

A Sacrifice To Conscience

BY
H. B. Welsh

CHAPTER I.—(Continued.)

Cecil had cut herself off from him. A few months after she had married a dissipated young nobleman, whose character was anything but above suspicion; and the two had finally left England, having arrived on the brink of ruin, and, it was reported, were frequenting the gambling tables of Monaco and Hamburg.

Cecil's treatment of her father had killed any lingering feeling of sentiment Enderby had for her. He was able to thank Providence profoundly that he had discovered her true nature before it was too late.

Dundas Lyndon had been found guilty, and sentenced to lifelong imprisonment. The morning after his sentence he was found dead in his cell; he had managed to secrete a small quantity of deadly poison about his person, and cut short his doomed career with it.

And Jasmine?
Jasmine is just now with Paul's sister, the Hon. Mrs. Fraser, who is married to a Scottish laird in the South of Scotland. Paul had laid the whole story before his sister, and asked her advice. Jasmine was his ward, he declared, and as such he meant to look after her.

Mrs. Fraser—a good-hearted little woman, with no children, and living in rather a lonely country district—had come up to London, seen Jasmine, taken a sudden fancy for her, and declared nothing would suit her better than to have Jasmine as a companion. So Jasmine had gone to Calder's Knowe, and Mrs. Fraser had never regretted her choice.

Paul had been several times at Calder's Knowe, and, as he is able to take a few days' holiday in May, he decides to "run down" to Scotland, taking his bicycle with him.

He rides from the station—he has sent no word to his sister, having a masculine fondness, a fondness never shared by the recipients, for giving surprises—leaving word for his luggage to be sent after him.

Calder's Knowe is about six miles from the sleepy little village and station known as Calderhead, and the road is a bad one, from a cyclist's point of view, being composed of a series of very steep "houghs and hoves," as the villagers call them, and a surface of mingled loose clay and stones.

However, it is a lovely evening, and Paul Enderby is wonderfully happy and light-hearted as he speeds along the lonely road bounded on both sides by silent, melancholy moors.

What is the real cause of his happiness? Is it that things are going very well with him, and that he is considered by his fellow barristers as on the fair way to the top of his profession?

Or can it be that the prospect of seeing his sister—"Best little woman in the world!" has anything to do with it?

However that may be, Paul's Paul's thoughts are wandering very far afield as he coasts down a steep hill, whose gradient is at least one in eleven, his "free wheel" stationary, and his mind as easy as that of a scorch on an utterly desolate road can be.

Alas! even scorchers are sometimes out in their reckoning, or Paul would have remembered the sudden, sharp curve at the foot of the hill.

He does not, and moving along with velocity strikes across the road instead of round it, and the next moment he is sent flying over a ditch into the moorland beyond, and his machine—twisted and curved into all manner of crooked shapes—lies spreading across the ditch.

For a moment or two the shock of his sudden impact with the ground stuns Enderby; a faintness, such as he has never known in all his life, comes over him, and his eyes close. The next moment he dimly hears a cry of horror; then—is it long after?—some one is bending over him, gentle hands touch his face, and suddenly another cry—this time of agonized and startled surprise—falls on his ear. "Paul! Paul! Oh, God! is he dead?—is he dead?"

He would have spoken, would have opened his eyes, but something, he knew not what, keeps him from doing so. The soft hands—how soft, how tender they are!—wander over his face, touch his cheek, gently lift his hand, and he feels them clasped round his wrist. A sobbing cry breaks from the owner of the hands.

"Thank God! Thank God! Oh, what am I to do for him? My dear—my dear!"

The words are only a breath—a soft breath breathed above him. But it is more than Paul can stand. Suddenly the warm color rushes back into his face, his eyes open, and with an effort he raises himself on his elbow, his eyes devouring the fair young face bent, first with pale agony, then with sudden surprise and warm shyness, over him.

Fair it is indeed; for Jasmine Gerard has grown to be like her name—a white flower, with just a slight warm coloring to show there are life and warmth behind the whiteness;

sweet, graceful—such a blossom as a man might "give all his worldly bliss" to possess.

The childhood in the face is gone; it is a woman's face now, tender and earnest in its womanliness. And the expression in the dark-gray eyes, as they meet his for one startled moment, and then drop away, is one which thrills Paul Enderby, stunned and shaken as he still is, through and through.

"Jasmine!" he sighs, and, putting out his hand, takes hers and holds it—"my little Jasmine!"

The white flower now becomes a crimson one.

"We did not know—you did not say you were coming," Jasmine falters. "Are you hurt? Oh, you must be! I saw you coming round the curve, though I did not know you; and I tried to call, but it was too late. Oh, I am so thankful it is not worse!" She shuddered. "Tell me what I can do for you?"

"I shall stand up, and then we'll see if there any broken bones. May I lean on you?"

Paul puts his hand on the slender shoulder, and stands up, shaking his limbs like a wounded lion.

"My arm is bruised a bit, I think; otherwise I seem sound enough. Hallo! what's this?" as a drop or two of blood falls on his hand.

"Oh, it's your arm! Let me look at it!" cries Jasmine, turning pale again. "Sit down, and I shall try to bandage it."

He does so, and rolls up his sleeve. There is an ugly jagged rent in the flesh, where a sharp stone has torn through his sleeve; it is bleeding profusely.

Jasmine says nothing, but she sees her lips quiver. She makes a bandage of her own dainty little handkerchief, and rolls it tightly round the wound, then very gently draws down the sleeve over it, and lifts her face, but with lowered eyes, to Enderby's.

"Does it feel any better?"

"It feels quite better," he answers with unnecessary fervor.

"Then shall we go on? I suppose your machine is broken?"

"I'm afraid so," says Enderby, rising.

He stands silent; then, suddenly putting out his hand, he takes Jasmine's.

"Jasmine—I must tell you—I heard what you said when you thought I was unconscious. Did you mean it, Jasmine?"

Again the soft color rolls up, and the lips grow tremulous.

"Because I hope you did, Jasmine, Jasmine! my own dear little girl! do you know why I came to Calder's Knowe just now? It was because I couldn't stay any longer away; because I felt that life would be unendurable for me without knowing my fate. I came to tell you I love you, Jasmine, I love you with all my heart and soul. Will you come to me darling—that is, if you can love me—as my wife?"

The pretty head sinks lower; the lips grow more unsteady. Enderby feels the little hand tremble and palpitate.

"I think I have loved you since I first met you, only I didn't know it," he says, smiling. "I knew it after your father died, and when you came here that I was sure of it. Darling, I am far older than you, and I am, perhaps, grave and quiet for my years; but you have known sorrow, and I don't think you wish for much gaiety. Even if you do, I shall try to give you it; I shall try to make up, if I can, for the past—"

"Oh, don't say more!" she cries tremulously. And she lifts her face, and he sees her eyes, glowing with "the light that was never on sea or land," raised to his. "You have been so good—so good! Who in the world ever did for another what you did for—him, and for me? But I am not half good enough for you. I am a poor portionless girl, and I don't know the great world. You should have some one clever and beautiful, who knows society, and will help you on, not hinder you."

The moors and roads are as desolate and lonely as if there were no other beings in the world but these two; and Paul, with his uninjured arm, draws her very close to him, and holds her against his breast.

"Dear little girl, you are the only woman in the world I want for my wife; isn't that enough? Jasmine, you haven't said you love me, though. Do it now, won't you?"

The little murmur is breathed into the pocket of his cycling jacket; but Paul is content. He bends and kisses her triumphantly.

"You have made me as happy as a king, darling! I shall never cease to thank God for the strange event that brought me across the Westminster Bridge that night." To himself he adds: "Nor for the instant that kept me from taking 'rewards' against the innocent."

THE END.

The lightest woods in the world are cork and poplar. Pomegranate is one of the heaviest.

WHERE DUTY LIES.

MOTTO OF ALL AMERICANS MUST BE "PRESS AHEAD."

False Issues Raised to Blind the Eyes to the Danger of Repudiation and Needless Labor Troubles—The Great Democratic "Fake" Issue.

Questions are upon us in this campaign to test the stuff we are made of as to its far-sighted intelligence, its radical honesty and its Saxon courage. In this presidential canvass are solved the magnificent prosperities of the past three years, an honest dollar, the degradation of the judiciary, the fate of an honest civil service, the just administration of the great affairs of our new dependencies in the far east, our continued beneficent influence in the concert of the powers in the settlement of the destinies of the Chinese empire, and a masterful hand in the great world-movements of the twentieth century. For such a benign efficiency we are better placed than any other power on earth.

We cannot abdicate without shame. We cannot withdraw from our place of world power without a breach of faith with the nations and with humanity itself.

Who tries to shake us with terrors of imperialism wantonly blasphemes the character, the intelligence and the will of his countrymen. It is but triple-tongued demagoguery that talk one thing in one section, another in another and a third in a third; consent of the governed on one stump and suppression of votes of a constitutional majority on another; one section of the republic to another section, "the enemy's country."

In this campaign lie, not half hidden, all those insurgent questions which perturb the world of capital and labor. Socialistic madness is in the mixture and the gaunt specter of the anarchist stirring the pot is in full view of the man with vision.

The poor are being inflamed against the rich.

Men with their pockets stuffed with the stock of oppressive trusts are declaiming against combinations of capital.

An irruption of the barbarians is at the gates of Rome. The eyes of the civilized world are upon us to see whether honesty, intelligence, courage and patriotism are guarding the glories of the young republic. Has popular intelligence risen to the point of safety; popular virtue to the point of secure sovereignty? Have we vision for our own security, virtue for political morality, national righteousness and sturdiness for international leadership. Great salvations or awful abysses are ahead. We must share the great world's destinies. We must share their shaping. We must bravely meet the responsibilities of our greatness. —Rev. A. S. Fisk, D. D., Washington, D. C.

APPEAL OF THE A. O. U. W.

We submit the question fairly and honestly to our brethren. Can we afford by voice or vote to do anything that will disturb the present prosperous condition of our country, which has resulted in a most magnificent growth of our order, and which means to us additional and absolute security for our beneficiary certificates, held by us secretly for the future benefit of the widows and orphans of our membership? To the jurisdictions of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana, New York, Illinois, Missouri, Tennessee, California, Georgia, Nevada, Utah and Louisiana, to whom we paid more than half a million of relief, we ask, can you afford, for the sake of yielding to political excitement engendered for purely political purposes, to do anything that shall in the slightest degree disturb your own prosperity, and that of the jurisdictions who so willingly and lavishly contributed to your relief? You know as well as we can tell you how sensitive our order is in relation to the relief law, and if, as the outcome of this political campaign, there should be a season of business reverses, hard times, and as a result our order's growth should be impaired, can you not see, as the grand master workman of New York says, how much more important it is for you to protect this order, than who shall be the next President of the United States?"

Our brethren in Nebraska who are now flourishing, can you afford to hazard the future of your eastern brethren at this time, having in mind their generosity when, but a few years since, they contributed nearly twenty thousand dollars to purchase seed and otherwise assist you in the dark days of your dreadful drought?—A. O. U. W. Monthly.

DISCOURAGING THE SOLDIERS.

Lieutenant L. A. Darrington of Alliance, Neb., now in the Philippines, writes:

"There is one saying of Decatur's that rings in my ears, whether in the mountains or in the swamps, along the battle line or away from it, 'My country, may she be always right, but right or wrong, my country.'"

"A soldier's heart is not made glad when he reads in the papers from home that he is a cutthroat and fighting a people who are fighting for their liberty. That is a lie! The people here want our liberty, our flag as their flag, and our laws to govern them. It is a band of highwaymen and cutthroats who pose no place as patriots except in the papers and minds of some of their friends in the United States that are once silenced you will hear

of and see the beginning of the end of all this trouble in the Philippine Islands."

OUR LARGE STANDING ARMY.

Our "large standing army," of which the Democracy is in such a state of fear consists of 65,000 men. Switzerland keeps nearly two and one-half times as many in her standing army of 148,000 men, and besides has 361,000 men in reserve.

The United States proportionately has the smallest army in the world. The ratio of soldiers to total population is shown in the following:

Soldiers per 1,000 population.	
France	14.05
Germany	11.05
Austro-Hungary	6.07
Russia	6.01
Turkey	6.01
Great Britain	5.06
Italy	5.01
United States	0.85

We do not have one soldier for every thousand people.

FEELINGS OF SOLDIERS' MOTHERS.

"If the mothers of the soldiers who are fighting in the Philippines could vote," said Mr. H. C. Maurice of Vermont, while at Washington, "I do not believe many of them would give William Jennings Bryan the benefit of their suffrage. The women of America have ever been patriotic, and it would not be natural for a mother to waste her sympathy upon the men who are trying to take the life of her son. While there has been heart-breaking sorrow at their going, no Spartan mother ever sent her son forth to battle with a braver heart than the American mothers who have sent their boys to fight their country's battles on the other side of the world, and much as they would have them back home, not one in a hundred would call them back until the work there is done."

DIFFERENCE IN HAY PRICES.

The little table which follows shows the importations, the home production, the value of the home crop and the price per ton of hay in the United States in 1896, under the Democratic low tariff and business depression which then existed, and in 1899, under protection and prosperity:

Year.	Imports.	Production.	Tons.	Value crop.	Dollars.	Price per ton.	Dollars.
1896.	302,652	59,263,487	388,887,649	6,56			
1899.	19,872	56,655,756	411,926,187	7.27			

Our imports of hay which, in 1896 under the low tariff, amounted to over 300,000 tons, were in 1899, under protection, less than 20,000 tons.

The average price per ton during the depression of 1896 was but \$6.57 per ton. In 1899 it was \$7.27.

BRYANISM AND CORN PRICES.

When the Bryan boom culminated in September, 1896, corn had reached the lowest record of the year at 19½ cents a bushel. Then as the Bryan boom began to subside and McKinley's election to look probable the price improved, and in November, right after the election of McKinley, the best price of the last six months of 1896 was reached, at 25½ cents a bushel. "Between the low price just at the height of the Bryan boom in September and the high price just after the election of McKinley there was a difference of 6 cents a bushel, which made a difference of \$120,000,000 in the value of the crop."

THE POPOCRATIC CRY.

The popocratics are a little early this year with their outcries about coercion of wage earners. Four years ago they deferred this trick until a week before election. Now, as then, the reply to it is the same. No one has voiced it better than President McKinley did in a speech to a Cleveland club of wage workers, Oct. 24:

"They talk about coercion, the coercion of the employe by employer. They mistake the spirit of the campaign. It is not coercion but cohesion—cohesion between employer and employe, made stronger by a common interest and a common experience."

REMEMBER.

Remember '92. During the campaign of '92 you thought you were too busy to take an active interest in politics. Remember the result:

- Consternation.
- Lack of confidence.
- Empty pocketbooks.
- Vicious tariff laws.
- Emergency bond issues.
- Losses in bond issues.
- Losses in business.
- Assignments.
- No employment.
- Distress.

Do not make the same mistake this year.

COCKRAN ON DEMOCRACY.

"Democratic leaders may betray a convention to the Populists, but they cannot seduce the footsteps of Democracy voters from the pathway of honor and justice."—Hon. W. Bourke Cockran, Democrat, Madison Square Garden, New York city, Aug. 18, 1896.

DESPAIR IS DROWNED.

"The hum of industry has drowned the voice of calamity, and the voice of despair is no longer heard in the United States, and the orators without occupation here are now looking to the Philippines for comfort."—William McKinley.

M'KINLEY'S POLICY RIGHT.

Events in China Have Validated His Judgment.

The Boxer insurrection in China, animated by a fanatical hatred of foreign ideas, methods and purposes, and resulting in unexampled outrages upon the life and property of foreigners, has created one of the most difficult problems in diplomatic history. The emperor of China, personally desirous of reforming and modernizing the ancient institutions of his country and of adapting them to the conditions of modern life, has been surrounded by a conservative, reactionary and anti-foreign element which has rendered his position not only difficult, but precarious. The Boxer movement, rising ostensibly from the great masses of the Chinese population, has undoubtedly been aided and abetted by powerful persons in high places, some of them influential in the inner circles of the Chinese imperial court.

To have held the Chinese government to a strict and immediate account for its non-suppression of the Boxer movement would undoubtedly have precipitated a general war between the foreign powers whose interests were imperiled in China and the feeble government which has been unable to suppress the insurrection. Such a war would have led inevitably to the conquest of China by a number of foreign powers, a result fatal to the policy of the "open door" of trade and commerce, for it would have subdivided the Chinese empire not only into spheres of foreign influence, but of actual occupation and possession, each encompassed by a barrier of discrimination or exclusion erected against the importation of American products. The spirit and traditions of the American republic would not permit the participation in such an act of dismemberment, but without a partnership in determining the destiny of the empire it is difficult to perceive how our treaty rights with China could have been protected.

In dealing with this delicate and complicated situation the United States took the lead in trying to preserve the existing central government of China, and thus open the way for the maintenance of the integrity of the empire.

The greatness of the president's policy stands out clear and luminous when we contemplate any alternative course that has been proposed or can be suggested.—George D. Melkjohn, Assistant Secretary of War, Washington, D. C.

NO PAY NO TALK.

Even at this stage of the campaign Mr. Bryan adheres to the doctrine of "No Pay No Talk." He was at Chillicothe, Ohio, the morning of the 14th of October, and delayed the meeting there for at least half an hour until the necessary \$75 to insure the wagging of his jaw was forthcoming. When the necessary sum had been raised he spoke for about eighteen minutes, which is a very liberal rate of a little over \$3 per minute, and he had considerable trouble in inducing the people of the old time city of Allen G. Thurman to give up the needful coin.

THEN AND NOW.

Four years ago we laid off about one-half of our men, on account of insufficient business, and the other half were employed only six hours with six hours' pay.

Today every man is working full time and receiving ten hours' pay for nine and a quarter hours' work. We believe that our condition is similar to that of all other electrical manufacturing concerns. Yours truly,
The Cutler Hammer Mfg. Co.,
J. G. Hickcox, Sec and Treas.,
Milwaukee, Wis., Oct. 6, 1900.

IMPERIALISM 36 YEARS AGO.

If Abraham Lincoln is re-elected President, the liberties of the people are gone forever. Military despotism will rule. There will be no liberty of speech or press. Anarchy, bloody anarchy, will follow. Taxation without limit will grind the people to the dust. There will be more widows and orphans and more tyranny and oppression than the world has seen for centuries.—Niles Republican, 1864.

PANIC WOULD SURELY SET IN.

The agitation which would inevitably follow a Democratic triumph next November would check the volume of business, delay improvements, curtail the output of mine, furnace and loom, and another era of retrenchment with the corresponding lack of work, lack of confidence, lack of comforts, would be inaugurated. The wise business man lets well enough alone, and the wise voter will do the same.

TREASONABLE OPPOSITION.

And if, in performing this work of civilization, American blood should be shed the position of our antixpansionists would not be enviable. The first shot fired against the American flag would make domestic opposition to the measures of our government avert treason. And those who practice treason find small indulgence in any country.—New York Journal, Jan. 6, 1899.

SMALL AND AGUINALDO.

"I will not vote for a candidate for the Presidency, or help to bring a party into power, while they plant one heel on the forehead of Booker Washington, and the other on the forehead of Robert Small, wave the flag over Aguinaldo and Mabini."—George F. Hoar.

THE LIVE STOCK MARKET.

Latest Quotations from South Omaha and Kansas City.

SOUTH OMAHA.
Union Stock Yards—Cattle.—There was another light run of cattle, and as the demand for all kinds of cattle was in good shape the market ruled active and steady to strong on all lines. There were not very many sorted cattle, about twenty-five cars would cover the receipts. Packers all seemed to be wanting good cattle, and especially the heavyweights, and prices were steady to strong. There were only about a dozen loads of cow stuff on sale today, and as the demand was good the market was a little stronger all around. The stocker and feeder trade did not show much change. There was a good demand for the more desirable kinds and prices were fully steady with yesterday. The more common kinds moved fairly well, but the market did not show any improvement on that class of cattle. There were about five cars of western beef on the market, besides several cars of Texas. The demand for the western killers was, as lively as ever, and one string was good enough to sell at \$4.45. The market could be quoted strong and active. Cows were in light supply and the prices paid were anywhere from strong to a dime higher than yesterday. The stocker and feeder trades were in good shape.

Hogs.—There was a light run of hogs but in spite of that fact the market started out about a dime lower. Buyers in some cases were bidding 7½¢ lower, but they did not get the hogs. The bulk of the early sales went at \$4.594.75, with few of the price holders. Buyers and one prime load at \$4.525. As the morning advanced it became evident that there was a good demand on the part of packers and sellers raised their hands and the last end of the hogs sold largely \$4.75@4.50, or about 2½¢ lower. The last half of the market was good and active. Sheep.—There was a steady stream of sheep on sale and very little change in the market was noticeable. Good stuff met with ready sale to the packers at \$4.40 about yesterday's prices. The common grades did not move quite as readily. The prices paid, however, did not show much variation. Lambs also were unchanged in price and active. Good demand of good quality. There is nothing new to be said about feeders, as they are still bringing the same prices they have been for some time past.

KANSAS CITY.

Cattle.—Receipts, 8,000 natives, 4,000 Texans, 700 calves; good general demand at steady prices; natives, \$3.90@4.00; stockers and feeders, \$3.50@4.50; butcher cows and heifers, \$3.00@4.00; canners, \$2.50@3.00; fed westerns, \$3.50@4.50; Texans, \$3.00@4.00; calves, \$3.00@4.00.
Hogs.—Receipts, 12,500 head; market opened a shade lower and closed very active at firm prices; heavy and mixed, \$4.50@4.60; light, \$4.50@4.75; pigs, \$4.00@4.25.
Sheep and Lambs.—Receipts, 4,300 head; supply largely common quality; trade fairly active at steady prices; lambs, \$4.00@4.25; muttons, \$3.50@4.00; steers and feeders, \$3.00@4.00; culls, \$2.50@3.00.

Big Estimate for the Navy.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 26.—The annual report of Admiral O'Neil contains an interesting summary of the important developments of the year in the matter of naval ordnance and armor and powder. The estimates for the next year, which aggregate \$7,457,855 include a single item of \$4,000,000 under the head of an increase of the navy, armor and armament. The admiral makes no recommendations on the armor question. There are items of \$500,000 for a new magazine at Boston; \$500,000 for reserve ammunition; \$500,000 for smokeless powder and \$323,849 for the Washington navy yard and proving grounds and a new battery for the Baltimore.

Pursues the Biscuit Trust.

LINCOLN, Neb., Oct. 27.—Attorney General Smyth this afternoon filed suit in the district court of this county against the Jones, Douglas & Company Cracker company of Lincoln, the National Biscuit company of New Jersey and the American Biscuit and Manufacturing company of Illinois, charging them with having combined as a trust in restraint of trade.

In his petitions he recounts the alleged absorption of the Lincoln company by the National and American and petitions that all agreements between them be declared illegal and abrogated.

Funeral of John Sherman.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 25.—Funeral services over the remains of John Sherman, preliminary to their transportation to Mansfield, O., were held at the Washington home this afternoon, conducted by Rev. Alexander Smith, pastor of St. John's Episcopal church, and the assistant pastor, Rev. E. M. Faddock. The services were attended by most of the government officials and foreign diplomats in the city, and many friends.

Test of Permit System.

BOISE, Idaho, Oct. 25.—An action has been begun in the United States circuit court to determine the constitutionality of the permit system, established by the state government in connection with the Coeur d'Alene riots of 1899. The case is brought by James C. Duffy of Butte against Governor Frank Steunenberg and State Auditor Bartlett Sinclair. He asks for \$2,500 damages. The court is asked to resign the authorities from enforcing the system.

Its Autonomy Gone Forever.

PRETORIA, Oct. 27.—The Transvaal was today proclaimed a part of the British empire, the proclamation being attended with impressive ceremonies. The royal standard was hoisted in the main square of the city, the Grenadiers presented arms, massed bands played the national anthem, Sir Alfred Milner read the proclamation and 6,200 troops, representing Great Britain and its colonies, marched past.

Touching Appeal to Russia.

LONDON, Oct. 27.—"Emperor Nicholas," says the St. Petersburg correspondent of the Daily Mail, "has received a letter from the Chinese emperor asking him to take the conquered Manchurian provinces under Russian protection."

Prepare to Resume Work.

SCRANTON, Pa., Oct. 27.—There is great rejoicing all through Scranton and the Lackawanna valley at the calling off of the anthracite miners' strike. The order has had the effect of stimulating the companies which had not already posted notices agreeing to advance wages 10 per cent to do so, and today the Pennsylvania company sent out its notices to its miners at Dunmore, Avoca and Pittston. Fifty-three thousand men and boys will resume work on Monday.