by name—small flats, mostly occupied by needy clerks and poor working women.

He stood still for a moment thinking.

"I hope your foot will be all right," he said then, "and that your father may be no worse. May I call in a few days and see?"

She gave him a quick, almost terrified glance, then suddenly her lips began to tremble pitifully, and she turned aside her head.

"How kind you have been!" she faltered, "and I have never thanked you." She put out her hand as if impulsively, then drew it back before he could touch it. "It is kind of you to wish to call," she said. "Yes, I shall be very grateful if you do. We live two stories up."

"How will you get up with that sprained foot of yours?" he asked. "Don't you think I had better come with you and help you?"

"Oh, it is not much," she said, her voice faltering; but without another word, Enderby got in again, and they drove on to Burton Mansions.

They were a pile of dull, dreary looking buildings. Enderby paid the man and helped the girl, who limped painfully within the buildings. But when they attempted to climb the stairs, he saw that it cost her terrible pain, and he turned to her, saying quietly:

"Will you allow me to carry you up?" It is the easiest and speediest way.

A little crimson patch suddenly showed on her cheek, like the mark of a warm finger; she put up her own hand and rubbed it feverishly as if it burned.

"No, no; you mustn't!" she said. But Enderby had already stooped and taken her in his arms. How light she was—not so heavy as many a child of ten!

Enderby had never had a woman in his arms before, and he was almost astonished himself to find how tenderly they enfolded this girl. But for the sake of one woman Enderby was tender to all.

They were soon at the landing of the second flat. Enderby set her down, and she stood leaning on the wall, her face deadly pale again, but her eyes shining strangely.

"I cannot thank you," she said, her lips trembling oddly and uncontrollably. "But perhaps God will repay you for your kindness to me—a stranger of whom you know nothing. They say London is full of wickedness, but it must be full of goodness, too. Now I must go."

"I shall wait for a moment here," said Enderby, with a sudden resolution. "And you will come out and tell me if your father is any better. Perhaps I can do something yet to help you."

She turned away and opened the door on the left with a latchkey, then closed it gently. Enderby remained where he was. In a few minutes the door opened again, and the girl stood at the entrance.

"He is sleeping," she said, whispering. "Perhaps he will be better now." "That is good," Enderby answered, heartily. "May I call in a few days?" "Yes; but my father does not wish anyone to know where he is. You won't tell anyone about us?" she hesitated.

hat with elaborate politeness, he disappeared.

Enderby knew every word he had spoken had been armed with a venomous tip. Dalton had hated him from the first time they had met. That hatred had become deepened into something vindictive and malignant when, through Enderby, though more by accident than choice, Dalton had been dismissed from the club, which was sometimes mockingly called the "Bayard," on account of having been found cheating at cards.

"He recognized me, of course," Enderby said to himself. "And he will go to-night to Miss Lennox, and tell her. Well, she has more than an ordinary woman's sense of fairness. She will let me speak for myself. And will she believe him? Or will her heart have something to say on my behalf? Cecil, Cecil!"

He whispered the name to himself as a devotee might whisper the name of a sacred shrine. For to Paul Enderby, to whom all womanhood was sacred, Cecil Lennox was the incarnation of all that was noblest, purest and fairest in woman. So little does the simple, straightforward nature of a good man understand a woman.

CHAPTER III.

It was two days after the reception at the West End mansion of Sir Henry Lennox, the well-known Queen's Counsel, who was considered one of the wealthiest men connected with the legal profession.

Enderby had seen Cecil Lennox but for a few minutes, but she had then been able to utter the words that thrilled Enderby through as no other words could have done.

"Come to see me on Friday. It is not my day at home, but I shall be at home—to you."

Paul Enderby was thirty, was a barrister, and was prosaic, yet his heart and pulses throbbed like those of a sentimental boy of twenty as he was admitted into the presence of Cecil Lennox.

She was certainly a very beautiful woman. As she came forward to greet him, her ten-gown of pale sea-green and billowy lace falling in graceful folds about her, Enderby thought that no woman who ever lived could have excelled her in beauty and grace. But there were others who might have thought that the beauty of Cecil Lennox—of the soft, exquisitely tinted face, of the rounded chin and throat, the red-lipped, smiling mouth, the deep, changeable, soft, violet eyes—had something sensuous and voluptuous in it.

Enderby did not think so. He loved the woman—or was it the woman he imagined her to be?—and that was enough.

Cecil let her soft little hand lie in his for a moment, then she drew him towards the silk-covered couch from which she had risen.

"It was good of you to come," she said, in her low, caressing voice. "We shall have tea presently. I suppose I needn't ask you how you enjoyed my crush? People never do enjoy crushes. Why do we give them at all? Oh, I often wish I had the courage of my convictions, and could throw off this yoke of social fashions and conventions, and be what I should like best to be—a simple human being, asking to my house only those I really cared for, and being able to interchange thought and friendly kindness with them!"

As a matter of fact, Miss Lennox would not have given up her "social fashions and conventions" for anything that could have been given her in exchange. But she was clever enough to suit her tastes, as well as her conversation, to the individual characters of her companions.

(To be Continued.)

How Plants Gain Weight.

As far as is known the first botanical experiment ever performed was conducted by a Dutchman. He placed in a pot 200 pounds of dried earth, and in it he planted a willow branch which weighed five pounds. He kept the whole covered up and daily watered the earth with rainwater. After five years' growth the willow was again weighed and was found to have gained 164 pounds. The earth in the pot was dried and weighed and had lost only two ounces. The experimentalist, therefore, looked upon this experiment as supporting the theory that plants required no food but water. But he was wrong. Later it was discovered that much of the increase in weight of plants was derived from carbonic acid gas in the air. Vegetable cells contain a liquid known as "cell sap," which is water holding in solution various materials which have been taken up from without by the roots and leaves. Thus it is in the living cells of the plant that those "digestive" processes are carried on which were once believed to occur in the soil.

Coachman Obeyed Orders.

From Downs there is reported an instance of "carrying a message to Garcia," which did not result so satisfactorily as it might. G. W. Young telegraphed his coachman at Downs to "meet me tonight with team at Salem." Salem being a small town a few miles away. But when the coachman received the message it read, "Meet me tonight with team at Salina," a big town ninety-six miles away. The coachman asked the telegraph operator to have the message repeated, and it came "Salina" again, whereupon he started for that place and reached it by night, though he ruined both horses in the finest team of Osborne county.—Kansas City Journal.

IN SIZZLING YUMA.

TEMPERATURE RISES AS HIGH AS 125 DEGREES.

And People for 10 Months in the Year Sleep Out of Doors—The Town the Hottest in the Entire Country—All Business Suspends at Noon.

People in the east who complained of the great heat of August should congratulate themselves that they are not forced to live in Yuma, Ariz., the banner hot town of the United States.

Fancy an everyday temperature varying from 105 to 125 degrees in the shade for four or five months at a stretch. Imagine a village of several hundred adobe, stone and brick squat one-story houses and store buildings, all with clumsy porches in front, strewn along a dreary red brown roasting bank of a drowsy, muddy stream; where rude thoroughfares straggle up and down a naked hill shimmering under the fiercest, emptiest sky you ever saw. Such is Yuma.

Imagine a region thousands of square miles in area, of yellow sand, quaint cacti, whitened bowlders, not one commanding mountain or shapely prominence—a desolate, ghastly desert waste under a fiery sun—and you have the setting of Yuma. Imagine yourself on some vantage spot and looking over a frontier town paralyzed in overwhelming sunlight, where scantly clad, swarthy Indians sprawl fast asleep on hot earth in a patch of shade, no white person in sight, not a sign of activity anywhere, stores shut, houses bolted and blinded, not a sound heard save a rustling of dried sage brush. And that is life in Yuma during a midsummer afternoon, writes a correspondent on August 10.

The summer thus far this year in Yuma has been an average one. From May 14 to May 30 the temperature every afternoon ranged from 93 degrees to 101. Then there was a week of comparative coolness; the mercury never rose above 90. From June 7 to June 25 the mercury varied from 105 to 113 degrees. Old Sol then settled down to business. The desert sand dunes had become baked, and the foothills were glowing. For six weeks the mercury never was below 102, and from that it has gone to 122 degrees twice. From July 3 to July 20 the average afternoon temperature was 115 degrees. During nights the mercury sunk slowly to an average of 105 at about 4 a. m. With the rising of each sun the mercury climbed up steadily until about 3 o'clock.

And the warmest weeks of the year are yet to make their records. Last summer the hottest day in Yuma was August 26, when the mercury touched 127. In September there were several days when the temperature was at 121, and a few nights when the thermometer never registered lower than 108 degrees. In 1896 Yuma's red letter hot day occurred. It was August 16, when extra hot winds blew from off the desert. Between dawn and noon the mercury rose from 110 to 123, and by 4 o'clock it rose to 129. Several deaths among children occurred during the heated spell.

Topographically Yuma is situated for the making of high records. As far as the eye can reach, and miles and miles farther, in any direction, there is nothing but profound aridity, through which the Colorado drowsily meanders to the gulf of California. From some points nothing is in sight but a vast crumpled sea of yellow sand and the horizon. Yuma is the heart of a region of extinct volcanoes, barren hills and sterile canyons; a region of mirages, Gila monsters and reptiles that thrive amid burning alkali wastes and deadly thirats, where not a green thing in nature may be seen as far as vision sweeps, except a few sparse cottonwood trees at the railway stations, where a withering white sunbath blazes from out a cloudless sky twelve hours a day, months at a time; where inflamed eyes and even blindness from the intense sunshine are common; where the earth is so hot that white people can scarcely walk upon it with thin shoes, and where tough range cattle sicken and die in a few weeks.

At night the whole population sleeps out of doors, and many people slumber under the open heavens 10 months in the year.

Fishing an Art in China.

Nowhere in the world is the art of fishing so highly developed as in China. Rivers, creeks, stagnant pools, the great ocean, and the little tank, lakes and garden ponds, all furnish their quota to the sustenance of man. Even rice grounds are turned into fish ponds in winter. The inhabitants of the waters are killed with the spear, caught with the hook, scraped up by the dredge and captured by nets. They are even dived for by birds trained for the purpose. Eels are fed in tubs and jars until customers carry them off.—Washington Post.

England Follows United States.

Red, white and blue, though the colors of the union jack, were not used generally in England as marks of patriotism before the queen's diamond jubilee, three years ago. The old colors were red and white, and the innovation is said to be due to some dealer's importing a large stock of French decorations left over from the French national fetes. Englishmen are cheerfully the three colors now, however, as vigorously as though they were Americans or Frenchmen.

Failure Led to Success.

M. Pichon, the French minister to Pekin, in his youth intended to be a physician, but was prevented by his failure to pass the examination for a degree. He drifted into the diplomatic service from editorial work.

AGED PERSONS.

Lives That Stretched Over Longer Terms Than Seventy Years.

A generation is commonly reckoned as thirty-three and one-third years, but sometimes two or three lives will stretch over several ordinary generations. A grandmother of C. J. Monk, a member of parliament, was born 153 years ago, that is, in 1747, the year after the battle of Culloden, and the very year in which Garrick and Lacey took a lease of Drury Lane theater. Gen. Francis Vinton Greene's grandfather was born 128 years ago, when Napoleon was a baby entering upon his third year, and Sir Walter Scott was entering upon his second. He was a year old when Watt built his steam engine and the tea was thrown overboard in Boston Harbor. The general's father, Gen. George Sears Greene, died last year at an advanced age. Therefore the lives of General George Sears Greene and his father Caleb extended for an interval of 127 years, nearly four ordinary generations. A relative of the general, Mary Ann Greene of Rhode Island, died a few years ago at the age of 105, having in her single life bridged more than three generations. Sir Stephen Fox, grandfather of Charles James Fox, the distinguished statesman, was married in 1654, and in the following year his wife bore him a daughter, who died in infancy. Sir Stephen marrying a second time late in life, another daughter was born to him in 1727. She died in 1820 at the age of 93 years, no fewer than 170 years after the death of her elder sister! In other words, a lady who might have seen Queen Victoria had a sister whom Oliver Cromwell might have looked upon! The fact that seventy-two years elapsed between the birth of Sir Stephen's first and last daughter proves that he must have been married very early for the first time, and that he became a father for the last time remarkably late in life. Indeed, perhaps, this is the most wonderful part of the story.

The grandfather of the present British secretary of state for war, the old Marquis of Lansdowne, who died in 1857 at the age of 90 years, told Lord John Russell (who relates the incident in his life of the poet Moore), that he was intimate with Sir Henry Bayton, who knew the before mentioned Sir Stephen Fox. As Sir Stephen was the page in attendance on Charles I. when he was executed in 1649, the three lives named—Fox, Bayton, Lansdowne—extended over a period considerably over two centuries.

ORIGIN OF CAKE WALK.

To Choose a Partner Was Also to Choose a Wife.

The cake walk had its origin among the French negroes of Louisiana more than a century ago, says the New Orleans Times-Democrat. There is little doubt that it is an offshoot of some of the old French country dances. It resembles several of them in form. From New Orleans it spread over the entire South and thence North. It was found of convenience to the plantation negroes. They were not wedded by license, and it was seldom that the services of a preacher were called in. At a cake walk a man might legitimately show a preference for a woman, and thus publicly claim her for a wife. In effect, the cake walk was not different from the old Scotch marriage, which required only public acknowledgment from the contracting parties. So this festival became in some sense a wooing, an acceptance or a rejection and a ceremony. This explains its popularity with the blacks outside of its beauties, with the accompaniment of music, which is competent at all times to command negro support. Cake walking has improved as do most things that are constantly practiced. It has lost its old significance in the South. Negroes now get married, when they marry at all, in the white folks' fashion. It has become, however, a pantomime dance. Properly performed, it is a beautiful one. The cake is not much of a prize, though the negro has a sweet tooth.

Swans Are Scarce.

"Raise swans and grow rich," says Secretary Mendenhall of the board of park commissioners, to the Los Angeles Times. Mr. Mendenhall conceived the idea some time ago that a few graceful swans would add beauty to the pretty sheets of water at Westlake, Eastlake, and Elysian parks, and wrote to several eastern cities asking the price of these dignified birds. From Chicago came the word that there were none in that city for sale. The parks at Cincinnati could not spare a swan, but in that city he was informed that a pair could be purchased that would cost delivered in this city \$35 each. In his search he has learned that there are two kinds of swans, namely, imported and wild birds. The former are very expensive. Belgian hare-raising may be profitable, but Mr. Mendenhall is of the opinion that a swan farm would be a mint.

Shunks Rout Berry Pickers.

A recent dispatch from New York says Deacon Jonas W. Tompson of Pine Plains, has about thirty women picking red raspberries in his patch, which is back of his barns. A few years ago the barns were infested with skunks, which had disappeared. However, they were again discovered and all the pickers loaded their aprons with stones, more than fifty of which were hurled at the skunks, but the odor became so stifling that all retreated. Deacon Tompson went to the rescue with his hired men and dogs. He found that the women had stirred up a colony of fully 20 skunks. Deacon Tompson has abandoned the berry patch.

Order to Surrender Bonds.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 15.—Assistant Treasurer Spalding today gave notice to banks having old 2 per cent bonds on deposit to secure deposits of public moneys that these bonds must be surrendered at once and other bonds substituted or their deposits will be correspondingly decreased. These bonds on deposit amount to \$2,158,500.

More Privileges for Women.

VIENNA, Sept. 15.—An imperial decree issued today admits women to practice as physicians and chemists on the same conditions as men.

THE LIVE STOCK MARKET.

Latest Quotations From South Omaha and Kansas City.

SOUTH OMAHA.
Cattle—There was only a light run of cattle here today and the fact that the weather was bad had a tendency to hurt the market. Chicago also reported a dull, weak market and as a result there was not much doing here. There were only a few loads of corn fed steers on sale and the quality of the offerings was rather common. Buyers did not take hold with much life and it was a dull, weak market. The supply of cows was very light, hardly enough to make a test of the market. Although the bulk of the offerings today were on the feeder order, still there were not enough to go around and trade was very slow. Yard traders have a good many cattle on hand and the bad weather seemed to shut the demand from the country today entirely, so they were very cautious about buying more cattle so near the end of the week. The market was very quiet and bids were unevenly lower. There were not enough western beef cattle here today to attract the attention of buyers, but as the market has been steady all the week they would probably have sold the way today had there been any good ones here. There were only a few cows and they sold from steady to a little lower.
Hogs—There was a good run of hogs here today, counting what was carried over, but packers all seemed to be waiting fresh supplies, so that the market failed fairly active at the start. Light hogs did not sell quite as well on the whole today as they did on the opening market yesterday, but still they brought better prices than they did at the close yesterday. The top of \$3.20 was good as the high price yesterday, but the bulk of the light weights sold from \$2.97 to \$3.10. Heavy hogs were again rather neglected, and as Chicago was lower on the heavy weights, packers took off a little more on those again today. The bulk of them sold around \$2.90 to \$3.05, and the medium weights at \$2.92 to \$3.05.
Sheep—Receipts of sheep today were liberal for the last end of the week, but the demand was also in good shape. The supply was made up mostly of sheep and packers picked up in good season at just about steady prices. There were only a few lambs on the market, but they also met with ready sale at about steady prices. They brought \$5.25, but they were not of as good quality as the steady lot sold for \$5.35. It was a good, steady, active market all around and everything was sold early in the morning. There were not many feeders here today, but prices remain just about the same.

KANSAS CITY.

Cattle—Receipts, 13,000; market steady; native steers, \$2.50 to \$2.75; Texas steers, \$3.00 to \$3.20; Texas cows, \$2.25 to \$2.50; native cows and heifers, \$1.25 to \$1.50; stockers and feeders, \$2.75 to \$3.00; bulls, \$2.40 to \$2.65; calves, receipts, 300; market steady, \$4.25 to \$4.50.
Hogs—Receipts, 1,000; market weak to 5c lower; bulk of sales, \$3.17 to \$3.25; heavy, \$3.12 to \$3.22 1/2; packers, \$3.15 to \$3.27 1/2; mixed, \$3.10 to \$3.22 1/2; light, \$4.00 to \$4.20; Yorkers, \$3.25 to \$3.50; pigs, \$2.50 to \$2.75.
Sheep—Receipts, 1,000; market steady; lambs, \$3.50 to \$3.75; muttons, \$2.00 to \$2.25.

OVER FIVE THOUSAND DEAD.

Two Thousand Seven Hundred Steam Victims Identified at Galveston.

HOUSTON, Tex., Sept. 15.—The Post today prints a list of 2,701 names of the Galveston dead, compiled from various sources, but believed to be authentic. There were hundreds of bodies burned, buried at sea and in the sand, of which no identification was possible. There were other hundreds who were buried on the beach of the mainland, few of whom have been identified. There are many bodies still in the ruins of Galveston and scattered along the beach of the mainland and in the marshes, where they were thrown by the water. Some of these bodies have been sent twenty miles inland along small watercourses by the rush of high waters. Taking all things into consideration, there seems no longer any doubt that the number of dead will reach beyond the estimates of 5,000 which has been made by Mayor Jones, Major P. G. Lowe and other reliable citizens of Galveston.

About 1,300 refugees arrived here from Galveston last night and are being cared for as well as possible. Four buildings have been set apart for the benefit of refugees, but of the 3,500 who have reached here so far not more than 800 remain in the public charge, the remainder of them having gone to the homes of relatives and friends. The owner of the steamer Lawrence has ordered the boat turned over to Adjutant Scurry, who is in charge at Galveston, and the transportation of people from Galveston to Galveston will proceed faster. There have been delays in the transportation of provisions because of a lack of boats, but there are more boats now and the work will be faster and more complete.

TO EMPLOY OUTSIDE LABOR.

Galveston Relief Decides to Employ Laborers to Clean the City.

AUSTIN, Tex., Sept. 15.—From early this morning until far in the afternoon Governor Sayers today was in conference with relief committees from various points along the storm-swept coast. Among the first committees to arrive was one from Galveston. As a result of this conference it was decided that instead of looking to the laboring people of Galveston for work in this emergency that an importation of outside laborers to the number of 2,000 should be made to conduct the sanitary work while the people of Galveston were given an opportunity of looking after their own losses and rebuilding their own property without giving any time to the city at large. It is believed that with the work of these 2,000 outside laborers it will require about four weeks to clean the city of debris and in the meantime the citizens can be working on their own property and repairing damage there.

Kruger Changes Residence.

LOURENZO MARQUEZ, Sept. 15.—President Kruger has removed from the home of Herr Pfitz, the consul of the Netherlands here, to the residence of the district governor.

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