

# A Sacrifice To Conscience

BY  
**H. B. Welsh**

## CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

"That is what I cannot tell you, Miss Lennox," said Paul. His heart had sunk like lead at her words, and still more at the change in her voice and expression. "But one thing I can tell you," he said, after a minute's pause—"I have doubts about the validity of the charges made against the accused, and I could not conscientiously take up the side of the prosecution when I am more than doubtful of the criminal's guilt."

Cecil burst into a laugh.

Paul felt a chill come over him as he heard that laugh, clear and silvery as it was.

"Oh, just young judgment!—a Daniel come to judgment!" she cried, in a tone of mockery, which hit Paul hard in her voice. "Why, it is the first time I knew of a barrister being troubled with a conscience where a brief was concerned! My dear Mr. Enderby, you are going to let all chances slip past you like this? If so, do your friends need to look forward to the time when you will be a successful Queen's Counsel or aspiring to the Woolsock?"

"If success depends on my putting wealth and ambition before honor and justice as an end, Miss Lennox," Paul answered gravely, "I certainly shall not attain it. But you do not mean what you say?" he added, a tone of keen pain in his voice.

He turned to her suddenly, and looking into the beautiful, fascinating face, a sudden wave of hot, young passion swept over him and he seized her hands.

"Cecil," he said, a little hoarsely, "for pity's sake say you do not mean that! I would willingly win fame and wealth that I might win you; but even for so precious a prize I cannot ascertain my sense of right. Tell me, is there any hope for me, even if I do not attain such success as you dream of?"

For a moment there was silence—a silence during which Enderby's heart beat with almost sickening speed. He dared not look into her beautiful face. If he had done so, he would have seen an expression that would have chilled the warm passion in his voice.

At last she said, almost in a whisper, though they were in a deserted corner of the room, with no one near: "Paul, I have always looked forward to your success, because—because I wished it to be also mine. Shall we make a compact, twixt us, twain, as Scotch people say? If you undertake this case with my father, and the case is won, we shall take future successes as granted, and you will win that prize you speak of."

Enderby's face paled, and his throat swelled, his pulses beat with the wild, strong pulsations of victory. He had just dared to hope for this great prize, and now, lo! it was almost within his hands! Almost! for nothing stood between him and it but this wretched man, who might be dying, or might be insane, for anything he knew, and his daughter. Nothing but a half-formed belief in the innocence of a criminal whose case he had not investigated. And all his future happiness was at stake.

Suddenly, as Paul Enderby hesitated, there came to his memory the words he had heard chanted in the gray old abbey last night:

"He that hath not taken reward against the innocent... though it were to his own hindrance."

He turned towards Cecil, the flush gone out of his face, his lips suddenly grave and set.

"You do not ask me to do this thing, Cecil—to sell my soul for your love?"

Her ripe red lips curved themselves as if into a laugh, then became steady, and, bending a little nearer to him, she whispered:

"Would you not give up anything on earth for my love, Paul?"

Somehow, the whisper, meant to tempt him beyond resistance, was the means of strengthening the manhood and uprightness of Paul Enderby. For one moment—only one—that strange revulsion of feeling which sometimes comes to a man in his love for a woman, came over him. He felt as if the beautiful girl he had loved so passionately had undergone some such change as that which the lovely Geraldine underwent when

"The lady's eyes they shrank in her head—

Each shrank up to a serpent's eye," and he saw her as a temptress, not as the woman he loved. He looked at her in the face.

"Anything but manhood and honor, Cecil. I should be worthy of scorn and contempt if I sold them for my happiness, or for the fulfillment of my dearest earthly hope."

For a moment Cecil Lennox's fair face grew dark and evil. She was accustomed to flattery and love. They were the very life of her soul, the breath of her life. She herself felt for Paul Enderby such love as such a woman is capable of; but in this moment it was changed to angry hatred.

"Very well," she said, all the softness gone out of her caressing tones, and a harsh ring in them which Enderby had never heard before, "that settles the question for us, Mr. Enderby."

I have no doubt your decision is a wise one—for me. And now, will you excuse me if I speak to someone else? I see some of my friends are growing impatient."

Enderby bowed and left her, feeling as if a page in his life had closed forever.

## CHAPTER VII.

It was the next day before Enderby was able to call upon Dr. Bunthorne.

"You are interested in these people, Enderby?" said the doctor, looking at the young man sharply.

Dr. Bunthorne was a clever man of middle age, whom Paul had known for many years.

"Were you aware the sick man had a doctor of his own attending him—Dr. Lyndon, whom I know by name and report?"

"I was aware of that, Dr. Bunthorne, though I did not mention it to you for fear professional etiquette, of which you doctors make a divinity, should prevent your going. The truth is, I'm afraid, Dr. Bunthorne, what I am going to say will be held as confidential?"

"Certainly! At the same time, you know, my dear Enderby, medical men make it a rule never to hear anything to each other's disadvantage?"

"More of your etiquette!" cried Enderby. "Well, I'm not going to say anything against your brother-professional; I'm simply going to ask your advice."

Very briefly he told how he had first met Jasmine Lloyd, and then repeated the incident of his last visit, and Jasmine's statement about the strange attacks to which her father had twice succumbed.

Dr. Bunthorne listened in silence, and when Paul ceased, he asked:

"Do you happen to have this bottle of medicine with you?"

Enderby produced it from an inner pocket, and laid it on Dr. Bunthorne's table. It was a large bottle, with the label on which "Hypophosphates" was printed still upon it.

The doctor lifted it and looked at it critically. "There was a very small quantity of light-colored fluid at the bottom. The doctor uncorked it, and applied his nose to the mouth.

"Seems all right," he said critically. "However, you leave it with me, and I shall have it analyzed by my own analytical chemist. I don't half like the business, mind you; still, as you have applied to me, I feel bound to satisfy you so far. But, you know, thing is absurd. Dr. —, the man we speak of, has the highest reputation?"

"What should you say Mr. Lloyd was suffering from?" Enderby interrupted.

"Well—ahem!—one hardly cares to say from a first examination. It looks rather like an epileptic attack from your description. He seemed all right when I saw him, only his mind was wandering a bit; he evidently did not know who or what I was."

"And yet when I spoke to him a few days ago he was perfectly sensible, and as sane as you or I," said Enderby. "Do attacks of this kind you speak of not affect the mind permanently?"

"Usually," answered the doctor dryly. "But, of course, there are cases of periodical insanity. I should say this is one."

As Paul Enderby walked slowly away from the doctor's West End house, he asked himself if perhaps he had been too hasty in forming his conclusions? Had his instinctive dislike of Dr. Lyndon misled him? If David Lloyd and the man Gerard were one and the same person—as he felt sure they were—was it not very likely that Sir Henry Lennox's account was the correct one, and that the crime of five years ago had been committed in a fit of temporary mental aberration?

He was very busy after that for a day or two: A brief had been put into his hands, and he had to be a good deal with his solicitor.

He was glad to be occupied just then. It kept him from thinking of Cecil Lennox, as he imagined he should do had he much leisure. He had been in love with her—that he had no doubt, and he had lost her forever. It was natural he should feel such a blow deeply.

And yet, when leisure did come, the singular thing was that it was not Cecil Lennox's face which came up in Enderby's mind and haunted him so persistently. It was the soft, delicate face, half-child's, half-woman's, of Jasmine Lloyd.

Towards the end of the week he made up his mind to go and see them. He was turning round the corner which led to Burdon Mansions when a closed carriage drove rapidly past him. Something in the turn-out seemed familiar to Enderby. He glanced at it, and as it rolled past him he caught a glimpse of the inmate—Sir Henry Lennox, leaning back on his cushions, his hands idly crossed on his knees, his eyes upon them, his face ghastly pale!

Could he have been seeing David Lloyd? The thought flashed through Enderby's mind, only to be dismissed instantly. But he hurried on towards the block of dull gray buildings, and in

a few minutes found himself before the Lloyds' door.

But just as he was about to knock there was a sound of hurried steps inside, the door flew open, and Jasmine, pale and breathless, almost fell into Enderby's arms.

"Oh, Mr. Enderby! Oh, thank God! My father—my dear father! I think he is dying!"

"No, no, my child; not that—not so bad as that," said Enderby soothingly. He took her hand—it was trembling, and she herself was shaking from head to foot—and drawing her gently within the house, closed the door.

Jasmine was not crying, but her breath was coming in short, pitiful gasps, and there was a look of such terrible fear and grief in her dark eyes as touched Enderby strangely, feeling of pitying tenderness took possession of him.

"May I go to see him?" he asked, still holding her hand.

"Yes—oh, yes! But I am afraid no one can do much for him—not even a doctor. And his mind—oh, that is the worst of it—that is the worst of it!" cried the girl passionately, yet with strange control over her voice, so that it never rose above a whisper.

"He doesn't seem to know me—and he says such terrible things!"

They were at the door of the bedroom, which stood ajar. Jasmine went in, and Enderby followed her; and as he did so he heard the low, weak murmur of a voice that went on talking without cessation or alteration of tone. Jasmine grasped his arm, uttering a little cry under her breath.

"Look! look! Oh, he is looking at you!"

"The sick man had suddenly risen in bed. His ghastly face, hollow-cheeked and sunken-eyed, was turned to the door; in the dim eyes there was a strange flash of fire. He raised a thin, shaking finger, and pointed it at Enderby.

"Yes, it was for her sake I did it. Hal—and for yours! Oh, God, to think what I have suffered all these years for your sakes! And now I am come back, this is how you treat me! Hal, Hal! old friend, mate of other days, whom I loved and was proud of because you were getting on so well, and I—I knew I had helped you—yet how did you repay me? And my child—my little Jasmine, my little one—will you bring this shame on her head? Oh, God, most merciful, in His name, Hal, you will do it—you will!"

He fell back on his pillows with a moan, and his eyes closed. Jasmine, a sob bursting from her lips, sprang forward; but Enderby was before her. He bent over the sick man.

"No, no; thank God, he lives yet! Have you anything to give him to strengthen him? A little wine or brandy?"

"I have Doctor Lyndon's medicines, but I dare not give him any," whispered the girl, in an agonized tone. "He took the medicine—Doctor Lyndon gave it to him when I was out—and I am sure that has hurt him. Tell me what I shall do."

"Stay with him, and I shall run out myself for something," said Enderby hurriedly, and he was just about to do so when the sick man suddenly opened his eyes, and fixed them on Enderby's face. Then, with a great effort, he raised himself once more on his pillow, and spoke in a changed voice, slow and deliberate, yet with a certain determination in it. His eyes were fixed on Enderby's face, and the latter felt a strange thrill, so like did it seem as though the words were actually spoken to him.

"Then there is only one thing for me to do, and I will do it, Hal, for my child's sake. I must tell the whole truth, and I can do so. I have the proof—the proof!"

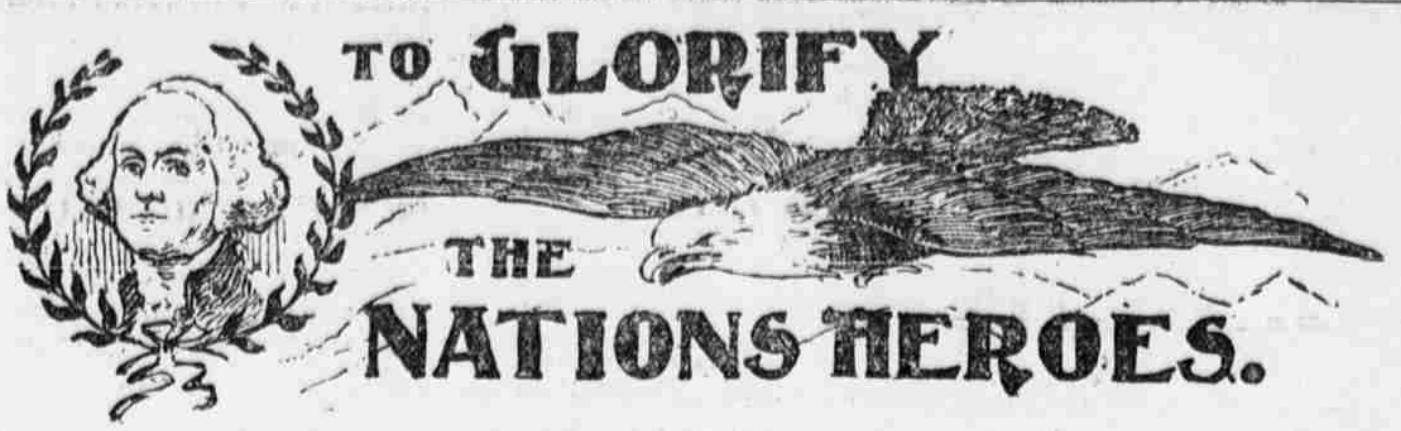
Once more he fell back in bed, his eyes closed. Enderby felt his pulse. It beat pretty regularly, though feebly and slowly.

(To be Continued.)

## A KING'S WIFE.

Difficult Selection Usually Falls to the Lot of Statesman.

Selecting a wife for a king is as difficult as picking out a good horse, and in some instances it has been carried out in much the same manner. When Henry VII. of England meditated sending the princess of Naples he sent three commissioners to examine and report on her attractions and qualifications—mental, moral and physical. The envoys were instructed to study the habits and character of the princess, to test the soundness of her lungs and to note her personal appearance, with especial reference to the color of her hair and the shape of her nose. They performed their duty with scrupulous fidelity and made a detailed report. "The nose of the princess," they wrote, "has a little elevation in the middle of its length, from which point it bends down toward her lips, as if it were seeking to kiss them." Being permitted to kiss her hand they utilized the occasion to study that member with care and reported that it was of a pretty shape and soft as satin, adding that her eyes were brown and her eyebrows and hair nearly black. They took such note of her respiration as circumstances and etiquette permitted. The king was desirous of obtaining a wife who was not addicted to the use of perfumes and the commissioners were able to report that the princess, like a rose, exhaled only her own fragrance. Her disposition appeared to them to be a happy combination of modesty and sprightliness. But notwithstanding this pleasing description the king did not marry her. Perhaps the nose was too much for him.—Pittsburg Dispatch.



The government has in contemplation the erection of a memorial bridge across the Potomac river at Washington to commemorate the patriotism of the American people. It will be a structure surpassing in beauty any other of a similar kind in the world. The designs have already been agreed upon and contemplate a roadway sixty feet in width with sidewalks twelve feet wide on each side. It was felt by practically a majority of both the senate and the house that the time had come when the construction of such a bridge as that exemplified by the successful plans should be commenced. A resolution favoring the appropriation of \$200,000 for the beginning of work was passed by both houses.

A design has been prepared by Architect Burr and is presented herewith. As designed it is a very ornate structure, and yet some of the chief elements of its effectiveness are simplicity and grandeur. The river spans of such unusually long arches possess an impressiveness as complete structures which it is essentially impossible to realize from any plan on paper. It has been suggested that the plan might be more ornate in character. The structure is estimated to have on it about \$1,000,000 worth of stonework and carving. Indeed, the great river arches, with all their impressive-

ness and long series of beautiful approach arches on each side of the river are admirably adapted to the reception of such emblematic figures, statuary or carving as may be suitable to give it any desired intensity of expression as a memorial to American patriotism. This additional embellishment need not necessarily be given to the bridge at the time of its construction, but could be added from time to time in the future as historical events or epochs in the history of the country might require. There are many pedestals along the entire course of the structure which could receive from time to time in the future statues of patriotic Americans, as was indicated in the letter of transmission which accompanied the original plans. In connection with this entire matter of ornate treatment it should be remembered that the foundation elements of the design for the best artistic results

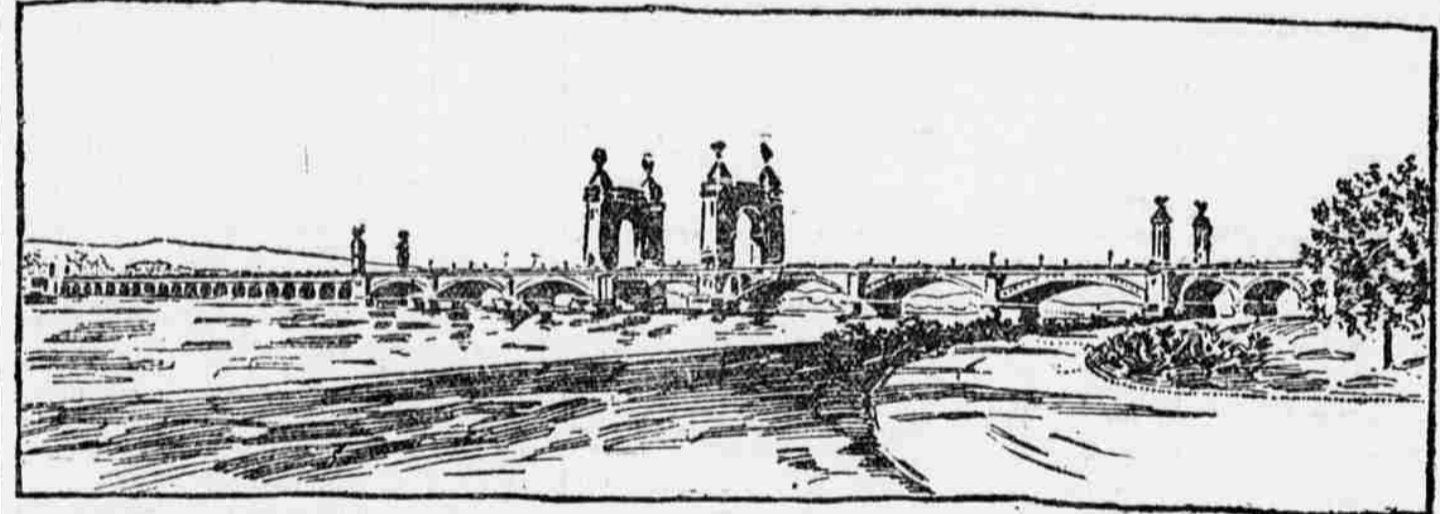
must be simple and harmonious with the structural elements of design, and the successful plans are pre-eminently in this admirable kind of excellence. A comprehensive examination of the entire design shows that the composition of the bridge as a whole and in its several parts is dictated by the requirements of the problem and that it is a common sense solution, possessing the essential qualities of good engineering and architecture.

Masonry construction was chosen on account of its more monumental and lasting qualities, and this necessitated the arch motive. The portion over the river proper requiring free passage for the current, as well as for ice in the winter, is of comparatively open construction, consisting of graceful segmental arches of long span. The approaches are of smaller and semicircular arches, the very costly construction of the river portion not being rational at these points.

The difference of function of the river and land parts is thus sharply expressed, adding very much to the true artistic quality of the composition; moreover, the points at which the thrusts terminate are re-enforced by masses of masonry built up into monuments, which by their weight add to the stability of the structure. The eight heroic groups placed

ried out along the whole length of the roadway, where bronze statues of celebrated men are to be placed on each side, and these, together with very elaborate electric light supports, will hem in the approach to Arlington with the most artistic surroundings. The sculpture and ornament upon the structure has been placed where the artistic requirements call for it and without regard to expense. The character of the structure has been always kept in mind, and vulgar overornamentation avoided as being worse than useless.

The entire structure as designed, including the embankment approaches and the granite arch masonry portions, has a length of a little over one mile and would form a much-needed line of communication between the National cemetery at Arlington, the adjoining country, and the city of Washington. Its roadway and sidewalk surface, eighty-four feet in width, would constitute, with the tributary avenues at each end, one of the most impressive and beautiful avenues in the world. Nothing could be more fitting as a memorial to the lofty sentiment of American patriotism than this suitably embellished great bridge structure between the capital of the nation and the city of its heroic dead.



DESIGN FOR THE GREAT MEMORIAL BRIDGE.

against the archways are emblematic of such subjects as patriotism, valor, concord, etc., and will be groups of great size and elaborate compositions, and are to be executed in stone. The piers of the arches will be fitted with subjects emblematic of the army and navy, etc. On the sides of the towers will be shields and plaques inscribed with names of battles, and the whole will be crowned with bronze victories heroic in size. The towers will contain stairways or elevators admitting people to the top over the arch and in the rear of the balustrade.

The whole will form two triumphal archways, elaborately ornamented and rich in detail, although in perfect harmony with the severity of the great bridge structure of which they are but one of the structurally essential members.

The memorial and monumental character of the bridge is further car-

Prof. Jacob H. Hollander of Johns Hopkins University, the treasurer of Porto Rico, has just returned to Baltimore on a short visit. "The people as a whole," he says, "are paying little attention to the furore that the political situation in this country has raised and seem perfectly contented. The raising of fruit in the island, which heretofore has not been practiced so extensively, has become quite an industry, with encouragement and a little time should do well there."

The United States are known in China as Nei-Kwo, or "the beautiful country," though the Chinese masses today always call an American a Kwa Kee Kwoh Yui, which may be translated as a "countryman of the flower flag." The reason of this is that when first the stars and stripes were seen in Canton harbor the natives flocked to the shore, calling it as the Kwa Kee Cheun, or the "flower flagship."

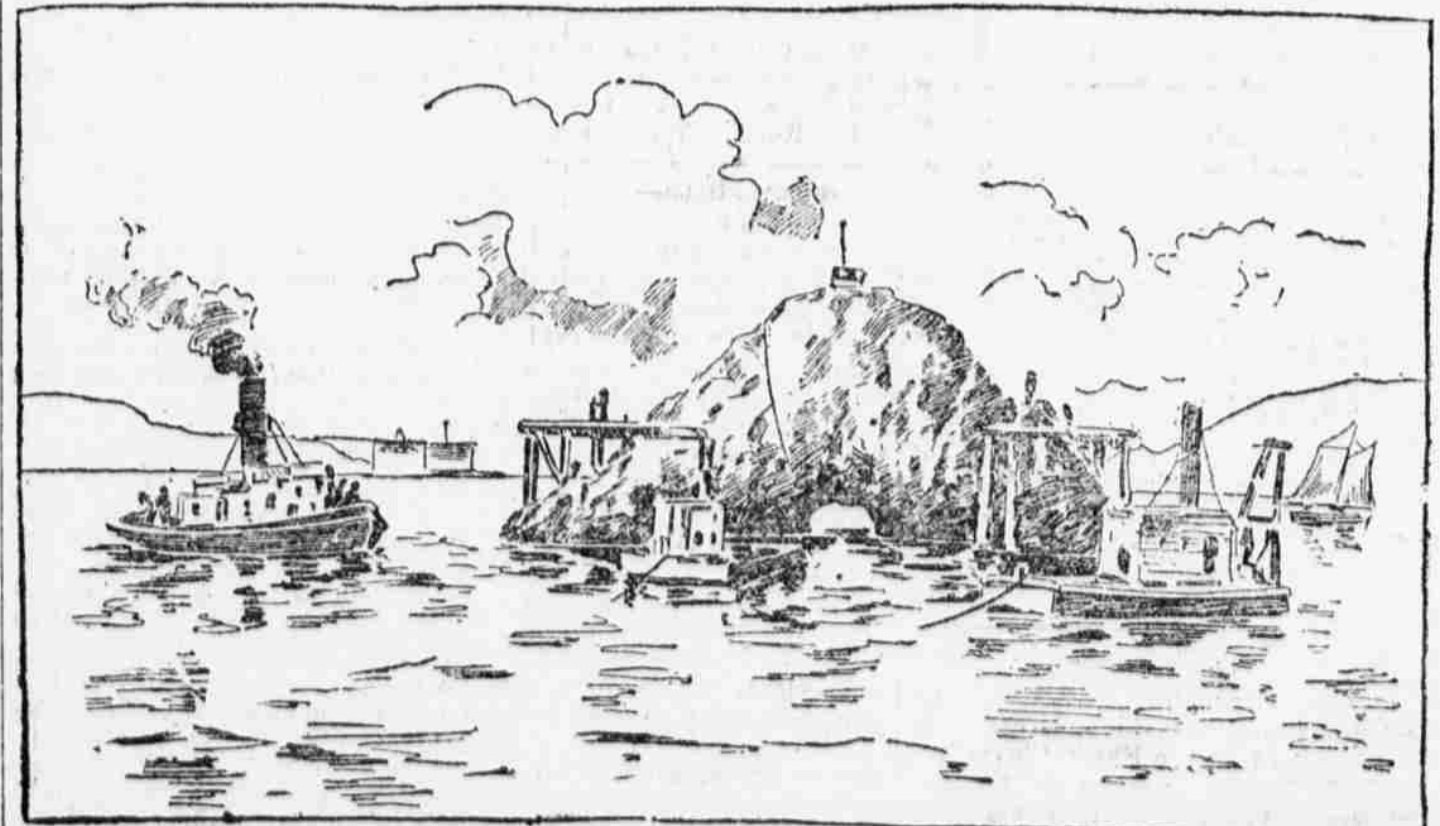
## Arch Rock to Be Blotzen Up.

Shag rock No. 1 and Shag rock No. 2 in San Francisco bay having been disposed of, contractors are now busily engaged in work preliminary to the demolition of the still more famous Arch rock in the same maritime thoroughfare. The forty-niner cannot recall the day when this picturesque menace to navigation was not anaesthetized by the sailor man. Many a time its destruction has been suggested and its demolition would have been accomplished long ago but for the sentimental opposition of a few veteran Californians, who hated to see their odd-looking old friend disappear forever. Residents of Sausalito have always been particularly averse to its destruction, their cry always being that

it was one of the sights of the bay. Eventually continued agitation by pilots and others interested in shipping bore fruit, and now Arch rock must follow in the way of the two others. Contractors are working hard getting ready for the coming explosion. The sooner the work is done the sooner will the government turn over the final payment, and upon the length of time it takes to get this money depends in some degree their profit or loss. More explosives will be used in blowing up Arch rock than were necessary in the case of the other two combined, but no alarm is felt in San Francisco over the coming blast. The more timid citizens there were much exercised previous to the blowing up of Shag rock,

but the concussions in that case hardly jarred the city.

In early days of California's history it was a favorite amusement for young men to wait for an unusually low tide and then pull a boat through the arch. So far as is known the first time this feat was accomplished was in 1857, when Capt. Frank Murphy, one of the best known pilots of his day, rowed a small boat through. For a few years the daring trip was occasionally made or attempted, but eventually a couple of young fellows, in trying to do the trick, were dashed against the arch by the heavy swell. The boat was smashed and the young men lost their lives. Since that time row boats have given Arch rock a wide berth.



ARCH ROCK, NOTED LANDMARK IN SAN FRANCISCO BAY, TO BE DESTROYED.