



Remarkable Journey.

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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.

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.

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.

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.

AS THE WORLD MOVES ROUND

Presidential Votes. Since 1864 the total vote at each successive presidential election has shown an increase over the vote of the preceding contest.

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.

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.

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.

E. W. Vaughn, the nonagenarian vicar of the church of Llantrif, in the vale of Glamorgan, Wales, seems perfectly in keeping with his surroundings.

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.



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.

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.

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.



PRINCE WILLIAM. of which has been immensely pleasing to the men and officers with whom the Imperial boys have served.

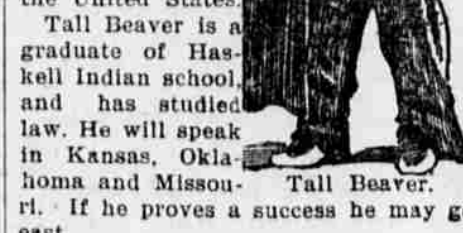
Woman University Professor.

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.

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.

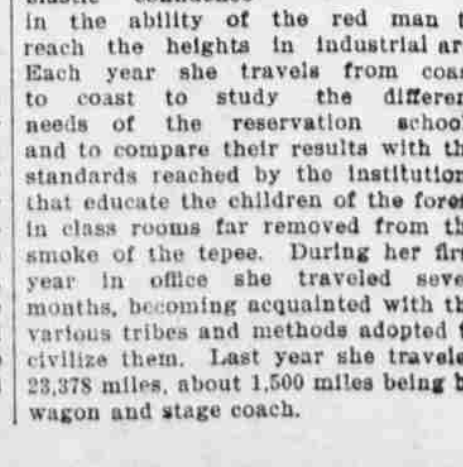
Tall Beaver, chief of the Comanche Indians in Oklahoma, will take the stump. He says he has a contract with the National committee to make these speeches, but will not show it to any one.



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.

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.



Estelle Reel. The best Federal appointment given to a woman by this administration was that of superintendent of Indian schools for the United States.

A Sacrifice To Conscience

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.

"I think I shall go home to him. I am afraid to bring another doctor. I shall do what I can for him myself." A thought struck Enderby and he said quickly, with a shade of embarrassment: "If you are afraid of Doctor Howarth's charges, Miss Lloyd, I think you can let your mind be easy about that. He is, I believe, a very kindly and generous man."

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.

"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.

"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.

"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.

"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.

"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."

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.

"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.

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.

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.

"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.

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.

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."