



SAYINGS and DOINGS

Grand Arch Gone.

This arch, outside the entrance to the "Cave of the Winds," in the Pictured Rocks of Lake Superior, fifty miles west of Marquette, Mich., was wrecked by a rockslide during a storm last week. The "Grand Portal" was the most famous of the curiously shaped rocks of the Michigan shore. It was 100 feet high, and 170 feet broad on the water. Large excursion



GRAND PORTAL.

steamers frequently passed under it, and landed their passengers at the entrance to the cave in the cliffs.

Roger Q. Mills, the former United States senator from Texas, says that whenever in Galveston he always felt a vague dread of just such a calamity as has befallen the city, and was intensely relieved when he was back on the mainland. He said that he always fully realized the danger to the city from some great sea storm.

The Mansfield Boxers.

Two Dowle elders, Mark A. Loblaw and James Watt, arrived in Mansfield the other morning. The elders took a bus at the depot and went to the Vonhof hotel, in the heart of the city. They were recognized and the usual mob gathered. The elders had registered, when they were taken out of the hotel and started in the direction of the depot. Mayor Brown and a policeman appeared and took the elders from the mob to the police station for safe keeping.



Ephraim Basinger.

Loblaw and Watt stated that they were British subjects and claimed protection. They said that they had been sent by Overseer Piper to remain a week. They were told that they were at liberty, but were advised that they had better keep off the streets. Self-appointed vigilantes finally persuaded the elders to leave the city. They were escorted to the Pennsylvania train by 1,000 people and told they would be tarred and hanged if they returned. A policeman accompanied the elders to Crestline, the next town. The elders left the train there. One waited for orders from Overseer Piper and the other started to walk back, stating that he would go to a Zion family in the outskirts of the city. The entire police force is posted on roads leading to the city to keep the elders out.



S. S. Moot.

REVS. S. S. Moot of Lima, Ohio, and Ephraim Basinger of Bluffton, Ohio, elders in Dowle's Christian Catholic church, were daubed with tarpaint in Mansfield, Ohio, two days before by a mob of 2,000 people.

A monument to Dirk Wessels Ten Broeck, who successively held the offices of magistrate commissary, recorder and mayor of Albany in the latter part of the seventeenth century, has been unveiled at Clermont, N. Y. The monument was erected by descendants of the Dutch settler and it bears this inscription: "Dirk Wessels Ten Broeck. Born Dec. 18, 1633. Died at his Bourverie on Roelof Jansen's Kil Sept. 18, 1717."

American Trade in Haiti.

Greater sensitiveness to the demands of Haitian trade is what William F. Powell, United States minister to Haiti, says American merchants must acquire before they can completely capture the markets of that country. Mr. Powell is not only minister to Haiti, but charge d'affaires to San Domingo as well. He has been three years in the black republic, and appears to have employed his time to advantage in furthering American trade among the natives. The minister says that during his residence in Haiti the imports of Yankee-made goods had increased 33 1-3 per cent.

Ruhm's Novel Experience.

Naval Constructor Thomas F. Ruhm, who was recently sent to succeed Naval Constructor Hobson on the Asiatic station, was arrested the other day near Kure by the Japanese police, who thought he was a deserter from the Oregon. The magistrate apologized for the blunder of the policeman and took the naval officer home to dinner.



T. F. Ruhm.

Christine Nilsson cherishes in a unique way mementoes of her triumphs on the concert stage. One of her rooms is papered with leaves of music taken from the various operas in which she has appeared. Another is decorated with the receipted hotel bills made out in her name during her tours.

He Stole \$20,000.

William B. Dunton, who induced George B. Forbes to aid him in making away with \$20,000 of the funds of the Union National bank, Chicago, just before that institution was merged into the First National bank, stemmed into Old Point Comfort, Va., the other day in the private yacht, Morgan, which he had chartered. Two Pinkerton detectives at once boarded the yacht, and placed him under arrest. He will be brought back to Chicago to answer the law for embezzlement, to his wife for his desertion and unfaithfulness, and to his own conscience and the friends of George B. Forbes, his dupe, for the perjury that drove the latter to self-destruction. Forbes killed himself in a humble hotel in South Chicago last Sunday after brooding over the theft from the bank, into which he had been drawn as an unwilling accomplice of Dunton, a fellow clerk. The latter had left the city and on his ill-gotten money was reveling in all the luxuries the Waldorf-Astoria and other expensive eastern hostilities could offer. He arrived in New York with "Dot" Thurman, a Chicago woman, who was his companion, at the Waldorf-Astoria, and later at Atlantic City. In the latter place it was learned that another woman had joined the party, and that Dunton had chartered the Morgan for a southern cruise.



W. B. Dunton.

Detectives were sent to every point on the eastern coast, and Dunton was captured on the first stop he made. He had \$1,000 in currency and certificates of deposit for as much more in his possession when taken by the detectives, who turned him over to federal officials. Lieutenant Horace P. McIntosh of the United States navy is on his way to Chili, where, by consent of the United States government, he is to superintend the construction of a navy for the Chilean government. Five admirals of the United States navy, without conference among themselves, recommended him for this work.

President Loubet.

President Loubet of France is interested in autographs and has one of



PRESIDENT LOUBET.

the best private collections in that country. On this he spends a great deal of money and the other day gave a large sum for a letter written by Balaac. Queen Victoria also has the autograph fad, but devotes herself chiefly to securing the signatures of living notables. Of these she has a vast number.

Quackenbos on Hypnotism.

If hypnotism will do all that Prof. Quackenbos claims for it, then must it be looked upon as one of the most powerful moral and curative forces in the world. Its phenomena, writes its defender, are scientifically explicable on the supposition of a double self, each self possessing a distinct consciousness. "The moralist and preacher address the self that is not in control, the flesh-entangled, hesitating, easily tempted, and entrapped objective self; hence their appeals are so often futile. The suggestionist invokes the better subliminal self, invests it with control, and seldom fails to effect the desired purpose."

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General John A. McClernand, who died the other day, was one of the last two survivors of the twenty-eighth congress, which met in December, 1842. Ex-Governor Ramsey of Minnesota is the other.

A Sacrifice To Conscience

BY H. B. Welsh

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

The sick man turned a startled look on her.

"What do you mean, little one? Tell me, Jasmine. Have you any reason for saying this?"

"None," she answered, gently patting his thin hand, "but that kind of instinct which you once said to me, daddy, all women have. I don't like him; I mistrust him. Is it not strange? There are some people, now"—she paused, and a little soft crease crept into her cheeks—"that one feels could help one, would never betray one, could keep one's secrets as they would their own."

"Yes," said David Lloyd, "that is so. There is that young lawyer, now—what is his name?—Enderby; I think I could trust him. But you are wrong about Lyndon, Jasmine; he is my friend. Now it is time for my medicine, is it not?"

Jasmine went away for it, and after giving it to him, sat down by the fire. There was a soft light in her eyes, a kind of tremulousness on her mouth, as she looked into the flickering flame. Of what was she thinking? Who can say? The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.

But she did not forget her household duties. She ran away presently to get the early tea which her father liked more than any other meal. Suddenly she heard a faint cry, and running to her father's side she found him lying back in his chair, a ghastly color like that of death overspreading his face, his eyes open, but fixed and glazed, his lips apart, and a slight froth upon them. His whole appearance was a terrible one; but Jasmine had seen it once before—the night on which she had gone for Doctor Lyndon.

She looked for a basin of warm water, and put his stiff hands into it, as if with an idea that that would do him good. As she did so a knock sounded on the door. She flew to it, and opened it to see Paul Enderby.

It was Sunday, the day on which he had promised to come.

"Oh, Mr. Enderby," she exclaimed, "father is terribly ill! Will you come in?"

He followed her, and was shocked to see the terrible condition of her father. Jasmine continued her operations, loosened the neckband of the dressing gown, and chafed his hands with her own trembling ones.

"Shall we lift him into bed, and I shall run for the doctor?" said Enderby, in a whisper.

"No, no—not Doctor Lyndon!" she exclaimed, with a sudden energy that startled him. "But, if you do not mind helping me, we could lift him into bed."

Enderby, with great gentleness, did so. Then he stood aside, wondering, as he had often done before, why he came always to be a helper of this man and his daughter; it was while Jasmine hung over her father, doing what she could for him with such womanly and almost motherly solicitude, that Enderby saw in her now a woman, not a child.

Suddenly the dreadful look passed from the sick man's face, and he began to talk in a strange, rambling, incoherent way.

"Yes, yes, Lyndon—just so, that's what we must do. Keep it quiet, of course. But he—what is his name?—Sir John, Sir Matthew—no, no, I've forgotten!—he'll help me. He won't see harm come to me. And then there's Jasmine, my little one. Oh, whatever happens she must be cared for and looked after, and she must come to me. See here, this is how we'll—"

His voice trembled away incoherently. Jasmine, her face very white, and wide terror in her eyes, turned to Enderby. The young man's heart ached at the agony in her appealing look.

"Has he ever been like this before?" he asked in a low voice.

"Only once," Jasmine whispered, "and that was the night I met you. Oh, it is terrible!"

"What can we do? You don't wish for Lyndon. Shall I get another doctor?" Enderby asked.

"No; he would be so put about over it when he became conscious." She moved to the foot of the bed, for the incoherent babblings were now lower, and Enderby followed her. Suddenly she looked up with terror in her face. "It is awful to think it," she said, whispering—and he could see her lips twitching nervously—"but I—I am afraid of Doctor Lyndon. I don't trust him. Can it be—oh, I dare not say it!"

Paul started violently, and he felt his own pale face. Could there be anything in the vague suspicion and mistrust of this man? He felt he must know what Jasmine thought; so much depended upon it. He laid his hand on her arm.

"Miss Lloyd, will you trust me sufficiently to tell me what you mean? You have some reason to dislike, to distrust Doctor Lyndon? As I told you, I know him—a little. Perhaps I might be able to help you if I knew what you fear."

He was asleep. She came back to Enderby, and made a motion to him to follow her to the window.

"I know you will not betray us," she said in a low voice. "Perhaps you have guessed my father has some secret weighing on his mind. I do not know what it is; he has not told me. But I know this: my father is a good man, and he has never done anyone a wrong in his life. Doctor Lyndon knows his secret; I can see that. My father trusts him, and takes everything the doctor prescribes. He hardly takes any food; that is because Doctor Lyndon says he must not eat much, and that is making him so weak. And the doctor gives him a medicine—it is marked 'Hypophosphates' on the label. He had taken a dose of that—the last dose in the bottle. The last time he was ill like this; and that he had today is the last dose in the bottle. Is not that strange?"

It was strange—very. Enderby's face, grave and pale, was slightly turned from Jasmine; but she saw it, and a sudden, overwhelming terror moved over her. In her agitation she seized his hand.

"You think it—strange?" she said. "Oh, I must save him! I must save him! Help me, dear God—help me!" Passionate sobs broke her voice, and she threw herself on her knees, covering her face with her hands. Enderby looked down at her, strange emotions stirring him.

Then he bent down and raised her up gently.

"Don't give way like that, my child! We shall save him, no fear of that. I shall tell you what I will do. I have a friend, a doctor. You must persuade your father to see him. As for the bottle, you must let me have it, and we shall soon know the truth. And in the meantime, be brave and strong, and take care of your father; and on no account give him anything prescribed by Doctor Lyndon."

With a sudden impulse the girl seized his hand again, and this time snatched it to her lips.

"May God bless and reward you for ever and ever!" she murmured, brokenly. And then, as if ashamed of herself, turned away, while a warm blush drowned the pallor of her face.

CHAPTER VI.

"Yes, there is nothing else for it. I must refuse Sir Henry's offer, and Cecil will be lost to me forever," said Enderby to himself, as he walked away from Burdon mansions.

It was nearing the hour for evening service, and church bells were already ringing a clangor of loud invitations over all the great city. Enderby was a church-goer. He was not one of the class, so common among college-bred and cultured young manhood, who consider a religion a superstition, and have renounced the belief that there is any God who ruleth the earth; and he felt at this moment, which seemed like a crisis in his life, a strange desire to be guided in his course of conduct by something higher than human wisdom or counsel.

He went into Westminster Abbey, and remained throughout the service. The psalms seemed strangely applicable to his own use.

"Lord, who shall abide in Thy tabernacle? or who shall rest upon Thy holy hill?"

"He that hath used no deceit in his tongue, nor done evil to his neighbor, and hath not slandered his neighbor—"

"He that sweareth unto his neighbor and disappointeth him not, though it were to his own hindrance."

"He that hath not taken reward against the innocent."

Enderby bowed his knees humbly with the rest of the congregation, and from his heart went up a truly earnest prayer:

"Help me, O God, to do the thing that is right, even though it be to my own hindrance! Guard me from ever seeking a bribe against those who may be—may, who I feel sure—be innocent."

He wrote to Sir Henry Lennox that night:

Dear Sir Henry: Will you allow me to withdraw my acceptance of your most kind and generous offer to take me as your junior in a certain case that is pending? I find I cannot conscientiously take the case in hand. I can only trust to your generosity not to ask my reasons, which are private ones. Again thanking you for your kindness, yours very sincerely,

PAUL ENDERBY.

He had promised not to disclose his acquaintance with the man calling himself David Lloyd, and he meant to keep that promise until he was freed from it.

Enderby had gone straight from Burdon mansion to his friend Doctor Bunthorne, and asked him to call upon David Lloyd, merely saying it was a case in which he was interested, though the Lloyds were little more than chance acquaintances, and promising to call in on the doctor and hear his report.

On Monday he met Sir Henry at the Law Courts. The great lawyer looked pale and worn; Enderby had never

seen him look so old or so spent a man.

"You do not look well, Sir Henry. Why don't you take a holiday?" he said. "If I were your doctor I should insist upon it. The brain needs a rest as well as the body, and you give yours absolutely none."

"I am all right," said Sir Henry, a little impatiently for him; he was usually so patient even in dealing with stupid witnesses or dogmatic 'learned brothers.' That was a common legend among the barristers that the Queen's Counsel had never been seen out of temper.

"So you don't wish to make a name for yourself in the Browlow Pearl case, Enderby? Have you heard anything about it from—from any one?"

"Sir Henry, I am not at liberty to reply to your question," replied the young man, with the slightest shade of hesitation. "May I ask you again, as I asked you in my letter, to generously leave the matter as it is? I shall never, believe me, forget your kindness in making me an offer which, if I could have accepted it, would have been so advantageous to myself."

Sir Henry turned aside for a moment; but when he looked around again the momentary expression of irritation had passed from his face.

"For whatever reason you have refused, Enderby," he said, "I am sure it is one that does honor to yourself. The man who can refuse to take fortune's tide at the flood, when he knows it will lead on to fortune, because conscience forbids him to do so, is a man who, perhaps, may not succeed in this world, but whose failure, if he fails, is more glorious than the success of others."

"Thank you, Sir Henry," said Enderby, flushing a little. The praise of such a man as Sir Henry was worth something, for he was one whom Paul Enderby admired and revered with all his heart.

How had he been deceived by such a man as Dundas Lyndon? Enderby asked himself the question again and again. In his own mind he had arrived at what seemed a likely enough solution of the mystery of David Lloyd.

Dundas Lyndon was in some way connected with the crime with which Lloyd had been accused, and was working upon the gentle and unsuspecting nature of the latter in order to get an inconvenient and dangerous witness out of the way.

Enderby hardly knew how deeply he was interested in the case until he discovered that he had almost forgotten an engagement he had in the evening, at which he expected to meet Cecil Lennox.

She was there, surrounded by a bevy of admirers, as Enderby approached, and looked very lovely in her exquisite Parisian confection of primrose and pink.

Enderby's pulses beat quicker as she turned her brilliant smile upon him. She extended her hand, and in a few minutes he and she were alone.

"So you are to be my father's junior in a great case that is coming on?" she said, still smiling upon him. "I am so glad! I congratulate you beforehand. It is the beginning of fame for you, and you will go up the ladder so quickly once you have started the ascent."

Enderby's face fell, and a shadow came upon his brow.

"Sir Henry told you so much, Miss Lennox? But did he not tell you that I had refused his generous offer?"

Cecil started.

"Refused! You can't be in earnest, Mr. Enderby! Refused such an offer! Why, it will be the making of your fortune! This case is a celebrated one, my father says. What possible reason can you have for refusing?"

(To be continued.)

Coquetry of Cuban Women.

There is an innate coquetry about a Cuban woman that shows itself even in the least prominent of bows she ties. Her clothing is always dainty, and is frequently adorned with the needlework of her own fingers. Her gown may be nothing to look at twice, but her linen is something exquisite, and no other people rival them in cleanliness. In many ways the Cuban woman of today promises much for the future, but there are now strongly marked limitations, and this trip has revealed many of them to her. For instance, she never before thought much about physical culture, and those people who are blessed with gray hair are strongly reminded of the American women of yore, who whom it was the proper thing to faint, and a waist that measured over eighteen inches was a source of continual mortification. That is just about where these dwellers of the tropics are now in the scale of physical perfection. Their muscles are flabby, their chests thin and the splendid set-up of the American girl is never seen. They do not stand straight. It is not possible when they lace as they do and wear such thin shoes. In fact, they do not wear shoes as a rule, but a sort of little house slipper that is only intended for Turkish rug wear.

Wonders of the Telephone.

Sound does not travel along a telephone wire; the sound heard in the receiver is produced through the agency of electricity, the velocity of which depends on the source whence it is generated and the conductor along which it travels. There is certainly a limit to the distance to which telephonic messages may be sent, but every year sees this limit increased. Many long distance lines are in use, as, for instance, from New York to Chicago. Lines are sometimes run under water; there is now, and has been for some time, telephonic communication between London and Paris.

Loss to the Irish.
The retirement of Justin McCarthy from political and parliamentary activity, just announced, on account of failing health, takes out of British public life one of its ablest and worthiest men, and is a distinct loss to the Irish Home Rule cause.

Mr. McCarthy was born in Cork November 22, 1830. From 1846 to 1863 he was on the staff of the Cork Ex-



JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

aminer, and then joined the staff of the Northern Times, of Liverpool. In 1860 he became reporter in the house of commons for the London Star, of which he was afterwards foreign editor, and then chief editor in 1864. Mr. McCarthy resigned this post in 1868 and came to the United States. Here he traveled for nearly three years, visiting thirty-five states. He then lived in New York for some time.

Cause for Divorce.

Mrs. Lenore Reynolds of Union Hill, N. J., has gone into the courts to get a divorce from her husband, Wilmot E. Reynolds, a faith curist of that place. The complaint made by the lady is that her husband demands not only that she must be cured of all her ills by faith, but that she must live entirely by faith. As an instance of this she alleges that when she asked him for twenty-five cents with which to purchase a skirt lining he found it necessary to pray four hours for divine guidance in the matter, and, as she was in a hurry for the lining, she could not afford to wait that long with the even chance that it might not be vouchsafed to her after all. Mrs. Reynolds seems to have good grounds for wishing to get clear of Mr. Reynolds, for if she has to wait four hours for twenty-five cents with which to get a skirt lining, it is impossible to tell how many days, weeks, or months she might have to wait if she wished to get money enough for a dress. No woman should be compelled to endure such a tax upon patience or such uncertainties about obtaining matters of necessity.

Marshall Centennial.

Preparations are under way for another great man's centennial celebration in February, 1901, the American Bench and Bar will celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the day John Marshall was raised to the supreme bench. They do this in commemoration of one of America's greatest jurists.

But not only as a jurist was John Marshall distinguished. He was a lieutenant of the minute men during the revolution, was promoted to the rank of captain, and took part in the battles of Brandywine, Germantown, Monmouth and went through the siege at Valley Forge. He sat in the convention of Virginia to act upon the adoption of a federal constitution in



JOHN MARSHALL.

1788, and was sent to France in 1797 to draw up a treaty between that country and this.

Marshall wrote "A Life of Washington" in five volumes, and presided at the trial of Aaron Burr.

Notwithstanding his slouch hat, negligence, and awkward dress, he endeared himself to all by his amiable manners and fine talents.

He wrote his own epitaph two days before his death in Philadelphia, July 6, 1835.