

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 Judge!—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 Woolstack?"

"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 sacrifice 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-stopping 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—such 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—of 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 Lloyd's 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, 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 sake! 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.

Dilett 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 espousing 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.

FRESH ANXIETY IN LONDON.

Disturbed Area in Cape Colony Extends Far Southward.

HOLDING BACK REAL NEWS.

British Obligated to Retire from a "Dis-Sout Predicament"—Considered Advisable Not to Force the Boers from Their Positions.

London, Dec. 28.—The paucity and obscurity of the dispatches from South Africa give rise to renewed anxiety. Apparently the disturbed area of Cape Colony extends farther south than it did last December, and Lord Kitchener does not appear to have had much success as yet in driving back the invaders.

The war office had received no news last evening of the reported capture of yeomanry near Britstown.

A Burgersdorp dispatch has a mysterious reference to "an unfortunate mistaking of the enemy for Brabant's horse, which resulted in the sounding of 'cease fire' and enabled the Boers to occupy all the commanding positions, the British retiring from a difficult predicament."

Gen. Clements' success against the Boers in the Magaliesberg region is also doubtful, the last dispatch reporting that "it was considered advisable not to force the Boers from their positions."

Many Casualties to Canadians.

Toronto, Ont., Dec. 28.—Col. Otter and a number of officers and men of the first Canadian contingent, which did such excellent service in South Africa, have reached here after an absence of fourteen months. Col. Otter states that from first to last there were 847 casualties in his command, out of a total of 1,030, but many of the men were, of course, able to resume service after a few days' treatment in the field hospitals.

BRITISH PRESSING DEWEET.

The Boer Commandant Is Pursued in Ladybrand District.

Maseru, Dec. 27.—The British are pressing Commandant Dewet in the Ladybrand district.

London, Dec. 27.—The position of Cape Colony is hanging in the balance. According to the Morning Post's Cape Town correspondent, everything depends upon the quantity of ammunition in possession of the disloyal Dutch presidents, 100 of whom have joined the Boers in the Philippstown district alone. Energetic measures have been taken to stem the invasion, but there is unquestionably danger that parties of Boers will get through into parts of the colony and gradually raise the whole cape in rebellion. Re-enforcements can arrive none too soon.

It appears that one Boer column attacked Steynsburg, but was repulsed and fled, intrenching itself in the mountains. Another Boer commando captured a party of police at Venterstad. Mounted colonial troops surprised 300 Boers fifteen miles from Burgersdorp, Dec. 23, and after a brisk interchange of volleys, retired with a loss of two men.

The Cape Town correspondent of the Times telegraphs that scarcely any Cape Colonists have joined the invaders.

Wellington, N. Z., Dec. 27.—The government has asked the governor, the earl of Ranfurly, to inform Joseph Chamberlain, the secretary of state for the colonies, that it does not wish the New Zealand contingent in South Africa to be diminished, that drafts will be forwarded to fill the ranks, and that additional mounted men will be sent.

Captured by Boers.

Cape Town, Dec. 27.—A squadron of yeomanry which had been following the Boers from Britstown is reported to have been entrapped. There were several casualties, it is said, and the remainder of the force was captured.

Lord Roberts at Madeira.

Funchal, Island of Madeira, Dec. 27.—The steamer Canada, with Lord Roberts on board, arrived here last evening, receiving a salute of nineteen guns on entering the port.

This morning Lord Roberts was tendered an official reception by the authorities, and at noon, aboard the Canada, he will proceed to Gibraltar.

Gov. Stanley Favors Hanging.

Wichita, Kas., Dec. 28.—Gov. Stanley's message will ask that capital punishment be revived by special act of the legislature. Gov. Stanley believes capital punishment in all the states would lessen the number of lynchings. He has made a special study on this line.

Mob Wrecks Objectionable Saloon.

Flora, Ind., Dec. 28.—The Burlington club house, known as the Blue Goose, was again last night the object of the wrath of a mob. All the windows were broken out, the doors smashed, and the liquor kegs rolled into the street and emptied into the gutters.

Friend of Nancy Hanks Dead.

Mexico, Mo., Dec. 28.—Mrs. Charles Lander, 82 years old, died in this city after an illness of two years. Mrs. Lander was, as far as known, the last survivor who knew Nancy Hanks, the mother of Abraham Lincoln.

Estate of Roger Wolcott.

Boston, Mass., Dec. 28.—The estate of the late Roger Wolcott represents, according to the assessors' books of Boston and Milton, about \$246,000. The real value would be considerably in excess of that amount.

SALT AS LIFE'S ELIXIR.

University Professors Say They Have Discovered Great Secret.

Chicago, Dec. 27.—Salt in solution causes rhythmical beats of the heart and can be used to prolong life, according to conclusions reached by two professors at the University of Chicago after months of experiment. Dr. Jacques Loeb and Prof. D. J. Lingle announce that they have discovered the force which starts the heart pulsating. Thus after centuries of study in school and monastery, after long search by adventurers who sought to find the secret of life in fountains gushing from earth, in alchemists' concoctions and in witches' charms the elixir is said to be at hand in one of the cheapest and plainest commodities that man knows of.

Experiments have been conducted by the university men on turtles. First the decapitation of the hard-shelled victim was accomplished in as painless a manner as possible. The lower part of the shell was then removed and the heart was taken from the body. A small strip was removed from one of the ventricles and suspended in various solutions. Only when it was suspended in a mixture in which salt, technically known as sodium chloride, was the chief component, did it beat steadily.

Three theories brought forward by scientific men to explain the beating of the heart are said by the Chicago professors to have been demolished by their tests. Explanations that are said to have been relegated to the realm of the superstitious are the early belief that the heart throbs because it is full of blood, the idea of Prof. J. H. Hall of the University of Michigan that the protoids in the blood cause the pulsation and the nerve-action theory of Prof. Winger of Johns Hopkins university.

Whether the new theory will result in developments that will make it possible for life to be restored where the decedent has not sustained a violent death remains to be demonstrated. In cases of hemorrhage the saline solution has been used for years.

New Smelter Is Started.

Pueblo, Colo., Dec. 27.—The new Rocky Mountain smelter at Florence, forty miles up the Arkansas river, was fired and began operations today. With this addition the Arkansas Valley of Colorado is the greatest center of metalliferous reduction works in America, there being a string of reduction plants extending from Leadville to Pueblo. The new smelter cost \$750,000. Most of the capital came from the east. The works start with a capacity of 600 tons of ore a day, but this is to be doubled during the next year. The ores treated will come mostly from Cripple Creek, Leadville and Silver Cliff.

Stovemakers in a Truce.

New York, Dec. 27.—A special to the World from Toronto says: After nearly a year's work, Dr. McCauley of Chicago has got all the stovemaking firms in Canada to form a syndicate.

The capital is placed at \$6,000,000, and the works of the combine will eventually concentrate at Hamilton and Toronto. The president of the combine will be from Toronto or Hamilton, and it is expected that all the works will be concentrated in these two cities.

On Her Way to Panama.

San Diego, Cal., Dec. 27.—The cruiser Phaeton of the British Pacific squadron has put in here on her way from Esquimalt to Panama, whither she was ordered on account of the Colombian rebellion and the disturbances which may follow it. It was not the intention to stop at this port, but one of the sailors is suffering from a fractured leg and will be left here.

Drunken Man's Fatal Frank.

St. Louis, Mo., Dec. 27.—James Kennedy lies at the point of death at the city hospital. He went into a saloon last night intoxicated, ordered a drink, shot a glass out of the hand of a bystander and put a bullet into his own head before he was interfered with. The man he shot was a stranger to him.

Big Fire in Calgary, N. W. T.

Calgary, N. W. T., Dec. 27.—The most destructive fire in the history of Calgary raged today, and wrought damage estimated at \$100,000. Several of the finest business structures fell prey to the flames, notably the Clarence, Eau Claire and new Norman blocks.

Paderewski Believed Alive.

Paris, Dec. 28.—Inquiries in quarters most likely to be correctly informed or the subject show that nothing is known in Paris to justify the report circulated in the United States that M. Ignacy Paderewski, the pianist, has been killed in a duel in France.

Educators Meet in Detroit.

Detroit, Mich., Dec. 28.—Prominent historians, educators and political economists have gathered in Detroit in attendance at the annual convention of the American Economic Association and the American Historical Association, which opened today.

Teeth of Mastodon Found.

Guthrie, Okla., Dec. 27.—Near Weatherford yesterday men were digging a well unearthed two teeth of a mastodon weighing fourteen pounds each, and an immense horn or tusk, eleven feet long and three feet in circumference.

Killed by a Wabash Train.

Decatur, Ill., Dec. 28.—George Guss was killed early this morning by a Wabash train two miles east of Decatur.

NOTES FROM THE CAPITAL.

Des Moines, December 27, 1900.

Adjutant General M. H. Byers announces that he has determined upon the three Iowa cities which will get the vacant company positions in the Iowa national guard. They will be Atlantic, Winkler and Albia. Just what companies will go to these towns is yet undecided. The three places vacant are Company A of the Fifty-fifth Iowa, which was formerly at Keokuk; Company G of the Fifty-first Iowa, formerly at Creston, and Company H of the Fifty-first Iowa, formerly at Des Moines.

The supreme court has sustained the constitutionality of the medical practice act on the very point where in it was supposed to be weak, and on which two district judges have declared against it. In the case of the state vs. Blair, from Audubon county, Judge N. W. Macy discharged the defendant, an itinerant physician who had not paid the state license, holding that the medical practice act requiring this license was unconstitutional, because it granted certificates to practice to physicians who had practiced five years in the state, three of which were in one locality. The supreme court holds that an itinerant physician is "usually wanting in honesty and too frequently a charlatan or quack."

Fifty-six opinions, the largest number ever handed down in a single day by the supreme court, were filed December 22d. Among these was an important decision in the case of the state of Iowa, appellant, vs. B. F. Schlenker, appellee. This was an appeal from the Polk county district court and a decision of Judge C. A. Bishop in a case in which the defendant, a Des Moines milk dealer, was accused of the crime of selling milk adulterated with boric acid. The court did not hesitate to speak in terms that reflected severely on Judge Bishop's decision. The decision of the supreme court, written by Judge Deemer, was a complete victory for the state and upholding the constitutionality of the statute. In the district court the defendant's motion in arrest of the judgment, based on the proposition that the statute was and is unconstitutional, was sustained and he was released. The state appealed.

The supreme court has handed down an opinion affirming the verdict against R. W. Boeger, in Decatur county, in which he was assessed \$375 damages for having forcibly hugged and kissed Miss Mae Bremer. The court finds nothing in the twenty-two alleged errors in the lower trial which would justify it in disturbing the verdict, which seems to be righteous.

The State Equal Suffrage association has all its plans perfected for the commencement of an aggressive campaign at the first of the year. A number of new organizers will be placed in the field, and the work will be carried on with energy until next June, when it is the intention to have every county in the state organized so that there may be ninety-nine representatives from this state at the national convention, which will be held at Minneapolis during the month of June. Those who are interested in the work propose to fulfill the wishes of the national organizers and do everything possible to make Iowa a suffrage state. The headquarters of the suffragists are open all the time, and the work is never allowed to cease. Literature is being sent out continually. Mrs. Nellie Nelson, the corresponding secretary, has charge of the work, and in a measure takes the place of the state chairmen of the political parties.

There has been considerable discussion among the Commercial Exchange directors and members of the army post committee in regard to naming the army post. No one seems to know just how the government proceeds in naming new posts, but it is thought any reasonable name the city might suggest would be adopted. It has been suggested that the post be called Fort Hull, in recognition of the work Captain Hull has done in securing its establishment. Fort Des Moines has also been suggested. The latter meets with more general favor. It is thought it will benefit the city more than any other, giving the town a wide range of free advertising. Other suggestions are Fort Crocker and Fort Kirkwood.

TWO PRINCES ARRESTED.

Tuan and Chang Apprehended and Held for Trial.

London, Dec. 27.—The Shanghai correspondent of the Standard says: "The government has arrested Prince Tuan and Prince Chang on the borders of the Shan Si and Shou Si provinces. Yu Hsien has been ordered to return to Sian Fu forthwith, to be executed, it is supposed. It is inferred from these reports that the imperial authorities are preparing to concede the demands of the joint note for the punishment of the instigators of the trouble in China."

BLOCKS PAYMENT TO CRAMPS.

Protest by Germany to the Sultan Impedes Cruiser Contract.

Constantinople, Dec. 25.—The expected imperial irade authorizing the signing of the contract for the construction of a cruiser for the Ottoman navy by the Cramp Shipbuilding company, together with the initial deposit of £100,000, has not yet been issued. It appears the German embassy has protested to the porte against the payment to the Cramps before the amount owing to Herr Krupp for naval guns has been paid.

New Zealand Soldiers in South Africa.

Wellington, N. Z., Dec. 27.—The government has asked the governor, the Earl of Banfurly, to inform Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, the secretary of state for the colonies, that it does not wish the New Zealand contingent in South Africa to be diminished, that drafts will be forwarded to fill the ranks and that additional mounted men will be sent.

Some girls meet over a novel hero while their mothers wrestle with a scrubbing brush.

In 1830 the world's railways measured only 210 miles. Now there are 370,000 miles.