

A Sacrifice To Conscience

by
H. B. Welsh

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

He looked at the girl. She wore a plain gown of some cheap grey stuff, simply made, and a narrow white collar; but the gown nearly touched the floor, and Enderby was astonished at the change the different garb wrought in her. She now looked a girl of seventeen. Her figure was very slender, but the grey gown showed soft, womanly curves.

Then he glanced into her face. A slight color was in the cheeks, her eyes were soft and dreamy. There was something in the whole face, wonderfully gentle and sweet, yet the mouth spoke of firmness and steady purpose.

Enderby was the first to speak. "I hope your ankle is better now, Miss Lloyd?"

"Oh, thank you, yes! It is nearly well again," she answered quickly. "I do not think it could have been a sprain after all. I bathed it with a lotion, and it is only stiff now. You see, I understand a little about doctoring people," she added, with a slight smile.

"I am very glad," he answered. "And your father—how is he?"

The girl's face quivered a little. "He is a little better than he was that night, or he would not be here now. But he is still very ill."

"And the doctor you wished—Doctor Lyndon. Have you found him?" Enderby asked.

His voice was hardly under his control as he put the question.

She hesitated a moment; then answered:

"Yes; I have found him. He has been to see my father, and says he thinks there is no immediate danger."

"Perhaps he knows your father's constitution well? I suppose that is the reason why you were so averse to having a stranger?" said Enderby. "By the by, I know a Doctor Lyndon, and wonder if he is the same man. A Doctor Dundas Lyndon—a slender man, with brown hair, a good complexion, grey eyes, and wearing a beard."

"Yes, that is he," said the girl, with a reluctance in her words. "Then you know him, Mr. —"

Enderby started, then smiled. "Why, I believe I have never told you my name! How stupid of me! It is Paul Enderby. I am a barrister by profession, and met Doctor Lyndon only the other day. Do you know him well, then? He is an intimate friend?"

"Of my father, he seems to be," the girl answered slowly. "But I have not known him for very long. You see, we have been abroad—" She drew herself up sharply, then looked at Enderby with a sudden fall in her eyes.

"Oh, you must forget that, Mr. Enderby! Will you? I have no right to talk about my father's affairs."

"Don't be afraid. A lawyer learns to keep his own counsel, Miss Lloyd," said Enderby.

But a sudden chill had fallen upon him as the girl spoke. He stood for a moment silent, then looked up and spoke.

"Miss Lloyd, will you answer me one question? Your name is a Welsh one; is it possible you are of Welsh descent?"

"I think my mother was Welsh; but I am not sure about my father," said the girl. "You see I was away from my parents for a long time, Mr. Enderby. When I was quite a little girl, an aunt—a sister of my father's—took me to stay with her. My father was very poor then, so poor that he had to teach in a private house; he was a tutor, I think. Did you speak, Mr. Enderby? I thought you did. Then I joined my father later on, when—But I must not say any more."

She looked into Enderby's face with sweet, childlike, trusting eyes. Enderby felt himself a traitor, though he had done no harm to either the girl or her father.

This was the man, then! His vague suspicions had been correct. How strangely, how wonderfully Fate—or rather Providence—had thrown these people in his way—the very man whom whom he was to prove guilty of a base and terrible crime!

And Dundas Lyndon? Somehow, the thought of this man made Enderby's heart grow vaguely prescient of evil. What part did he play in the arena of human sin and suffering that he should be trusted both by Sir Henry Lennox, and by the man whose crime it had been Sir Henry's part to prove?

Suddenly the girl said: "Will you allow me to go up and tell my father you are here, Mr. Enderby? I told him how you had helped me, and I think he will see you."

"I should like very much to see Mr. Lloyd," said Paul earnestly.

And the girl left the room. She returned in a short time.

"My father says he would like to see you, Mr. Enderby. Will you come this way?"

He followed her across the dingy corridor, until she paused before a door and opened it. He found himself in a room much more comfortably furnished than the other. A bed stood in the center, with a white coverlet laid

neatly over it; the room was as tidy and clean as it could be.

Beside a small fire—the sun was shining brightly outside—stood a comfortably-cushioned easy chair, and in it, clad in a somewhat old and worn dressing gown, sat the mere shadow of a man—a thin, emaciated creature, whose long limbs and evident height seemed to make his emaciation more marked. His hands, almost skin and bone, were crossed on his knees; a paper lay between them. He turned his face toward the door as they entered, and Enderby saw it fully. It was a face that had once been a handsome one, gentle and refined; but now the bloodless lips, the hollow cheeks, the sunken blue eyes, the temple, over which thin gray hair kept straying, made it more like the face of a dead man than of a living one.

A strange feeling of mingled pity and compunction moved in Enderby's heart as he came forward to the chair.

"I am sorry to see you looking so ill, Mr. Lloyd," he said, as the sick man made a gesture to rise, bowing as he did so. "Do not rise, I beg of you."

"Jasmine, will you place a chair for Mr. Enderby?" said the sick man.

It was the first time Paul had heard the girl's name, and he turned to look at her as she brought forward the chair.

Jasmine did not raise her eyes, but she must have felt the look she did not see, for a second blush dawned in her cheeks. For the moment she seemed a woman in the first glorious dawn of womanhood.

She placed the chair, then almost noiselessly withdrew from the room. Her father glanced to see if she was gone, then he turned to Paul.

"Mr. Enderby, you were very kind to my poor little girl the other night, and for that let me beg to thank you. We have few friends, my child and I. We are poor and unknown, and therefore friendless. For me it matters little, but for my child I feel sorry at times that it should be so. I sometimes wonder what would happen to her if—if I died. Yet surely God would raise up friends—the God who has never quite forsaken me, however low I have fallen."

He spoke in a quiet, gentle voice—the voice of a recluse who is more accustomed to think than to speak; and Enderby glanced at him quickly. Was it possible that this man could be a criminal—this gentle looking, emaciated, and now evidently dying man, the father of Jasmine? Or was it as Sir Henry had said, that he was really insane, at least on one point?

"I thought, from what your daughter said, Mr. Lloyd, that you had at least one friend," he said, determined to probe the matter as far as he could. "Doctor Lyndon?"

The sick man was startled at the name, and looked up sharply.

"Ah, yes—Doctor Lyndon! He was my friend—once," he said slowly, "and now also, I suppose. Yet sometimes—What was I about to say?" he broke off suddenly. "Mr. Enderby, there is something in you which seems to draw my confidence; or is it that I have been so long exiled from kindly humanity that I am eager to seize the first hand stretched out to me? But at least you are kind and generous; so much I know from what you did for Jasmine. I should like if you would come to see me again. Will you?"

"I shall be very glad to do so," said Enderby, almost eagerly. "May I come on Sunday? I have more time at my disposal then."

"Thank you," said the sick man faintly. He stretched out his wasted hand, and Enderby could not but take it, yet again he felt a traitor.

Jasmine let him out.

"I am so glad you came," she said in a low voice—and he saw a mist come over the soft eyes. "He knows no one, and sometimes I think, if only he could speak of what is preying on his mind, he would be better."

"Then there is something?" Enderby said, holding the small hand with an unconscious close grasp.

She checked herself again.

"You must not let father know that I said that!" she exclaimed eagerly. "Good-by, and thank you so much!"

"Good-by," he returned. As he went down the long stairs he wondered again if he were a traitor.

CHAPTER V.

"Do you think I shall soon be all right, Lyndon?"

"I certainly think so; with care and good nursing, such as Miss Jasmine is able to give you, you will soon be as well as any of us."

"I must get well soon," said the sick man, with a flash of passion. "Lyndon, I can't die and leave my child with this horrible stigma on her name. I have made up my mind to write to Sir Henry, and if he refuses to do anything then, I must tell the truth."

Dr. Dundas Lyndon stood silent for a moment. There was no change in his smooth, freshly colored face; his light eyes were on the ground. Pres-

ently he raised them, and looked at his patient.

"You must not tell me these things, old friend—you really must not. I am simply a doctor, and am doing the best I can for you; but I should much prefer if you did not speak to me of these matters. Now I must go. You will take your medicine as usual, and I shall call again tomorrow."

"Lyndon," said the invalid, a little huskily, "you are too kind to me. How am I to repay you for all the kindness you show me—and gratuitously?"

"Tush, man!" said the doctor—but an observant watcher might have fancied that he turned slightly paler now. "Is that much for one to do for an old friend? We have known each other these fifteen—seventeen years—since you were my coach, Lloyd."

He went away, and Jasmine stoiled back to her father.

There was a strangely cruel expression on Dundas Lyndon's face as he turned toward the door for a moment.

"Yes," he muttered, between set teeth; "I am doing my best for you—and for us all—David Lloyd."

Jasmine sat down at her father's feet on a low hassock.

"The doctor thinks you are better today, daddy?"

"Yes, little one. Perhaps I shall be better soon now, Jasmine. I hope so. There is the work I have so often spoken of to you to be done yet."

"Yes, dear."

The girl looked into the fire—they had always to have a small fire burning, even when the sun was shining warmly out of doors—her brown eyes soft and dreamy.

It was strange how really little Jasmine Lloyd knew of her father.

She had been, as she told Enderby, brought up by an aunt who lived in Cornwall, while her father, whose wife had died when Jasmine was very young, had acted as tutor in private families.

Then, when she was twelve, there came a sudden summons for her. It came in the shape of a sea-captain, who brought a letter from her father.

Jasmine was to go out to him; the captain would take care of her.

She was taken to a wild, little-known place in California; there her father was making a poor living by schoolmastering the miners' children and conducting the "St. Jago Argus."

She was happy enough in that lovely, warm climate of rich luxuriance and fertility; her father was good to her, wonderfully gentle and kindly.

Then had come the upheaval of her life again. News had come to her father which agitated him terribly, and in a week's time they were on their way home. They came to London and took the shabby two-roomed flat in Burdon Mansions. Her father wrote articles on California for some papers.

Then came the first visit of Doctor Dundas Lyndon, which agitated her father again. Soon after he was taken ill, and sent for Doctor Lyndon.

That was four months ago. Since then he had been steadily growing worse, until that terrible night when the lives of Paul Enderby and Jasmine Lloyd came in touch.

Her father had told her vaguely there was a work he had to do in England, and she knew, more by instinct than by anything he said, that some terrible cloud of disgrace or fear hung over her father's life. But she did not ask him to tell her what it was. She waited patiently until the time came when he should be willing to divulge it to her; and meantime she loved her father with all her heart, and trusted in him implicitly.

She broke the silence presently.

"Father, you know Doctor Lyndon very well, don't you?"

"Yes, my child, he was my friend years ago."

"If it were not for that," said Jasmine, slowly, "I think I should ask you, dear, if you really trusted him. I don't, father."

(To be Continued.)

Men's Shirtwaists in Rome.

Whatever may be the ultimate fate of the shirt waist man in this country, he is already established on a firm footing in the Eternal City of Rome. Victor Emmanuel, the Count of Turin, and only two removes from the throne of Italy, has given the shirt waist his sanction, and all the Roman dandies have been quick to follow his example.

The Count of Turin is one of the most enterprising and interesting young Princes in Europe. He has traveled widely, coming to this country in 1898 and spending a part of the next year hunting big game in Asia. In adopting the shirt waist for hot weather wear the count has made some startling innovations in the decoration of the garment. On one of his shirt waists the buttons are made of gold lire pieces, set in two rows down the front of the garment, beginning at the top close together and ending at some distance apart below. On another waist the buttons are made of black jet, each as large as a half dollar, and arranged in the same way.—Chicago Tribune.

Signaling the Bank Rate.

There is quite a mild excitement just now at the Bank of England because of an innovation at that venerable and conservative institution. A flagstaff has actually been placed above the building, and many are shaking their heads at the sudden giddiness of the Old Lady of Threadneedle street. The suggestion has been made in all seriousness that numbers might be placed on the flagstaff and the bank rates indicated from time to time by the height of the flag on the pole.—London Chronicle.

A LOVE SONG.

The moon shines pale in the Western sky,
Like a pearl set over a brow that
blushes;
There is many a homeward bird in the air
And the hedges thrill with the thrushes.
Though my love be farther away from me
Than the East from the West, or the
day from the night,
I have turned my face to his dwelling
place
And I bid him "Good night!" "Good
night!"
Though he less can feel my hurrying
breath
Than the tree the bird that lifts on its
bough,
Yet since the winds love's messengers
be
They will bear him my kisses, I trow!

O moon! shine first on my lips, and then
Go shine on the forehead of him I love!
He will dream, perchance, that an angel's
wing
Has quivered his brow above!
And sing, ye birds, in his ears the song
My heart is singing within my breast:
It will thrill his heartstrings with ecstasy
And possess his soul with rest.
Ye, too, O fragrance of earth and flow-
ers,
And voices of night in May!
Watch near him until in the eastern field
Blossom the roses of day.
But thou, O wind! Lay close on his lips
The kisses thou hast in thy flight,
And he will stir in his sleep, and wake,
And whisper—"My heart—good night!"
—Amelie Reeves.

The Kind of Man.

"And you really want my opinion in this question, Fred?"

"Yes, and I'm all attention."

"And you promise not to use my views in your behalf?"

"I promise anything and every-thing; I am perfectly disinterested and am seeking information only to benefit my fellow men."

"Really? Such unselfishness is exceptional in one so young; but I suppose you have become imbued with the statistical mania or thirst for vengeance since your experience with the census man."

"My armor of good nature is impenetrable tonight. Your keenest shafts fall."

"Gracious! What did you have for supper? Well, then, I may as well proceed with my dissertation—but say, Fred, are you going to interview any other girl on this question, too?"

"Well, you don't care if I do, do you?"

"Oh, no, of course not; still, if you were depending entirely on me, you know, I might try a little harder to give better ideas."

"I yield, as usual. You can give me your very best thoughts."

"Oh, thanks. First, you know, women's likes and dislikes change so with age and experience. What period of life do you want? Cribbage, sausage, man-age or home-age?"

"Why not add rum-age and damage?"

"Just because I'm talking about women and not men. Now, will you try to temper your sarcasm? But to continue, the first two ages are too youth-



ful to be interesting to either of us. Symptoms of the man-age begin to show at a very tender age in some."

"How delightfully frank. You're sure you're not talking of an attack of measles?"

"Don't be impertinent. I'm telling the truth. In others the symptoms show more slowly, so that it almost seems as if they would never appear at all, but the fatal age comes sooner or later."

"And you are sure there are no exceptions?"

"Perfectly."

"Thank you for that much encouragement, at least."

"I don't understand."

"Never mind now; proceed, for I'm intensely interested."

"A girl just entering the man-age period isn't so particular. She judges by the outside covers. If a man wears good clothes, has a jaunty appearance, can talk bright small talk—yes, she is susceptible to good looks, especially soft, soulful brown eyes, curly locks and all that sort of thing. He must dance divinely, of course, and her cup of happiness is filled to the very brim if he can quote tender lines of poetry. Should all these charms prove futile, a cane and a pair of patent leathers would certainly conquer. Oh, yes, it's rather foolish, but most of us, unless very strong minded, can look back to this sort of Beau Brummel hero. There is one advantage of this age, however; it is usually brief. You can't blame us much because, you know it is only actual experience that teaches us to suspend judgment of the fruit until we have cut it to view the core."

"It seems to me this man-age, too, is somewhat callow to be very interesting. Let's go to the next."

"Oh, not so fast, dear sir. The man-age is a long, long ago. Why, in some cases it is the only age (no marriage or home-age, you know), but there are many different stages."

"Oh, I see—evolution."

"Yes, something like that. If not evolution, at least variety."

"Pardon me for asking questions, but can you tell me why so many apparently nice girls seem to favor the blouse, reckless and oft times seemingly good-for-nothing men of the world?"

"I've been expecting that. Well, you remember Eve?"

"Fairly well, although I could scarcely be classed as contemporary."

"I beg your pardon. You remember the story, I mean, of the temptation and fall—all caused by curiosity. That old falling still clings to woman-kind with the tenacity of a barnacle. The life of a worldly man seems a sort of mystery to a girl with little or no experience. The hint of vice, the suggestive remonstrances of her friends, all make her the more determined to stand out for herself. She certainly does not like him because of his vices,

but her own discoveries are made so gradually that she fails to realize her danger until her conquest is complete, and we all know how hard it is to wear ourselves from any one or anything of which we have become fond even when we realize fully the frailties and worthlessness."

"But often it is the bright, wide-awake woman of the world who falls in love with this sort of man."

"I hardly know how much you mean to convey by the term 'this sort of man,' but I suppose you mean the good fellow kind. I'll tell you women hate sham—in man, at least. The man who makes a great pretense of goodness and perfection must, naturally, slip occasionally, and so women turn to the men who do not pretend to all the virtues on the moral calendar, because they think they are the more sincere of the two. A sort of Scylla and Charybdis, I admit."

"Or in modern English, 'Between the devil and the deep deep sea.' How about men who compliment and flatter?"

"Many women say they don't like the trait. I am sure it isn't very pleasant to listen to it unless it is addressed to one's self. But, if the truth were told, most of us do like it, just as we like pie and cake, even though we know it isn't good for us. But the majority of women are too sensible to allow it to take the place of the necessary bread and meat. The more graceful a compliment is, the more appreciated, and it would improve most American men to give a little more study to this art, for it is art to convince a plain girl that she is just as attractive as her beautiful sister, or that the color of her eyes is that poetical violet, monopolized by heroines of novels, though every one else calls them plain blue; or by a mere look or gesture convey the idea to some commonplace maid that she is the most charming of her sex. It may be questionable art, as it is declining, but it is art nevertheless. However the man who has not made a study of Chesterfield and his class would best remain silent and listen attentively while his women friends tell him their conquests, plans and compliments, for women do appreciate a good listener when talking about themselves."

"Is animal strength the vigor necessary?"

"Women like strength and health in men, of course, but they like the latent, subdued power best. They like to know that a man has courage and force enough to thrash the rowdy if need be, but they would despise the same man did he crush or harm some one or something weaker than himself, no matter how lowly, just because he had the necessary mental or physical power."

"And the home-age? I suppose that's the age when women are ready to settle down for life and want a home companion?"

"Yes, a husband, in other words; so now for ideals. Where all rules so often fall. Well, I think he should be independent, though not aggressively so; he must not be small or mercenary; cheerfulness is a laudable trait; trust and sympathy are certainly essentials; unless he wishes his wife to dictate in his business affairs, he should allow her perfect freedom in household matters, but these suggestions are but general and somewhat vague, for how can I judge of heaven or hell, having experienced neither?"

"But, Nell, I am anxious to give you the experience."

"Thanks, which one?"

"What One Grain of Wheat Did."

"Did you ever stop to think of the possibilities of a grain of wheat? We are so used to seeing the field sown with wheat and the crop come up and ripen that we quite forget how each little grain does a great work through the summer days in multiplying and adding to the farmer's harvest. A farmer near Phoenix, Ariz., planted one grain of white Australian wheat, and at harvest time it had sprung 1,360 grains of large, fat wheat. He planted ten acres of this wheat and harvested 177 sacks, each weighing 133 pounds. The single grain spoken of produces 36 stalks, so you see even a grain of wheat helps wonderfully."

"A Card of Thanks."

A person bearing the same name as a man who was charged at a police court in Ireland deemed it necessary to insert in the local papers an announcement that he was not the John Sullivan recently fined for drunkenness. The following appeared shortly afterward in all the papers containing the announcement: "I, John Sullivan, who was fined 19s for being drunk, beg to return thanks to John Sullivan, of Ballykillin Lodge, for notifying that I am in no way connected with his family."—London Daily Graphic.

MAY ADJUST MATTERS

The Coal Miners in Markle Slopes Accept Part of Firm's Terms.

ARBITRATION OF DISPUTED POINTS

Sheriff of Luzerne County Makes Arrangements for Rushing Troops from Shenandoah if Occasion for Their Use Arises—Pence to Be Maintained.

HAZLETON, Pa., Sept. 27.—The crisis at the mines of G. B. Markle & Co. has been reached. There were many expressions among the men today of dissatisfaction with some of the firm's answers to their demands. The principal grievance is the wage scale. They ask for only about half of what the United Mine Workers are demanding.

Operations at the Markle collieries were suspended today so that the employees could hold a meeting to discuss the firm's answer. The meeting was held in the forenoon and this afternoon the committee composed of employees of the several Markle mines, with the exception of Ebervale, which is completely tied up, made known to the firm the decision of the employees. They accept the firm's proposition in regard to the holding men from the slope, acquiesce in the refusal to pay the engineers by the hour and want to further arbitrate all the other grievances except those relating to semi-monthly pay and the location of powder houses, which have been adjusted by the answer of Markle & Co.

The men also decided to remain at work pending the arbitration negotiations and agreed to ask the firm to deduct from the pay of each family that returns to work their quota for the payment of the arbitrator selected by the men.

Judging only by the talk of the men it looks as if a considerable number of men will not go to work tomorrow morning. The force of men at each of the Markle slopes is now very short-handed. The firm for the time being refuses to discuss anything in connection with its future actions.

The request made yesterday by Sheriff Harvey for troops, although not refused, was not granted by Governor Stone. The sheriff and the state officials at Harrisburg, however, have an understanding and if the necessity arises soldiers will be thrown into the line in short order. If this be done the first to arrive would be one of the commands now stationed at Shenandoah.

There were no disturbances reported in this region today. Rumors of contemplated marches of strikers are constantly in circulation, but as far as can be learned there is no truth in any of them.

With regard to the general strike situation in the Lehigh Valley it cannot be said that many great gains were made on either side today. Some who quit work yesterday at the Tomhicken, Derringer and Cowan mines returned today. The Lehigh Valley Coal company reports more men working today than any time since the strike began.

The labor leaders claim accessions to their ranks from both the mines at Eckley and Lattimer. The daily production of coal in the district is steadily decreasing. This is shown from the shipments of coal from the region today, which indicate a falling off of more than 75 per cent.

POSITION OF THE POWERS.

Austria and Italy Only Governments that Rept. Favorably.

PARIS, Sept. 27.—It is asserted from excellent diplomatic sources that Austria and Italy are the only powers which have replied favorably and unconditionally to Germany's note. It is certainly a fact that the replies of Russia and France are almost identical, involving the punishment of the originators of the anti-foreign assaults but not making their surrender an absolute condition of the peace preliminaries.

Japan takes a middle course, leaning a little more strongly toward Germany, while Great Britain declines.

A powerful argument used against Germany's position was its establishment of a precedent that would permit the powers in future wars to demand personages considered by them to be guilty leaders and that their punishment is deemed fit before peace negotiations are undertaken.

Accepts Carnegie's Proposition.

OTTUMWA, Ia., Sept. 26.—Ottumwa has accepted Andrew Carnegie's appropriation of \$50,000 for a free public library, the election on the issue giving a majority of almost 500 in favor of the measure; 272 were cast by male voters. The women were also permitted to vote and their majority increased the total to almost 500. The measure lost last June, when the judge of the district court held that the women were not entitled to vote. The male vote in June gave a majority of 81 against the measure, the issue carrying only by the votes cast by the women. The election settles the question.

Accused as a Hold Up.

BEATRICE, Neb., Sept. 26.—The police locked up a suspicious character and put him in the sweet box. He soon was spotted as the party who held up a Bohemian named Zivanski, living near Virginia, six weeks ago. Zivanski was sent for and at once identified Bilger as his assailant. The prisoner denies that he had anything to do with the hold up, but it is now known that he served time before.

State May Help Galveston.

GALVESTON, Tex., Sept. 27.—Nearly 2,000 men were engaged clearing the streets, removing debris and disposing of dead bodies today. Twenty-five bodies were recovered today and thirty-five yesterday. Governor Sayers left here this afternoon for Austin, where he will consult with the attorney general relative to a proposition from the city government for a fund with which to operate the municipal government from now until the end of the fiscal year, February 28. About \$100,000 will be required.