



**Remarkable Journey.**

Here is a picture of Mrs. Elizabeth Burns and the youngest of her six children, who have just completed probably the most remarkable journey ever made by any family, all of them having covered 700 miles on foot. The woman is a widow of Grand Rapids, Mich. The undertaking is one of the pluckiest ever attempted, and that it has succeeded without a mishap is declared marvelous.

Mrs. Burns' husband fell a victim to consumption, leaving his family in destitute circumstances, and on May 6 last the mother sold her belongings and with a small hand-cart, containing necessities, she began the journey from Grand Rapids which she expected would end at Odin, Ill., where her father lived. It took six weeks of steady walking to reach Odin, but disappointment awaited her there and she was compelled to push on, her search not being rewarded until she reached Poplar Bluff, Mo., 700 miles



MRS. ELIZABETH BURNS. away from the starting point. The family is none the worse for the trip and is now with kind relatives.

There is to be an exhibition of ancient and modern examples of goldsmiths' art at Florence in connection with the celebration of the fourth centenary of Benvenuto Cellini's birth, Nov. 2. The first congress of Italian goldsmiths will be held in that city on the same occasion.

**W. J. Bryan's Pastor.**

There is considerable trouble in the fashionable First Presbyterian church of Lincoln, Neb. The pastor, the Rev. William N. Hindman, has been asked to resign. Mr. Bryan is a member of the church, but he has as yet taken no part in the affair which has agitated the other members, and it is announced that he does not intend to do so.

At prayer service the other evening Mr. Hindman denounced one of his elders, Dr. T. M. Hodgman, a professor in the University of Nebraska, declaring that views expressed by him at the meeting were at variance with the Presbyterian creed and teaching. The discussion, although spirited, was as nothing compared with the set-to at the close of the services, when charges of considerable bitterness were flung back and forth.

The charges against Mr. Hindman, so far as can be learned, are worldliness and lack of proper attention to pastoral duties, but no specifications are given.

**Motor Cars for Africa.**

A French automobile company recently dispatched forty-two motor cars to central Africa to serve in the regular transportation of goods between Busaloba and Bumoka. Hitherto it required nearly a month to convey merchandise along this trade route, but the new motor wagons have accomplished the journey in the space of three or four days. Each wagon is about four tons in weight, and has from nine to ten horse power at its disposal as motive force.

Senator George F. Hoar of Massachusetts was 74 years old last week. In answer to a letter from a friend congratulating him on his excellent health, Mr. Hoar said: "I am thoroughly over that disease known as being 73 years old."

**The Greatest Irishman.**

There is something of a controversy in England as to who was the greatest of three great Irishmen—the late Lord Chief Justice Russell, Lord Dufferin or Lord Roberts. At the 1898 banquet of the Ulster association in London, Lord Dufferin referred to Lord Russell as "the most distinguished Irishman of our generation."

**SAYINGS and DOINGS**

**Raised in Rank.**

Crown Prince William of Germany, who has been promoted from the rank of second lieutenant to that of first lieutenant, is an officer of the First Regiment of Guards, in which he is very popular. William is the eldest son of the Emperor and inherits much of his father's love for the military. He and his brother have been officers in the army ever since they were mere lads. The princes are hard students and as soldiers have shown every desire to be as rough and martial as the most brusque soldier in the ranks, all

**Presidential Votes.**

Since 1864 the total vote at each successive presidential election has shown an increase over the vote of the preceding contest. From 1864 to 1868 the gain was 1,700,000; from 1868 to 1872, 700,000; from 1872 to 1876, 2,000,000; from 1876 to 1880, 800,000; from 1880 to 1884, 800,000; from 1884 to 1888, 1,300,000, an abnormally large increase not accounted for by the admission of new states; from 1888 to 1892, 700,000, and from 1892 to 1896, 1,900,000. This year the probable total popular vote is estimated at 16,000,000.

Mary Anderson-Navarro attended a bazaar in England the other day in aid of a religious community and was told by the father rector that she was a mother to them. "Our Mary" is, of course, no longer in the full blush of youthful beauty, but this remark rather startled her for a moment. In the course of a short reply she good-humoredly said that the reverend gentleman might at least have called her a sister.

**Explorer's Awful Suffering.**

Sven Anders Hedin, the noted explorer, has added another chapter of valuable information as the result of his recent explorations in the heart of Thibet. Overcoming hardships that it is hard to believe the human body capable of sustaining, scaling the icy mountains of the Altai Tag, and crawling for whole days at a time on his hands, S. A. Hedin, and knees over the torrid alkali deserts of Thibet. Dr. Hedin defied death in a thousand forms that he might be the first white man to set foot upon the shores of Lake Lop Nor. There he found the moulting ruins of a magnificent city—a city of beautiful marbles and exquisite mosaics—a city of grand terraces and intersected by broad driveways—the tombstones of a decayed civilization.



S. A. Hedin.

**Lineage of Presidents.**

In a study of American politics which appeared in a recent number of the London Chronicle it was pointed out that out of the twenty five presidents of the United States, all but one have been of British family origin. Fifteen, headed by Washington, came of English stock. Three, including James Monroe, had Scotch ancestors. One, Thomas Jefferson, inherited pure Welsh blood, while five others traced their lineage to Scotch-Irish ancestry.

E. W. Vaughn, the nonagenarian vicar of the church of Llanfart, in the vale of Glamorgan, Wales, seems perfectly in keeping with his surroundings, as the church he preaches in is built on grounds which represent the most ancient Christian center in the British Isles as a daughter of Caractacus, mentioned by St. Paul under the name of Claudia, is said to have founded a Christian church there about A. D. 63.

**A Junk Tree.**

The accompanying picture represents a single pine tree in the shape of a junk growing a few miles from Kyoto, the western capital of Japan, in the grounds attached to the golden pavilion, which dates back to the fourteenth century. This tree is a monument of patient care and devotion. In the Mikado's empire landscape gardening



JAPAN'S JUNK TREE, has for generations been studied as a fine art, and is thoroughly characteristic of Japanese aestheticism.

About six times as many campaign calls are made for Senator Depew as for any other orator and they come from all parts of the country. The republican campaign committee has not yet arranged Mr. Depew's appearances, but he will deliver a great many speeches between now and November.

**Musical Pigeons of Pekin.**

A picturesque feature of the life in Pekin is the flight of the musical pigeons overhead the city. The thrifty Chinese, unwilling to lose their flocks of pigeons, have invented small whistles or sets of pipes, which they fasten to the tail feathers of their pigeons before liberating them for exercise. The air rushing through the pipes makes enough noise to frighten away hawks, who would otherwise pounce upon the pigeons. The sound of these "aeolian" pipes is said to be extremely musical, a "sweet, sad strain" of harmony.



PRINCE WILLIAM.

of which has been immensely pleasing to the men and officers with whom the imperial boys have served. Prince William is heir apparent to the throne of Germany and is 18 years old.

**Woman University Professor.**

The board of regents of the University of Kansas broke away from precedent the other morning and elected Miss Eugenia Galloo to the chair of French, made vacant by the resignation of Prof. A. G. Canfield. Miss Galloo is the first woman to occupy a full professorship at the institution since preparatory work was abolished. Miss Alma D. Deland Leduc of Chicago university, a New Orleans girl, was elected to succeed Miss Galloo as assistant.

Rev. Dr. Dean Richmond Babbitt, in a sermon the other evening on "Social Christianity" in the Church of the Epiphany, New York, said that one of the most Christian acts a man can do "is to attend the primaries carrying a Christian conscience with you that will make clean the stream of politics at its source."

**Indian on the Stump.**

Tall Beaver, chief of the Comanche Indians in Oklahoma, will take the stump. He says he has a contract with the National committee to make these speeches, but will not show it to any one. Tall Beaver will urge that people give the red men a vote and they will set the country right. He says there are upwards of 50,000 Indian voters in the United States.



Tall Beaver is a graduate of Haskell Indian school, and has studied law. He will speak in Kansas, Oklahoma and Missouri. Tall Beaver. If he proves a success he may go east.

AMONG the awards in the fine art section of the Paris exhibition is one to King Carlos I. of Portugal. The jury was undecided at first whether to judge him as a king or an artist, but decided to judge his work entirely on its merits. He was awarded a silver medal in the second class for his past.

**Educating the Red Man.**

The best Federal appointment given to a woman by this administration was that of superintendent of Indian schools for the United States, an office of great opportunity and broad scope. For two years Miss Estelle Reel, of Wyoming, has administered it in a manner which reflects credit on all womankind. Her work is of a most interesting nature, and the many innovations in methods of education instituted by her have already resulted in a marked improvement in the educational requirements of the Indians all over the country. Miss Reel has an enthusiastic confidence in the ability of the red man to reach the heights in industrial art. Each year she travels from coast to coast to study the different needs of the reservation schools and to compare their results with the standards reached by the institutions that educate the children of the forest in class rooms far removed from the smoke of the tepee. During her first year in office she traveled seven months, becoming acquainted with the various tribes and methods adopted to civilize them. Last year she traveled 23,378 miles, about 1,500 miles being by wagon and stage coach.



Estelle Reel.

**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—wring 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—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.

"You may depend upon me," said Enderby, heartily. "Good night."

He put out his hand, the girl laid her small, slim one in it, and Enderby gave it a friendly pressure. Then he went away.

As he emerged into the open air again he fancied a shadow flitted noiselessly round a corner of the mansions. Then he drew himself together with a short laugh, for a disagreeable thrill had run through him at the fancy.

He had bidden the hansom wait, and he went up to the man, who was sitting drowsily before him.

"Did you notice a man go round the mansions as I came out, driver?"

Cabby shook his brows head.

"No, sir, I haven't. W'y, all wise folks is in their beds in this 'ere locality hours ago, I should say," he retorted, with a touch of personal feeling.

Enderby got in, and was soon being driven to his rooms in the West End.

Somehow, the strange incidents of the night had oddly unsettled him. Even when he went to bed his dreams were disturbed by strange, uncomfortable reproductions of these incidents, grotesquely and even horribly deformed. For so matter-of-fact a man Paul Enderby was oddly fanciful over them.

Still, undoubtedly the experience had been rather a peculiar one.

He felt sure the girl was refined and of gentle birth; it is not difficult to detect the signs of these. Her accent was not exactly an English one, yet it was not peculiar enough to be pronounced un-English.

Who was she? Who was her father? What reason could she have for absolutely refusing to allow another doctor but this Doctor Lyndon to see her father? Who was this Doctor Lyndon?

With the morning the incidents of the night before seemed to have drifted off into the same region as that in which dreams are made; but one reminiscence of them remained with Enderby, and oddly annoyed him. It was the memory of the man who had passed in the hansom while he was speaking to the girl who called herself by the name of Lloyd.

Enderby sauntered along to the Courts, where he assumed gown and wig, and listened to the cases. He was not absolutely a briefless barrister and he was considered very clever.

But, besides that, Paul Enderby came of a very good family, and was not, though he himself was poor, so very far removed from the Barony of Eglin, having only five lives between him and it. So that Enderby was somewhat of a spoiled child of society, being a good-looking, straight-limbed, handsome fellow enough after the pure Saxon type, and without a taint upon his name.

He was coming out of the Courts when some one tapped him on the shoulder.

"Ah, Enderby, going to the club, are you? I'm due there at five and have one or two engagements after dinner. I suppose you will put in an appearance at the Penningtons tonight?"

Enderby's pleasant, fresh-complexioned face had been overshadowed by a look of annoyance as the newcomer addressed him. He was a man a little older than himself—not above middle height, and slender with it, with a pale, dark face, black eyes placed rather close together, and a smooth, straight, unpleasant mouth, which had a disagreeable habit of curling upwards when he laughed. He was Digby Dalton, and was by profession also a barrister.

"I dare say I shall look in at the Penningtons," he answered, drily. "But I have another engagement."

"Miss Lennox's reception?" smiled Dalton. "Yes, of course, you will be there, Enderby. What a man you are for being asked out! By the by, had you anything on last night?"

Enderby looked straight into the smiling face.

"Perhaps I had. May I ask why you inquire, Mr. Dalton?"

"Oh, nothing!" The other shrugged his shoulders. "Only curious, wasn't it? I was driving over Westminster about half past one, and I saw a man with a girl on the bridge. I could have sworn it was you. Curious, wasn't it?"

"Not at all," Enderby answered coldly. "It was I."

"Oh, I beg your pardon! I really would not have mentioned it if I had thought that was the case," said Dalton, as if with regret. "Of course, we men of the world don't inquire too narrowly into each other's affairs; but you know there are a few men whose lives seem open to every one and whose slightest action will bear investigation. I don't require to tell you, Enderby, that we all consider you are one of those. In fact, your membership at the Bayard Club is sufficient proof. Well, I shall not detain you. I have a little matter of business to settle in the Strand." And lifting his

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 throbbled 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 tea-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, changeless, 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.