

# A Sacrifice To Conscience

BY  
H. B. Welsh

## CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

She hesitated. And he saw her bare hands—they were very small hands he had noticed, with slenderly-shaped fingers—wrapping themselves together as if in overwhelming distress or perplexity. Then she spoke in a half-stifled voice:

"I think I shall go home to him. I am afraid to bring another doctor. I—I shall do what I can for him myself."

A thought struck Enderby and he said quickly, with a shade of embarrassment:

"If you are afraid of Doctor Howarth's charges, Miss Lloyd, I think you can let your mind be easy about that. He is, I believe, a very kindly and generous man."

He saw the girl start and flinch a little, as if his words had stung her. Then she said:

"It is not that. I think I had better go straight home."

"Very well."

Enderby stopped the driver and stepped out. The gaslight fell full on the girl's face as he turned to look at it. What a ghastly, pale, troubled young face it was! Yet it struck him that it might under certain circumstances, be beautiful.

The features were small and aquiline, the brow childishly smooth and white, the mouth and chin softly and roundly formed, though the former had a strange expression of self-repression now; the eyes were weird and dark, though the hair seemed auburn, the brows above them of startling blackness. And what a child she looked! Hardly sixteen, he thought, as he looked at her.

"What address shall I give the man?" he asked.

"Burdon Mansions," she answered. "They are only about five minutes' walk from here."

Enderby knew them well by name—small flats, mostly occupied by needy clerks and poor working women.

He stood still for a moment thinking.

"I hope your foot will be all right," he said then, "and that your father may be no worse. May I call in a few days and see?"

She gave him a quick, almost terrified glance, then suddenly her lips began to tremble pitifully, and she turned aside her head.

"How kind you have been!" she faltered, "and I have never thanked you." She put out her hand as if impulsively, then drew it back before he could touch it. "It is kind of you to wish to call," she said. "Yes, I shall be very grateful if you do. We live two stories up."

"How will you get up with that sprained foot of yours?" he asked. "Don't you think I had better come with you and help you?"

"Oh, it is not much," she said, her voice faltering; but without another word, Enderby got in again, and they drove on to Burdon Mansions.

They were a pile of dull, dreary looking buildings. Enderby paid the man and helped the girl, who limped painfully within the buildings. But when they attempted to climb the stairs, he saw that it cost her terrible pain, and he turned to her, saying quietly:

"Will you allow me to carry you up?" It is the easiest and speediest way.

A little crimson patch suddenly showed on her cheek, like the mark of a warm finger; she put up her own hand and rubbed it feverishly as if it burned.

"No, no; you mustn't!" she said. But Enderby had already stooped and taken her in his arms. How light she was—not so heavy as many a child of ten!

Enderby had never had a woman in his arms before, and he was almost astonished himself to find how tenderly they enfolded this girl. But for the sake of one woman Enderby was tender to all.

They were soon at the landing of the second flat. Enderby set her down, and she stood leaning on the wall, her face deadly pale again, but her eyes shining strangely.

"I cannot thank you," she said, her lips trembling oddly and uncontrolably. "But perhaps God will repay you for your kindness to me—a stranger of whom you know nothing. They say London is full of wickedness, but it must be full of goodness, too. Now I must go."

"I shall wait for a moment here," said Enderby, with a sudden resolution. "And you will come out and tell me if your father is any better. Perhaps I can do something yet to help you."

"You may depend upon me," said Enderby, heartily. "Good night."

He put out his hand, the girl laid her small, slim one in it, and Enderby gave it a friendly pressure. Then he went away.

As he emerged into the open air again he fancied a shadow flitted noiselessly round a corner of the mansions. Then he drew himself together with a short laugh, for a disagreeable thrill had run through him at the fancy.

He had bidden the hansom wait, and he went up to the man, who was sitting drowsily before him.

"Did you notice a man go round the mansions as I came out, driver?" Cabby shook his drowsy head.

"No, sir, I haven't. Why, all wise folks as in their beds in this 'ere locality hours ago, I should say," he retorted, with a touch of personal feeling.

Enderby got in, and was soon being driven to his rooms in the West End.

Somewhat, the strange incidents of the night had oddly unsettled him. Even when he went to bed his dreams were disturbed by strange, uncomfortable reproductions of these incidents, grotesquely and even horribly deformed. For so matter-of-fact a man Paul Enderby was oddly fanciful over them.

Still, undoubtedly the experience had been rather a peculiar one.

He felt sure the girl was refined and of gentle birth; it is not difficult to detect the signs of these. Her accent was not exactly an English one, yet it was not peculiar enough to be pronounced un-English.

Who was she? Who was her father? What reason could she have for absolutely refusing to allow another doctor but this Doctor Lyndon to see her father? Who was this Doctor Lyndon?

With the morning the incidents of the night before seemed to have drifted off into the same region as that in which dreams are made; but one reminiscence of them remained with Enderby, and oddly annoyed him. It was the memory of the man who had passed in the hansom while he was speaking to the girl who called herself by the name of Lloyd.

Enderby sauntered along to the Courts, where he assumed gown and wig, and listened to the cases. He was not absolutely a briefless barrister and he was considered very clever.

But, besides that, Paul Enderby came of a very good family, and was not, though he himself was poor, so very far removed from the Barony of Eglis, having only five lives between him and it. So that Enderby was somewhat of a spoiled child of society, being a good-looking, straight-limbed, handsome fellow enough after the pure Saxon type, and without a taint upon his name.

He was coming out of the Courts when some one tapped him on the shoulder.

"Ah, Enderby, going to the club, are you? I'm due there at five and have one or two engagements after dinner. I suppose you will put in an appearance at the Penningtons tonight?"

Enderby's pleasant, fresh-complexioned face had been overshadowed by a look of annoyance as the newcomer addressed him. He was a man a little older than himself—not above middle height, and slender with it, with a pale, dark face, black eyes placed rather close together, and a smooth, straight, unpleasant mouth, which had a disagreeable habit of curling upwards when he laughed. He was Digby Dalton, and was by profession also a barrister.

"I dare say I shall look in at the Penningtons," he answered, drily. "But I have another engagement."

"Miss Lennox's reception?" smiled Dalton. "Yes, of course, you will be there, Enderby. What a man you are for being asked out! By the by, had you anything on last night?"

Enderby looked straight into the smiling face.

"Perhaps I had. May I ask why you inquire, Mr. Dalton?"

"Oh, nothing!" The other shrugged his shoulders. "Only curious, wasn't it? I was driving over Westminster about half past one, and I saw a man with a girl on the bridge. I could have sworn it was you. Curious, wasn't it?"

"Not at all," Enderby answered coldly. "It was I."

"Oh, I beg your pardon! I really would not have mentioned it if I had thought that was the case," said Dalton, as if with regret. "Of course, we men of the world don't inquire too narrowly into each other's affairs; but you know there are a few men whose lives seem open to every one and whose slightest action will bear investigation. I don't require to tell you, Enderby, that we all consider you are one of those. In fact, your membership at the Bayard Club is sufficient proof. Well, I shall not detain you. I have a little matter of business to settle in the Strand." And lifting his

hat with elaborate politeness, he disappeared.

Enderby knew every word he had spoken had been armed with a venomous tip. Dalton had hated him from the first time they had met. That hatred had become deepened into something vindictive and malignant when, through Enderby, though more by accident than choice, Dalton had been dismissed from the club, which was sometimes mockingly called the "Bayard," on account of having been found cheating at cards.

"He recognized me, of course," Enderby said to himself. "And he will go to-night to Miss Lennox, and tell her. Well, she has more than an ordinary woman's sense of fairness. She will let me speak for myself. And will she believe him? Or will her heart have something to say on my behalf? Ceil! Ceil!"

He whispered the name to himself as a devotee might whisper the name of a sacred shrine. For to Paul Enderby, to whom all womanhood was sacred, Ceil Lennox was the incarnation of all that was noblest, purest and fairest in woman. So little does the simple, straightforward nature of a good man understand a woman.

## CHAPTER III.

It was two days after the reception at the West End mansion of Sir Henry Lennox, the well-known Queen's Counsel, who was considered one of the wealthiest men connected with the legal profession.

Enderby had seen Ceil Lennox but for a few minutes, but she had then been able to utter the words that thrilled Enderby through as no other words could have done.

"Come to see me on Friday. It is not my day at home, but I shall be at home—to you."

Paul Enderby was thirty, was a barrister, and was prosaic, yet his heart and pulses thrilled like those of a sentimental boy of twenty as he was admitted into the presence of Ceil Lennox.

She was certainly a very beautiful woman. As she came forward to greet him, her tea-gown of pale sea-green and billowy lace falling in graceful folds about her, Enderby thought that no woman who ever lived could have excelled her in beauty and grace. But there were others who might have thought that the beauty of Ceil Lennox—of the soft, exquisitely tinted face, of the rounded chin and throat, the red-lipped, smiling mouth, the deep, changeful, soft, violet eyes—had something sensuous and voluptuous in it.

Enderby did not think so. He loved the woman—or was it the woman he imagined her to be?—and that was enough.

Ceil let her soft little hand lie in his for a moment, then she drew him towards the silk-covered couch from which she had risen.

"It was good of you to come," she said, in her low, caressing voice. "We shall have tea presently. I suppose I needn't ask you how you enjoyed my crush? People never do enjoy crushes. Why do we give them at all? Oh, I often wish I had the courage of my convictions, and could throw off this yoke of social fashions and conventions, and be what I should like best to be—a simple human being, asking to my house only those I really cared for, and being able to interchange thought and friendly kindness with them!"

As a matter of fact, Miss Lennox would not have given up her "social fashions and conventions" for anything that could have been given her in exchange. But she was clever enough to suit her tastes, as well as her conversation, to the individual characters of her companions.

## (To be Continued.)

## How Plants Gain Weight.

As far as is known the first botanical experiment ever performed was conducted by a Dutchman. He placed in a pot 200 pounds of dried earth, and in it he planted a willow branch which weighed five pounds. He kept the whole covered up and daily watered the earth with rainwater. After five years' growth the willow was again weighed and was found to have gained 164 pounds. The earth in the pot was dried and weighed and had lost only two ounces. The experimentalist, therefore, looked upon this experiment as supporting the theory that plants required no food but water. But he was wrong. Later it was discovered that much of the increase in weight of plants was derived from carbonic acid gas in the air. Vegetable cells contain a liquid known as "cell sap," which is water holding in solution various materials which have been taken up from without by the roots and leaves. Thus it is in the living cells of the plant that those "digestive" processes are carried on which were once believed to occur in the soil.

## Coachman Obeyed Orders.

From Downs there is reported an instance of "carrying a message to Garcia," which did not result so satisfactorily as it might. G. W. Young telegraphed his coachman at Downs to "meet me tonight with team at Salem," Salem being a small town a few miles away. But when the coachman received the message it read, "Meet me tonight with team at Salina," a big town ninety-six miles away. The coachman asked the telegraph operator to have the message repeated, and it came "Salina" again, whereupon he started for that place and reached it by night, though he ruined both horses in the finest team of Osborne county.—Kansas City Journal.

## FROM 2,600 TO 3,000 DEAD.

### Texas Cities Laid Low by Fierce Storm.

### ENTIRE TOWNS WIPED OUT.

### In Galveston 4,000 Buildings Crumpled Before Big Waves Which Sweep In from the Gulf—Ninety Dead Found in Other Towns.

Houston, Tex., Sept. 11.—The first direct news from Galveston, after thirty hours of isolation, more than confirms the worst fears regarding that city's fate.

Estimates of the loss of life in Galveston vary. Governor Sayers says the reports reaching him indicate that 3,000 persons perished. A special message reaching here by way of New Orleans, sent by cable through Vera Cruz and the City of Mexico puts the dead at 2,600, while a man who came through from the unfortunate city today says at least 1,000 are drowned, killed, or missing, and that 4,000 buildings were destroyed.

This last news was brought by James C. Timmins, general superintendent of the National Compress company, who has just arrived here from Galveston after a perilous trip. He says the magnitude of the disaster remains to be told, as he left before the worst was known.

### Many Towns Laid in Ruins.

In addition to Galveston several other towns are cut off from communication, with no knowledge of their fate possible. Several more are reported totally demolished, while in others only a few buildings remain standing. Those from which no word has been received are feared to have met disaster.

A distance of 100 miles inland the storm continued its work of destruction. The hurricane has subsided, but the sea is running mountain high. A train sent out in an effort to reach Galveston was met by great waves eight miles inland and was forced to return.

One big steamer is two miles inland, as if hurled there by a tidal wave.

A Santa Fe train was lifted from the track two miles north of Alvin by the waves and wind and one passenger was killed, with a score of persons injured.

After remaining through the storm on Saturday Mr. Timmins left Galveston on a schooner and went across the bay to Morgan's Point, where he caught a train for Houston.

The hurricane, Mr. Timmins said, was the worst ever known. Most of the buildings destroyed were residences.

### Galveston a Total Wreck.

Galveston is a complete wreck so far as he could see from the water front and from the Tremont hotel. Water was driven over the island by the hurricane, the wind blowing at the rate of eighty miles an hour straight from the gulf and forcing the sea before it in big waves. The gale was a steady one, the heart of it striking the city at 5 o'clock Saturday evening and continuing without intermission until midnight Saturday night, when it abated somewhat, although it continued to blow all night.

### City Early Submerged.

The city of Galveston, he says, is now entirely submerged and cut off from communication. The boats are gone, the railroads cannot be operated and the water is so high people cannot walk out by way of the bridge across the bay, even should that bridge be standing.

There is no way of estimating the property damage at present. So far as he could see or hear, Mr. Timmins said, the east end portion of the city, which is the residence district, has been practically wiped out of existence.

### Prominent Citizens Killed.

Of his own knowledge Mr. Timmins knew of only one house succumbing with fatal results, though he heard of many residences being carried away with inmates. The house that he saw destroyed was Ritter's saloon and restaurant at 2109 Strand street, a principal business street of the city. This three-story building was blown down and nine men, prominent citizens, were killed. Among the dead are: Charles Kolner, Sr., a cotton buyer for an English firm; Stanley C. Spencer, general manager of the Elder-Demster Steamship line, and Richard Lord, manager for McFadden's Cotton company, whose body is still in the ruins.

Secretary Bailey of the Wharf company and several waiters and customers saved themselves by jumping from the upper story just before the crash came.

### Fall to Reach Coast.

Every effort to reach Galveston from this city has met with failure. It is known that the railroad bridges across the bay at Galveston are either wrecked or are likely to be destroyed with the weight of a train on them. The approaches to the wagon bridge are gone, and it is rendered useless. The bridge of the Galveston, Houston & Northern railroad is standing, but the draw-bridges over Clear creek and at Edgewater are gone, and the road cannot get trains through to utilize the bridge across the bay.

### Five Towns Fate Unknown.

A train went down the Columbia tap road this morning as far as Chenango Junction. The town was greatly damaged and the bodies of nine negroes were taken from the ruins of one house. The train could proceed no further and came back to Houston.

leaving the fate of the people at Angleton, Columbia, Brazoria, Velasco and Quintana uncertain.

### Sabine Pass Is Isolated.

Sabine pass has not been heard from today. Yesterday morning the last news was received from there and at that time the water surrounding the old town at the pass and the wind was rising and the waves coming high.

### Brookshire Wiped Out.

The small town of Brookshire, on the Missouri, Kansas & Texas, was almost wiped out by the storm. The crew of a work train brought this information. When the train left there bodies of four persons had been recovered, and the search for others was proceeding. Hempstead, across the country from Brookshire, was also greatly damaged, but so far as known no lives were lost. The town of Alvin is reported practically demolished. Hitchcock has suffered severely from the storm, while the little town of Alafoloma is reported without a house standing.

In Houston one person was killed—Henry Black, a hack driver. The property damage is \$250,000. The Merchants and Planters' oil mill was wrecked, entailing a loss of \$49,000. The Dickson car wheel works suffered to the extent of \$16,000.

The big Masonic temple, which is the property of the grand lodge of the state, was partly wrecked. Nearly every church in the city was damaged.

### Reports from Many Towns.

Galveston—From 1,000 to 3,000 dead, 4,000 buildings wrecked; scores of vessels in harbor wrecked; cisterns polluted by sea water; city in darkness. Sabine Pass—Large property loss. Port Arthur—Large property loss. Alafoloma—Reported not a house standing. Brookshire—Wiped out, four bodies recovered. Alvin—Practically demolished, eleven bodies recovered. Angleton—Wiped out; two dead. Columbia—Isolated, fate uncertain. Brazoria—Isolated, fate uncertain. Velasco—Isolated, fate uncertain. Pearl—One-half destroyed. Chenango Junction—Damaged; nine bodies recovered. Hempstead—Great damage. Seabrook—Two bodies recovered, seventeen missing. Morgan's Point—Three drowned, others missing. Hitchcock—Partially destroyed; no details. Houston—One death; damage, \$250,000. Brook—Destroyed; seventeen people missing. Richmond—Three dead, large property loss. Beasley—Partially destroyed; four dead. Booth—One dead. Rosenberg—Three dead. Oyster Creek—Nine dead, three missing. Port Eads—Six dead. Waco—Great damage.

Cotton in the path of the storm is damaged probably 30 per cent, and many orchards are ruined.

### HOUSTON IS WRECKED.

### Night of Terror Passed Amid Crashing Glass and Falling Brick.

Dallas, Texas, Sept. 11.—F. T. Woodward gives the following description of Saturday night in the Grand Central station at Houston during the gale that destroyed many buildings in that city. To a Houston News reporter he furnished a graphic description of his experience. Mr. Woodward said:

"About 8 p. m., the wind, which for several hours had been blowing a steady gale, increased in violence, and signboards and awnings were torn from their hangings and whirled through the air like chaff.

"In company with about 150 others, I was in the Grand Central depot, which, standing as it does, isolated and above, was exposed to the full force of the hurricane, and the first strong gust was followed by a sound of shattering glass. Several of the windows of the general offices overhead had given way under the almost irresistible pressure of the storm.

"This was the beginning of a night of terror—of seven hours of mortal dread. The storm continued to rage with unabated fury and the roar of the wind was accompanied by the sound of crashing glass as one after another of the many windows were torn from fastenings and shattered against the brick walls of the building or upon the sidewalk below.

"Women clasped their children to their arms, as though they expected to be torn asunder the next moment. Men began to scan the pillars and partition walls supporting the floor above and to take up such positions as seemed to be most conducive to safety in the event the huge building was razed by the storm.

"The crashing of glass was soon followed by a sound of ripping and tearing, which was clearly and distinctly heard above the almost deafening roar of the storm. Section after section of the tin roof was rolled up like sheets of parchment and hurled hundreds of feet away.

"As my train left Houston shortly after daylight—nine hours late—nothing had been learned as to the havoc of the storm in other parts of the city. Along the road north of Houston scenes of devastation and distress were witnessed.

"Buildings had been torn down and the material of which they were built was scattered along the ground for miles and miles. Trees had been pulled up by their roots and denuded of their branches. Fields that had been smiling the day before with all the great fertility of this record-breaking year, were bare, the plants having been grasped by the hurricanes and scattered far and wide. Hundreds of head of cattle had been killed. There can be no question that the loss of life has been something appalling.

"At least 40 per cent of the structures in the towns of Hockley, Cypress and Waller have been totally destroyed. Twenty per cent of Hempstead is in ruins. Hearne was damaged somewhat, but I do not regard the situation there, comparatively speaking, as serious."

## LI HUNG GIVEN POWER.

### Authority to Negotiate Peace Conferred on Him.

### IMPERIAL EDICT RECEIVED.

### Credentials Considered Adequate to Meet All Objections—Message from Chaffee—He Thinks Chinese Government Will Not Return While Army Occupies Peking.

Washington, Sept. 11.—The Chinese minister has received an imperial edict conferring on Li Hung Chang extraordinary power for the complete settlement of the Chinese trouble. It gives him authority to make any terms according to his own discretion, without referring them to the emperor. This is unusual authority and it is claimed that the Chinese legation gives Li Hung Chang credentials adequate to meet all the objections heretofore raised as to his power to negotiate for peace. The edict is dated two weeks ago, but is just forwarded from Li Hung Chang. Minister Wu delivered it to the state department this morning.

The following dispatch has been received at the war department:

"Taku (no date). Adjutant General, Washington.—Two afternoon 4th. Evidence accumulates that diplomatic relations will not be resumed here for a long time. Russian legation leave very soon for Tientsin. Appears to me certain Chinese government will not return here while foreign army remains, and if this be true, our legation can transact no business. My opinion: Peking is to be merely a camp for foreign army pending settlement by powers at other points. CHAFFEE."

### AMERICANS TO LEAVE PEKING.

President McKinley Adheres to His Course.

Washington, Sept. 11.—Orders directing Gen. Chaffee, with the American forces under him, to leave Peking immediately have been prepared, and will in all probability be signed by the president before his departure for Somerset, Pa. It is the intention of the United States to get its troops out of Peking as speedily as possible, but at the same time fulfilling all obligations of this government to the other powers. The troops will be ordered from Peking and will be withdrawn from Chinese territory almost immediately. Minister Conger and all persons under his protection will leave Peking with the American troops, but he will go to Shanghai, where he will be under the protection of the American warships. He will remain there indefinitely and perform his diplomatic duties from that point. President McKinley does not propose to become entangled with the Europeans in a diplomatic squabble. He foresees that when the time for a settlement of the difficulty arrives there was likely to be such a condition of affairs as exists today—namely: that each of the European nations would be afraid to make a move because of suspicion of the others.

The news received here that Prince Ching has returned to Peking is of the most encouraging nature, as it will be observed that Prince Ching has been ordered by the emperor to return to Peking and arrange affairs there.

London, Sept. 11.—Middle is the only word that fits describes the Peking situation. If the dispatches to London, papers from European capitals are to be believed, the rumors of the intentions of the powers are as varied and numerous as the crop of dreams sent out from Shanghai in the early stages of the trouble.

### Richmond Churches Wrecked.

Richmond, Texas, Sept. 11.—The most terrific storm that has ever visited this section of the state struck this town Saturday night at 10:30 o'clock, destroying everything in its path. There are only a few houses in the town that were not damaged. Many buildings were demolished, destroying stocks of goods. The court house was damaged. The Baptist church is a total wreck, while the Methodist church is almost destroyed.

Three lives were lost in the colored Baptist church, Henry Ransom and two children, colored.

One person was killed at Booth and four lives were lost at Beasley.

### Eagle Lake Damaged.

Eagle Lake, Texas, Sept. 11.—Three churches, together with many houses, dwelling and business, were blown to pieces.

The rice crop and the peach crop are ruined. The cotton crop is nearly ruined, the cane crop is considerably damaged. The loss to this community from the storm is estimated by the most reasonable citizens at about \$250,000.

No lives were lost here, but the town of East Bernard has been blown away and three persons were killed there.

### Henry A. Chittendon Dead.

Oakland, Cal., Sept. 11.—Henry A. Chittendon, a journalist of note and the man who secured for the city the \$50,000 Carnegie free public library, is dead of a throat affection, aged 54 years. He served as an editor on many eastern papers.

For fifteen years he was employed by James Gordon Bennett on the New York Herald and the Telegram.

### Arrest a Bank Teller.

Owensboro, Ky., Sept. 11.—Herman J. Nunnhelm was arrested here charged with making erasures on the books of the National Deposit bank. He was arrested on a warrant sworn out by National Bank Inspector Frazer, who made the investigation. The erasures were made on the register and stub register of the bank, and they involved a shortage of \$11,000.