

## Dick Armstrong's Sacrifice.

"Muriel, I want you to be my wife. I love you, dearest, and have always loved you. Say that you will make me the happiest man in the world by putting your hand in mine and promising to marry me." Muriel Carslake's radiant eyes lit up with sudden enthusiasm. For a long time she had hoped that Dick Armstrong would propose to her, for Dick was very, very rich, and she, Muriel, was very, very poor. She esteemed the young man with much respect, but of love she had little to offer. Still, anything would be preferable to a life of poverty, the girl told herself time after time when she pondered the question, and she therefore placed her tiny palm within Dick's and whispered softly: "Yes, Dick, I will."

"My own darling girl," he cried, as he covered her face with passionate kisses, "Heaven bless you for speaking those dear words. And you really love me, then?"

"Of course I do," she replied, in a feeble tone—a tone which would have proclaimed to any less simple fellow than Dick that she was merely playing a part; "of course I do."

"It seems so strange, dear, that a saint like you should care for a stupid, humdrum fellow like me."

"You are so good, so honest, so true," she replied, hurriedly, "who could help liking you, Dick?"

"It is like your sweet self to say that. Oh, Muriel, Muriel, I can hardly believe that I am awake. This happiness seems too good to be true, too exquisite to last."

There followed many more words in the same lover-like strain, and Muriel, who was by no means callous at heart, began to feel various qualms of remorse. It was very wrong to deceive poor Dick, she reflected, and to allow him to fancy that she loved him, when all the affection of her heart and soul had long since been given to his friend Jack Castleton, but, after all, what could she do? Jack was simply a humble clerk, earning a clerk's wage, whereas Dick Armstrong's income ran in five figures yearly, and every one of those figures meant much to Muriel Carslake. An orphan, brought up in the home of a relative where poverty reigned supreme, she had come to loathe the mere thought of straitened means with deadly aversion, and hence it had occurred that she had accepted Dick's offer, and all that went with that offer, with feverish alacrity.

She tripped home and told her aunt of the episode, and received that lady's congratulations with much composure.

"You are a dear, sensible girl, Muriel," remarked Mrs. Vinicombe, kissing her niece warmly, "and you deserve to be happy. I am glad you have put all that nonsense about young Castleton out of your head. Such romantic folly is right enough in a three-volume novel, of course, but life isn't a novel, and every girl should think of settlements rather than of sentiment."

"Poor Jack will be terribly unhappy," remarked Muriel, in a low voice, "and, to tell the truth, so am I."

"What rubbish. Both of you will get over it long before the wedding day. As for young Mr. Armstrong, he is the best natured and kindest fellow I have ever met, and would have made an excellent husband even if he hadn't a penny."

"Yes," assented Muriel, "he is the best man in the whole world, I think, and I only wish I could love him as he deserves to be loved. But we can't control our feelings in these affairs, more's the pity."

Then she went slowly to her room and wrote the following letter:—

My Poor Dear Jack,—I have some news for you, which I hope you won't take to heart more than you can help. This afternoon your friend Mr. Armstrong, asked me to be his wife, and, like the wicked mercenary girl that I am, I said "yes," to him. You see, Jack, he is very rich, and the mere thought of a life of poverty is so horrid to me that I think it better to marry without love than without money. I know it is very hard on you, dear, but you must try and forgive me, and forget me as soon as you can. You and I have had some sweet times together, but, of course, we must put all those memories out of our heads now, and blot out the golden hours for ever and ever. It is hard, I know, but life is always hard, especially when love comes into it. Ah, why didn't your uncle buy you that partnership in the bank which we used to fancy he would do? If he had done that, how different everything would have been! Then you and I could have married months ago, and this sordid business would never have been entered into by me. If only you knew how I hate myself for what I have done and for the way in which I have deceived poor Dick, you would, I think, pity me with all your heart. As it is, I cannot ask for your pity, but only for your forgiveness. Good-bye, and God bless you. Your faithless but still loving Muriel.

And when the letter had been placed in its envelope, stamped, and dispatched, the writer of it flung herself upon her couch and sobbed her very soul from her eyes. She had come to the parting of the ways, she had been asked to choose be-

tween love and money, and she had chosen the latter. But in the choice there lay much bitterness, and she wondered whether she would ever be happy again.

"Great Scot, Armstrong, you're wet through. There, sit down by the fire, man, and take off your coat. You shall have one of mine to wear for the time being."

"Thanks, Castleton, you're awfully good. I meant to drive over to your lodgings, but couldn't find a conveyance, and so I walked. Do you know, I hardly felt the rain at all, for I was burning to tell you some wonderful news."

"Well, slip on this jacket and make yourself comfortable first of all."

Dick Armstrong obeyed lounge-coat which his chum extended to him. Then seating himself by the fire he stretched his legs towards the blaze and said, slowly:

"Old chap, I am engaged to be married."

Jack Castleton winced as the words fell upon his ears. The news of the engagement had already been conveyed to him by Muriel's letter, but naturally he gave no sign of knowledge, but merely bowed his head, and said:

"Indeed. You have my congratulations."

"Thank you very much, old chap. The lady who is to be my wife is someone whom I think you know—Miss Carslake."

"Someone whom I think you know." Oh, the irony of the words—the bitter, soul-searing irony. Little did good-hearted Dick Armstrong reckon of the pain that he was causing his friend as he lay back in the deep chair and spoke the careless words that had just quitted his lips.

"Yes; I know her very well indeed."

"Then you know the sweetest and best woman on earth. I don't deserve her, Jack, I don't, indeed. Such a girl as Muriel might marry an earl, a duke, a prince, and yet confer distinction rather than receive it. Don't you think so too?"

"I think so too."

"When we are married Jack, you must come and see us very often. We shall have a house in town, of course, but we shall live in Bayfield half the year, and you will always be a welcome guest. You'll come, won't you, old chap?"

"I—yes, that is, of course I'll come."

His lips quivered as he spoke, and, to tell the truth, Jack Castleton was undergoing an agonizing ordeal. His nature was honesty itself, and it agitated him beyond measure to be compelled to play a part and to allow his best friend to go in ignorance of the genuine condition of affairs. And yet what could he do? What could he say? To tell poor Dick the truth would mean a heart-breaking blow to him—and it was better that he should linger in his fool's paradise until the end.

Dick continued to talk in joyous tones, speaking with all the joyousness of a lover regarding the woman he loved. When at length the clock pointed to six he rose to take his leave.

"Good-bye, old chap," he said, heartily; "and many thanks to you for listening so patiently to my rhapsodies."

"Good-bye," returned the other man, grasping his chum's hand; "I'll send over your coat in the morning. It isn't dry enough yet for you to wear."

"Thanks very much. I suppose my wearing this jacket of yours won't inconvenience you?"

"Not at all. It's simply an old lounge coat that I ought to have thrown away long ago."

The young men parted at the door of Castleton's lodgings, and Dick slowly tramped away in the direction of the comfortable apartments which he occupied at the "Red Lion"—at which hostelry he always stayed when in the little town of Bayfield. Arrived at the inn, he went straight to his room and, sitting down in a deep chair, put his hand to his pocket mechanically in order to extract his cigar-case. In the excitement of his present mood he had completely forgotten that he was wearing another man's coat, and lo! instead of the cigar case his fingers closed upon a letter. He drew it forth, and before he could realize that the communication was not one of his own his amazed eyes had fallen upon a handwriting which he knew and loved—the handwriting of Muriel Carslake. Merciful heavens! It began with the words:

"My poor dear Jack."

Dick Armstrong was an honorable man, but for the life of him he could not refrain from reading every word which the letter, found by accident in his friend's coat, contained. When he had finished the perusal he read it again, and then again, the truth slowly sinking into his agonized heart as the words penetrated his brain.

Presently he rose and paced the room, trying to think out the situation. So Muriel did not care for him after all; her heart belonged to another, and she had promised to marry him merely because she dreaded a life of poverty. Her love was centered on his banking account—not on himself. It was a bitter awakening indeed, and he groaned in the tortures of the terrible disillusionment.

He felt no resentment—no shadow of resentment—against the girl. After all, she had never sought him out; she had accepted his addresses with respect rather than with passionate ardour, and she had on no single occasion made protestations of anything more than gentle affec-

tion. Had he been possessed of clearer vision, he told himself, he would have guessed the truth, and the letter that lay upon his table would have never been written.

As it was, he knew the truth now, and, knowing it, must be guided by the new light that had come to him thus unexpectedly. He must at once cancel the engagement and tell Muriel that her freedom was restored to her. It would be impossible—quite impossible—to proceed with the marriage now that he knew the real feeling of her heart towards him. Impossible, doubly impossible!

A deep sob choked in Dick Armstrong's throat, and, burying his face in his hands, he shed the first tears that he had known since the early days of boyhood. So strong, so abiding, so steadfast was his love for Muriel that the new knowledge which had forced its way into his life crushed him to the earth with overwhelming weight—with supreme bitterness. If death had come to him at that moment he would have welcomed the grey shadow with open arms, for life seemed over for him for evermore—and his dream had worn to its end—and nothing remained but the dust and ashes of a hope that had sprung up in a day and withered in an hour.

Presently, however, the agonizing mood passed, giving place to more gentle emotions. Life still remained to him to be lived out to the close; it was a coward's part to despair; brave men met their sorrows, grappled with them like men and won the guerdon of victory when the battle reached its end. And that was how Dick Armstrong found resignation in his hour of pain, pain which it is to be hoped few men suffer between the cradle and the grave, for it is more cruel than all physical suffering, more bitter than dissolution itself.

He read Muriel's letter once again, and this time his eyes lighted on the paragraph that ran thus:

"Ah, why didn't your uncle buy you that partnership in the bank we used to fancy he would do? If he had done that, how different everything would have been!"

Dick knew quite well to what partnership the girl thus referred. For a long time Mr. Felix Densmore, the presiding director of the local bank, had been anxious to secure a young and energetic partner who would bring into the business a capital of £5,000, but, so far, no candidate had offered himself for the enviable position.

A strange light came into Dick's blue eyes. He seemed in that moment to soar far above earth and earth's sorrows, and to touch the heights of Heaven. A wondrous thought warmed his soul, and, rising, he paced the room with feverish steps.

"I'll do it," he murmured; "I'll do it; yes, I'll do it."

On the following morning Dick Armstrong went to London and drove to the office of his solicitor in Clifford's Place. After a short delay he was ushered into Mr. Jennifer's room, the latter rising to greet him as he entered.

"Aha, Mr. Armstrong," cried the old man, in a genial tone; "you are a rare visitor indeed. What can I have the pleasure of doing for you?"

"I am leaving England almost directly," responded Dick, quietly; "and before I go I want you to effect a certain undertaking for me. I want you to negotiate the purchase of the junior partnership in Densmore's Bank at Bayfield, and to confer it upon a friend of mine. But understand this. He is not to know that—that—"

"That you are his benefactor, eh?" interpolated the lawyer, with a sagacious smile.

"Put it that way if you will. There are certain private details connected with myself and him which would, I fear, stand in the way of his accepting the partnership if he knew that I was instrumental in bestowing the same upon him."

"I understand perfectly. Now be good enough to give me full details regarding this transaction, and it shall be carried out forthwith."

Dick obeyed, and half an hour later the affair had been settled.

"Then I am simply to tell this Mr. Castleton," remarked the solicitor, "I am simply to tell him that he owes his good fortune to a friend?"

"Yes, to a friend. Tell him also, Mr. Jennifer, that that friend, though far away, prays for his happiness, and for the happiness of the girl who, he hopes, will some day be his—his wife."

Then something choked in Dick Armstrong's throat, and he turned and left the office without another word.

Two nights later Muriel Carslake received a letter in Dick's handwriting that ran thus:—

My Own Dear Sweetheart,—I am quitting England for a long time, and I do not know when I shall return. I have learned your secret, and know that your heart belongs to another. I therefore give you back your freedom, and hope that you may be very happy with him you love. Do not think that I blame you for one instant. I love you too much to feel any bitterness against you, and although at first the blow was a heavy one, I hope that time may do much to soften my pain and to bring forgetfulness. There are better things in this world, Muriel, than getting one's own way, and if I have learned nothing else in my journey through life, I have learnt that. God knows best. He decides all things for good. Think of me sometimes when I am far away. Think of me as one who, had he been

privileged to become your husband, would have devoted his existence to making you happy, but who, as it is, can only remain—Your sincere and devoted friend,

Dick Armstrong.

P.S.—I have kept the lock of hair you gave me. Do you mind? That was all. The letter was short, simple, and concise; but in the writing of it a human heart had touched breaking point, and tears had watered every halting line.

Three months have sped into the past since Muriel read Dick Armstrong's farewell letter. In a certain room in an hotel in Melbourne a man sits with a home newspaper before him, glancing listlessly at its columns. Suddenly an exclamation escapes his lips, and he reads these words:—

CASTLETON—CARSLAKE.—On the 27th ult., at St. John's, Bayfield, Lincs, John Castleton, junior partner in Messrs. Densmore and Co.'s bank, to Muriel, only daughter of the late Francis Carslake, Esq., of that town.

He read the announcement again and again, till the words seemed to float before his eyes. All has happened as he hoped it would happen. Jack has secured the partnership and Muriel has secured her love. All is well—except—except what?

Except his own heart. There is an aching pain there that refuses to be satisfied, and in his brain the image of a certain sweet-faced girl remains and will not be shut out. He leans back in his chair and shuts his eyes, whilst his thoughts speed across the mighty ocean and wing their way to home.

"I—I hope they'll be—happy," he murmurs, hoarsely. Afternoon merges into evening, and evening into night. The southern moon glancing through the windows illumines the figure of a man upon his knees, his hands clasped in prayer. He is praying that some day he may be suffered to forget.

God grant he may!—London Answers.

REWARDING ACHIEVEMENT.

How the British People Treat Their Heroes.

Within less than a week after the news reached London that peace had been declared in South Africa the King made Baron Kitchener a viscount, and promoted him to a generalship in the army; and Parliament, with only the Irish members dissenting, voted to him a grant of a quarter of a million dollars with which to support his new honors. Kitchener had previously received a grant of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars to maintain the baronial dignity which was conferred on him in recognition of his achievements in the Sudan.

This is the English way of "crowning" the national heroes. Lord Roberts is now an earl because of his brilliant service to the empire in India. The first Duke of Wellington, a younger son of an earl, began life as plain Arthur Wellesley, was raised to the dukedom after the Peninsular campaign, and received in addition to the title two and a half million dollars in cash.

John Churchill was created Duke of Marlborough for his military achievements, and after the victory at Blenheim the royal domain of Woodstock was given to him, and more than two million dollars was expended by the state in building up Blenheim Palace on it for his occupancy.

Alfred Tennyson was made a lord because of his literary achievements, and Macaulay was raised to the peerage as a reward for his services in the state of literature and statecraft.

William Thomson is now Lord Kelvin because he has made many valuable scientific discoveries. The list could be extended almost indefinitely. New peers are made every year, and their descendants inherit the titles conferred on their ancestors for distinguished services.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

You never lift up a life without being yourself lifted up.—Emerson.

To ease another's heartache is to forget one's own.—Abraham Lincoln.

'Tis far better to love and be poor, than be rich with an empty heart.—Lewis Morris.

Nothing is ever true that he who does nothing for others does nothing for himself.—Goethe.

God doesn't care for what is on the outside; he cares for what is inside.—Rev. M. Babcock.

Fruitless is sorrow for having done amiss, if it issue not in a resolution to do so no more.—Bishop Horne.

The next time you are discouraged, just try encouraging some one else, and see if it will not cheer you.—J. R. Miller.

Sir is never at a stay; if we do not retreat from it, we shall advance in it, and the farther on we go the more we have to come back.—Barrow.

Kind looks, kind words, kind acts and warm hand shakes—these are secondary means of grace when men are in trouble, and are fighting their unseen battles.—Dr. John Hall.

Father—"Well, what has Tommy been doing to-day?" Mother—"He cut off a piece of the cat's tail, broke three windows, blackened the cook's eye, and built a bonfire in the cellar." Father—"Is that all?" Tommy—"Yes, that's all."

## THEY SCARE MOSQUITOES,

HAVE A WHOLESOME DREAM OF THE DRAGON FLY.

Scientist Advocates Stringing the Dead Insects on Wires Around Beds.

A "scare skeeter" has been devised by a German scientist to protect mankind from those irritating and dangerous pests of the summer. The mosquito is not generally credited with a timorous nature, but there is one creature in which it lives in dread—the dragon fly or "mosquito hawk." The dragon fly is familiar to all. It is one of the most beautiful of aquatic insects as in its graceful flight it sails through the air on iridescent wings.

But beauty is not the only attribute of the dragon fly. Mosquitoes are its favorite food. It has an immense appetite for them and as it is far swifter in flight it can make away with a great number in the course of a day, catching and devouring them on the wing. Unfortunately the dragon fly hunts only in sunlight, when mosquitoes are least annoying, and he never frequents the dark places where most mosquitoes revel.

A mosquito, however, seems to have a little discrimination as a crow. It fears its enemy dead as much as when the enemy is living. The scientist's method is to hang dead dragon flies around the bed on wires in such a way that they shall look as lifelike as possible. He declares that no mosquito will pass or even approach the zone thus guarded.

DYNAMO ATTRACTS THEM.

Another method of extermination has been suggested by Sir Hiram Maxim, the gun maker and inventor. One evening last summer, when staying in New York, Sir Hiram noticed a large number of mosquitoes on a box which contained a small dynamo for lighting purposes. Or investigation he found that the motion of the dynamo produced a faint, high, musical note. He stopped the machine and straightway all the mosquitoes flew away, not did they return while it was quiet. But, in starting the machine again, he observed that the insects returned toward it, hesitated a moment, and then made straight for it. He further noticed that all the mosquitoes attracted were males. The females, which were equally numerous in the room, appeared to take no notice of the sound, for the gift of song is the exclusive privilege of the female.

The male mosquito, however, is dumb, and he has no ears. Recent investigation, however, revealed that he is possessed of organs which, for his needs, are even more effective. The male mosquito is endowed with remarkable antennae, which are covered over throughout their fourteen joints with long, fine hairs. A German investigator has found that to a certain note, corresponding to the song of the female, these hairs vibrate violently; also these hairs vibrate most markedly when they are at right angles to the direction of the sound. Finally, if the sound is a little more to one side than the other of the male's antennae, the vibration will be greater on one antennae than the other. Hence all the insect has to do is to turn its head until it feels the vibration equally on each antennae and fly straight on.

Thus the mosquito is better equipped for locating the direction of sound than perhaps any creature living. In the case of the dynamo, Sir Hiram concluded that the sound produced was practically the note of the female, and that consequently the males were attracted.

It is true that the male mosquito is harmless, its mouth not being developed into the lances and spears of the female. However, concludes Sir Hiram, anything which can work the segregation of the sexes renders the annihilation of the pests a simple matter.

INSECTS' CHOICE OF COLORS.

A careful choice of raiment, too, may lessen one's attractiveness in the eyes of the insects, which appear to have pronounced partialities for certain colors. An experiment recently was made in England with a number of colored boxes which demonstrated that the mosquito prefers navy blue beyond all other hues.

Seventeen colored boxes were arranged in a room where mosquitoes were kept for seventeen days, the position of the boxes being changed each day. The total number of the insects found in the various boxes were: Navy blue, 108; dark red, 90; reddish brown, 81; scarlet, 59; black, 49; slate color, 31; olive green, 24; violet, 18; leaf green, 17; and pearl gray, 14.

In India hospital attendants are in the habit of hanging up black coats, which they find, are frequented by the mosquito to the exemption of their white-colored selves and the patients. In Madagascar it has been found that more mosquitoes are to be encountered in black than light red soil, while another African traveler found that he and his party were more nearly immune when they wore light colored shoes and stockings.

Black dogs, again, are more bitter than yellow. For these reasons the surgeon-general of the United States army has recommended that in malarial districts the troops be clothed always in khaki instead of the regulation blue, khaki color appearing to be the especial aversion of the malaria carrying mosquito.