

# A Sacrifice To Conscience

by  
**H. B. Welsh**

## CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

He paused. His story had been told weakly and slowly, with many halts and failures; but it was done at last. Jasmine, still supporting him in her arms, looked ghastly pale, and her dark eyes were heavy with unshed tears. Oh, the pitifulness of it, that she had never known this terrible secret burden her father had borne until now, when he was going away beyond her reach of help, of sympathy!

Enderby had written every word rapidly, though his face, too, had grown paler as he went on, and his lips became stern and set. How little he had understood the mystery of this man's life, the man who had literally given his life for his friends—and such friends!

Sir Henry Lennox, the unimpeachable, the revered, whom he himself had looked upon as the embodiment of all that was highest and noblest in man, had permitted so cruel a lie to be perpetuated, so frightful an injustice to continue, in order that he might save himself from disgrace and loss. It was appalling! Paul Enderby, letting his face droop for one moment on his hands, asked himself if there could be any honor or righteousness among men when this man had been guilty of so great a crime.

But no time was to be lost; already the light in David Gerard's eyes was waxing dim. Enderby roused himself with an effort, and put the pen into the weak, dying fingers.

"You must sign your name; it is the only thing you have to do now, Mr. Gerard," he said, in a voice which was full of an agitation he could not control.

Guiding the weak fingers to the spot, he watched them as they feebly scrawled "David Gerard" in weak, trembling characters across the page. Then he signed to Jasmine to lay down her father on the pillow, and write her own name below her father's; and he added his own—the only steady and firm one—at the foot: "Paul Enderby; barrister-at-law."

When he raised his head he saw that a great change had come over the dying man's face.

"I am going," he whispered feebly. "Mr. Enderby, I shall die in peace—if you tell me—all will be made right for my little Jasmine. You—you will not forsake her?"

"I will not, as God is my witness!" said Enderby, and there was a strange solemnity in his voice. "Mr. Gerard, will you trust her to me? I shall see that your name is cleared; and your daughter will be cared for. If you wish me to take upon myself the name of her guardian, I shall do so."

"May God Almighty bless you! Now, indeed, I can die in peace," said the sick man, with sudden energy. "Jasmine, my dear little one, where are you? Give me your hand. Ah, that is right. I feel it in my own. I am not afraid to die. I trust myself in the hands of the All-Merciful, who is the Father of all men, and loves His children as I do mine. It is dark—very dark! I cannot see your face, Jasmine, but I can still feel your hand. It is the Dark Valley; but there is light beyond—there is light—"

The feeble voice trembled away into silence, there was a moment's agonizing struggle for breath, then a long, long, sigh, and afterwards—silence.

Enderby bent down and touched Jasmine on the shoulder.

"God has sent him a peaceful end," he said, in a low voice. "It is all over, my child. 'At evening time there shall be light.'"

And at that moment the red rays of the setting sun fell athwart the shabby little room, and touched the dead man's face with a glow of golden light.

It was about ten minutes after that Doctor Bunthorne arrived. Enderby drew him into the empty little sitting room.

"It is all over," he said. "The patient is gone."

Doctor Bunthorne for once showed a break in his imperturbable calm.

"It is a bad business, I'm afraid, Enderby," he said hurriedly. "That bottle of hypophosphates which you gave me has been in my analyst's hands—"

"Yes?" said Enderby, as the other paused.

"And besides the small quantity of hypophosphates at the bottom, he detected an almost invisible sediment, the dregs of an India distillation little known in this country, but whose properties are recognized by eminent scientists as sure and deadly."

"Good gracious! Not poison?" Enderby whispered, in shaken tones.

"Yes, poison. Not a poison which destroys physical life, but a far more subtle one, which acts upon the brain, and through slow, but certain processes destroys a certain part of the tissue of it, and leaves the victim a hopeless lunatic, Enderby."

## CHAPTER IX.

"So you have come for your reward, Lyndon?"

"Yes, Sir Henry," Dundas Lyndon seated himself opposite the great Queen's counsel, whose face looked old, grey and worn. "I think I have

won it fairly. The man who should take his place in the dock a few weeks hence as the thief of Lady Brownlow's jewels is a hopeless imbecile. There's no doubt whatever on the subject."

"No?" Sir Henry raised his head, and his haggard eyes looked into the cold ones of Dundas Lyndon. "And your reward, Lyndon?"

"Is, as I dare say you have guessed, Sir Henry, the right of winning Miss Lennox as my wife," replied Lyndon deliberately.

Sir Henry half sprang from his chair, then sank into it again, and looked at the man before him without speaking.

"You seem surprised," said Lyndon coldly. "I thought you had guessed long ago, Sir Henry, the cause of my enthusiasm in the affair. I am an ambitious man, as you know, and I have risked a great deal in this matter. Were but a word of this to get abroad I should be a ruined man, in a worse plight than the poor wretch whom we know; but I thought the game worth the candle. With Cecil Lennox as my wife and Sir Henry, the great Q. C., as my father-in-law, my future success is secured. Now, I have spoken frankly, and I expect a frank answer."

Sir Henry looked at him for a moment, then with a shudder he bowed his head on his hands. Never till this moment, had the wretched man, who had years ago entered on a course of deception and cruel wrong, realized to the full that "the way of transgressors is hard." His sin, at first a cobweb, had become a cable.

He was in the power of an unscrupulous villain, and he could never hope to extricate himself from it.

He looked up at last.

"I cannot use compulsion in such a case," he said, in a hard, dry voice. "Cecil may not be agreeable to—this proposal of yours."

Lyndon smiled grimly.

"I think she will be when I tell her the consequence of her refusal, Sir Henry. One word from me, and the whole world will know the real character of the man it has been accustomed to regard as faultless."

"And the character of the man it has trusted as an honorable physician!" said a voice behind both men suddenly.

They were sitting in Sir Henry's library with closed doors. Neither of them had heard the door which connected the library with Sir Henry's private office softly open; but as both sprang round, as if simultaneously, a figure moved forward from the door, which had not closed again, and stood facing them. It was that of Paul Enderby.

Lyndon's face assumed an unpleasant hue and an ugly curve in his upper lip showed the gleaming teeth behind.

Sir Henry, however, with an effort recovered his usual dignity, and rose to his feet, bowing gravely.

"This is an unexpected visit, Mr. Enderby. I shall not call it an intrusion. It is, however, rather unusual for my visitors to enter unannounced."

Enderby was very pale, and his whole face would have given any on-looker the impression of one who has braced himself to a terrible task. He leaned his hand on the table, and his eyes did not falter from their fixed gaze on Sir Henry's face.

"Sir Henry, my mode of entry is of little consequence in comparison with the tidings I bring. I have come straight to you from a death bed. David Gerard, otherwise David Lloyd, died at 5 o'clock this evening."

A strange sound—half gasp, half cry—left Sir Henry's lips. He tottered a little, as if he would have fallen; but the next moment, making another great effort, he recovered, and drew himself erect.

"What do you mean, Mr. Enderby? Who is this man, David Lloyd, whom you so glibly identify with David Gerard?"

"Sir Henry, subterfuge here is absolutely valueless," said Enderby gravely, and not without a certain huskiness in his voice. "No man can look on a broken idol unmoved. 'What I have to say had better be said briefly. I am glad to have found this man'—he glanced, with a change of expression towards Lyndon—"with you."

"Accidents brought the Gerards—I knew them as the Lloyds—across my path. From Miss Gerard I first heard the name of David Lyndon. I visited them. When I heard your story of David Gerard's crime my suspicions were aroused. These are now confirmed."

"David Gerard died today; but before dying he left a full confession, signed by himself, of the Brownlow pearl affair. He left with me the one proof—an absolute one—of his innocence, and another's guilt. I have promised the dead, and I mean to fulfill that promise, to see his name, and that of the daughter he has left, cleared."

"Sir Henry, you will have to perform this act of sard justice. I would save you if I could, but it is

impossible. The fearful wrong done this innocent man—and more, the horrible crime which brought him to his death—must be atoned for. I demand of you, in the name of justice and restitution, to make a public confession of David Gerard's innocence, and the guilt of your wife."

A low cry broke from the man's lips. He fell back in his chair, and bent his head on the table, presenting a heart-rending picture of a broken and crushed man, whose long-cherished sin has at last found him out. Enderby, looking down on him, felt a pity that almost choked him rise in his heart.

"It is a fearful reparation, but God and justice demand it of you!" he said slowly. "Sir Henry, heaven is my witness; I would have saved the dead from this terrible exposure if I could. There may be a way by which justice can be done and her name spared; but justice must be done."

He paused. Sir Henry did not move. Then, slowly, and with evident repugnance, Enderby turned to the other man.

"As for you, Dundas Lyndon, I have nothing to say to you. What has to be said shall be said by other than I."

He stepped to the outer door and opened it. A man in plain civilian clothes entered.

Enderby turned to Doctor Lyndon. "Suspecting that you might be here, I took the precaution to bring a detective with me, Doctor Lyndon. Inspector, do your work."

Lyndon started and glanced wildly around the room.

A look had flashed into his face—a look which arresters of criminals know well, and which warns them to look out for their own safety.

Dundas Lyndon was desperate, and the detective saw him slip his hand into his breast pocket. But Inspector Green was a smart man.

"None of that, sir!" he exclaimed, striking Lyndon's hand down—"else I shall have to use these!" And he held up a clanking pair of handcuffs. "You are charged with practicing on the reason and life of Mr. David Gerard by means of a poison introduced into his medicines. Now, sir, say nothing; it's safer, I warn you. You had much better reserve all you've got to say for the defense."

A year had passed. It is once more May, "the sweet of the year" as sweet and warm a May as that in which Jasmine Lloyd had first crossed the vision and the life of Paul Enderby.

Little or much may happen in a year. Much had happened to Paul Enderby.

Sir Henry Lennox cleared the name of the dead man, Gerard, but with Enderby's consent he had saved that of his dead wife, taking, however, full blame on himself. His fall was as great as his reputation had been high. In a few months, a broken and, Enderby believed, a truly repentant man, he left London, and went abroad to live there on the slender income his investments gave him.

(To be continued.)

## ODD SPITZBERGEN.

Land of Northern Lights is a queer place.

Nowadays when people travel so far and fast a trip to Spitzbergen may not sound remarkable, yet many persons have but hazy ideas concerning the land of northern mysteries. The only building at Spitzbergen is a tourists' hut about 500 miles from civilization. In the tourists' hut arrangements are unique for the reception of travelers. It is supposed to accommodate thirty people, but the sleeping places are not as large as ships' cabins and each has two berths with barely room to stand. A misguided woman visiting Spitzbergen last year took along an India rubber bathtub, but she was never able to use it—there was no room to set it on the floor! But the little rooms are lofty and therefore airy. The walls do not reach the ceiling, so there is no privacy, for every word spoken can be heard in the next rooms. Upstairs is a sort of loft with seven berths and more room, but holes in the walls admit the icy air. One compensation is that the whole house, or hut, is kept most clear. Meals in the land of the midnight sun are always erratic. One loses count of the hours and becomes vague about the days of the week. It seems natural to breakfast when you will, dine at 3 or 4 o'clock in the afternoon, have supper at 10 and go out and view the scenery from midnight till 2. It is then the wonderful lights and shadows play around the mountains and made them a veritable fairyland. Many rock plants flourish on the marshland surrounding the hut. These may be found in different colors—red, pink and white. A small Iceland poppy grows in profusion, but the prettiest of all is a creeping plant with small, bell-shaped blossoms not unlike the lily of the valley, which gives out a delicious fragrance.—Chicago News.

## Ancient Rules for Generals.

For about 3,000 years China has had a text-book on the art of war, and the Mongolian general of 1000 B. C. was instructed in a style which might almost fit this day of magazine rifles and smokeless powder, as will be seen from this extract: "If you are ten times more numerous than the enemy, envelop him; if you are five times more numerous, dispose your army so as to attack him on four sides; if you are only a little stronger, content yourself with cutting your army in two (on the principle of reserves), and if you are weaker than the enemy, try to secure cover."

One good action is worth more than a hundred good intentions.

# GREAT IS RUSSIA'S SOLDIERY

Characteristics of Czar's  
Mighty Army.

The peculiar conditions in the east and the prominence of Russia in dealing with them make interesting a study of that empire's military system.

In attempting a description of the characteristics of the Russian army one naturally begins with the Czar, who is at once the head and object of the whole organization. It is in Russia alone, of all civilized countries, that at this day we find the idea of personal allegiance existing in its primitive purity, undisturbed by the tendencies of modern representative government. This personal allegiance is the cornerstone of the whole fabric of society in Russia, and it has been strengthened rather than weakened by the changes which have taken place in the development of the country since the days of Peter the Great.

In other nations the soldier fights for his country, for the idea that is so clearly crystallized in the German motto, "Für Gott und Vaterland," but the Russian soldier fights for God and the Czar. To his mind the Czar is specially appointed by God as the viceroy to govern that large portion of the earth called Russia, and devotion to the Czar includes all that we understand in the word patriotism.

The peasant class—or moolzhiks—which supplies the great body of Russian soldiers, leads a hard life. In an atmosphere of ignorance and superstition, amid dull, somber surroundings, a cheerless climate and monotonous village life, their characters, dispositions and habits are determined. The Russian soldier's disposition is gentle and good-natured, even his brawling being of the maudlin and foolish, rather than fighting kind. Since his surroundings from earliest childhood tend only to destroy his individuality, he is incapable of acting for himself and utterly dependent upon his officers, for whom, naturally enough, he has great respect. He never meets or addresses an officer without standing at "attention," with his hand at his cap through the whole conversation, and until the officer has passed. He does not even answer a question with a direct "Yes, sir," or "No, sir," but with "Quite so," or "Not exactly so."

Yet despite this humility in outward forms, it cannot be said that the soldier degenerates into being servile. Side by side with the unbending discipline there exists a feeling of good-fellowship between officers and men. The men are jovial and good-natured among themselves and have their own glee songs and dances, at which the officers are daily spectators.

In battle the Russian soldier is strongest in all the staying qualities and weakest in all the vivacious ones. He goes in enthusiastically and with lively energy, it may be, but not quite vivaciously; there is more of a grim solemnity in his manner as he marches forward singing lustily the national hymn and thoughtless of his fate. He is at first dull and slow in initiative and self-reliance; and it is only after he has passed through several battles that he learns the knack of looking out for himself—of taking advantage of every shelter, of quickly protecting himself by intrenching, and all the other little tricks of war, which may save a man's life without impairing his efficiency or detracting from his courage. He instinctively looks for

orders and obeys them with a blind instinct, without stopping to question their merit; left to his own resources he is almost helpless and will often get killed from sheer stupidity in standing still and waiting for an order when every one is dead who has a right to give one. But these same qualities, which are so different from those of our own quick-witted volunteers, have their good side. The Russian soldier's patience is boundless; his endurance, his good-humor under hardship, his capacity for fighting on an empty stomach and under difficulties, are beyond all praise, and will enable a general who appreciates these qualities to work wonders with them; and he is probably the steadiest of all soldiers under defeat and adversity.

## American Girls, Wives of Germans.

It is worthy of note that not only was the wife of the Baron Von Ketteler, the German minister who was murdered in Pekin, an American, Miss Ledyard, of Detroit, but the wife of the German minister appointed to succeed Von Ketteler, the Baron Von Schwarzenstein, is an American, Maud Roosevelt La Vinsen, and the wife of the officer sent out to command the allied armies, the Count Von Walderssee, is an American, Miss Lee of New York. The Baroness Von Schwarzenstein is a second cousin of Colonel Roosevelt, and was a belle in Washington two years ago. She met there the Baron Mumm von Schwarzenstein, who was attached to the German legation. Miss La Vinsen was stopping with her mother's sister, the Baroness Von Orendorff. The Baroness took her niece to Europe, whither the attaché followed, and the marriage took place in Berlin. The bride had no fortune of any amount, and the marriage was one of pure affection on both sides. The Baron Schwarzenstein, although only forty years old, has had a long experience in statecraft, and is considered an able diplomat.—New York Press.

## Noiseless Powder the Latest.

The success of smokeless powder in modern warfare has been such as to prompt a man of an inventive turn of mind to manufacture a powder which is said to be also noiseless. It is the invention of a German workman who studied chemistry of explosives in this country. He has already given a private exhibition of the practicability of his discovery with considerable success. A shell loaded with his powder was fired at a target fifty yards away and the only sound indicating the explosion was the falling of the plunger of the shell. Bohnengal, which is the name of the inventor, has not, it is said, yet sold the secret of the process, but is still in treaty with different governments for its purchase.

## Son of Former Leader.

Hugh John MacDonald, who succeeds Sir Charles Tupper as the conservative leader in Canada, is the son of Sir Charles' old leader and a famous figure in Canadian politics, Sir John MacDonald. The son has the significant nickname of "Man Who Keeps His Word," a title conferred years ago by the Indians with whom he had business.

# Charged With Nine Murders

A Bad Man Prohibited by Authorities From Touching Land.

The Allen line steamer Assyrian, which arrived at Halifax, N. S., the other night from Glasgow and Liverpool, brought as a steerage passenger a man who is alleged to be one of the most notorious criminals in Europe. Detective Power, Port Physician MacKay and Immigration Agent Clay were on the wharf awaiting the arrival of the steamer. The detective and immigration agent had telegrams and papers in their possession to prevent from landing at this port Johan Hannu, a Swede, who is credited with having taken the lives of nine human beings.

The captain of the steamer, when apprised of the character of the man that he had on board his ship, was greatly surprised. During the voyage over Hannu was one of the best conducted passengers on board. No one ever suspected him of being a murderer. The information of his being on board the Assyrian was received at Halifax from the department of justice at Ottawa, an order in council having been passed to prevent his landing on Canadian soil. The murders were, it is alleged, committed at Stockholm, Sweden, where Hannu was tried and convicted of the crimes.

Hannu afterwards tried to land at Philadelphia, but was not allowed to.

# "HUGE MARRIAGE AGENCY"

While the British housewife is bewailing the ever-increasing scarcity of "generals" and house and parlor maids the Queensland government agents in the country are shipping young women to their colony in thousands, says the London Mail. Some idea of the extent to which the demand for single women in Queensland is being supplied from the country districts of England may be gathered from the fact that the other day alone 215 healthy young domestic servants were dispatched to the Brisbane hiring depot by the colony's agents, and with farm laborers, their wives and families, the total shipment for the day comprised 430 persons.

For the readiness to quit England

for the new life in the sunny south several reasons are assigned, not the least interesting of which is the prospect of marriage with the well-to-do selector who raises coffee, cotton, tobacco or sugar on his outback holding. It is the common belief of the intending immigrant—and the notion is carefully fostered by the hustling agent—that once in Cooktown, Mackay, Bowen or Cairns she will speedily capture the susceptible squatter, marry him, and pass in a month from the lean-to kitchen into the best room of the home station.

For every man or woman secured by the energetic agents who travel over the United Kingdom they are paid 10s 6d, and for each child 5s 3d.

## THE LIVE STOCK MARKET.

Latest Quotations from South Omaha and Kansas City.

### SOUTH OMAHA.

Union Stock Yards.—Cattle.—There was another light run of cattle, and as the demand for all kinds of cattle was in good shape the market ruled active and steady to strong on all lines. There were not very many corncob cattle, about twenty-five cars would cover the receipts. Packers all seemed to be wanting good cattle, and especially the heavyweights, and prices were steady to strong. There were only about a dozen loads of cow stuff on sale today, and as the demand was good the market was a little stronger all around. The stocker and feeder trade did not show much change. There was a good demand for the more desirable kinds and prices were fully steady with yesterday. The more common kinds moved fairly well, but the market did not show any movement on that class of cattle. There were about five cars of western beef on the market, besides several cars of Texas. The demand for the more desirable was as lively as ever, and one string was good enough to sell at \$4.45. The market could be quoted strong and active. Cows were in light supply and became scarce, as they were nowhere from strong to a dime higher than yesterday. The stocker and feeder trade were in good shape.

Hogs.—There was a run of hogs but in spite of that fact the market started out about a nickel lower. Buyers in some cases were bidding 7c lower, but they did not get the hogger. The bulk of the early sales went at \$4.50-4.75, with a few of the choicest grades at \$4.50 and one prime load at \$4.52. As the morning advanced it became evident that there was a good demand on the part of packers and sellers raised their hands and the last end of the hogs sold largely at \$4.50-4.55, or about 2c higher. The last half of the market was good and active.

Sheep.—There were only about 5,000 head of sheep on sale and very little change in the market was noticeable. Good stuff met with ready sale to the packers at just about yesterday's prices, but the commoner grades did not move quite so readily. The prices paid, however, did not show much variation. Lambs also were unchanged in price and were in good demand if of good quality. There is nothing new to be said about feeders, as they are still bringing the same prices they have been for some time past.

### KANSAS CITY.

Cattle.—Receipts, 8,000 natives, 4,000 Texas; 700 calves; good general demand at steady prices; native steers, \$4.50-4.40; stockers and feeders, \$3.50-4.50; butcher cows and heifers, \$3.00-4.40; canners, \$2.50-3.00; fed weaners, \$3.00-3.40; Tex. steers, \$3.00-3.00; calves, \$3.00-3.00.

Hogs.—Receipts, 120,500 head; market opened a shade lower and closed very active at firm prices; heavy and mixed, \$3.50-3.60; light, \$4.50-4.57; pigs, \$4.00-4.25. Sheep and Lambs.—Receipts, 4,300 head; supply largely common quality; trade fairly active at steady prices; natives, \$3.00-3.25; muttons, \$3.00-3.00; stockers and feeders, \$3.00-3.00; culls, \$2.50-3.00.

## Big Estimate for the Navy.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 26.—The annual report of Admiral O'Neill contains an interesting summary of the important developments of the year in the matter of naval ordnance and armor and powder. The estimates for the next year, which aggregate \$7,457,855 include a single item of \$4,000,000 under the head of an increase of the navy, armor and armament. The admiral makes no recommendations on the armor question. There are items of \$500,000 for a new magazine at Boston; \$500,000 for reserve ammunition; \$500,000 for smokeless powder and \$923,849 for the Washington navy yard and proving grounds and a new battery for the Baltimore.

## Pursues the Biscuit Trail.

LINCOLN, Neb., Oct. 27.—Attorney General Smyth this afternoon filed suit in the district court of this county against the Jones, Douglas & Company Cracker company of Lincoln, the National Biscuit company of New Jersey and the American Biscuit and Manufacturing company of Illinois, charging them with having combined as a trust in restraint of trade.

In his petitions he recounts the alleged absorption of the Lincoln company by the National and American and petitions that all agreements between them be declared illegal and abrogated.

## Funeral of John Sherman.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 25.—Funeral services over the remains of John Sherman, preliminary to their transportation to Mansfield, O., were held at the Washington home this afternoon, conducted by Rev. Alexander Smith, pastor of St. John's Episcopal church, and the assistant rector, Rev. E. M. Paddock. The services were attended by most of the government officials and foreign diplomats in the city, and many friends.

## Test of Permit System.

BOISE, Idaho, Oct. 25.—An action has been begun in the United States circuit court to determine the constitutionality of the permit system, established by the state government in connection with the Couer d'Alene riots of 1899. The case is brought by James C. Duffy of Butte against Governor Frank Steunenberg and State Auditor Bartlett Sinclair. He asks for \$2,500 damages. The court is asked to restrain the authorities from enforcing the system.

## Its Autonomy Gone Forever.

PRETORIA, Oct. 27.—The Transvaal was today proclaimed a part of the British empire, the proclamation being attended with impressive ceremonies. The royal standard was hoisted in the main square of the city, the Grenadiers presented arms, massed bands played the national anthem, Sir Alfred Milner read the proclamation and 6,200 troops, representing Great Britain and its colonies, marched past.

## Touching Appeal to Russia.

LONDON, Oct. 27.—"Emperor Nicholas," says the St. Petersburg correspondent of the Daily Mail, "has received a letter from the Chinese emperor asking him to take the conquered Manchurian provinces under Russian protection."

## Prepare to Resume Work.

SCRANTON, Pa., Oct. 27.—There is great rejoicing all through Scranton and the Lackawanna valley at the calling off of the anthracite miners' strike. The order has had the effect of stimulating the companies which had not already posted notices agreeing to advance wages 10 per cent to do so, and today the Pennsylvania company sent out its notices to its miners at Dunmore, Avoca and Pittston. Fifty-three thousand men and boys will resume work on Monday.