Advertiser Poem

I am an advertiser, great!
In letters bold and big and round
The praises of my wares I sound—
Prosperity is my estate.
The people come,
The people go
In one continuous,
Surging flow—
They buy my goods and come again,
And I'm the happiest of men;
And this the reason I relate—
I am an advertiser great.

There is a shop across the way
Where ne'er is heard a human trend—
Where trade is paralyzed and dead—
With ne'er a customer a day.
The people come,
The people go,
But never there—
They do not know
There's such a shop beneath the skies,
Because he does not advertise;
While I with pleasure contemplate
That I am an advertiser great.

The secret of my fortune lies
In one small fact which I may state
Too many tradesmen learn too late—
If I have goods I advertise!
Then people come
And people go
In constant streams,
For people know
That he who has good wares to sell
Will surely advertise them well;
And proudly I reiterate
I am an advertiser great!

HIS SACRIFICE:

OR,

For Love of Her.

CHAPTER XVI.—CONTINUED.

And that word he would not say. Never should Muriel know that the man she loved and with whom she had been so happy, the man who was the father of her child, was not her husband. He had said that no pain or sorrow should every come to her through him—he should keep his vow; he had vowed that it should be the work of his life to keep her in ignorance of the grief and misery that darkens the lives of many of the children of men—and he would keep his vow. Because of his love for her—his great, noble, unselfish, almost divine love for her—he would give up name, home, wife, everything; he would buy her happiness at the cost of all that made his life dear to the living. Was greater sacrifice than this ever asked of any man? Does history record any braver, more heroic act than this? I do not think so.

But oh, the struggle, the terrible struggle, when the strong spirit and the quivering flesh, the great soul and the stricken heart! How he writhed in his agony, crying in his despair, while upon his burning forehead gathered the icy drops of death.

"Muriel, Muriel, I cannot give you up!"

This was the cry that went up from the breaking heart.

Slowly memory went back to that day when in the little cabin he had found Muriel's picture tightly clasped in Arundel's fever-hot hand, he remembered the pain that had crept over him as he listened to the brother's wild ravings about the beautiful face with its soft brown eyes.

That had been the beginning of it. How he had begged him to tell him of all how earnestly he had listened to the sweet detail about her life. He saw it all now. Arundel had learned to love Muriel before he ever saw her, and when he believed him, Russel, to be dying, the thought came to him to go back in his stead, to exchange this lonely, desolate, loveless life for one of love and rest, and luxury. Oh, it had been a fearful temptation, Arundel Anthon had never had the strength to withstand temptation in any form.

All through the long hours of that terrible night Russel Anthon crouched there, busy with those torturing thoughts, unconscious of the darkness, feeling neither hunger, thirst, nor fatigue. The grey light of the dawn creeping through the curtains aroused him, and he staggered to his feet.

He stood in the centre of the apartment and caught sight of his own face in a mirror, and a low exclamation escaped him; it was changed so, his face, in one night. Slowly he went nearer until he stood in front of the large sheet of glass, and then looked stealthily at his own reflected image.

"Old, gray, lame," he muttered "no wonder her in her youth and beauty; she could not love me when I was strong and upright. She would not love me now. No, no, better as it is, and so long as she is happy can bear it—the agony, the loneliness, the

In his weak state, the long night watch, the sleepless hours spent in a passion of anguish, the lack of food, was beginning to tell upon him. The reaction was setting in, the wearied brain was commencing to reel, the brave heart was growing faint.

"I wonder what is the use of my living," he thought; "it would be better for them all, it seems to me, if I was dead. There is nothing for me to do in the world. I have no child; Arundel has my place. God must have forgotten me."

Slowly he drew from his pocket a silver-plated revolver; it was one Henry Glenmore had given him. He had given him many things—that dead friend of his—but he had found that the Indians had robbed him of everything.

Fingering the deadly weapon in his hand, he looked down at it. It was loaded, there were seven bullets in it; one of them in his head would be enough to put an end to this misery. He put his finger upon the trigger and snapped it back; slowly he raised the hand, placing the cold steel against his temple; another moment and Russel Anthon would have been dead by his own hand.

"Farewell my friend, I leave my boy to you; I have no one else in all the world but you to care for him."

It was Henry Glenmore rise out of his grave to save his friend from dying the death of a coward, for, plainly, as though they had been spoken close to his ear, Russel Anthon heard those words.

The hand that held the revolver dropped slowly at his side, a gleam of recollection came into the fixed staring eyes.

"Glenmore's boy," he muttered. "I had forgotten about him, and I promised the dying father that I would take care of him."

When little Roy Glenmore's mother was dying, she had felt that she could not go and leave her baby behind her; "Oh, my God, let me take him with me now!" she had prayed, and God, in His great, far-sighted mercy, had thought it best not to answer that prayer; it had been His will that little Roy should live. And surely that innocent, baby-life had not been lived in vain, for, but for the thought of that little fatherless, motherless child, Russel Anthon would, in his terrible despair, have taken his own life.

For the sake of that little lonely child, for the sake of the promise he had made to his dead friend, Russel Anthon resolved to live.

"And a little child shall lead them."

Did you ever stop to think of the many poor, despairing creatures who have been led by a little child out of misery, away from sin? Clinging baby fingers have been strong enough to raise many a life out of the dust; hearts bowed down with grief, or throbbing with fierce passions, have been comforted and calmed by the soft touch of a baby hand.

Russel Anthon never knew how he lived through the twenty-four hours that followed that long night of agony. For the first time he found himself brought face to face with the stern necessities of life. He had not a dollar in the world that he could call his own; all the money that had once been his belonged now to that false Russel Anthon, who had everything that had once been his.

Henry Glenmore had said that if the time should ever come when he needed money to use what he had left just as if it had been his own—and the time had come. He would use a little of the dead man's wealth until he could earn some money for himself, for that he must do; life for him meant work. He felt that he could not remain in New York; he must go away somewhere, where he did not yet know; but first he would go and find little Roy.

It was a beautiful October day that he arrived at the little cottage among the hills of New Hampshire, which had being the child's home since his babyhood. He introduced himself to the kindly faced woman who was the mistress of the house as Henry Glenmore's friend; then, when he had told her of his death, she went away to fetch Roy into the room. She soon returned bringing the little boy with her. He was a beautiful child with great lustrous brown eyes, and golden hair that lay in soft rings all over his pretty head, and he went fearlessly to Russel's side, laying one tiny hand upon his knee, as he said in a sweet, clear, childish voice:

"Where is my papa?"

Gently the answer came.

"He is dead, Roy."

The innocent brown eyes were raised to his with a solemn, earnest look in them.

"But I don't want my papa to be dead; de odder 'ittle childwen have papas and mammas—Roy neber had any mamma; mamma dead they tell him, dat means gone away far off, where Roy can't go; now papa dead too."

The little lip quivered pitifully, and with a deep tenderness rising in the desolate heart, Russel drew the child closer to him.

They were alone together in the old-fashioned little parlor; Roy's nurse had bustled out into the kitchen to prepare a dainty lunch for her unexpected guest.

"I will take care of you, Roy."

It seemed to comfort him a little in his great misery to know he had something to care for.

Roy nestled closer to him.

"Roy will be a velly good boy," he murmured, shaking his golden head earnestly, then suddenly, "have you any 'ittle childwen like me?"

How cruelly the innocent question hurt him; the agony was surging over him again.

"No, Roy, no; I am all alone."

A glad smile broke over the child's face.

"Then you can be my papa, an' I will be your 'ittle boy," he said gleefully.

Through all his agony, Russel Anthon had not shed one tear; but the tears fell now, as, clasping Roy tightly in his arms, he buried his face in the child's soft hair.

"You shall be my little boy, Roy—and I shall not be utterly alone!"

CHAPTER XVII.

It wanted but a few moments to the hour for closing, and the many clerks in the large wholesale house of R. P. Morehead & Co., were preparing to leave the building. It had been a busy day, most of them had worked hard, but none of them appeared to be very much fatigued. Here and there well-dressed young men, in groups of two and three, were standing, talking and laughing together, telling each other their plans for the evening's amusement, giving their respective opinions upon the merits and personal attractions of a celebrated transatlantic actress, who was at that time drawing large audiences at one of the fashionable theatres, while the older men were also talking together; but more quietly and seriously, the subjects of their conversation being politics, business, and affairs in Wall street.

"Mr. Fay, has Mr. Brandon come down stairs yet?"

The question was asked one of the salesmen by a tall, handsome man about fifty years of age, who had walked quietly down the centre aisle of the store, and as he passed near them, a group of young men hushed their laughter into respectful silence, for the tall man was their employer, the head of the firm—Mr. Robert Morehead. The salesman addressed raised his head deferentially.

"No, Mr. Morehead, Mr. Brandon has not yet come down; shall I send up stairs for him?"

"Yes, I would like to see him in my office."

So saying, Mr. Morehead turned and went back into his private office, where a moment later he was joined by the man who was called Richard Brandon—the man who had taken that name because he had been robbed of his own—the man who had been wronged as cruelly as ever man had been wronged before in this world—Russel Anthon. A year had gone by since that day, when, standing in the darkened parlor of his own house, he had heard the words which, simple and few as they had been, had swept joy and gladness, hope and faith, forever out of his life, and he had lived—lived through that long year of agony and ceaseless pain.

"Sit down, Brandon," said Mr. Morehead, pushing forward a chair. "I want to talk to you; business first," laughing as he spoke, "pleasure afterward."

As the two men sat there together in the little office, the gaslight falling full upon the face of both, any one would have supposed, reasonably too, that the one who called himself Richard Brandon was as old certainly, perhaps a year or two older, than his companion. The grayish tinge that had fallen upon Russel Anthon's face, during that night of fierce, intolerable agony when the full realization of his own horrible misery had come upon him, had never left it, neither had the drawn look upon the mouth and eyes; his hair and heavy beard were grey as Mr. Morehead's, his tall figure bent, would any one have believed him if he had told them that he would be thirty-four years old his next birthday?—no, they would have said, "It cannot be."

That sorrow and mental pain can make a man old long before his time had been well proven in Russel Anthon's case.

You ask how it happens that since, when a year ago, Russel Anthon gave up for the sake of the love he bore his wife, home and friends, as well as name and wealth, he is sitting now in Mr. Morehead's private office, the honored friend and trusted employee of a man whose name is well known in the highest social and business circles in the city! In this wise it happened, and it was one of those dispensations of Providence which show us that God does not forget His children.

For a day he had remained with little Roy Glenmore among the breezy New Hampshire hills; then, with the child's kisses upon his lips—the warm, innocent kisses, but for which the noble, stricken heart might have turned to ice—he went back to New York to look for work, by the proceeds of which he could support life, which, without any warning, had suddenly grown so utterly dark.

But even in the great busy city was so hard to get work of any description; if he applied for any position the first question which was asked him was, "What are your references—who are your friends?" and what answer could he make them? Only this: that he had neither friends nor references—he, whose friends a year before had been so innumerable.

It was terrible to be brought thus face to face with the harsh necessities of life, but perhaps it was best for Russel Anthon that it was so, for had there been nothing for him to do but sit down and brood over his own misery, his brain surely would have reeled, reason would have deserted him, the brave heart would have fainted. As it was, if he lived—and for little Roy's sake he had determined now to live—he must work; for he would not use for his own support any of the money Henry Glenmore had left; he had kept strict account of every penny he had been forced to spend of it: before he died he would pay it all back to Roy.

One morning he was walking slowly and wearily along Broadway, wondering sadly what he should find to do. It was a cold, cloudy morning; it had rained during the night, and the cross-walks were black with slippery, slimy mud. As he was crossing a wide street a gentleman in front of him slipped, lost his balance, and fell heavily to the ground, at the very feet of a huge pair of horses which, harnessed to a heavily-laden truck, were being driven rapidly along. Another instant and those iron-shod hoofs would have beaten out the brains of the prostrate man; but in that instant Russel Anthon had seized the plunging horses by their bridle. With an almost superhuman effort, and at the risk of his own life, he turned them out of their course, and held them, rearing as they were, until some one had raised the fallen man, who was no other than Robert Morehead, and the danger was passed. It was all over in a second; yet, if in that second Russel Anthon had not acted as he had done, Robert Morehead would have been picked up a crushed, mangled mass of quivering flesh instead of a living man. And Mr. Morehead knew this; as long as he lived he remembered it. He was not seriously injured—only bruised and jarred by his fall—and when some one offered to assist him to his home he said, quietly, "I want the man who saved my life at the risk of his own to go home with me."

So Russel Anthon had gone with him to his beautiful home, and had been introduced to his wife and family, as Richard Brandon, for that was the name he had decided to bear through life in place of the one which had been stolen from him.

From the very first Robert Morehead had been attracted toward the sad-faced man whose deep, mournful eyes had told so plainly that his life held a bitter, hopeless sorrow. When Russel told him that his name was Brandon, he had asked in his quick way, "Any relative of the Boston Brandons?" and he never forgot the look of agony that had swept over the worn face as Russel had answered, "I have no relatives, I have no friends, I am alone."

"I don't know anything about his life, perhaps I may never know," Mr. Morehead said to his wife, "and if I never know anything more about him than I do now, it will not make any difference to me; this I do know, that he is a gentleman in every sense of the word, and I feel sure that he has known a terrible sorrow. However it may be, I like him; he saved my life, and as long as I live he shall be my friend."

So in his great misery and desolation, Russel Anthon was not utterly alone, he had the love of an innocent child, and the friendship of a true-hearted man.

When Robert Morehead found that his new friend wanted work, it did not take him long to find him a place in one of the departments of his own large business.

"But I have no references, Mr. Morehead," Russel had said, bitterly, when the position was offered him, and Robert Morehead had answered, "I want no references other than your own face, Richard Brandon, I can trust you."

When the misery of his life had first come upon him, Russel Anthon had thought that he could not remain in New York, but afterward, when the mad, convulsive agony had settled down into quiet, hopeless, unalterable, unceasing pain, he had decided that it would be easier to stay where he could sometimes see Muriel.

"But if I know that she was happy—happier with him than she could ever have been with me—life would not be so hard," he said to himself, his pale face growing luminous with an unselfishness divine. "If through my suffering Muriel has gained happiness, then I am content to suffer."

But the spirit, brave and strong as it was, was clothed in flesh, and there were times when that poor, quivering flesh cried out in such bitter agony that the angels in heaven must have wept to hear it. Many were the nights, when, alone in his room, Russel Anthon moaned out in agony:

"I cannot bear it, I cannot live without Muriel, I must go and tell her the fearful wrong Arundel has done me. Even if she dies, it will be better than knowing that she is living in Arundel's arms, giving him her love, sleeping with her head upon his breast."

And then always the thought of the child—Muriel's child and Arundel's—would come to him, and he would whisper brokenly, while great drops of water stood thick upon his forehead:

"No, never through me shall shame and sorrow come upon her."

No man in Robert Morehead's employ had worked harder than he had done during the year he had been there. He had made the interests of his friend and employer his own; he had brought to bear upon that branch of the business under his control, all the magnificent business abilities which he had inherited from his father; he had astonished even Mr. Morehead. Early and late he toiled, always at his place, and there was not a man, young or old, in the house who did not respect and honor Richard Brandon, for, though he was grave and silent, he was gentle and tender, kind and courteous with every one with whom he came in contact.

Scarcely a day passed that he did not see either in the streets or in the store some one of his many former friends, and only God knew how bitter it was to have men who had taken him by the hand, who had sat at his table in the old happy time gone by, pass him now without a sign of recognition. He had seen Graham Trowbridge many times; it was with him just as it was with all the rest; how could any one see any resemblance between this old, gray, lame, bent man and the one they had once known! Besides, everybody knew that Russel Anthon was still abroad with his beautiful young wife.

Though he longed unutterably to see Muriel's face again, he shivered, and grew faint and sick, when he thought how terrible it would be to have her eyes rest upon him as upon a stranger; he wondered, would he could possibly bear that. He knew they were still abroad, Muriel and Arundel, for many times he had passed the house—the house which had once been his home—and it was still tightly closed; he tried to think of Muriel with a baby in her arms—Arundel's child—but the thought brought with it agony which completely unmanned him.

Little Roy was still with his old nurse among the New Hampshire hills; every month or so he went to see him, feeling instinctively that the love the child gave him so freely kept him from sinking into despair. How he grew to love the pretty boy whose brown eyes were so like his dead father's, and he spent hours sometimes, planning out the future. He had read with the greatest astonishment the letters and papers Henry Glenmore had left to his care; truly they were of the utmost importance; he would guard them well; he knew now the story of Henry Glenmore's life—it was a strange story, but the time had not yet come, it might never come, when it would be his solemn duty to tell it to Roy. With the exception of the Morehead family, he had no friends, their house was the only one he visited. So the first year of the life of self-sacrifice which, for the sake of the love he bore his wife, Russel Anthon had taken upon himself, had passed.

For a few moments Mr. Morehead talked earnestly about some matters relative to his business, then he said in his hearty way, "There! so much for business, now for pleasure. Brandon, I want you to go home with me and dine with us to-night. My married daughter has just returned from Europe and I want you to meet her and her husband; oh, you must come, I shan't take no for an answer; besides, Mrs. Morehead expects you, and you must not disappoint her, you know."

So Russel went and met for the first time Mr. and Mrs. Disbrow, Mr. Morehead's daughter and son-in-law. Just as her father had been, Mrs. Disbrow was attracted toward the grave man, whose refined face, with its expression of sorrow and pain, interested her deeply, and sitting beside him at dinner she had talked with him in her own graceful way, telling him of her trip abroad, when she found that he had visited every part of Europe.

Dessert had been placed upon the table when Mr. Disbrow said:

"I have a box at Wallack's for to-night, and we are all going; yes, Mr. Brandon, you too," and Russel shook his head, "you certainly will not refuse the first invitation I have had the opportunity to extend to you."

"No, indeed," said Mrs. Disbrow, smiling; "that would never do; you will go with us, will you not, Mr. Brandon?"

He could not very well refuse, yet how he shrank from going. The last time he had gone to the theatre it had been to Wallack's, and Muriel had been with him; how lovely she had looked that night in her rich dress of blue velvet with a great cluster of deep red roses at her waist, and she had been so interested in the play she had cried at one part of it—she was so tender-hearted, his little Muriel, she could not bear even the sight of mimic grief and misery.

"Brandon, of course, you will go with us," said Mr. Morehead.

With a shiver he came back to the present; mechanically he bowed his head, he could not speak, for whenever these thoughts of Muriel came sweeping over him, those iron fingers seemed to clutch his throat, depriving him for a moment of the power of speech.

The theatre was well filled with people when the Disbrow party entered their box; all the other boxes were occupied, with the exception of the one directly opposite theirs across the stage.

Next to Mrs. Disbrow Russel listened absently to the music of the orchestra, thinking of that other night when he sat in that very theatre, only then Muriel had been sitting by his side, he had felt her warm breath upon his face, had listened to her while she talked—now where was she, his darling?

A sudden exclamation from Mrs. Disbrow aroused him, his eyes followed hers across the stage, and then it seemed as if the blood around her heart was turning to ice; for standing in the opposite box, the crimson draperies falling about her graceful figure, her wonderful hair gleaming like molten gold in the gaslight, he saw Muriel.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Bermuda's Coral Reefs.

"There's hills and mountains down there, sir," said an old sailor to me one day as we were scudding in toward the sound; "and fields and forests, all made of coral. Of a clear day eight or ten miles outside, sir, with my water-glass, I've seen things as you could hardly believe if I told you. Mighty big trees, and places like grass plots and onion fields, bigger'n any in Bermuda: groves like palmettos, and buildin's and churches—cathedrals, I believe you call 'em—like they have in London, with heaps of steeple and big fish going to meetin'!"

"No fairy tale, now, Captain?"

"No sir; all fact, except 'bout the meetin'. Fish hain't got much feelin', specially sherks, and marays, and gray-snappers, you know."

The coral reefs on which the Bermuda Islands are built extend a distance of from ten to twenty miles beyond the land west, north and east, much of the intermediate space being dotted with islands and darkened by innumerable shoals that are of endless torment to sailors. The shores are with little exception rugged, broken, made up of overhanging cliffs and peculiar terrace like layers of rock. In places the ceaseless action of the waves has made deed caverns, bored holes, carved fantastic shapes and made decorations that resemble stucco work. Sea moss carpets many of these weird looking structures, and hangs in long wreathes from escarpment and cornice, where mermaids and mermen can go to housekeeping and find all sorts of beautiful and æsthetic articles to embellish their interiors. Hermit crabs scramble awkwardly along the ledges near the water, looking like criminals trying to hide, scudding for an untenanted periwinkle or vacant conch shell when pressed for time, while here and there, in natural aquaria, little tanks and bowls of water in the rocks, you can see pretty small fry that seem to have concluded to drop in there and rest till the tide comes up again and enables them to rejoin their congeners in the deep green sea.

Persian Characteristics.

The great charms of the Persians is their manliness and heartiness. These qualities in the Afghan are linked with blood-thirsty treachery and greed, but the Persians are not blood-thirsty or cruel by nature, and one need fear no violation of the laws of hospitality under a Persian roof. Again, whatever may be the rule in Ozarbaijau and Khorassau, a Persian in the part where I travelled has no objection to eat with a European or to smoke from the same palyan, unless he believes some one of the stricter school among his countrymen is present. I need hardly say what an element of attractiveness lies in this one fact as a contrast to the caste exclusiveness of India. In other respects also the Persians have an admirable freedom from prejudices. They are quick witted and ingenious people, highly imitative and ready to adopt the manners of western nations. "You English have been 100 years in India," said a Persian to me, "and you have not yet taught the people to drink out of glass. If you were governing Persia in twenty years the whole population would be wearing European clothes and eating with a knife and fork." This was perhaps an exaggerated way of putting the truth. Certainly Persia presents no deep-rooted obstacle to the influx of European thoughts and manners, even of European fashions, if they could but reach the women. A nation which has produced so many free thinking poets can never relapse into bigotry. The influence Hafiz is greater in the long run than that of all the moullahs, and one sees at once that the Mohammedanism of Persia is very different from that of India. Another instance of that freedom from prejudice which distinguishes Persians is their love of travel. The one redeeming point in a Persian servant is his uncomplaining endurance of long marches, and the cheerful curiosity with which he confronts the prospect of an excursion into some half-starved region among the savage hills—"*Six Months in Persia.*"

A Forgotten Translation.

Prof. Francis Bowen of Harvard brings to notice an almost forgotten translation of the Bible by Charles Thompson who was Secretary of the Continental Congress, and published his work in 1808. Thompson was a distinguished teacher of Latin and Greek in Philadelphia, and he spent the better part of twenty-eight years on his version of the scriptures. Prof. Bowen has been examing the book, and it is his deliberate judgment that, in many respects, it is better than the revision of 1881. Thomson anticipated some of the changes recently made. He printed the texts in paragraphs, and the songs and poetical citations as poetry in lines of an unequal length. He also omits the passage in the first epistle of John, concerning the "three that bear record in heaven," and he prints in brackets the doxology at the close of the Lord's Prayer, mentioning in "many ancient manuscripts" it it not found.

Wagner, the composer, as is well known, ran away with the wife of Hans von Bulow, the eminent pianist, with whom he was then on terms of intimate friendship. Von Bulow's wife and two daughters now live with Wagner, as though legitimately the latter's wife and daughters. This singular arrangement does not seem to cause much difficulty by dissension in the respective families, and it is reported that Von Bulow's mother, who is very wealthy, has just made a will bequeathing 550,000 marks (about $120,000) to each of the granddaughters whom Wagner has cared for.