

A Sacrifice To Conscience

by
H. B. Welsh

CHAPTER I.—(Continued.)
Ceel had cut herself off from him. A few months after she had married a dissipated young nobleman, whose character was anything but above suspicion; and the two had finally left England, having arrived on the brink of ruin, and, it was reported, were frequenting the gambling tables of Monaco and Hamburg.

Ceel's treatment of her father had killed any lingering feeling of sentiment Enderby had for her. He was able to thank Providence profoundly that he had discovered her true nature before it was too late.

Dundas Lyndon had been found guilty, and sentenced to lifelong imprisonment. The morning after his sentence he was found dead in his cell; he had managed to secrete a small quantity of deadly poison about his person, and cut short his doomed career with it.

And Jasmine?
Jasmine is just now with Paul's sister, the Hon. Mrs. Fraser, who is married to a Scottish laird in the South of Scotland. Paul had laid the whole story before his sister, and asked her advice. Jasmine was his ward, he declared, and as such he meant to look after her.

Mrs. Fraser—a good-hearted little woman, with no children, and living in rather a lonely country district—had come up to London, seen Jasmine, taken a sudden fancy for her, and declared nothing would suit her better than to have Jasmine as a companion.

Paul had been several times at Calder's Knowe, and, as he is able to take a few days' holiday in May, he decides to "run down" to Scotland, taking his bicycle with him.

He rides from the station—he has sent no word to his sister, having a masculine fondness, a fondness never shared by the recipients, for giving surprises—leaving word for his luggage to be sent after him.

Calder's Knowe is about six miles from the sleepy little village and station known as Calderhead, and the road is a bad one, from a cyclist's point of view, being composed of a series of very steep "houghs and hoves," as the villagers call them, and a surface of mingled loose clay and stones.

However, it is a lovely evening, and Paul Enderby is wonderfully happy and light-hearted as he speeds along the lonely road bounded on both sides by silent, melancholy moors.

What is the real cause of his happiness? Is it that things are going very well with him, and that he is considered by his fellow barristers as on the fair way to the top of his profession?
Or can it be that the prospect of seeing his sister—"Best little woman in the world!" has anything to do with it?
However that may be, Paul's Paul's thoughts are wandering very far afield as he coasts down a steep hill, whose gradient is at least one in eleven, his "free wheel" stationary, and his mind as easy as that of a scorcher on an utterly desolate road can be.

Alas! even scorchers are sometimes out in their reckoning, or Paul would have remembered the sudden, sharp curve at the foot of the hill.

He does not, and moving along with velocity strikes across the road instead of round it, and the next moment he is sent flying over a ditch into the moorland beyond, and his machine—twisted and curved into all manner of crooked shapes—lies spreading across the ditch.

For a moment or two the shock of his sudden impact with the ground stuns Enderby; a faintness, such as he has never known in all his life, comes over him, and his eyes close. The next moment he dimly hears a cry of horror; then—is it long after?—some one is bending over him, gentle hands touch his face, and suddenly another cry—this time of agonized and startled surprise—falls on his ear.

"Paul! Paul! Oh, God! is he dead?—is he dead?"

He would have spoken, would have opened his eyes, but something, he knew not what, keeps him from doing so. The soft hands—how soft, how tender they are!—wander over his face, touch his cheek, gently lift his hand, and he feels them clasped round his wrist. A sobbing cry breaks from the owner of the hands.

"Thank God! Thank God! Oh, what am I to do for him? My dear—my dear!"

The words are only a breath—a soft breath breathed above him. But it is more than Paul can stand. Suddenly the warm color rushes back into his face, his eyes open, and with an effort he raises himself on his elbow, his eyes devouring the fair young face bent, first with pale agony, then with sudden surprised and warm shyness, over him.

Fair it is indeed; for Jasmine Gerard has grown to be like her name—a white flower, with just a slight warm coloring to show there are life and warmth behind the whiteness;

sweet, graceful—such a blossom as a man might "give all his worldly bliss" to possess.

The childhood in the face is gone; it is a woman's face now, tender and earnest in its womanliness. And the expression in the dark-gray eyes, as they meet his for one startled moment, and then drop away, is one which thrills Paul Enderby, stunned and shaken as he still is, through and through.

"Jasmine!" he sighs, and, putting out his hand, takes hers and holds it—"my little Jasmine!"

The white flower now becomes a crimson one.

"We did not know—you did not say you were coming," Jasmine falters. "Are you hurt? Oh, you must be! I saw you coming round the curve, though I did not know you; and I tried to call, but it was too late. Oh, I am so thankful it is not worse!" She shuddered. "Tell me what I can do for you?"

"I shall stand up, and then we'll see if there any broken bones. May I lean on you?"

Paul puts his hand on the slender shoulder, and stands up, shaking his limbs like a wounded lion.

"My arm is bruised a bit, I think; otherwise I seem sound enough. Hello! what's this?" as a drop or two of blood falls on his hand.

"Oh, it's your arm! Let me look at it!" cries Jasmine, turning pale again. "Sit down, and I shall try to bandage it."

He does so, and rolls up his sleeve. There is an ugly jagged rent in the flesh, where a sharp stone has torn through his sleeve; it is bleeding profusely.

Jasmine says nothing, but he sees her lips quiver. She makes a bandage of her own dainty little handkerchief, and rolls it tightly round the wound, then very gently draws down the sleeve over it, and lifts her face, but with lowered eyes, to Enderby's.

"Does it feel any better?"

"It feels quite better," he answers with unnecessary fervor.

"Then shall we go on? I suppose your machine is broken?"

"I'm afraid so," says Enderby, rising.

He stands silent; then, suddenly putting out his hand, he takes Jasmine's.

"Jasmine—I must tell you—I heard what you said when you thought I was unconscious. Did you mean it, Jasmine?"

Again the soft color rolls up, and the lips grow tremulous.

"Because I hope you did. Jasmine, Jasmine! my own dear little girl! do you know why I came to Calder's Knowe just now? It was because I couldn't stay any longer away; because I felt that life would be unendurable for me without knowing my fate. I came to tell you I love you, Jasmine, I love you with all my heart and soul. Will you come to me darling—that is, if you can love me—as my wife?"

The pretty head sinks lower; the lips grow more unsteady. Enderby feels the little hand tremble and palpitate.

"I think I have loved you since I first met you, only I didn't know it," he says, smiling. "I knew it after your father died, and when you came here that I was sure of it. Darling, I am far older than you, and I am, perhaps, grave and quiet for my years; but you have known sorrow, and I don't think you wish for much gaiety. Even if you do, I shall try to give you it; I shall try to make up, if I can, for the past—"

"Oh, don't say more!" she cries tremulously. And she lifts her face, and he sees her eyes, glowing with "the light that was never on sea or land," raised to his. "You have been so good—so good! Who in the world ever did for another what you did for—him, and for me? But I am not half good enough for you. I am a poor portionless girl, and I don't know the great world. You should have some one clever and beautiful, who knows society, and will help you on, not hinder you."

The moors and roads are as desolate and lonely as if there were no other beings in the world but these two; and Paul, with his uninjured arm, draws her very close to him, and holds her against his breast.

"Dear little girl, you are the only woman in the world I want for my wife; isn't that enough? Jasmine, you haven't said you love me, though. Do it now, won't you?"

The little murmur is breathed into the pocket of his cycling jacket; but Paul is content. He bends and kisses her triumphantly.

"You have made me as happy as a king, darling! I shall never cease to thank God for the strange event that brought me across the Westminster Bridge that night." To himself he adds: "Nor for the instant that kept me from taking 'reward against the innocent.'"

THE END.

The lightest woods in the world are cork and poplar. Pomegranate is one of the heaviest.

OPENING OF HUNTING SEASON.

It usually is at this season of the year that the native hunter of big game, the man who hunts for the joy and excitement the sport affords, gets his outfit in shape for the fall or winter outing and sets himself the task of deciding upon the place at which he will make his camp. He has a wide territory to look over and a variety of big game from among which to choose his quarry.

A glance at the accompanying map, upon which the habitats of the big game are charted, will convince even the most skeptical that there are still vast areas in the United States and in British North America "where primeval stillness reigns" and where man is only an occasional nightmare to the beasts which dwell therein.

Years ago it was the ambition of the American hunter of big game to bring down a mountain sheep. That ambition has faded away, not so much because of a too plentiful supply of mountain sheep, but largely because the region inhabited by these sheep or some species of them is more accessible than it used to be. Speaking generally, the mountain sheep roam over the region of the Rockies, from New Mexico to northern Alaska. The four species of mountain sheep and the localities in which they are found are: Nelson's, in the southern ranges of the Rocky mountains; the big horn, which range from the middle Rockies to British Columbia; Stone's big mountain sheep, which recently have been discovered by him in the Stikine river region, north of British Columbia, and the white, or Dall's, species, which are found from

telope at any time in Texas, North Dakota or Utah.

The moose is one of the most satisfactory kinds of big game to get after. He may be hunted from Maine to Alaska. Any nimrod who lives in the east and wants to distinguish himself has the opportunity of going up into Maine and killing the King of Moose, the monster "specter" that carries around in his interior a lead mine, the gift of unsuccessful hunters, who, after emptying their magazines of bullets, have taken to the tall trees or to the nearest cave. And at Cook's Inlet, Alaska, was killed the largest moose that ever has been bagged. So here's the range of the moose: Maine, New Brunswick, Cape Breton, Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, Quebec, the Ottawa district of Canada, around Georgian bay, in northern Minnesota, and in the region of the Rockies as far south as northern Wyoming, and running north in Alaska to Cook's Inlet, and beyond. No moose, however, may be killed at any time in New Hampshire, Michigan, Wyoming, North Dakota or Idaho.

Of the woodland caribou a few are found in Maine, though it is not lawful to kill them, but they may be hunted in Newfoundland, New Brunswick, Quebec, Nova Scotia, Cape Breton, Manitoba, northern Canada, Minnesota, northern Idaho, Washington, and then north to northern Alaska. If they are found in New Hampshire, Michigan or North Dakota it is unlawful to kill them.

The barren ground caribou inhabits about the same region as the musk ox, but they range 400 or 500 miles

is named from his principal haunt, Kadiak, one of the Alaskan islands. The polar bear ranges across North America along the edge of the ice, and in summer he gets somewhere further south.

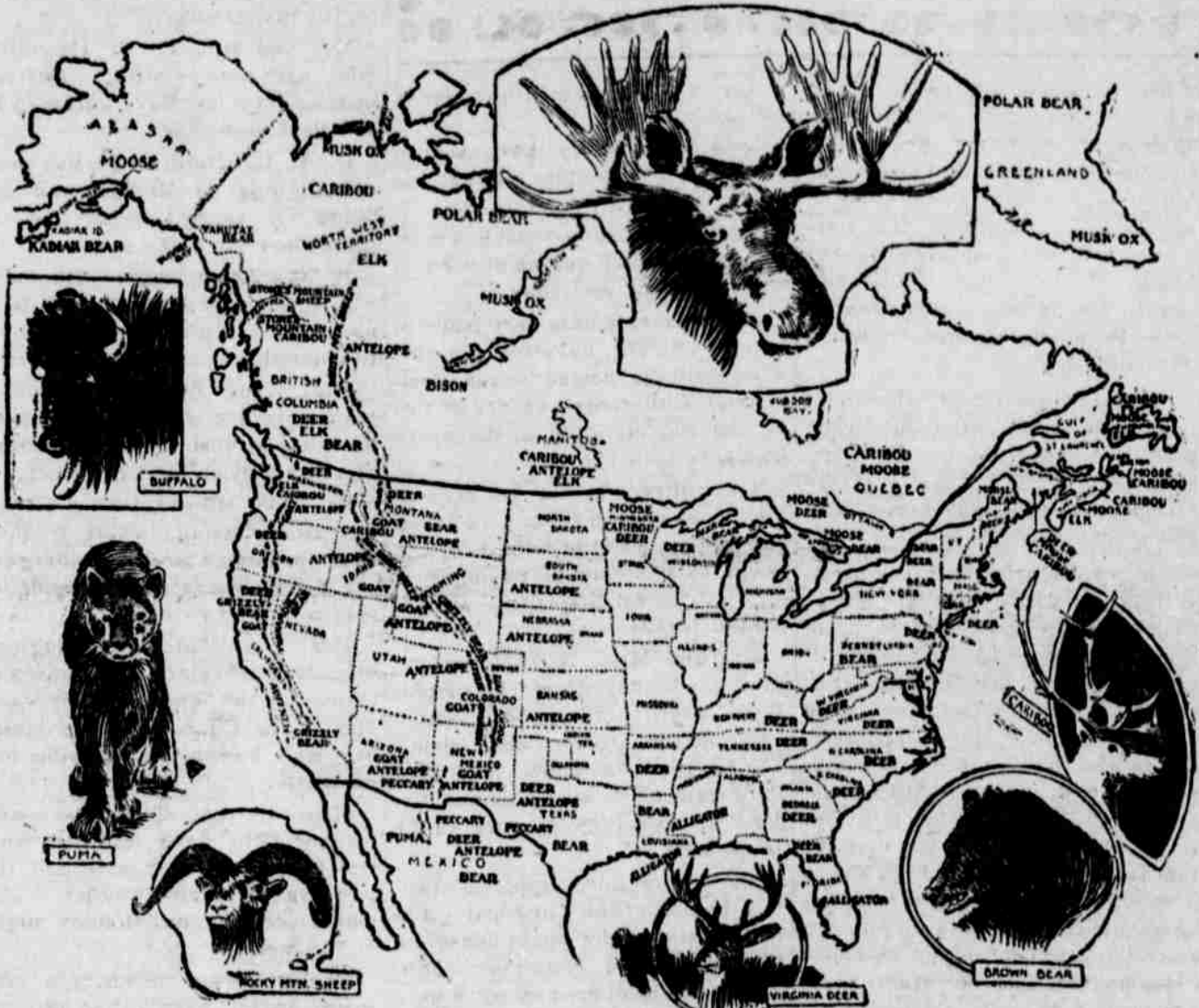
Mountain lions, which is a general name for cougars, pumas and the like, are found nearly everywhere in the mountain forests of the Pacific slope, from Mexico to British Columbia.

Pecary, or wild hog, are found in southwest Texas, Mexico and Arizona.

And sport with the alligators of Florida, Mississippi and Louisiana must not be omitted in the list of big game.

Yellowstone Park, of course, abounds with big game, but hunting there is forbidden.

Aluminum vs. Copper.
In one of his recent prophetic effusions Nikola Tesla predicted that copper would in time be wholly superseded by aluminum. With the present high price of copper and the comparatively reasonable price of aluminum one might expect this to come true, but the new metal is not yet enough of a rival even to affect the copper market. The reason for this is explained by Professor John Trowbridge of Harvard in a recent issue of the Independent. While the price of aluminum has fallen from \$90 a pound to 65 cents a pound, and while its powers of conductivity are double those of copper for the same weight, it is still comparatively useless in electrical work because of the difficulty of soldering or brazing two pieces of the metal together. In order to transmit



MAP SHOWING WHERE BIG GAME IS TO BE FOUND.

British Columbia north. It is against the law to kill mountain sheep at any time in Montana, North Dakota or Utah. The mountain goat ranges from the Cascade mountains, in the northern part of the state of Washington, northward into Alaska, probably to Cook's Inlet. It is found also in New Mexico, Arizona, Colorado, Wyoming, Idaho, Montana and California.

It is the musk ox which has taken the place of the mountain sheep in the heart of the big game hunters of America. To come back from the northern part of British North America with proof that you have killed a musk ox stamps you as a sportsman whose stories are entitled to respectful consideration. There are three regions in which the musk ox may be hunted. These animals roam north and east of the Great Slave lake, as far east as the Great Fish river, coming down to 60 degrees of latitude. Then they may be found near Franklin bay and in East Greenland.

Hunting the American buffalo is a lost art, because there are no more buffalo running wild in the United States to hunt. But one may go way up in British North America and try his luck there. A herd of bison, numbering, according to various accounts, from 75 to 150, inhabits the region south of and about opposite the center of the Great Slave lake, and running southwest for about 200 miles. Many well-known hunters have tried their skill in this region, but it is not on record that a white man ever killed one of these bison. It is a most difficult land to penetrate. In the winter it is practically inaccessible, and in the summer the open country is covered with swamps that are almost impassable. The Indians of this region are by no means anxious to help the white man to kill the game.

Next to the buffalo in the United States to be doomed to extinction is the prong-horn antelope. Those antelope that remain may be found in Arizona, New Mexico, northwestern Colorado (especially in Routt county), Wyoming, western Montana, Idaho, Nebraska, South Dakota, Washington, Manitoba and the Northwest Territory. But it is unlawful to kill an-

the current without great loss the trolley lines or telegraph and telephone wires must be perfectly joined where one section is spliced to the next. This apparently trivial difficulty has thus far prevented the use of aluminum in overhead electrical wires of any kind.

Joe Leiter May Marry.
Joseph Leiter, the rich young American, has left Paris for his home, and the goosies say that he has won his suit with Mrs. Stuyvesant Le Roy, and that they will be married very soon. Mrs. Le Roy and her mother are coming to America soon and have given up their Paris home.

Disappearing Gun Carriages.
By a close vote in the fortification board the advice of Lieutenant General Miles has prevailed and the manufacture of disappearing gun carriages is to be discontinued. Those under contract or in course of construction are to be completed, and those in use will not be removed, but the policy of the board is to return to the barbette model of coast defense. The experiment thus abandoned has been expensive, but there can be no progress without experiments. The naval authorities are embarking on a similar enterprise by making a trial of the Holland submarine boats. These may in the end prove as unsatisfactory as the coast defense gun carriages, or, on the other hand, they may be as revolutionary in their effect as was Ericsson's Monitor. In either case the experiment will be justified.

Mrs. John C. Whitin, one of the trustees of Wellesley college, has built and equipped for that college a students' observatory.

Missionaries in Pekin propose to open the Bridgman school for girls in Tientsin or Jekin.

THE LIVE STOCK MARKET.
Latest Quotations from South Omaha and Kansas City.

SOUTH OMAHA.
Union Stock Yards.—Cattle.—There was a fair run of cattle and while prices were about steady on most grades the market did not seem to be too active. The proportion of fat cattle was again large, about thirty-five cars being sold on sale. Buyers did not seem to be beef cattle with as much eagerness as they did yesterday and the dull and the feeling rather were, only about fifteen cars were sold and the demand for the was in good shape. The changed hands at about a few sales were made a trifle stronger, but the seemed to be rather hard on today's prices. Everything was sold in good season. Trade was none too active. More desirable grades brought steady prices. There were western beef cattle, 9,000 were offered brought good Western grass cows sold for they did yesterday, if the good, but if it was not it was not as much as yesterday. The brought yesterday. The of feeders were in fairly good. The supply of hog was not so high as in the time and, as other points sent to the market here open to 50 higher than yesterday market. The hogs mostly sold to \$4.50 and as high as \$4.57, a prime load of lightweights, it will be remembered the bulk from \$4.65 to \$4.75, with top of \$4.55. In spite of the higher prices today the market did not seem to be particularly active. Sellers were holding for good strong prices and buyers were slow to pay the advance.

Sheep.—There were very few sheep here and such as did arrive were mostly of rather poor quality. The better grades of killers were bought by the packers at just about steady prices. Lambs sold as high as \$5.00 and sheep sold at \$3.75. There was nothing on the market that could be called choice. Packers claim that they are not getting enough choice lambs to meet the demands and as a result they are good buyers of the class of stuff. The common stuff was, of course, slow of sale and prices weak. Feeders were rather dull, but there was very little good stuff here.

KANSAS CITY.
Cattle.—Receipts, 7,000; 50% higher; natives \$4.00 to \$5.00; stockers and feeders, \$3.00 to \$4.35; butchers and feeders, \$4.00 to \$4.50; canners, \$2.50 to \$3.00; western fed \$3.50 to \$4.00; calves, \$3.50 to \$5.25.
Hogs.—Receipts, 3,300; 10% higher; heavy mixed, \$4.00 to \$4.75; light, \$4.50 to \$4.75; pigs, \$4.00 to \$4.50.
Sheep.—Receipts, 500; firm; lambs, \$4.50 to \$5.25; muttons, \$3.50 to \$4.00; stockers and feeders, \$3.50 to \$4.00; culls, \$2.50 to \$3.25.

THOSE PEACE PROPOSALS.
The Foreign Ministers Continue Discussion of the Same.

PARIS, Nov. 3.—A dispatch to the Havas agency from Pekin, dated October 31, says: The foreign ministers continued today the discussion of the peace propositions to be presented to the Chinese. The foreigners' proposals were accepted. Additional specifications will be discussed Monday. On account of the necessity for thorough accord between the different cabinets the final note will not be presented for several weeks.

General Voyron (commander-in-chief of the French troops in China), with the allies under his command, is purging the villages around Tien Tsin and Pekin. Many villages infested with Boxers have been destroyed and their inhabitants punished. A French column sent to Tuen rescued the missionaries there. Another French column met with resistance at Siet Chung. The enemy's losses were considerable. The village was burned.

News received from Pao Ting Fu indicates a movement of French and German troops upon Si Ling, where the Imperial tombs are situated. It is rumored that the army of Yang Yuh Kante has resolved to defend the place.

As the result of inquiries made by the international commission by General Baillet (second in command of the French troops in China) the allies are convinced that the grand treasurer and the governor of Pao Ting Fu and a Chinese colonel were instrumental in the murder of American and English missionaries, and they have been condemned to death and will be executed soon.

WILL PAY OFF BONI'S DEBTS.
Gould Family Chips in to Settle Entanglements of the Count.

NEW YORK, Nov. 3.—On the authority of "an intimate friend of the late Jay Gould" the Evening World announces that the debts of Count Boni de Castellane will be paid in full by the Goulds at once. "The scandal attending the claims amounting to \$4,700,000 against the spendthrift husband of Countess Anna is to be stopped," the Evening World adds. "A lump sum will probably be contributed by George, Helen, Howard, Edwin and Frank Gould to wipe out these debts."

Choyanski Hit Hard.
DENVER, Col., Nov. 3.—With blood streaming from cuts over each eye, Fred Russell, the California heavyweight, broke from a clinch as the gong sounded the close of the fourth round of his fight with Joe Choyanski, before the Colorado Athletic club tonight and put to stiff punches to Joe's body, knocking him clear through the ropes to the floor where he remained nearly five minutes. The foul cost Russell the fight, which he probably would have won but for his inattention to the bell.

Cardinals in Prospect.
WASHINGTON, Nov. 3.—It is understood that at the next consistory to be held in Rome, probably this month, Maglor Domo of the vatican at Rome; Mgr. Tripepi, the assistant secretary of the state of the church at Rome; Mgr. Generi, assessor of the holy church at Rome, and Mgr. Deleio, an archbishop in southern Italy, will be made cardinals.

Cuba's Constitutional Convention.
HAVANA, Nov. 3.—General Leonard Wood, commander of the department of Cuba, who arrived here today on the steamer Kanawha, has appointed Senators Lorente, Castro, Rivera and Quesada as a commission to arrange the opening ceremony at the constitutional convention next Monday.

Alleged Goebel Assassins on Bail.
FRANKFORT, Ky., Nov. 3.—Green Golden, held as one of the Goebel assassins, was admitted to bail in the sum of \$5,000 today. He gave bond and was released.