IS SACRIFICE:

OR.

For Love of Her.

CHAPTER XXXI.—(CONTINUED.)

"'Breezes of the Night,'" murmured Roy "it is my favorite valse, and I was so ry when they played it before that I ld not dance it with you, Miss Anthon. e you too tired to try it now?"

"No," she answered, simply, as she put hand on his arm. And so they went k to the parlors.

Once, twice, down the long room, and then nie had forgotten that it was only a waltz. dreamy, delicious languor stole over her; was no effort to dance as she was doing; little feet seemed to move of themves; while the meltingly sweet music led the room, now faint and low, now ar and ringing. And Roy, too, had yield- to the almost intoxicating pleasure of e moment—the mysterious charm of is last waltz. Unconsciously he clasped er the dainty, yielding figure in his ms, bending his handsome head until his s almost touched the soft, wavy hair, and s heart was besting wildly, just as hers s beating too, for within them both was ing a strong passion deep and true.

The last sweet note died away; without e word Roy placed Louie's hand upon his m and led her back to the little room, here a few moments before they had been anding. Only a waltz, and yet that waltz d shown Roy Glenmore his own heart; he new that he loved this girl, whose face om the first had held a charm for him such no woman's face had ever held before.

Nature had made Roy Glenmore noble d true; the man who had been like a ther to him had brought out and cultivated l the noble qualities with which nature d endowed him. Until he met Louie Anon love for any woman had never come in- his heart. It had always seemed to him at love, to be pure and lasting, must be the tgrowth of a long and intimate friendship, e result of a close companionship; he had ver believed in what was termed love at rst sight; consequently he could scarcely nderstand the love which, without any preide of friendship, had suddenly awakened his heart. Yet he knew it was pure and e; knew that, although it might increase time went on, it could never grow any ss.

Sinking down upon a divan covered with olet velvet, Louie laid her head against e cushions which formed its back. The ush had all faded out of her face, leaving very pale; she clasped her small hands gether, wondering why they were trembing so.

Oh, innocent, ignorant little Louie, she did ot know that love is born out of a sea of motions!

The soft mellow light of an antique metal amp suspended by silver chains from the eiling, fell over her; the dark rich velvet f the cushions brought out in strong relief he lovely face with its framework of burnished hair; the brown eyes were all the weeter for the faint shade of physical weariness in them. With something very like a sigh Roy seated himself beside her. She had been his partner in a dance, had talked with him, had smiled up into his face; her hand had rested upon his arm, her head had almost touched his breast as they waltzed together; for a few hours they had been like old friends, and yet it might be long before they met again. It had been only a German to her—ah! what had it been to him?

"Have you enjoyed the evening, Miss Anthon?" he asked, mechanically.

She raised he head, a sudden brightness coming into her eyes.

"Yes, so very much; it was the pleasantest German I ever attended—the brightest, happiest evening I ever spent."

It was not one of the brightest and happiest, it was the brightest, happiest evening she had ever spent, and a faint hope stirred in Roy's breast that he had helped to make it the bright, happy evening it had been to her.

"So it was to me," he said; "and but for you, Miss Annthon, it would not have been so."

A faint rose-flush swept her face.

"I, Mr. Glenmore?"

"You," he murmured, that tender smile of his curving his lips as he looked into the uplifted face. "With the exception of one or two, all those I met here to-night were strangers to me, consequently I did not expect to have a very enjoyable time; but you have been so kind to me, you have made it seem as though we were not mere acquaintances, but friends."

"And why should we not be friends, Mr. Glenmore?" said Louie, impulsively. "I do not think it is necessary for two people to know each other for just so long a time before formal acquaintanceship can be dropped and friendship taken up. For my part, I can always tell when I first met a person whether or not I could make that person my friend."

"And will you let me be your friend?" said Roy, wistfully.

"Yes," she answered, folding her small hands in her lap, in a little childish way that was natural to her. "I shall be very glad to have you for my friend, Mr. Glenmore."

"Thank you," he said earnestly. "From this time forward I am your friend—as long as my life lasts."

She looked up at him, not understanding the grave earnestness in his voice. A sense of gladness was upon her that this man, who seemed so different from all the men she had ever met—this man, with the deep, thoughtful eyes, and firm yet tender mouth—had promised to be her friend, not for season, nor for a few years, but as long as his life should last And he would be such a true strong, firm friend—one to whom she could go for advice, if it need be—upon whose word she could depend. Friendship—her thoughts went no farther than that. To have Roy Glenmore for her friend, that was happiness enough.

"Then it is a bond between us—we are to be friends always," she said, with a little quiver of gladness in her voice.

And yet though it was only friendship that had just been declared between them, her eyes dropped as they met his, and rather nervously she took up the pretty fan which lay upon her lap.

"Why, it is broken!" she murmured with some surprise.

Taking it from her, Roy examined it. One of the exquisitely carved ivory sticks had been snapped in two; probably some one of her partners, fanning her with it, had handled the delicate *bijou* carelessly.

"It is too bad," he said, "it is a beautiful fan."

"I think it is a pretty one," said Louie, frankly. "My friend, Miss Brentwood, and I both got one exactly alike when we were in Paris last summer, and we wondered which one would be the first broken; mine passed through two receptions unhurt; to-night's German was too much for it," laughing as she spoke.

"I will have it fixed for you," said Roy, quietly; then, after a slight pause, "may I bring it to you myself, Miss Anthon?"

"Certainly, Mr. Glenmore."

He took down her address; for a few moments they sat talking about nothing in particular, merely an interchange of thought and opinion upon different subjects; then Louie gathered up her favors which lay beside her on the divan.

"I must go," she said, regretfully, "it is too bad, is it not, Mr. Glenmore, that pleasant evenings seem so very much shorter than unpleasant ones! I hope I shall see you very soon."

It was only a dainty little fan, so frail that he could have crushed it in his hand: yet, Roy Glenmore, walking homeward long after midnight, felt all the happier for having that ivory and satin trifle in his pocket. The evening was gone, the German already belonged to the past, Louie's words and smiles had become only sweet memories; but the little fan with the faint perfume of violets clinging to it, was an actual reality, and a sort of mute assurance, too, that Louie Anthon was an actual reality as well.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Roy took the broken fan to Tiffany's and had it mended; then, a few evenings after the night of Mrs. Van Alstyne's German, he carried it back to its owner. It happened that Louie was alone that evening, Muriel having gone out with Arundel to attend a reception at the Union League, of which club Arundel was a member, and although Roy went with the intention of making a short call, it did not require much persuasion on Louie's part to induce him to linger over the half hour, which is about the time generally allotted to a first and formal call. Still, although the tall clock in the hall chimed out the hour twice while he was there, it seemed a very short call indeed to Roy Glenmore, and the two hours he spent that evening in the exquisite little reception-room seemed to him about twenty instead of sixty minutes long.

That was the beginning of it. For the benefit of the young lady who was visiting her, Mrs. Van Alstyne—never so much in her element as when she was entertaining young people—gave a series of entertainments. Sociables and Germans, some of them informal and impromptu little affairs, but none the less enjoyable because of that. She was indefatigable in getting up theatre parties and flower parties, musicales and private theatricals, the young people of her acquaintance were enthusiastic in her praise, and declared fervently, that there was never such a charming hostess. She was innocently responsible for a great many of the engagements which were announced the following spring, for many fair girls met their fates in the shape of their future lords, in her handsome parlors, and more than one young man came to the conclusion that the partner she had selected for him in a German would do admirably well for a partner in the longer and more varied dance of life. The choice colleciton of flowers and rare plants in her conservatory were the mute listeners of many declarations of love, and silver lamps in her olive and gold *boudoir* shed their soft light over many fair heads that drooped under the ardent eagerness that looked out of masculine eyes.

Under this hospitable roof Roy and Louie met each other again and again, and Mrs. Van Alstyne smiled to herself when she came upon them talking together in the music-room, or looking over her *bric-a-brac* in the pretty room she had set apart for her collection of curios and prie less old china. It had not taken her very long to discover Roy's secret—the secret he hardly dared to whisper even to himself, and she hoped with all her heart that Louie would come to think of him as she knew he thought of her.

"For if ever two people were suited to each other, they are," she said to herself.

Mrs. Van Alstyne had more depth and strength in her nature than people gave her credit for; under the smiling face and light careless manner a true woman's heart was beating a keen, unerring sense of the fitness of things. She had no idea how affairs stood between Louie and Percy Evringham. She supposed as that young gentleman had rather suddenly taken his departure, Louie had refused him, or at least given him to understand that they never could be anything more than friends, consequently she saw nothing wrong in thus throwing Roy and Louie together.

The second time Roy called upon Louie he was introduced to her father and mother, and though Muriel could find no fault with either his face or his manner—the one being as perfect and high bred in its way as was the other—she could not help wishing that she knew who the Glenmores were; as for Arundel he took the most unaccountable and unreasonable dislike to the young man, a dislike which increased in strength the more he saw of him, until he almost hated the sight of the manly face, with its clear eyes and firm mouth.

As a general thing we dislike the person who reminds us of our sins and short-comings. We dislike the minister who tears away with relentless hands the rags of self-palliation and self-conceit which we have wrapped about us and hold up before our own eyes, so that we are forced to see our own nakedness; we dislike the author who speaks unhesitatingly of the vices and contemptible meanness current among us, for in some one of his works we are sure to find a shoe that fits us as though it had been made for us; we dislike the friend who tells us plainly that we are doing the things we ought not to do, and leaving undone the things which we ought to do.

More than any one else he had ever met did Roy Glenmore remind Arundel Anthon of his own foul sin and black dishonor, and for that reason he disliked him. He could not bear to meet the true, honest eyes which seemed to look right through him, he could not bear the sound of his clear voice which more than once in his hearing had framed in words thoughts and opinions which showed how thoroughly the young man despised falsity and deceit. Then—it was very strange too—but there was a vague intangible something about Roy which reminded Arundel of the brother he had wronged so terribly—Russel, whom he had left to die alone on the plains of Mexico; not in appearance or manners was he like him, but sometimes the tones of his voice made Arundel grow faint and sick for a moment, they were so much like the tone of another voice.

The week went by. Of course Roy called upon Louie, but she saw him oftener at Mrs. Van Alstyne's or at the house of some mutual friend than she did at her own home. Every meeting increased the trust and confidence she had in him, life seemed very bright and fair to her since that night he had promised to be her friend as long as he lived. She had thought to speak to him of Percy Evringham, to tell him how she felt about the matter, to ask his advice and be guided by what he should say; but the time had gone on and she had not spoken, a good opportunity to speak had never seemed to present itself.

Percy had not been able to come on since he went home to Baltimore; his grandfather—stately old Howard Evringham—was in very feeble health; he might go off very suddenly, his physician said, and he could not bear to have Percy leave him for even a few days. Though he loved his grandfather dearly, it was a heavy cross to Percy to remain patiently in Baltimore, when he was longing to get back to Louie Anthon; still, there was no help for it, and he tried to console himself writing to her, and there was not much consolation in that either, as, before he left her, Louie had made him promise that he would not mention love in his letters.

"For I want to decide wholly uninfluenced by any one, even you," she had said in her frank, truthful way.

She received his letters, read them, and answered them, and spent a great deal of her time thinking about him, and the answer she should give him when he came back to her. Conscientiously and religiously Louie was trying to decide whether she loved Percy well enough to be his wife, and she found it a very hard matter to decide; so hard, that at last she gave it up, saying to herself:

"I will wait until I see him again, then my own heart will tell me whether I love him."

Had it not been for these thoughts of Percy, which filled her mind and clouded, of so to speak, her mental vision, Louie would have long ere this discovered the true nature her feelings for Roy Glenmore. But, although she was totally unconscious of it, she was trying very hard to make herself believe two things; first, that her friendship for Percy Evringham was love; second, that her love for Roy Glenmore was friendship. She had almost succeeded, too, when she made a discovery.

One afternoon late in February she was sitting alone in her pretty room reading, or rather trying to get up some degree of interest in a novel which, though it was one of the latest publications, and had met with the general approval of the public, seemed to her very stupid and uninteresting. To be perfectly candid, it was really not so much the book's fault as it was Louie's that she found it so unentertaining. Another day, perhaps, she might have thought it exceedingly bright and interesting; but the afternoon was dull, and gloomy, and gray, and Louie, who loved blue skies and golden sunshine, was keenly alive to the very depressing and dispiriting influence in the atmosphere.

"I wonder why anybody wants to write such books," she said to herself, and laying it down she took up a *bonbonniere* Roy Glenmore had brought her the evening previous, and fell to eating chocolate *bonbons* in a rather dreary manner. "I think I will go and see Aline this afternoon," she thought; "I have not seen her for two days;" and she was just about to rise from her chair and change her pretty housedress of pale blue silk and cashmere for a street costume, when there was a knock at the door, and a servant came to the room with a letter which she said the postman had just brought.

One glance at the envelope, with its postmark, Baltimore, and its superscription in a very familiar handwriting, told Louie her letter was from Percy. It was a short letter, little more than a note; a few lines evidently hurriedly written, telling her that she need not be surprised to see him some day that week, as his grandfather was very much better, and was quite willing he should leave him for a few days.

Louie read it very slowly, then leaned back in her chair, a perplexed worried look settling upon her face. Percy was coming—and when he came he would expect, and she must give him her answer; she could not put it off any longer, yet it seemed just as hard to decide now whether it should be yes or no, as it had done that snowy December day when he had asked her to be his wife.

"If I was as sure that I loved him as I am that I like him, it would be all right," she said to herself, wearily. "Perhaps it is not in me to love any man, for it seems to me that it is pleasanter to have a man for a friend than for a lover. Ah, I wish that Percy was willing to be my friend, just such a friend as Roy Glenmore.' And then Louie paused rather abruptly, vaguely conscious that Percy could not be such a friend as Roy was.

She quite forgot that she had thought of going to see Aline Brentwood. She sat there thinking deeply and earnestly, while the room grew darker and gloomier as the day drew near its close. If Louie thought—and she honestly did think—that she was holding communion with her own heart, she was very much mistaken. She would not allow it to say one word for itself; she stifled its voice with remembrances of Percy, pity for Percy, thoughts of Percy. How kind and tender Percy had always been. Ever since that day when she had first seen him in the woods of Schaffhausen, he had always done everything he could do for her; and he loved her, she was quite sure of that—poor Percy; and if she should tell him when he came that she could not be his wife, how sorry he would be, what a terrible disappointment it would be to him, and not only to him, but her father and mother as well. They would all think her heartless and cruel; Percy would go away—his handsome face sad and sorrowful, his heart filled with bitterness; it might be years before life would seem bright to him again. And at this juncture, Louie sighed heavily and said to herself, slowly:

"I think I will tell him 'Yes'—poor Percy."

She had just arrived at this conclusion when there was another tap at the door, and again the servant girl came into the room; this time, not with a letter, but with the information that Mr. Glenmore was in the parlor and would like to see her.

Roy's quick eyes noticed the look half sorrowful about her mouth, the unusual pallor of her face when she entered the parlor, and there was more tenderness in his voice than he was himself aware of as he greeted her.

"I have brought you that piece of music we were talking about last evening," he said, as he seated himself near her.

She murmured her thanks as she took the roll of music, thinking how kind and thoughtful he was.

Roy knew every expression of the face that was se dear to him; the look upon it now told him as plainly as words could have done that something was troubling her, so he talked brightly and merrily about different things until the little sorrowful look disappeared from about the sweet mouth, the soft brown eyes grew happy again. Then she went to the piano and tried the song he had brought her, playing the accompanment while he sang it, and by the time the song was finished, she had almost forgotten the worrying thoughts about Percy.

"Sing me that little German song—the one I like so much," she said, suddenly, rising from the piano-stool; and obedient to her request, Roy sat down, and playing his own accompaniment, sang the song she had asked for—a quaint, old air, sweet yet melancholy, set to some passionate words of Heine's, while Louie, standing beside him, leaning against the piano, listened dreamily.

Roy did not know one note from the other on the piano, but was passionately fond of music, and played so beautifully and correctly by ear that people could scarcely believe him when he told them he had never taken a music lesson, and did not know a sharp from a flat; his voice—a clear tenor—was exquisite; had it been properly cultivated he might have rivaled some of the noted male singers of the day.

"What is that?" asked Louie, as he played over a few bars of a very sweet melody. "The air is lovely, yet it is not at all familiar to me."

Roy's face flushed a little as he answered her:

"It is a little song I picked up in London; it is not published, I believe, on this side of the water, I have never heard it sung or spoken of here; it is a simple little thing, still it is very sweet."

He did not tell her that since he had known her she was always in his thoughts when he sang that song, and for that reason it seemed so sweet to him and so sacred too that he never sang it—though it had always been a favorite with him—except when he was alone.

"Sing it for me," pleaded Louie, "I love songs that everybody does not know. What is the name of it, Mr. Glenmore?"

He raised his eyes to hers.

"Thy Face," he said simply, yet those two quietly spoken words set Louie's heart to beating fast and loud, for it seemed to her as though he had said, Your face, Louie Anthon.

He played over the soft, sweet prelude, then began, and Louie standing still beside him leaning against the piano, clasped her small hands tightly, the color setting in two bright scarlet spots upon her cheeks as she listened:

"Thy face is always near me,
Tho' thou art far away;
It is a beacon bright and fair
To cheer me on my way.
It is a star to guide me,
Thro' this busy world of pain;
A beacon bright to rest with me,
Until we meet again.

"Thy face, ah, me, 'tis always near,
'Tis never from my sight;
It haunts me thro' each long, long day,
And fills my dreams at night.
And yet it is a source of joy,
It is my heart's great wealth;
And only would I lose it,
For the vision's own dear self."

It is not possible for more passionate tenderness to be thrown into a song than Roy unconsciously threw into his; his very heart spoke through the words, the great, deep love he bore this girl found a voice in the song. He knew when he had finished it that he had betrayed himself; he knew that he told Louie he loved her just as plainly as though he had said in so many words, "I love you, Louie Anthon."

Half deprecatingly, half hopefully, he turned his face toward her, and their eyes met. There was no need for words, he had spoken his love through his song, and the love that was in her heart—the love she had tried to make herself believe was only friendship—the love which would last as long as her life lasted—spoke through her eyes. She knew now that he loved her—she knew now that she loved him.

A deep, intense happiness swept over her, making her face radiant, her eyes wondrous in their loveliness; and that which read Roy in those lovelit eyes filled with the happiness deep as her own—a happiness with which was mingled a great, glad thankfulness. Bending his head he pressed his lips to the little hand which lay like a snowflake upon the polished rosewood of the piano.

"Louie!"

"Roy!"

Probably he would have taken her in his arms then and there, had not the rustle of silken draperies reached them both at that moment, and Louie drew herself away from him just as her mother came into the room.

Roy took his departure soon after, and when he had gone Louie went up stairs to her room, and without lighting the gas, sat down to think over what had transpired. Though the knowledge that Roy loved her brought with it joy and gladness such as she had never known before, still her face grew very sorrowful when she thought of Percy.

"Poor, poor Percy," she said to herself, sadly, "I must tell him 'no' now."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

GOLD FOR THE TAKING.

Remarkable Richness of the Keewatin Mine.

What a Veteran Miner from the Far West Says of the Prospects—The Deeper the Soundings the Greater the Wealth.

Mr. W. D. MacGregor, mining engineer, has sent in his report on the Keewatin Co's mine, and there is nothing contained in the report, though encouraging as it is, that was not anticipated by the company. After giving an elaborate dissertation on the geological formation of the Keewatin district, the report deals with the development, thus far prosecuted, It states; "The shafts—models of themselves—have been sunk following the dip of the vein at an angle of 75°, and give a good showing of quartz. The surface gives us a hard white, somewhat silicious quartz, in vein of about five inches in width, with perfectly defined walks, to which it clings tenaciously, bearing deposits of iron pyrites, with arsenical iron faintly present, a trace of melibdium, almost 1 oz. of gold to the ton, (specimen assayed about 2 oz. of quartz) and a trace of silver.

"As we descend the shaft, the amount of mineral contained in the foot and hanging wall will attract the attention of the inexperienced visitor, and the expert will be looking for traces of the 'casing.' About twenty-five feet down these are plainly to be seen, and the classification of the vein is such that there is no room to doubt that it is a true fissure one.

"At the bottom of the shaft, I find the vein has widened to 18 inches, measuring from a perfectly formed hanging wall to the best defined foot wall I have ever examined. The quarts has changed slightly in general appearance, being now of a bluer tinge, having dark "shades" running through it, with the iron pyrites massed together neer the casings. These changes indicate a richer gold deposit, and the assay furnace is confirmatory of this, as I have had two specimens—one of casing and one of quartz—assayed, with the following results:

"Casing, gold, 3 oz. 7; or, say, $67 per 2,000 pounds.

"Quartz, gold 4 oz. 2; or, say, $82.50 per 2,000 pounds.

"A trace of copper, now present, makes it more certain that a large and rich feeder will soon be found to enter the vein and in all probability it will be reciprocal with, if not united with, the second vein mentioned in the first part of this report.

"The vein will, without doubt, be found much wider and richer as a greater depth shall be attained, and the quartz much more decomposed. Probably the iron pyrites will be 'oxidized' or rusted out by the action of the water, and this ore, though still refractory, will be much easier worked, and here I must say that the company will deserve great credit if they erect the first complete mill as they now intend, and I can assure them that the custom work for their furnaces and retort will more than pay them as all the Lake of the Wood ore is partially refractory.

"With your many advantages of easy transportation, comparatively cheap labor and fuel, water at hand, rich ore and plenty of it, wealthy directors of well known integrity, and an able shrewed manager, it is both easy and safe to predict that your stock at par is a paying investment, and that in the near future it will be difficult to obtain it at any price."

By the above report Mr. MacGregor, one of the oldest, most experienced and well know miners of the far west, has placed the Keewatin mine on the same plane as all the great finds of the United States. His report has been written within the last three weeks, and nothing in it was not anticipated by the company. When it is considered that Professors Chapman, Pike, Walls and Hamilton had all reported their assays as from $105 to $110 gold per ton, 2000 pounds, it can be easily realized that the outside stratas of quartz could pan out $67 per ton, and if specimen cabinet pieces were picked from the dump $1000 per ton would not cover the assay. Mr. MacGregor goes on to say that twenty-five feet from the surface "the classification of the vein is such that there is no room to doubt that it is a true fissure one, and as the formation of a true fissure vein is clear the width of the mineral deposit increases as depth is attained, it necessarily follows that the value of the mine is also increased. The decomposition of quartz spoken of in the professor's report has become more and more apparent the further developements progress, and this in itself is a sort of satisfaction to the superintendent, who finds the cost of mining much reduced and a great aid to the treasurer's account. The American papers are beginning to see the advantages attending the developement of the Keewatin district, and we clip the following from New York *Turf, Field and Farm* of Feb. 16: "Not only has coal in abundance been discovered along the Saskatchewan, but the undoubted richness of the gold fields on and around Lake of the Woods is building up a mining town at Rat Portage, 139 miles from here, which bids fair to equal Leadville. From my observations, and the testimony of mining experts both from the States and Canada, the quartz mining in that section should attract attention and capital from the financial centres of the new and old world. I can only briefly refer to this point in speaking of the richness of Manitoba; so will mention a few of the companies now in active operation and producing gold-bearing ore assaying from $50 to $500 per ton. The "Keewatin," of Hay island, under the management of M. W. Meagher, whom you will remember as a New York counsellor and journalist. The "Winnipeg Consolidated" under charge of John R. Brown, well known in New York mining circles as an expert and practical miner. "The Lake of the Woods" and "Hay Island," incorporated by Winnipeg and New York capitalists, and the "Argyle." These companies are working with best results. The directors, I learn, are men of prominence in finance and business, and no wild-cat schemes have developed thus far. Here the stock in the above mines is obtaining a strong foothold, and numerous other companies will doubtless be incorporated in the spring."

When papers like the above do not hesitate to endorse the Lake of the Woods or Keewatin district after sending their own men to the spot, surely investors cannot but help feeling secure in their purchases.