



**New Governor of Maine.**  
John F. Hill, who will be the next governor of Maine, is one of the few physicians of the country who have entered or have been successful in the political field. He abandoned practice many years ago to become a publisher. He was born only forty years ago at Elliot, Me., and was educated at the South Berwick academy. He afterward studied medicine and took his degree of M. D. from Bowdoin Medical school. After he made a success of his publishing business Dr. Hill invested his profits in industrial enterprises in his own state. He is interested in several electric railway plants and is a director in a number of them. He is one of the developers of Augusta's big shoe factory and is the builder and owner of numerous valuable business blocks in the same town. His career in the legislature has extended



**JOHN F. HILL.**  
over eight years, and because of his activities in that body he became well known in the state.

**Lighting Towns in Scotland.**  
The question of light is still agitating several of the chief towns of Scotland. Dalketh proposes to have the town lighted by electricity, which, it is claimed, can be furnished cheaper than gas. At present the gas costs 4s per 1,000 feet, while it is claimed electric lights of the same luster can be furnished for 2s. Perth is also talking of electricity, and wants to borrow £50,000 for introducing it into the town, and also £50,000 for procuring better gas. The town has not yet got the power to borrow the money, but it is expected they will be granted.

Ex-Secretary John Sherman has sold his property in Mansfield, O., and will leave there, with his daughter, Mrs. J. I. McCallum, for Washington, where he will make his home. His Mansfield property, which includes several acres in the residence portion of the city, has been laid out in lots.

**Walderssee's Mission.**  
Europe is making much mystery out of Count von Walderssee's mission to China. It is said that he bears special and secret instructions from the emperor, and the Paris Figaro is deeply concerned about William's "intentions," which, it says, will only appear when the German generalissimo arrives at Peking. It is this mystery surrounding Vea Walderssee which makes the international situation in China at the present time one of very great tenacity. A Berlin journal says the emperor has declared that the German troops will not leave Peking if it becomes necessary to mobilize every corps in the German army. On the other hand, there are some who pretend to know that the czar is well acquainted with the kaiser's plans, information of which has been conveyed to the Russian ambassador by Count von Buelow. Meanwhile the allies



**COUNT VON WALDERSSEE.**  
must await the arrival of the great German strategist, whose presence will go far to clarify the situation.

Judging from the remarkable growth of Portland, Oregon, has gained decidedly in population and in wealth during the last decade. The city had 46,385 inhabitants in 1890. It has 90,426 now. This is a gain of 94.95 per cent, and is the largest percentage yet recorded with the exception of that of Atlantic City.

**SAYINGS and DOINGS**

**Wolsley to Resign.**  
His friends say that so disgusted is he by the mismanagement of England's matters military in South Africa and China, that world famous general, Field Marshal Lord Wolsley, has announced his intention of retiring from his proud position as commander in chief of the British forces. There are those who are unkind enough to suggest that Lord Wolsley has been requested to quit in order that the equally famous "Bobs," the well-beloved of the British soldiery can assume the leadership of England's armies. This likeness of the present field marshal is from his latest photograph.



**Not Above Suspicion.**  
King Philip of Macedonia removed one of his judges because the man dyed his hair and beard. "I could not think," he said, "one that was faithless in his hair could be trusty in his deeds." A close observer was Colonel Carr, a war veteran and a veteran journalist. It was his pet diversion to notice critically the color of men's hair and whiskers, and he often quoted these words: "I would not trust that man were he my brother, whose hair one color is, his beard another." This referred to natural color. Undoubtedly a great many men shave off their beard in order to be above suspicion. —New York Press.

**Woman Mail Carrier.**  
The distinction is claimed for Miss Sarah M. Burke, of St. Johns, Ariz., that she is the only woman mail carrier in the country, and certainly the only woman who regularly carries the mails over more than fifty miles of wild territory, populated only by wild Indians and wild beasts.



Miss Burke's route lies between St. Johns and Jimtown, Ariz., and the distance is fifty-two miles each way. Every week, mounted on a fast pony and carrying a couple of revolvers for her protection, she makes two round trips. She wears a short skirt of blue serge, a corduroy jacket, and heavy leather leggings, and has never been attacked or molested in any way. Each week she rides an average of 208 miles on horseback, and she always rides alone except when a prospector or cattle buyer takes the cross country trail with her. Her route leads through a country so covered with rocks that practically no vegetation can grow.

**Born and Living Minus Ribs.**  
Remarkable among anatomical wonders is the case of Francisco Brashella, which has just been brought to the attention of the surgeons of one of the great hospitals of Continental Europe. Brashella's claim to distinction (says a writer in Science Sitings) lies in the fact that he was born minus three ribs on the right side over the lung, and has reached the age of 42 years without the supposed to be necessary bony protectors. He is an Italian, and is engaged in the fruit business, but his "misfortune" is really of no trouble to him.

It might be well to consider the advisability of imposing a severe penalty for the careless handling of firearms when such carelessness results in death or injury. The number of "didn't-know-it-was-loaded" accidents is alarming. The man who, carelessly handling a gun or pistol, shoots and kills his friend is to be pitied, but he is likewise to be blamed. Every man knows—or should know—the peril involved in what is commonly known as "fooling" with firearms. If he tempts that peril with results fatal to innocent people he should be punished, not only as a chastisement to himself, but as a warning to others.

**Mechanical Man.**  
Louis Perew of Tonawanda, N. Y., has been trying for nine years to make a man. At last he has succeeded. His man stands 7 feet 8 inches high and is as strong as steel rods and wires can make it. The man wears a special suit of clothes, made to order because of its great size, and its wax face is as natural as such things ever are. When properly wound up and connected with an engine the man can walk at a great rate of speed and can pull a heavy load behind it. It is in this way that Mr. Perew proposes to make his invention useful as well as ornamental.



Mr. and Mrs. Charles Watson of Jackson township, DeKalb county, Ind., have lived on one farm for sixty years. They have just been celebrating the sixty-first anniversary of their wedding.

**A Sacrifice To Conscience**

By **H. B. Welsh**

CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)  
They talked for a little about the reception, about the last new book, the most recent concert. Then Miss Lennox said, half carelessly:

"By the way, Mr. Dalton told me an interesting story about having seen you on Westminster bridge with a girl—a bare-headed girl, he said—about one o'clock in the morning. It was some poor girl you were befriending, I suppose? Do tell me all about her. It sounds so romantic."

Enderby laughed rather uneasily. "Yes, she was a girl whom I thought I could help, but I can tell you no more about her, Miss Lennox. I am under a promise to her."

Miss Lennox's purple-grey eyes regarded him for a moment as if in sheer astonishment. Then she said, in her soft, caressing tones: "You can trust me surely, Mr. Enderby? I am a woman; if the poor girl requires help, surely I could give it, if not more effectually, perhaps, at least, more—well, naturally than you." She smiled right into his eyes, her enchanting, friendly smile. "You see, a woman always understands a woman better than a man. And surely you will let me take this much of a share in your life and its work."

"You know that there is nothing on earth I desire more than that, Miss Lennox," said Enderby, a little hoarsely. "But I am afraid this is a matter in which neither of us can do anything. I have given my promise. You would not ask me, I am sure, to break it."

"No, no!" Cecil smiled again into his eyes; "but I see you have no confidence in me as being one whit better than the rest of my sex, Mr. Enderby. If you had, you would trust me with this secret. But let us change this subject; after all it cannot concern me in the least. I only thought I might be of some service to you."

The subject dropped, but Enderby was conscious of an almost imperceptible change in the atmosphere. Cecil was as caressing, as fascinating as ever in her manner; but there was a feeling as of some barrier that had risen between them in Enderby's mind. He could not utter now the words that he had almost dared to think he might speak, and not be said nay to.

He was about to leave when the entrance of Sir Henry Lennox himself compelled him to wait a little longer. Sir Henry was a man looked upon with a respect approaching to reverence by the younger members of the Bar. He was a stately and fine looking man still, on the right side of fifty, and he was considered one of the shining lights of his profession.

Paul Enderby, the rising young barrister, was a favorite with Sir Henry, and the latter had always made him welcome at his West End mansion. Besides that, Enderby had several times visited at Sir Henry's place in the country—the beautiful property of Courtwyse, from which Sir Henry derived his wealth.

He looked rather careworn and anxious today, and Enderby concluded he had some unusually trying case on hand. "Ah, Enderby, glad to see you!" he said, extending his hand in a friendly manner. After a few minutes desultory conversation, he turned to his daughter. "My dear, I expect a gentleman to dinner tonight; perhaps Mr. Enderby would remain and make a fourth?"

Paul began some excuse. He was not in evening dress, and the rules of society were always strictly observed by Sir Henry. "Never mind," said the latter, as if guessing Enderby's reason. "Or, if you care to do so, you can leave us now, and come back for dinner. I wish you particularly to stop. I should like you to meet Doctor Lyndon; he is an exceedingly clever man, and a specialist on the most interesting of all medical studies—brain diseases."

Enderby started. Doctor Lyndon! As in a flash he remembered the name. In that moment he determined to meet the man.

"I shall come with much pleasure," he said, "if you will allow me to do as you have suggested."

He felt strangely unsettled, vaguely apprehensive, as he returned to the Lennoxes in the evening. Oddly enough it was less of Cecil Lennox he was thinking than of the man he was going to meet. Who and what was he? There was really nothing singular in the fact that Sir Henry Lennox should know this man, to whom the daughter of David Lloyd was going for help for her father; yet somehow the thing seemed an odd coincidence to Enderby. And taken along with the fact that Cecil Lennox knew of his chance meeting with the girl, and was evidently for some reason deeply interested in it, the whole affair began to assume the appearance of an irritating and perplexing mystery to Paul Enderby.

He found the other guest in the drawing room with Sir Henry; Cecil had not yet appeared. Sir Henry came forward and introduced the two men.

Dr. Dundas Lyndon—Mr. Enderby. Enderby looked at the other man with curiosity and interest.

Doctor Lyndon was a man of about thirty-five, of a slight, but remarkably agile figure. His face was not a handsome one, yet no one would have decided it to be the reverse. It was somewhat full in contour, with a healthy enough complexion, and the only features that seemed to call for any special notice were the mouth and chin, the latter of which, in its breadth of jaw and set firmness, gave Enderby the impression of a man of extraordinary strength of will. His eyes were a cold grey, his hair—rather sparse on the top—a mouse colored brown.

His manner was suave and polite, as it is to the interest of a physician that it should be.

When Cecil appeared he was deputed to take her into dinner, while Sir Henry and Enderby followed.

Lady Lennox had died a few years ago.

Enderby wondered if he should have the chance of mentioning the name of Lloyd to Doctor Lyndon. Dinner was a cheerful enough affair. Doctor Lyndon proved himself an excellent conversationalist, and he and Cecil kept the ball of dinner talk rolling.

Sir Henry still wore the same anxious expression, though sometimes he made an evident effort to throw it off, and Enderby was absorbed in watching Dundas Lyndon.

When Cecil had retired the three men sat over their fruit and wine. Enderby was next thing to an abstemious, and never drank wine, and he noticed Doctor Lyndon was equally abstemious.

"By the by, I have a recollection of having heard your name in connection with St. Thomas', Doctor Lyndon," he said, as carelessly as he could. "Might I ask if you were there at one time?"

"I was," said Doctor Lyndon, quite readily. "I wished to get a little insight into one particular branch, and I gave my assistance to Doctor Balandrye gratuitously for a few months. It was of great use to me."

It was on the tip of Enderby's tongue to put the question: "Did you happen to know any one of the name of Lloyd during that period?" when Sir Henry spoke.

"My dear Enderby, perhaps you guessed that I had a professional reason for bringing you and Doctor Lyndon together tonight. I think I can mention the matter now.

"It is with regard to a case which is expected to come off shortly, and which will be, I have no doubt, a celebrated case. I will ask you to carry your mind back, Enderby, to a trial which interested the public greatly six years ago. I think you will remember it if I mention briefly the facts of the case.

"It was called at that time, and still is, I dare say, if reference is ever made to it, 'The Brownlow Pearl Case.' Well, as you know, then, the pearls referred to were a magnificent necklace belonging to Lady Brownlow of Caergollen in Wales. They were valued at \$15,000. They disappeared. Suspicion fell on the tutor of Lady Brownlow's children, a man named Gerard. The case came on, Gerard being charged with the crime. I had to conduct the prosecution.

"During my investigations I met with evidence which, though proving the man to be guilty, yet showed certain extraordinary circumstances in the case which moved me to pity. The whole affair was an unpleasant one to me, because we—that is, Lady Lennox, who was then alive, and myself, were personally acquainted with the Brownlows. However, in the very middle of the case the man, Gerard, managed to escape, and could not be found. It was supposed he had gone abroad, and he was outlawed.

"Now, Enderby, an unpleasant thing has happened. We have learned that the man, Gerard, has returned to this country. The case is bound to come on, and I, of course, shall have to undertake the prosecution. Doctor Lyndon, who—who is an old friend, and, as I have told you, a specialist in brain diseases, has suggested to me the likelihood of the man's being insane, and, in fact, having committed the crime as the result of that terrible form of lunacy which is recognized as such under the name of kleptomania. If we can prove this, we shall save Gerard from punishment, and he will simply be put under restraint as insane.

"Are you willing, Enderby, to accept a brief in the case as my junior?"

CHAPTER IV.

Paul Enderby had sat in perfect silence listening to the full, rich voice of Sir Henry—that voice which went so far in convincing juries—as he related the chief points of the case. He remembered it, though the particulars had passed from his memory long since.

But as Sir Henry went on, strange, formless doubts, and half-formed ideas began to float dimly through Paul's mind like the dark, shadowy forms of bats flitting through some

darkened and deserted barn. He could hardly formulate them, or give them a name in his own mind; but they disturbed him vaguely, and filled him with a strange foreboding.

When at last he raised his face, which had been bent over his fruit plate, his eyes fell first, not on Sir Henry's face, but on that of Doctor Lyndon, whose cold, grey eyes were fixed on him with a strange, expectant expression. There was something in it which sent a curious shudder through Enderby; yet he felt irritated the next moment at his own absurd sentimentality.

He turned to Sir Henry. "You are more than good, Sir Henry. I do not know how I can thank you for your generosity in thinking of me. Of course, you can count on me, if you think I am able to undertake the responsibility."

"There is no rising young barrister at the bar today to whom I would sooner trust the conducting of the case, than to you, Enderby," said Sir Henry, graciously. "I have a very high opinion of your talents."

Enderby's heart beat high as he rejoined Cecil in the drawing room. This would be the making of him. If he conducted the case efficiently his fortune was made, and he would then be able to ask Cecil to come to him as his own. Somehow he felt pretty sure she would not say him nay.

When he went to his rooms his head was in a whirl. Cecil had smiled upon him, and her lovely eyes had fallen as he bade farewell. Cecil, Cecil!—the most queenly of women! Was it possible that one day she should be his?

But as Enderby sat down before the grate in which some dead ashes still faintly glowed, a strange revulsion of feeling came over him.

Dundas Lyndon's face—its cold grey eyes, its watchful expression—came up before his mind. There was something sinister in the man—something he did not like. Then suddenly there succeeded, as by the instantaneous shutting of a camera, another face in the eye of his mind—that pale, quivering, childlike, yet strangely womanly, face of David Lloyd's daughter.

He started to his feet and began to pace the room.

How had these people come to know Dundas Lyndon? What strange connection was there between them? Was it possible—but no, no, the idea was too wild, too utterly improbable for real life.

Nevertheless he made up his mind to go to Burdon Mansions next day. He managed to do so in the afternoon, walking there, as he had no wish even to give the clue of a cab to any one. He hardly knew why he was so careful now; he would not admit to himself that he had any tangible reason for thinking these poor people wished to hide themselves from the world.

He knocked again and again. At last the door was cautiously opened, and in the darkness within he could dimly make out a slim, girlish figure. "Is it you, Miss Lloyd?" he asked, in a low voice. "I have come to ask how you both are."

The girl stared at the sound of his voice. He could not see her face distinctly, so he did not know that a light blush had swept over it.

She opened the door more widely. "Will you come in?" she said, her voice just a little uncertain. "I have told my father about meeting you."

Enderby followed her in. The hall was a small one, and dark; he saw two doors. She opened one and admitted him into a small dingy room, whose only furniture consisted of a cheap tapestry carpet on the floor, a painted wooden table, and one or two chairs. A curtain of coarse serge hung over an embrasure in the wall; and Enderby guessed there was a bed behind it.

(To be Continued.)

**Social Whirl in Peking.**  
The Westminster Budget remarks that winters in Peking in the past have not been dull among the foreigners, and in support of the assertion quotes from the North China Herald as follows: "A French comedy at the British legation, where there is a specially built theater, is succeeded by a bal costume at the Russian, and that again by a concert at Sir Robert Hart's. Dinners follow one another uninterruptedly—varying from the strictly official function of the diplomatic corps to the jolly carousal of a students' mess, where speeches begin soon after the joint, stories with the cheese, and comic songs at 1 in the morning still find delighted auditors. Card parties, too, are many, increasing from the mild 'dollar and quarter' whist at the club to the 'ten dollar' limit and all-night poker parties in an attache's rooms."

**Americans in Scotland.**  
Every hotel in Edinburgh is crowded nightly with American visitors, and still they come, says M. E. Gilbert, writing from that city to the Chicago Record. Many large parties have arrived. These, driving around the sights of the town, create a considerable stir upon the streets. The other day over 100 visitors from the United States were in St. Giles' cathedral at one time. At Holyrood palace, the castle and the Scott monument there has been a constant flow of visitors. It has been the same all over Scotland, for many have extended their tours beyond Edinburgh and have penetrated the highlands. June was a very wet month, but with the advent of July and our visitors from the States we have had several days of warm sunshine.