How?

n dying, Egypt, dying,
Which I'm barely just alive,
n exhaustive efforts trying
o pronounce that word "Khedive."

they lying, Egypt, lying,
Who assert we should receive
as "e?" And are they guying
When we call the cuss "Khedeve?"

m crying, Egypt, crying—
Orthographical contriver,
the face of English flying!
Won't it do to say "khediver?"

m sighing, Egypt, sighing,
For my girl—can I believer her
When she's twisting, when she's tying
Her sweet tongue into "khedever?"

m nighing, Egypt, nighing
My finale. Ere 'tis over—
e I'm frying, Egypt, frying,
I would fain suggest "khedover."

—*Puck.*

HIS SACRIFICE:

OR, FOR LOVE OF HER.

CHAPTER I.

as nearly eight o'clock in the evening, starlight, icy cold night early in y. A great deal of snow had fallen n Christmas and New Year's—plenty ill remained in the streets, piled up in near the sidewalks. A bitterly cold certainly, the faces and fingers of the bootblacks looked blue and pinched, rse-car drivers stamped first one foot he other, and drew their woollen mufloser about their ears; probably many homeless wretches would be frozen to between the hours of midnight and nevertheless, New York's fashionable ghfares were thronged with people—ressed, warmly clad people—who hurrying along (it was entirely too dawdle), men in groups of two or ladies with their escorts, on their way ous places of amusement.

spacious library in Graham Trow's handsome residence was at all times rful, pleasant room; it looked partic warm and bright this freezing Janu ght. The wine-colored curtains fell in , unbroken folds over the windows, ng out all possible draughts, the soft, w light of the argand lamp brought out h tints in the Persian rugs thrown in such profusion upon the inlaid floor, e sea-coal fire that blazed and crackled ly on the tiled hearth sent out gleams ashes of rosy, flickering light that playout the helmeted heads of the two e Roman warriors which stood one on side of the fireplace. Everything in om bespoke the wealth and taste of its r; each one of the pictures hanging up he paneled walls was a *chef-d'œuvre* were rare and priceless volumes in the ve mahogany bookcases, and upon a usly-carved Japanese cabinet were ered bits of *bric-a-brac* almost worth weight in gold. But Graham Trowe was not thinking how fortunate he n possessing such a luxurious sanctum, as he sat in front of the library , which was strewn with books and pahis head resting upon one hand, while the other he was restlessly pulling at ark moustache which almost concealed outh; and that his thoughts were the se of pleasant ones was very evident. one of his many friends looking in upon am Trowbridge as he sat there, would wondered what brought that worried, lexed expression upon his face, would said, "Surely he has nothing to trouble he has everything that can make life ant and free from care; few men are rtunate as he has been." Certainly ne had favored him, had smiled most iously upon him. Twenty-five years re he had come to New York with a ar or two in his pocket; now, the pics alone in his house were worth thous of dollars; and he had made every penf his money himself—by his own efforts he raised himself to the high place he pied in society.

e had been born and bred in a quiet litNew England village; his father, a Congational minister, a good, true man, but the most rigid ideas as to right and ng, and a narrow-mindedness of thought opinion which he had inherited from Puritan ancestors; his mother, unfortuny for her, had been born about twenty rs too soon; neither her husband, her ily, nor her friends ever understood gentle, refined nature, with its intense nings for a little of the art and poetry ife. It was from her that Graham inted the exquisite taste and innate refinet which softened and toned down the ng, vigorous nature that was his by ht of birth. The very night he was born, father decided that if he lived he should educated for the ministry, and as soon Graham was able to understand anything, understood that it was a pre-established t that in time he should become a spiritguide and teacher. In his boyhood the owledge troubled him but little; he only d to himself, "If I am a minister, I shan't as father has done, stay in a little, dull ce like this, and preach year after year to cepy congregation." In due time he was t away to college, and at the expiration the first term came home with advanced ories and ideas which shocked and rtled his grave father beyond measure; e end of the second year he calmly and etly informed his parents that he could become a minister.

n vain his father argued, in vain his gen mother pleaded, with tears in her soft es; when Graham Trowbridge decided on any course of action, he did it only for er long and serious consideration, and en that decision was as fixed and unalterle as were the laws of the Medes and Perns. He told his father that it seemed to m a sin and a shame for a man to enter the nistry unless he knew he was especially apted to that noble and honorable calling; felt he was not adapted to it, therefore he uld not, what is more, he would not take on himself vows he knew he could not fill. r once in his life, the Rev. Robert Trowidge lost his iron self-control, and the upot of it was Graham left his quiet home, d went to New York to seek and make his n fortune. Connecting himself with a ge mercantile house, he devoted himself to arning the business; this once done, he rrowed a few thousand dollars from a wealthy gentleman, whose acquaintance he had made, and who, seeing that the young New Englander possessed business abilities of no inferior order, gladly and willingly lent him the money, feeling quite sure it would be a safe investment, and started in business for himself. In a very short time the borrowed money, interest and principal, was made, and steadily the little business assumed large and larger proportions; it was wonderful how it grew, but grew it did until Graham Trowbridge was spoken of as one of the rapidly rising men in New York. His father and mother, recovering from their disappointment, watched his career with proud fond eyes, and died happy, thinking that, after all, Graham knew his own mind best when he gave up the ministry, "for," his father said, wisely, "a man with the strongly marked abilities for business and money-making which he has shown, could never, under any circumstances, have made a good minister."

He had married, when quite young, a very lovely girl, who had given him, through all the twenty years of her married life, a love that bordered closely on idolatry; one child had been born to him, a daughter, now just budding into womanhood, and fair as her mother had been when he first met and loved her. His beautiful home was a perfectly happy one, his lovely wife and child were devoted to him, he had hosts of warm, true friends, he was only forty-five, yet he had made with his own hands a fortune; and any one knowing all this, and looking in upon him as he sat there in his richly furnished library, would certainly have wondered what there was in Graham Trowbridge's life to bring upon his handsome face the anxious, troubled look that rested upon it.

Every life has its secret, be it great or small, noble or ignoble, real or fancied. Graham Trowbridge had his. It dated about three years back. At the suggestion of a friend he had bought a few hundred dollars' worth of certain mining stock, which was generally considered to be worthless. One day that stock began to rise, and when it had gone away up Graham Trowbridge sold his few shares, and thought how easy it was for men to grow rich speculating. From that time he had dabbled more or less in stocks; he was very successful at first, and, shrewd, clear-headed man that he was, the fever of speculation grasped him; then the fortune, which had attended him through life, took it into her fickle head to frown upon him. Within the past two years he had met with serious losses in his business; he had lost large amounts which he had thought were safely invested; he had thought to cover his losses by successful speculations, the speculations had proved the very reverse of successful; and sitting alone in his library, this bitterly cold January night, Graham Trowbridge had looked his business affairs straight in the face, and had seen that they were in a very precarious condition. Money he must have and at once; with a certain amount which he had in mind, he could straighten up his accounts, then by practicing a little economy, and giving his business very close attention, he would be able in a year or two to regain his former position.

But the question was, where should he get this money, this large amount he must have immediately! He was a proud man, proud of his reputation in mercantile and social circles; how could he go to any of his friends and implore them to lend him money tell them he was standing very near the brink of failure, he, whom all men credited with a large bank account and superior business abilities? Could he tell them he had lost money speculating, had not given his business the careful attention it required, had let opportunities slip by which should have been grasped? The shadow upon his face grew darker, the expression of disquietude in his eyes deepened; hastily rising from his chair he began pacing up and down the long room, running the slender fingers of one white hand through his dark hair with a restless, impatient movement unusual to him.

Of course there was his house with its costly furniture and rich decorations, but it belonged to his wife—he had built it for and given it to her; well he knew that was she aware of his financial embarrassments, she would say, "I have nothing, my husband, but what is yours—do with the house as you like." But he had built it according to his own ideas, had thought it would be his home as long as he lived, that the voices of his grandchildren would some day ring through the rooms—it must not pass into the hands of strangers, surely there was some other way. He had some real estate in the upper part of the city, unimproved lots that would sell for little or nothing now, whereas in ten years time they would bring him in a small fortune; it would be perfect folly to sacrifice them. If there was only some one in his own family, some relative who would lend him the money, he would be able to repay it in a short time, of that he was quite sure. But he had no relative possessed of sufficient means to lend, without inconvenience, the sum he required. It was no use; he must let some in the outside world know that he, Graham Trowbridge, was in actual need of money. His lip curled scornfully; just at that moment Graham Trowbridge was supremely disgusted with himself, had for himself the same feeling of contempt that he would have felt for any man who had told him a story of wasted opportunities and want of forethought.

He paused in front of the crackling fire, his head bent a little forward, thinking which one of his many friends would be most likely to accommodate him; even as he pondered, there came a knock at the door, and a servant entered the room.

"A gentleman to see you, sir," he said, giving his master a card; and glancing down at it, Graham Trowbridge read with some surprise the name—Russel Anthon."

"Why I did not know Anthon was in town," he thought, then aloud:

"Show the gentleman in, Thomas."

And still standing on the rug in front of the fire he waited for his visitor.

CHAPTER II.

He did not wait long, scarcely a moment had elapsed before a firm footstep sounded outside on the marble-paved hall, and a tall, rather heavily built gentleman came into the library, and the shadow disappeared from Graham Trowbridge's face, as having grasped his visitor's hands with words of warm welcome, he drew forward a large *fauteuil* for him, and then resumed his own chair.

The soft mellow lamplight fell upon Russel Anthon's face—a handsome face, the complexion a clear olive, the eyes large and dark, the features straight and regular; a trifle haughty, perhaps, in repose—there was proud blood in Russel Anthon's veins, it was surely no fault if his face showed it—but one forgot the tinge of hauteur about the mouth when the well-cut lips curved in a smile, revealing the perfect teeth, which seemed dazzlingly white in contrast with the silky, dark moustache which shaded, but did not hide, the mouth.

Thirty his last birthday, but looking two or three years older, because of the grave thoughtfulness of the deep eyes, the firm look about the mouth and chin; in short, it was an attractive face; a face that inspired trust and confidence, a face that had won many friends for its owner.

That he was a favorite of Graham Trowbridge's was very evident; too well bred to be anything but courteous especially in his own house, there was a warmth and sincerity in Mr. Trowbridge's manner, which the most casual observer would have seen was thoroughly hearty.

"Have a cigar, Anthon," he said, taking a box of cigars from one the table drawers; "genuine Havanas these are, I've only had them a day or two, and last night as I sat here alone trying one, I was thinking of you, wondering how long it would be before we would have a smoke together again. I am very glad to see you, my boy, I have missed you since you went away, and now tell me, how did you find business in Chicago?"

And then followed a conversation upon the business and political affairs of the Queen city of the West.

"But though you say you like Chicago, you did not like it sufficiently well to remain there very long, did you?" laughed Mr. Trowbridge, shaking the ash off his cigar. "Well, I don't blame you. New York is about as good a place to live in as there is this side of the water."

A faint flush overspread Russel Anthon's face.

"Mr. Trowbridge," he said, slowly, "when I went West six weeks ago, I went with an object, I wanted to fully decide a question in my own mind. Some time ago I met a lady, who from the first attracted me; since I have known her I have seen a great deal of her—circumstances have thrown us together; she is very young, and at first I thought the feelings I entertained for her were those a brother might have for a younger sister; but within the last six months the conviction has been growing upon me that my love for her was not the calm affection of a brother for a sister; it was the deeper, stronger, warmer love that a man bears the woman he would make his wife—would cherish as the most precious thing on earth. I have not been able to rightly understand my own feelings—it may seem strange, but I have never in all my life before loved any woman—so I thought I would go away from her for a little while and uninfluenced by her presence lay bare my own heart. There are no longer any doubts in my mind; while I have been away I have hungered for the sight of her face—the sound of her voice; and I know that I love her, as it has always seemed to me a man should love the woman he would make his wife, and that I shall love her as long as my life lasts."

He had spoken earnestly; the flush had faded from his face, leaving it very pale, Graham Trowbridge knew that every word he had uttered had come straight from his heart. He was a little surprised that grave reserved Russel Anthon had spoken even to himself of this love affair, but he did not show it; he only said:

"Well, Anthon, I wish you every happiness, I am sure. I have often wondered why it was you had never married; bachelorhood at best is a lonely sort of a life. Have I ever met the lady?"

"Have you ever met her! Mr. Trowbridge, have you never suspected that I loved your daughter Muriel?"

This time Graham Trowbridge's great surprise showed itself in his face. With a gasp of astonishment he sat upright in his chair.

"You love my little Muriel! Why, Anthon, she is nothing but a child; you are twice as old as she is."

Russel Anthon smiled—a little, sad sort of a smile.

"Not quite twice as old," he said. "Muriel was eighteen last October, you know; many women have been married at that age."

"Yes, that is so," said Mr. Trowbridge, musingly; "her mother was only eighteen when I married her, but then I cannot realize that Muriel is as old as that. It seems only a few years ago since she was a little child, climbing in my lap to play with my watch, and now somebody wants to marry her. You are sure that she loves you, Anthon?"

A faint shadow came into Russel Anthon's eyes.

"I am not at all sure," he answered, "but I came to-night to question you if I have your consent to ask her if she loves me well enough to be my wife. Mr. Trowbridge, if she does love me well enough, I am almost certain I can make her happy. No man could love a woman better than I love Muriel, and for her sake I am deeply thankful that I have money sufficient to keep every care of her dear life—to give her everything she might desire. Very likely you know that I am not a poor man, but I do not think, Mr. Trowbridge, that you are aware of the extent of my fortune—when my father died he left me nearly a million dollars, that amount I have since largely increased.'

No, Graham Trowbridge had not been aware that Russel Anthon was a millionaire. He had supposed he had a good income, large enough to enable him to live with perfect comfort, but nothing more. Hearing it now for the first time, a sudden thought sprang up within him; the next instant he was bitterly ashamed of it, and tried to crush it down. Still there was a slight flush on his face as he said earnestly—all the more earnestly because of that half-formed snake-like thought in his mind:

"I have always liked you, Russel Anthon, from the very first time that I saw you, and I know of no man to whom I would more willingly give my little daughter. The fact that you are a millionaire matters nothing to me; so long as you had enough to give Muriel the comforts of life, and perhaps a few of its luxuries, I should have been satisfied, because in the two years that I have known you I have gained a thorough knowledge of your character, and I can trust you—trust you even with my little girl's happiness, which, next to her mother's, is the dearest thing to me that the world holds."

Russel Anthon's expressive eyes were lustrous with feeling.

"Thank you," he said, with just a quiver in his voice, "you are kind and generous indeed. And now may I see Muriel to tell her I have your consent to ask for her love?"

Mr. Trowbridge paused only an instant, but in that instant, that sixtieth part of a minute, the half-crushed thought with it raised itself, growing strong and mighty, conquering and subduing the nobler thoughts which hastened to make war against it. He did not raise his eyes to Russel Anthon's face; he was gazing intently into the burning of the fire.

"Mr. Anthon," the firm voice was perfectly clear and unbroken, "before you see Muriel again, I would like to tell her the subject of our conversation this evening. You know that although she is eighteen years old, she is a very child as far as experience and worldly wisdom go; I doubt very much if she has ever looked into her own heart. You do not know, nor do I, whether her feelings for you are any warmer than those of sincere friendship. I know she cares for you as a friend, but I do not know whether she could ever give you the love of a wife. If, after having thought the matter over, she should come to the conclusion that she could never give you that love—I am looking now on the darkest side of the question—it would hurt her terribly to tell you so. Let me, her father, broach the subject to her. If she loves you, well and good. You can go to her then and tell her the extent of your love for her, that a woman expects. If, however, it should be the contrary, it would be best for you as well as for her, that the matter was never mentioned between you."

Russel Anthon had listened attentively; when Mr. Trowbridge had finished, he said quietly:

"I think you are right. I will leave it to you to apprise Muriel of my love for her."

"I will speak to her to-night," continued Graham Trowbridge.

"Come into my office to-morrow morning after 10 o'clock and I will tell you the result. I don't think you need have any fears, my boy," noticing the little anxious look on Russel's face and laughing lightly as he spoke. Then more earnestly: "I think any woman would be proud to call you husband; I know I should be pleased to call you son."

That Graham Trowbridge was not a man given to saying anything he did not mean Russel Anthon well knew, and his handsome face flushed as he murmured:

"I hope I may never do aught to destroy your confidence in me."

"I have no fears that you ever will," answered Mr. Trowbridge. "Must you go?" as Mr. Anthon rose from his chair "well, I shall expect you to-morrow morning, some time between ten and eleven. Take another cigar—I insist upon it; and since you are determined to go, good night, Anthon, good night!"

He went back to the library after Russel Anthon had taken his departure and sat thinking. That Muriel should accept Mr. Anthon's offer he was fully determined. It would be an easy matter to borrow of his wealthy future son-in-law the money required. His reputation among his business friends would remain unimpaired. No one would ever knew of the strait he had been in—the strait he had brought about by his own folly and carelessness—he frowned as he acknowledged it mentally to himself—but the man who was Muriel's husband would be one of his family.

As far as it is possible justice should be done every man. Let it be said in justice to Graham Trowbridge that unless he had known Russel Anthon to be a noble, honorable man, he would not have entertained a thought of Muriel being his wife for ten times one million dollars, but he saw no earthly reason why his daughter should not love and be perfectly happy with him. He had spoken the truth when he said: "I know of no man to whom I would more willingly give my daughter," and it was for her sake, as well as his own, that Mr. Trowbridge had decided Muriel should become Russel Anthon's wife.

He leaned his head back against the cushions of his chair, with a long sigh of relief; the library looked brighter and pleasanter to him than it had looked for the whole evening before.

"It is very fortunate for me that Anthon came here to-night," he said, to himself, "for to-morrow morning I should have gone to Tom, Dick, or Harry, to ask if they could favor me with a loan. Well, it will be a lesson to me; hereafter I shall leave speculating to richer men than I. I wonder where Muriel is?"

He was just about to rise from his chair and go in search of her, when there came the sound of light, flying footsteps along the hall, the heavy library door was thrown wide open, and a girl, followed by a beautiful setter dog, burst like a small whirlwind into the room, and threw herself down on an ottoman at his feet; and Graham Trowbridge's eyes were very tender in their expression as he said:

"Muriel, my darling, I was just wondering where you were."

CHAPTER III.

It was not at all strange that Mr. Trowbridge's eyes softened as they rested upon his daughter, nor was it to be wondered at that she was the very pride and idol of his heart. Was she pretty? That is the first question generally asked about a woman, and I, taking it for granted that you have asked that question regarding Muriel Trowbridge, answer yes, she was very pretty. She was not strictly beautiful, her features were all too short for perfect classical beauty nor did she belong to any especial order. Her eyes, with her curly black lashes and brows, were to dark to warrant her being called a blonde, yet no one would have thought of speaking her as a brunette; that would have been nonsense with her hair. It was not brown, it was not golden, it was not red, the soft hair that lay in broken rings on the low, white forehead, and fell in loose, heavy curls upon her shoulders, it was a marvellous mixture of all three, bronze-gold in the sunshine, red-brown in the shade, and her eyes matched that changeable hair to perfection. Properly speaking they were gray, that is, gray was their normal color, but they were those rare chameleon eyes, black as night when their owner was angry or excited (and as Muriel Trowbridge was not particularly saint-like in her disposition, she was very often one or the other,) brown when she was quiet and dreamy, almost golden when her quick sympathies were aroused. She was not very tall, scarcely five feet, but the graceful little figure was daintily rounded and proportioned. Sitting there on the ottoman at her father's feet, her dark green velvet dress falling in heavy folds about her, one small hand resting upon the magnificent tawny head of the dog crouched beside her, Muriel looked younger by two years than she really was, and it was no wonder that Graham Trowbridge found it hard to realize the fact that she had been asked in marriage.

"Who has been here, papa?" she asked, not waiting for him to open the conversation.

"Thomas told me a gentleman had called to see you."

"Thomas spoke the truth, my dear," said Mr. Trowbridge, lightly, wondering to himself how he had best break to Muriel the news he had for her. "Who do you suppose it was?"

"Oh, I am sure I don't know," answered Muriel, carelessly, "somebody probably I don't care anything about. See, papa, I want you to look at Leo's new collar."

"Well, if you won't guess, I shall have to tell you," said her father, paying no attention to the small request; "it was Mr Anthon."

"Mr. Anthon!" echoed Muriel, opening her eyes very wide, "I thought he was in Chicago: and why" with a little pout, "didn't he come in and see me? I think he might have, when he was away so long, and I would so much have liked him to see Leo's beautiful new collar."

Mr. Trowbridge bit his lip.

"I don't think Mr. Anthon takes any interest in dog-collars," he said, almost impatiently, "although I am quite sure he would have liked to have seen you. Muriel, do you like him?"

He asked the question abruptly; he had concluded that there was no use beating about the bush, that it was best to come to an understanding at once.

"Very much," answered Muriel, with a decided emphasis upon the very. "I always have, ever since we met him at the funny little Swiss inn; you like him, too, don't you, papa?"

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Trowbridge, quickly. "Would you be very much surprised, dear, if I should tell you he loves you?"

"Loves me!" The lovely, questioning eyes looked straight up into his,—entirely too straight to please her father; he would have preferred to see the long-lashed lids droop. "Why, what do you mean, papa?"

"I mean, Muriel, that Russel Anthon loves you very dearly—so dearly that he wants you for his wife."

He drew a long breath, half anxiety, half relief that the first step had been taken.

A burning flush swept over Muriel's face the hand that still rested on Leo's head trembled.

"He wants to marry me," she said slowly, as though she could not quite understand it? "It seems very strange that he should want to marry me."

"I do not see anything strange about it, dear: when a man loves a woman with all tenderness and respect, his first thought is to make her his wife; and why should he not love you Muriel?"

"Why! Because it does not seem to me that we are suited to each other; I cannot understand him sometimes, and I know it is because his thoughts are higher, his principles loftier than mine. I have always thought that a man and wife should stand nearly on the same level, for if one is far above the other, certainly there cannot be that same singleness of thought and purpose that I am sure God meant there should be; eagles do not mate with little brown thrushes, papa."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

RE-ISSUES.

Fun and fact, with scissors caught,
Have many a pleasant moral taught.

If you want to find out how great a man is, let him tell it himself.

Time is a good deal like a mule. It is better to be ahead of time than behind time.

Some writers never succeed in making a point except when they sharpen a lead pencil.

The Egyptian emblem of a snake with its tail in its mouth, was the earliest sign of the "swallow tail."

Archimedes invented the slang phrase, "Give us a rest," when he offered to move the world with his lever.

The Buffalo *Express* has decided that there's no such thing as a well running dry. When it is dry it won't run.

It isn't that a man means to lie about snakes, but when one two feet long comes at him it looks as big as a fire-engine hose.

We are told "the evening wore on," but we are never told what the evening wore on that occasion. Was it the close of a summer's day?

Notwithstanding the multiplication of trust companies in all our large cities, it is just as hard as ever for the impecunious man to get trusted.

Tootsy, on making the horrible discovery that her kitten had whiskers: "Ma, I don't want dis tat. Dis is a man tat. I want a dirl tat. I want a dirl tat."

Some scientist now observes that even a clam has parasites. He would have observed as much before if he had ever noticed the crowd around a free chowder.

It was a dull period for news when the enterprising managing editor of a Western daily headed an item concerning the death of a cat, "Nine Lives Lost."

It is possible to tell the age of a cow by the wrinkles on her horns, but nature has provided no outward signs by which the age of an egg can be computed. Break it gently.

It is the easiest thing in the world to distinguish between an English lord and an American copy, commonly called a snob. The Englishman always speaks well of his own country.

Six-year old Fannie had eaten heartily, finishing her dessert with a full supply of ice-cream. Her mixture of sensations were thus expressed: "Oh dear, I'm so tight I can't shiver!"