S SACRIFICE:

OR,

or Love of Her.

CHAPTER VII.

...el Anthon had thought about it at ... might have asked himself why it is ... will bestow their sympathies ... upon the weak and erring ones ... but he did not think about ... noble, unselfish heart was filled with ... other thoughts of a sadder and ... nature.

... sharp, knife-like pain darted ... at Muriel's words; although he ... only dimly conscious of it, the ... had been in his mind that at first ... would not be able to think ... quietly of his leaving her, she ... to him, crying wildly, sobbing ... not let him go away from her; ... that he would be obliged to ... using gentle arguments and ... until the wild crying should ... would lie quietly in his arms ... and then a choking, strangling ... would it be so plainly that it should ... she was trying so hard to be ... the less almost heart- ... thought of being separated

... this thought of Russel Anthon's ... extravagant; such a course of ... perfectly natural in, and ... almost any young, impulsive, ... Though Muriel's tears were ... husband knew that they ... that the thought of his going ... they were shed out of deep ... erring man whose story she had ... whose recklessness and ... passages had done as much ... could have done. ... the pain that knowledge ... found its way into Russel ... thoughtful and tenderly— ... or of touch ... upon his knee, he

... be willing to have ... by brother in ... that I might be detained ... I cannot tell; and knowing ... perfectly willing to let

... Muriel wished, at that ... her husband more ... wildly than she did; ... she given any- ... if she could have thrown ... and, in all sincerity, ... she could not let him go, ... the agony of an in- ... and she could not do it. ... by nature, too inno- ... to attempt to feign ... were not her own; that ... her mind; still she ... the truth—that ... with him did not bring to ... of sorrow; that though ... live without him would ... she could not ... and yet that was the truth; ... had a restlessly about ... twisting her heavy ... round and round on her fin- ... that his brother was dying and ... him, and as long as he had ... that if he could ever ... for Arundel he would do it, she ... would be wrong for her to say ... him to remain

... have been very wrong under ... Russel knew that, and ... perfectly well, the thoughts ... his wife's heart; he had won- ... how severely they were tested. Just ... though his heartstrings were ... he said:

... dear, then I will go."

... murmured Muriel.

... as soon as I can, dear. I have some ... must be straightened out ... it will take a day or two, per-

... truly.

... will you go first, Russel? How ... where to find him?"

... tells me that, Muriel. I go ... of Mexico; there I am ... of a gentleman whose ... a resident of the city, ... me information concerning ... last five years he has been ... an assumed name; no one will ... I am his brother, nor does he ... know. 'There is no such man ... Anthon, Russel,' he wrote ... Evringham died, Arundel An- ... one but you Mur- ... real object of ... it is best that it should ... you will tell people as I will, that ... on business.'"

... will not be gone very long?" ... wistfully. "Only think how ... in this great house, all alone

... be gone a day nor an hour ... absolutely necessary. Arun- ... me, dear, if I can get there, or he ... for I must go."

... said Muriel, earnestly, "sup- ... could not die—suppose he should ... would you be bringing him home with

... took his head sadly.

... would not come, dear; his own act ... an exile from his own country. If ... come back, should be recognized ... who five years ago killed Percy ... you know what the result ... But if, as you say, he should ... I shall see to, Muriel—that he has ... live with peace and comfort until

... while the rain dashed against the ... and the wild March night wind ... about the house, Russel Anthon ... plans for his journey to Mexico.

... change an apparently trifling thing ... make in a person's life! The ... brings a letter; hums lightly to ... as he waits at the door for some one ... from him. Yet that innocent ... letter may have within it the dead- ... of sweeping hope and happiness ... out of the life of the person to whom ... addressed. A message-boy goes run- ... the street with a telegram in his ... whistling merrily as he goes; and ... may be bring life-long agony into ... heart. So the world goes; so it will always go, I suppose, for as long as there are human hearts there will be human agony.

Little did Russel Anthon think how that crumpled letter was to change the whole course of his future life.

It was very late that night—long past midnight—when Muriel entered her room. Late as it was, Russel had remained in the library to finish some writing, and she was alone in the large, quiet bed-chamber. Throwing herself down in a chair in front of the dressing-table, she began to unbraid and brush out her long sunshiny hair, thinking very deeply the while.

"I wonder if I ought to tell him before he goes," she said to herself at last, laying down the brush and sinking back in her chair, her bright hair falling in wavy masses about her face. "I suppose he ought to know; he surely has a right to know," a burning flush sweeping over her fair face, crimsoning even her white neck and the tips of her small ears, "yet I cannot bear to tell him. I am not at all certain about it myself: I cannot tell yet whether it is really so. No, I will not tell him before he goes; I will positively by the time he knows come home, then I will tell him, and that will be time enough."

So Muriel resolved to keep her secret a little longer from her husband. She should have told him before he went; she had no right to keep it from him. He ought to have known it—he, her husband—still she did not tell him. Ah! if she only had.

Swiftly the days went by; it seemed to Russel Anthon that days never went so swiftly before. Though he called himself weak and unmanly the thought of leaving Muriel was almost like death to him. He could not help it, he could not shake it off though he tried hard to do so, a vague fear of something, he knew not what settled upon him as the time for his departure drew near; in vain he reasoned with himself, told himself how foolish and childish it was, that vague, haunting fear remained the same.

The night before he was to start for Mexico, Mr. and Mrs. Trowbridge and a few other friends dined with him thinking, as did all his friends, that he was going away simply on business, they wished him good luck and a speedy return. After they had all gone Muriel and he sat for a long time in the pretty bright back parlor, Muriel of her own accord had gone to him and nestling in his arms, talked in her own animated way, telling her what he must bring her, what she should do while he was away, and how quickly the time would pass to him; and she sent messages to Arundel—little loving messages such as a sister might have sent.

The time slipped by so rapidly that they were both surprised when the clock struck one.

"I had no idea it was so late," said Muriel springing to her feet, "yet now that I think about it, I believe I am a little sleepy; come, Russel!"

Muriel's dog Leo had been quietly lying beside Russel's chair; he was still her pet and plaything just as he had been before she was married, and was allowed the full sweep of the house; raising himself now from his crouching position the beautiful animal fixed his expressive eyes upon his master's face.

"Good old Leo," Russel murmured, patting the dog's head, "you will miss me, wont you, old boy, and you won't forget me, will you, Leo?"

With a short, half bark, the dog put its fore paws upon his arm, wagging its tail, as if to tell his master he would never forget him.

It was only a trifling circumstance, yet the time came when with terrible, bitter distinctness, Russel Anthon remembered it.

Muriel could not quite understand her husband's grief when the next day he bade her good-bye.

"Why, Russel," she said, looking with wondering eyes at his pale haggard face, "you must not feel so badly; we will only be parted a little while; you will soon be back again."

He folded his arms around her passionately, almost despairingly; he could not tell her it seemed to him as though they were parting forever.

"God bless you, my darling, my own dear love," he whispered. "God bless and keep you."

So he went away from her—his young wife whom he loved so deeply.

CHAPTER VIII.

It is two hours before sunset. Overhead the sky is of that deep, pure blue, only to be found within or near the tropics, and the sun hanging like a great golden ball midway between the zenith and the western horizon, pours down a flood of hot, yellow sunshine. Far as the eye can reach stretches a vast plain, and in the distance rise the mountains dim and shadowy.

The burnished lances of the sun-god struggle to pierce the thick, green foliage of a huge mimosa that shades the narrow doorway of a small hut—it is nothing more—which is the only habitation in sight; struggle, until half conquered, they fall in broken flecks of gold upon the bare baked earth which forms the door of the little cabin, and upon the bent head of Russel Anthon as he kneels beside a pallet of dried Mexican grass whereon a man is lying, raving and tossing in wild delirium.

Although the face of the sick man is flushed to a deep, purplish red, the lower part of it covered by a short, dark beard, so thick and heavy that it hides the expression and beauty of the mouth and chin, the resemblance between it and the one bending so anxiously above it, is more than striking, it is remarkable. There are the same straight, clear-cut features, the same broad, full forehead and dark, wavy hair, even the eyes of both are the same, though in one they are unnaturally large and bright with fever, in the other deep and dark with care and anxiety; no need to ask the relationship that exist between the two men; one glance tells plainly that the same blood flows in the veins of both—Russel Anthon has found his brother: the man tossing so restlessly upon his miserable bed is Arundel Anthon.

The sun is momentarily shut out of the little room, the doorway is darkened by a slender, little figure, and Russel Anthon raises his head as a boy about seventeen years of age, half Mexican, half Indian steps into the cabin, bearing a jug of water in his brown hands; having set it down upon the earthen floor, he goes to the side of the bed and stands looking earnestly down at its suffering occupant; a moment or two he stands there in silence, then shaking his head he turns away and begins to busy himself about the room.

Wistfully, eagerly, Russel Anthon had watched the boy's face; but seeing in it not the faintest sign of encouragement, he sighed heavily, wearily, as he proceeded to mix a portion of the contents of a bottle he took from his pocket with some of the fresh water the boy had just brought in. This done, he again bent over his brother, saying, in a low but clear and distinct voice,

"Arundel!"

The wild, fever-bright eyes met his, but there was no recognition in them. Thirstily the cool draught was swallowed; then, as the restless head fell back upon the pillow the hot lips began to mutter again as they had muttered all that day long.

"Oh, Russel, if you would only come to me! You would, if you knew how terribly I have suffered for my sin, how weary I am of living this life—a stranger amongst strangers. It is such a lonely life and such a sad one, if I could see your face again once more, my brother, I would be willing—be glad to die."

Just as he had said so many times before Russel said now gently.

"I am here, Arundel; Russel is here close beside you."

But it was to no purpose, and something very like despair rose within him, as with hands as gentle as a woman's he put back from the burning brow the rings of hair that had fallen there; then stepping to the door he leaned against the frame, his tired eyes wandering far across the plains until they rested on the distant mountains.

"He will never know me again this side of the grave," he said to himself; "he will die and never know that I answered his pitiful call—that I came to him. Oh, Arundel! my poor brother, what a miserable failure your life has been!"

Then Muriel crept into his thoughts, and a dreamy look came into the tired eyes as he stood there thinking of his young wife; and a little prayer rose in his heart that during his absence she might come to love him more than she had ever done before.

God help you, Russel Anthon, may God in mercy help you to bear what the future holds for you!

Arriving at the city of Mexico he had gone to the gentleman whose name Arundel had given him, and had received full information regarding his brother's movements.

Arundel Anthon had written that letter to Russel on the impulse of the moment. Sick, miserable, longing to see one of his own blood, he had sat down one night and almost recklessly written it, spurred on by that impulse which always impels men to make one last desperate effort when they feel that a crisis is at hand.

He had fully intended at the time to leave Guaymas where he was staying and to go down to the city of Mexico, there to wait until some word could come to him from his brother.

But after his letter had gone on its way a certain reaction of his feelings had set in; he felt that he had been weak, unmanly, foolish, to write as he had done; he blamed himself for doing it. In all probability that letter would never reach Russel, or even if it did, the chances were that he would throw it down in hot anger, not even reading it through when he discovered who the writer was. That thought born of his morbid brain grew upon him until it became a certainty in his mind that nothing would ever come of his appeal, that it had been not only weak and cowardly, but vain as well. "I will die as I have lived all these years—alone," he said to himself bitterly.

So instead of going to the city of Mexico he went to El Paso, thinking that he would cross the Rio Grande, into Texas; there he fell in with a party of prospectors, who urged him to join them, and, grown utterly indifferent to life, reckless as to what became of him, he left El Paso with them. Before he went away from Guaymas, however, he wrote to his friend in the city of Mexico, telling him of his intention to go to El Paso; so it was that when Russel arrived in the city he gained a knowledge of his brother's whereabouts.

Whatever Russel Anthon attempted he generally carried out; having gone so far he resolved to go on until he found Arundel. He wrote to Muriel and to Mr. Trowbridge, giving the latter a brief account of what his business in Mexico really was, so that his long absence might be explained; then he started for El Paso, reaching there barely thirty hours after Arundel had, with the party of prospectors, left the town. Even then he was not daunted; taking the Mexican boy for a guide he hurried after them; he travelled rapidly night and day, following the same southerly course it was known they had taken, and at last reached the little hut where Arundel was lying very ill, for on the second day out Arundel Anthon had been attacked by the fever which had prostrated him at Guaymas.

Coming to the little deserted cabin, the prospectors had left him with one of their number to take care of him, and had gone on. As soon as the man who had remained behind with Arundel found his services were not actually needed, he hurried on to overtake his party, leaving Russel with his brother alone, with the exception of the Mexican boy who had served as guide. Thank Heaven, Russel had with him the very medicine which was most effectual in breaking up the fever which had seized Arundel in its deathly grasp, and no man ever worked harder to save a human life than he did to save the life of the brother whose face he had not seen in five long years.

The sun was sinking toward the west; already the sky was beginning to flush redly, when he turned from the doorway and went to Arundel's bedside. He was sleeping, a restless sleep, broken by moans and starts and hoarsely muttered words, yet his face was not so deeply flushed, his skin so hot and dry, his pulse so uneven, as it had been an hour before, and a sudden hope sprang to life in Russel's heart that his brother might live.

He was certainly better. All that night Russel watched him, and when the day dawned, Arundel was sleeping quietly, and there were drops of moisture upon his forehead under his wavy hair.

The Mexican boy had gone out to look after the horses, the room was close and hot, and seeing Arundel sleeping so quietly, Russel went outside to walk up and down in front of the cabin, thinking the fresh morning air would dissipate the faint feeling that was the result of the long night-watch.

He had scarcely left the room when slowly, wearily, the long lashed lids raised themselves over Arundel's eyes—eyes out of which the wild fire had all died. Slowly those dark, hollow eyes wandered about the room, resting first on one object, then on another, last of all upon a curiously wrought blanket which was thrown lightly over him.

Something dark red was lying near him, half hidden by the soft woollen folds, and an expression of wonderment came into his eyes, hitherto expressionless, as the thin hand reached out and grasped a small velvet case. The thin fingers trembled as with some difficulty they opened it, then the sick man started violently, as a woman's pictured face smiled out at him from the case, a face which seemed to him the loveliest he had ever seen. That pictured face was Muriel's—the face of his brother's wife. It had been taken shortly after her marriage; it was painted on porcelain and was a perfect likeness; even the hair and eyes were Muriel's own. Since Russel had been away from her that picture had lain very near his heart, not a day that he had not looked at it with loving, tender eyes.

Once that previous night he had thrown himself, for a few moments, upon the bed beside Arundel, and the little case, which, because of the pictured face which it held, was his dearest treasure, had, unnoticed by him, slipped from his pocket; it had lain there undisturbed under a fold in the blanket until those dark, hollow eyes discovered it.

Tightly in his hand Arundel held it, his eyes fastened upon the lovely face with its soft eyes and smiling mouth; even under this small excitement the poor, sick brain was beginning to grow dizzy and reel again. Suddenly he pressed his lips to the picture; a crimson flush was setting upon his face, his eyes were growing wild and bright, his pulse throbbing fiercely.

"Who are you, my beautiful one?" he whispered passionately. "Only in my dreams have I seen faces lovely as yours—will yours fade away as they have done? will I awaken and find you gone? Ah, stay with me; do not leave me! Never have I seen your face before, yet your sweet eyes awaken new feelings within me."

And then with Muriel's face in his thoughts, he drifted back again upon that wild sea of delirium.

Then a few moments later Russel crept into the room, thinking to find Arundel still quietly sleeping; he found him sitting upright, muttering wildly tender words, pressing now and then to his lips something he held tightly in one burning hand. Was it prophetic? He did not stop to think, he was only half conscious of the swift, icy chill that went over him, as gently unclasping the thin fingers he took from his brother's hand his wife's picture.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Hungarian Orator.

In a description of the Hungarian parliament in the *Nouvelle Revue*, M. Nemenyi after regretting that eloquence has disappeared from that assembly with Francis Deak and Jules Andrassy, thus describes the most powerful man in Hungary at the present day, M. Tisza. A friend of Germany, who had accompanied me to the gallery of the Hungarian parliament, cried: "Why, it is a *souf-caste* master!" (One who teaches several village schools in turn, walking from one to the other.) A running schoolmaster ought to be extraordinarily well-booted, but does not usually strike you as prominently about the regions of the waistcoat. Here the comparison is exact enough. The orator's garments were not made to raise the authority of the wearer; the principal one is a very short gray coat, buttoned to the top. He is thin and dry looking. His face, ornamented with spectacles and surrounded by a gray beard, looks twenty years older than he really is, ever, he stands as straight as an arrow, but looks as if the least touch would upset him. His eloquence accords admirably with his appearance. In spite of the silence which prevails directly he rises, it is almost impossible to hear him. His voice is stifled as if he were conversing without concerning himself about the effect of his words. Let us take the case of a stranger listening in the debate without knowing the language. Suddenly he sees one of these murmured phrases followed by a sudden thrill through the assembly. Three hundred members rise at once, gesticulating and manifesting the most opposed sentiments, these applauding with joyful acclamations, those by vehement declamations showing how disagreeably the orator's words have affected them. He meanwhile, is imperturbable; the thing contradiction can not irritate him; he continues in the same stifled tone, and his auditors never cease listening to him with breathless attention. Members approach on tiptoe from the farthest corners of the hall to catch the words more distinctly which fall from his lips, for the interest in what he says is as great to his adversaries as to his friends. His self-command rarely deserts him; then he raises his voice and gesticulates a little. But his voice never fills the hall—it becomes hoarse and forced while his gestures are awkward; he seems to menace his opponent with the pencil which he holds in his hand, as if wishing to transfix him with that redoubtable weapon. Nevertheless, the stranger, whose surprise augments, allows that these phrases, pronounced in a disagreeable voice, and accompanied by gestures anything but elegant, make an impression on the chamber, and that at the end of the speech, generally very short, he produces what is called in France a *mouvement prolongé*, so prolonged, indeed, and so intense, that the debate is perforce suspended for several minutes. This orator—need I name him?—is Koloman Tisza, for ten years the all-powerful president of the council. In this country no other politician can boast of having been so vigorously hated in his time, no other has in an equal degree experienced the inconsistency of popular favor; and no other has shown, as he has done, perseverance under all difficulties in the hour of misfortune."

The Dominion Parliament will meet for the despatch of business on Thursday, February 8th.

NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS.

Poisonous Snakes.

Statistics of the Numbers of Folk they Kill.

Venomous snakes are those which have two hollow teeth in the upper jaw through which they eject poison into the wound made by their bite. The great majority of snakes are not venomous, but nevertheless there are more venomous snakes in the world than most men really require.

There are two classes of venomous snakes—those whose bite is certain death, those whose bite can be cured. The only venomous snake inhabiting Europe is the viper, but its bite is seldom fatal. In the United States, with the possible exception of New Mexico and Arizona, there are only three venomous snakes—the rattlesnake, the copperhead, and the moccasin. All our other snakes are harmless. In some places the copperhead is known as the flat-headed adder, but the other species of snakes to which the name "adder" is often given by country people, are as harmless as the pretty little garter snake.

Central and South America have many venomous snakes whose bite is always fatal. Among these the best known are the coral snake, the tuboba, and the *dama blanca*. A British naval vessel, on its way up a South American River a few years ago, anchored for the night, and a number of the officers thought they would go ashore and sleep in a deserted shanty that stood on the bank, where they fancied that the air would be cooler than it was on board the vessel. When they reached the shanty one of them said he thought he would go back to the ship, and all the others, with one exception, said they would follow him. The officer who determined to stay swung his hammock from the beams of the roof, and was soon asleep. He woke early in the morning, and, to his horror, found that three snakes were sleeping on his body, and that others were hanging from the rafters or gliding over the floor. He recognized among them snakes whose bite meant death within an hour or two, and he did not dare to move a finger. He lay in his hammock until the sun grew warm and the snakes glided back to their holes. His companions had noticed that the place looked as it it was infested with snakes, but had cruelly refrained from warning him. The officer was one of the bravest men that ever lived, but he could never speak of his night among the snakes without a shudder.

In one of the West India Islands Martinique—there is a snake called the lance-headed viper, which is almost as deadly as the coral snake. The East Indias are full of venomous snakes, and in British India nearly 20,000 persons are killed every year by snake bites. Of the East India snakes whose bite is incurable the cobra is the most numerous, but the diamond snake, the tuboba, and the ophiaphagus are also the cause of a great many deaths. The British Government has offered a large reward for the discovery of an antidote to the poison of the cobra, but no one has yet been able to claim it.

Africa, like all tropical countries, has many species of venomous snakes. The horned cerastes is the snake from whose bite Cleopatra is said to have died, and from its small size and its habit of burying itself all but its head in the sand, it is peculiarly dreaded by the natives. The ugliest of these snakes is the great puff-adder, which often grows to the length of five or six feet and whose poison is used by the natives in making poisoned arrows.

It is a very curious fact that the poison of venomous snakes cannot be distinguished by the chemist from the white of an egg. And yet one kind of snake poison will produce an effect entirely unlike that produced by another kind. The blood of an animal bitten by a cobra is decomposed and turned into a thin, watery, straw-colored fluid, while the blood of an animal bitten by a coral snake is solidified, and looks very much like currant jelly. Nevertheless, the poison of the cobra and that of the coral snake seem to be precisely alike when analyzed by the chemist, and are apparently composed of the same substances in the same proportion as is the white of an egg.

Living in Winnipeg.

Two things at least must come down 50 per cent before people can live in the cities and towns of the Northwest in any degree of comfort. I mean rent and fuel. The rents in Winnipeg are simply outrageous. The most wretched houses—mere shells and as cold as Dante's Inferno—being about 40 per cent on the cost of house and lot. In spite of all the buildings put up this year the city is crowded, and on an average there are three persons in every house for the one there ought to be, on sanitary principles, and we have enough population already for a city of double the size of Winnipeg. Every parlor and spare room is sublet to men who board in hotels, and I know small, seven-roomed houses with no less than twenty people sleeping in them, with double windows and no ventilators.

Coal was $22 a ton last winter when the syndicate had things all their own way, but the contractors are running the Thunder Bay Branch this winter, and therefore it only costs from $14 to 16 now, which will save the people of Winnipeg over $150,000 in one year. If we had a competing line to Duluth, coal from Cleveland could be sold here retail at good profit for $10 to $12 a ton. Poor poplar wood is from $7 to $10 a cord. Many other things are equally dear. Bread of course is about as cheap as in the east, and it should be cheaper. By the way, the best bread in the wide world is made in Manitoba, as the wheat is by far the hardest and best that grows out of the ground. Our ordinary loaf bread would pass for Christmas cake in the east. But we have to pay for our luxuries, especially if they come over the C. P. R. and its step-brother, the St. Paul road, which is virtually a branch of it.

A Death Infested Steamer.

The steamship Gellert was twenty-nine days upon her passage from Hamburg to New York, having lost some of her propeller blades. During this time there were eleven deaths and five births on board, and upon the arrival of the ship four dead bodies were landed. Diphtheria and pneumonia were the principal causes of the mortality.

HALL'S CURE

SPAVIN CU... cessful Re...

...certain in ... READ PROOF BE...

Kendall's Spavin Cure

...Mo., June 14 ... Kendall's ... to be ... in fact mo... the above ... one, Splints, ... every substance ... lived many ... years.

...tfully yours, P. V. ...

Foster

...hio, May 10 ... Co., Gents: ... large bone spa... surgeons who ... Kendall's Spavin Cure ... determined ... druggist here ... bottles; I took ... I give it a th... to directions ... the ... I used ... is any horse ... Cure. The ... two of my ... doctors who ...

...tfully, L. T. FOSTER

Spavin Cure

...t., Jan. 17, 18... Gents:—I ... Kendall's Spavin Cure ... Williams, dr... valuable reme... bones, or Curb... of several ... removed ... the ... badly ... I gladly ... any question...

GEORGE BRIGHAM

Spavin Cure ON HUMAN FLESH.

...t., Feb. 15, 188... Gents:—Se... knee joint ... grow the ... very severe ... cure with the ... entirely ... the lame... flesh that I ...

F. LAWRENCE

...Q. Oct. 27, 188... Gents:—I ... great success ... I know it ... bone spa... lameness and ... One of my ... I never saw ... well in a few ... as well as ... one horse ... directions ... they were ...

J. PEARSON

Kendall's Spavin Cure ... Circular ... of its ... for beasts ... six bottles for ... any address ... of ... Dr. B. J. Kendall ...

Druggists. Montreal, P.Q.

NOBLE, AND AGENT, AUCTIONEER ... of Grey.

...able Company ... Watertown ... PIERCE, (Main) ... for sale ... Town or ... charges moderate ... provided.

O. NOBLE.