



## SAYINGS and DOINGS

**Kaiser's Right Hand Man.**  
Bernhard von Bulow, Emperor William's right-hand man in the Russo-German diplomacy concerning China, has but lately acquired the importance he now possesses, and was the occasion of a great sensation by his promotion to the highest place in the diplomatic department of the empire. He entered the service of which he is now the head in 1874. His first mission was that to Bucharest, and he was afterward minister to Rome. With only this much preliminary experience at the youthful age of 48 he was suddenly placed at the helm of the foreign department by Emperor William. Herr von Bulow is not re-

**A President's Son in China.**  
Lieutenant-Colonel Webb S. Hayes, who has gone to China, is announced to have been sent as a special representative of the president. Colonel Hayes is a son of the late President Rutherford B. Hayes. At the time of the Spanish-American war he volunteered for service, and was made assistant adjutant general, in which post he achieved no little distinction. For the reason that he brought to his duties a capacity for business, industry, and a general capability that was a marked contrast to the attitude of some of the volunteer officers. Later Colonel Hayes saw active service in the Philippines, where he served with distinction, but sent in his resignation. It was stated at the time, because of disagreement with the methods of General Otis. He has been in the United States for some months now, but ever since General Otis has returned from the Philippines has been anxious to re-enter the service.—New York Mail and Express.



Webb C. Hayes.



VON BULOW.

garded as having any policy of his own but rather as an admirable and willing instrument of the Kaiser in all affairs which affect the prestige of Germany among the nations of the earth.

**Major General George Henry Marshall**, who presided at the court-martial held in Pretoria on Hans Cordua, the would-be kidnaper of Lord Roberts, had never seen any active service until he went to South Africa, though he has been nearly forty years in the army. He went out to command the artillery in the war.

**Was a Delegate in 1856.**

**Benjamin D. Silliman**, who has the distinction of being the oldest living graduate of Yale, last week celebrated the ninety-fifth anniversary of his birth at his country home in Long Island. Mr. Silliman is truly a gentleman of the school whose archaic mannerisms and courtliness almost persuade one that he just stepped out from the pages of one of Austin Dobson's ballads. He takes but a passing interest in current politics, which is easily condoned in a man who has been a delegate to national conventions as long ago as 1836. He has been a trustee of Greenwood cemetery during all the time the population of that necropolis has grown from zero to upward of 300,000. He once had an interview with Aaron Burr, was president of Yale Alumni association for twenty years, voted in convention for the nomination of the first President Harrison, and ran for congress in 1842. These are some of the things which distinguish Mr. Silliman probably from all other living men. During his active career Mr. Silliman was a practicing lawyer.



B. D. Silliman.

**Lester T. Garfield**, a grandson of Thomas Garfield, the only brother of President Garfield, has enlisted in the regular army as a private and been assigned to the Seventh artillery, now stationed at Fort Grobel. His parents, who live in Georgetown, Mich., consented to his act.

**To Regain a Fortune.**

**D. J. Mackey**, the former railroad magnate, who, having lost one fortune, has just begun the battle of life anew at the age of 67, is one of the most remarkable of Indiana's business men. He has wiped out liabilities upward of \$500,000 by going into bankruptcy, and now with Millionaire Fairbanks of Terre Haute at his back



D. J. MACKEY.

he will try the hazard of a new fortune. Mackey was born in Evansville in 1833. At 15 he was left with a mother to support and rose from office boy to clerk, and from clerk to partner in a business house, meanwhile investing his surplus capital in southern railroads. From this beginning rose the Mackey system of railroads, and its owner was a rich man when he began the fatal experiment of making Evansville the great city of the West. By degrees he lost his holdings, and his affairs became hopelessly entangled. About five years ago the crash came.

# A Sacrifice To Conscience

BY  
H. B. Welsh

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

He looked at the girl. She wore a plain gown of some cheap grey stuff, simply made, and a narrow white collar; but the gown nearly touched the floor, and Enderby was astonished at the change the different garb wrought in her. She now looked a girl of seventeen. Her figure was very slender, but the grey gown showed soft, womanly curves.

Then he glanced into her face. A slight color was in the cheeks, her eyes were soft and dreamy. There was something in the whole face, wonderfully gentle and sweet, yet the mouth spoke of firmness and steady purpose.

Enderby was the first to speak. "I hope your ankle is better now, Miss Lloyd?"

"Oh, thank you, yes! It is nearly well again," she answered quickly. "I do not think it could have been a sprain after all. I bathed it with a lotion, and it is only stiff now. You see, I understand a little about doctoring people," she added, with a slight smile.

"I am very glad," he answered. "And your father—how is he?"

"The girl's face quivered a little. "He is a little better than he was that night, or he would not be here now. But he is still very ill."

"And the doctor you wished—Doctor Lyndon. Have you found him?" Enderby asked.

"His voice was hardly under his control as he put the question.

She hesitated a moment; then answered:

"Yes; I have found him. He has been to see my father, and says he thinks there is no immediate danger."

"Perhaps he knows your father's constitution well? I suppose that is the reason why you were so averse to having a stranger?" said Enderby. "By the way, I know a Doctor Lyndon, and wonder if he is the same man. A Doctor Dundas Lyndon—a slender man, with brown hair, a good complexion, grey eyes, and wearing a beard."

"Yes, that is he," said the girl, with a reluctance in her words. "Then you know him, Mr. —"

Enderby started, then smiled. "Why, I believe I have never told you my name! How stupid of me! It is Paul Enderby. I am a barrister by profession, and met Doctor Lyndon only the other day. Do you know him well, then? He is an intimate friend?"

"Of my father, he seems to be," the girl answered slowly. "But I have not known him for very long. You see, we have been abroad—" She drew herself up sharply, then looked at Enderby with a sudden fall in her eyes. "Oh, you must forget that, Mr. Enderby! Will you? I have no right to talk about my father's affairs."

"Don't be afraid. A lawyer learns to keep his own counsel, Miss Lloyd," said Enderby.

But a sudden chill had fallen upon him as the girl spoke. He stood for a moment silent, then looked up and spoke.

"Miss Lloyd, will you answer me one question? Your name is a Welsh one; is it possible you are of Welsh descent?"

"I think my mother was Welsh; but I am not sure about my father," said the girl. "You see I was away from my parents for a long time, Mr. Enderby. When I was quite a little girl, an aunt—a sister of my father's—took me to stay with her. My father was very poor then, so poor that he had to teach in a private house; he was a tutor, I think. Did you speak, Mr. Enderby? I thought you did. Then I joined my father later on, when— But I must not say any more."

She looked into Enderby's face with sweet, childlike, trusting eyes. Enderby felt himself a traitor, though he had done no harm to either the girl or her father.

This was the man, then! His vague suspicions had been correct. How strangely, how wonderfully Fate—or rather Providence—had thrown these people in his way—the very man whom he was to prove guilty of a base and terrible crime!

And Dundas Lyndon? Somehow, the thought of this man made Enderby's heart grow vaguely resentful of evil. What part did he play in the arena of human sin and suffering that he should be trusted both by Sir Henry Lennox, and by the man whose crime it had been Sir Henry's part to prove?

Suddenly the girl said: "Will you allow me to go up and tell my father you are here, Mr. Enderby? I told him how you had helped me, and I think he will see you."

"I should like very much to see Mr. Lloyd," said Paul earnestly.

And the girl left the room. She returned in a short time. "My father says he would like to see you, Mr. Enderby. Will you come this way?"

He followed her across the dingy corridor, until she paused before a door and opened it. He found himself in a room much more comfortably furnished than the other. A bed stood in the center, with a white coverlet laid

neatly over it; the room was as tidy and clean as it could be.

Beside a small fire—the sun was shining brightly outside—stood a comfortable-cushioned easy chair, and in it, clad in a somewhat old and worn dressing gown, sat the mere shadow of a man—a thin, emaciated creature, whose long limbs and evident height seemed to make his emaciation more marked. His hands, almost skin and bone, were crossed on his knees; a paper lay between them. He turned his face toward the door as they entered, and Enderby saw it fully. It was a face that had once been a handsome one, gentle and refined; but now the bloodless lips, the hollow cheeks, the sunken blue eyes, the temple, over which thin gray hair kept straying, made it more like the face of a dead man than of a living one.

A strange feeling of mingled pity and compunction moved in Enderby's heart as he came forward to the chair.

"I am sorry to see you looking so ill, Mr. Lloyd," he said, as the sick man made a gesture to rise, bowing as he did so. "Do not rise, I beg of you."

"Jasmine, will you place a chair for Mr. Enderby?" said the sick man.

It was the first time Paul had heard the girl's name, and he turned to look at her as she brought forward the chair.

Jasmine did not raise her eyes, but she must have felt the look she did not see, for a second blush dawned in her cheeks. For the moment she seemed a woman in the first glorious dawn of womanhood.

She placed the chair, then almost noiselessly withdrew from the room. Her father glanced to see if she was gone, then he turned to Paul.

"Mr. Enderby, you were very kind to my poor little girl the other night, and for that let me beg to thank you. We have few friends, my child and I. We are poor and unknown, and therefore friendless. For me it matters little, but for my child I feel sorry at times that it should be so. I sometimes wonder what would happen to her if I died. Yet surely God would raise up friends—the God who has never quite forsaken me, however low I have fallen."

He spoke in a quiet, gentle voice—the voice of a recluse who is more accustomed to think than to speak; and Enderby glanced at him quickly. Was it possible that this man could be a criminal—this gentle looking, emaciated, and now evidently dying man, the father of Jasmine? Or was it as Sir Henry had said, that he was really insane, at least on one point?

"I thought, from what your daughter said, Mr. Lloyd, that you had at least one friend," he said, determined to probe the matter as far as he could. "Doctor Lyndon."

The sick man was startled at the name, and looked up sharply.

"Ah, yes—Doctor Lyndon! He was my friend—once," he said slowly, "and now also, I suppose. Yet sometimes—What was I about to say?" he broke off suddenly. "Mr. Enderby, there is something in you which seems to draw my confidence; or is it that I have been so long exiled from kindly humanity that I am eager to seize the first hand stretched out to me? But at least you are kind and generous; so much I know from what you did for Jasmine. I should like if you would come to see me again. Will you?"

"I shall be very glad to do so," said Enderby, almost eagerly. "May I come on Sunday? I have more time at my disposal then."

"Thank you," said the sick man faintly. He stretched out his wasted hand, and Enderby could not but take it, yet again he felt a traitor.

Jasmine let him out.

"I am so glad you came," she said in a low voice—and he saw a mist come over the soft eyes. "He knows no one, and sometimes I think, if only he could speak of what is preying on his mind, he would be better."

"Then there is something?" Enderby said, holding the small hand with an unconscious close grasp.

She checked herself again. "You must not let father know that I said that!" she exclaimed eagerly. "Good-by, and thank you so much!"

"Good-by," he returned. As he went down the long stairs he wondered again if he were a traitor.

CHAPTER V.

"Do you think I shall soon be all right, Lyndon?"

"I certainly think so; with care and good nursing, such as Miss Jasmine is able to give you, you will soon be as well as any of us."

"I must get well soon," said the sick man, with a flash of passion. "Lyndon, I can't die and leave my child with this horrible stigma on her name. I have made up my mind to write to Sir Henry, and if he refuses to do anything there, I must tell the truth."

Dr. Dundas Lyndon stood silent for a moment. There was no change in his smooth, freshly colored face; his light eyes were on the ground, pres-

ently he raised them, and looked at his patient.

"You must not tell me these things, old friend—you really must not. I am simply a doctor, and am doing the best I can for you; but I should much prefer if you did not speak to me of these matters. Now I must go. You will take your medicine as usual, and I shall call again tomorrow."

"Lyndon," said the invalid, a little huskily, "you are too kind to me. How am I to repay you for all the kindness you show me—and gratuitously?"

"Tush, man!" said the doctor—but an observant watcher might have fancied that he turned slightly paler now. "Is that much for one to do for an old friend? We have known each other these fifteen—seventeen years—since you were my coach, Lloyd."

He went away, and Jasmine stole back to her father.

There was a strangely cruel expression on Dundas Lyndon's face as he turned toward the door for a moment.

"Yes," he muttered, between set teeth; "I am doing my best for you—and for us all—David Lloyd."

Jasmine sat down at her father's feet on a low hassock.

"The doctor thinks you are better today, daddy?"

"Yes, little one. Perhaps I shall be better soon now, Jasmine. I hope so. There is the work I have so often spoken of to you to be done yet."

"Yes, dear."

The girl looked into the fire—they had always to have a small fire burning, even when the sun was shining warmly out of doors—her brown eyes soft and dreamy.

It was strange how really little Jasmine Lloyd knew of her father.

She had been, as she told Enderby, brought up by an aunt who lived in Cornwall, while her father, whose wife had died when Jasmine was very young, had acted as tutor in private families.

Then, when she was twelve, there came a sudden summons for her. It came in the shape of a sea-captain, who brought a letter from her father.

Jasmine was to go out to him; the captain would take care of her.

She was taken to a wild, little-known place in California; there her father was making a poor living by schoolmastering the miners' children and conducting the "St. Jago Argus." She was happy enough in that lovely, warm climate of rich luxuriance and fertility; her father was good to her, wonderfully gentle and kindly.

Then had come the upheaval of her life again. News had come to her father which agitated him terribly, and in a week's time they were on their way home. They came to London and took the shabby two-roomed flat in Burdon Mansions. Her father wrote articles on California for some papers.

Then came the first visit of Doctor Dundas Lyndon, which agitated her father again. Soon after he was taken ill, and sent for Doctor Lyndon.

That was four months ago. Since then he had been steadily growing worse, until that terrible night when the lives of Paul Enderby and Jasmine Lloyd came in touch.

Her father had told her vaguely there was a work he had to do in England, and she knew, more by instinct than by anything he said, that some terrible cloud of disgrace or fear hung over her father's life. But she did not ask him to tell her what it was. She waited patiently until the time came when he should be willing to divulge it to her; and meantime she loved her father with all her heart, and trusted in him implicitly.

She broke the silence presently. "Father, you know Doctor Lyndon very well, don't you?"

"Yes, my child, he was my friend years ago."

"If it were not for that," said Jasmine, slowly, "I think I should ask you, dear, if you really trusted him. I don't, father."

(To be Continued.)

Men's Shirts in Rome.

Whatever may be the ultimate fate of the shirt waist man in this country, he is already established on a firm footing in the Eternal City of Rome. Victor Emmanuel, the Count of Turin, and only two removes from the throne of Italy, has given the shirt waist his sanction, and all the Roman dandies have been quick to follow his example.

The Count of Turin is one of the most enterprising and interesting young Princes in Europe. He has traveled widely, coming to this country in 1898 and spending a part of the next year hunting big game in Asia.

In adopting the shirt waist for hot weather wear the count has made some startling innovations in the decoration of the garment. On one of his shirt waists the buttons are made of gold ten lire pieces, set in two rows down the front of the garment, beginning at the top close together and ending at some distance apart below. On another waist the buttons are made of black jet, each as large as a half dollar, and arranged in the same way.—Chicago Tribune.

Signaling the Bank Rate.

There is quite a mild excitement just now at the Bank of England because of an innovation at that venerable and conservative institution. A flagstaff has actually been placed above the building, and many are shaking their heads at the sudden giddiness of the Old Lady of Threadneedle street. The suggestion has been made in all seriousness that numbers might be placed on the flagstaff and the bank rates indicated from time to time by the height of the flag on the pole.—London Chronicle.

## A New Light on the Cossack.



MICHAEL COOPRIANOFF, FORMER LIEUTENANT OF COSSACKS.

Michael Cooprianoff, former imperial Cossack and attached to the Ninth Russian Cossack regiment, is a resident of Chicago, says the Tribune.

From Cooprianoff, whose picture is shown, some new light comes on the question as to what the Russian Cossacks really are. Americans are wont to imagine the fearless Russian rough riders to be men as savage as the American Indian and as cruel.

False stories have been printed in America telling how Cossacks have impaled their victims upon the points of their sabers, carried heads on short spears, and no English written romance dealing with incidents in Russia is complete without some allusion to the barbarities of the Cossack horseman.

Mr. Cooprianoff not only does declare the statements that his comrades at arms are brutal a lie, but he says that there is not a body of men so generally well educated and disciplined and so thoroughly merciful in their mode of warfare as the Russian Cossacks.

"Our officers," says he, "are not only not brutal, but brutality on the part of the men would be severely punished on the instant.

"No finer body of horsemen can be found on earth than a regiment of genuine Cossacks. The real Cossack is an educated man, even though he does not belong to the royal family or even to the aristocracy. He speaks Russian fluently and correctly. He must do this or he could not be a Cossack. He must be able to distinguish between right and wrong, and always at any rate while he is in the czar's uniform, stick to the right. Cruelties on the part of the soldiers form one of the principal articles in the Russian army code, and while Russia's enemies are careful to hide this fact there is more mercy in a regiment of Russians than in the entire army of Great Britain. A Russian never gloats over the necessary killing on the battlefield. He does his duty and does it as quietly and mercifully as possible. That is the Cossack through and through."