

SACRIFICE:

Love of Her:

CHAPTER XXXVI.—(CONTINUED.)

I know that, and it is only right that you should wish to know about me. I am not a poor man, but I had not the means to give you every luxury to which she has accustomed me. I would not ask you to buy me such a car for money as I do for honor and social position," said Arundel, "but so matter. You have a man who is a rich man and my daughter's husband, and I must be certain of that. The changes her own for is as fair as the changes her own, that the family inheritance is an honored and respected name."

"I know nothing about it: one way or the other it is totally unfamiliar to me," murmured Arundel, "but so matter. You have heard you speak of him." "His name is Brandon, Richard Arundel," answered Roy, wondering if Mr. Arundel would recognize the name; but it was evident that he did not, for he said: "I know very little about the name of Ellis Brandon, of Boston, but I know that he is a very rich man."

"I don't know, sah," answered the polite darkey; "I never saw him before, sah, to my knowledge." "Well, show him in," said Arundel, and throwing down his book, he rose to his feet, and standing on the hearth-rug, waited for his visitor. He did not recognize in the ushered into the library, any friend or acquaintance, and with a cold look upon his handsome face he waited for the stranger to introduce himself and make known his business.

"I servant had left the room, closing the door after him. The two men were alone in the spacious apartment, facing each other. There was only a few feet of carpet between them—the wronged and the wronger, the man who had been robbed of everything he held dear, and the man who had robbed him. Would any one have thought they were twin-brothers? No; nor would any one have supposed that they were related; that the same blood flowed in the veins of both. One of them was tall and stately, holding his handsome head haughtily, not a line of care or sorrow upon the high-bred face; his black wavy hair and heavy moustache just tinged with gray; a man remarkably handsome; and the other was bent and stooping, his hair thin and almost white, his features pinched; that part of his face which was not concealed by his silver-gray beard, wrinkled and careworn; a man with whom it was impossible to associate any ideas of youth and careless happiness.

"Mr. Arundel," low as was the voice it sounded distinctly in the room by reason of its metallic clearness—"Roy Glenmore has told me you refused to favor his suit because you know so little about him, or—me." Arundel drew his dark brows together. He was very much annoyed; he had thought that when he dismissed Roy that ended the whole matter, he had no wish to take it up again or talk it over; no amount of talking could induce him to alter his decision. Roy Glenmore should not have his consent to make Louie his wife, that was all there was about it.

"I understand then that I am addressing Mr. Glenmore's uncle, Richard Brandon," he said icily. "Pray, be seated, Mr. Brandon." But Mr. Brandon took no notice of the chair to which he had been motioned, and Arundel seeing that his visitor had no intention of seating himself, shrugged his shoulders indifferently and stood still, carelessly playing with his watch-chain. "Roy Glenmore is very dear to me," the low, clear voice continued, "and it seems to me you have treated him unjustly. Does deep, pure love go for naught with you, Mr. Arundel? or, if it does, have you lived long enough to tell by a man's face whether he is noble and true?"

Arundel's face flushed angrily, yet astonishment was mingled with his indignation. Was this man Brandon crazy that he dared to speak like this to him? "I am not accustomed to being taken to task for doing with my own what seems to me best to do," he said haughtily. "I said to your nephew what I now repeat to you; I will not give my daughter to any man unless I know for a certainty that that man is by birth, breeding, and social position her equal."

sorrow and pain into the noble young life which alone had saved him, Russel Arundel, from sinking into the black, icy waters of despair. That was the last bitter drop which caused the cup to overflow, the last injury which he could not forgive, the last wrong which he would not bear in silence. As he walked along the streets swiftly, as men walk when in the grasp of a mighty passion the strange hard look upon his face which had startled Roy, deepened, grew more intense, and he muttered to himself with a bitterness all new to him: "He wants to know who I am, does he? He wants to know something of the life of the man who is called Richard Brandon. His curiosity shall be satisfied—I will tell him who I am."

He knew the house well; he had watched it building, knowing it was to be Muriel's home; it had been pointed out to him as Russel Arundel's beautiful residence. Though his face was white as death as he went up the stone steps, his hand did not tremble as he rang the bell. The passion that had seized him did not make him faint and weak, but cold and stony; the blood about his heart seemed to be turning into ice. "Is Mr. Arundel at home?" he asked the servant who opened the door, and having been answered in the affirmative, he said quietly; "I wish to see him. No matter about my name, and," as the man would have shown him into the reception-room—"I prefer to wait here."

Even as he stood there in the house of the man who had so horribly wronged him, not a muscle of his face moved, not an eyelid quivered; there was something awful about this dead calm; it was like the ominous rush which precedes the tempest. "Mr. Arundel will see you, sah," said the servant, returning after a moment's absence, and he led the way along the hall toward the library, while the man who was called Richard Brandon followed him, looking neither to the right or to the left.

His interview with Roy Glenmore ended, Arundel remained in the library to finish a book in which he was very much interested. Louie had gone to spend the evening with Aline Brentwood, and Muriel, in her absence, was entertaining in the parlor a young lady and her brother, friends of Louie's who had called. Arundel was not particularly pleased when Jackson informed him a gentleman wished to see him. "Who is it, Jackson?" he said impatiently.

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and society, avoiding the companionship of my fellow men." "I, Mr. Brandon? really, you have made a mistake if you think I am anything of a physician." Before the sound of the cold, sarcastic voice had died away, Richard Brandon had raised his head, and well might Arundel start as his eyes fell upon his visitor's face; for in an instant of time it had undergone a change. It was very deeply flushed, the dark eyes were terrible with anger in them, upon the forehead great drops had gathered. The flood of bitterness and despairing sorrow, and pitiless wrath, which for years Russel Arundel had been striving to keep down, had suddenly burst its bounds, and pity and gentleness went down before it.

It was strange; but in the grasp of that mighty passion which shook his very soul he seemed to grow young again. The bent figure drew itself up to its full height, the bowed head raised itself, the features lost their pinched look, the cheeks no longer appeared sunken by reason of the red flush upon them, the gleaming eyes lighted up the whole face. In a voice hoarse and broken he spoke. "Must I tell you who I am, Arundel Arundel? Am I indeed so changed by misery and pain that you do not even recognize me? Look at me! I do not look like the man you left to die alone on the plains of Mexico; for agony, such as I have suffered, works terrible changes. Still, I am that man. Are you satisfied now? I have told you who I am—I am your brother, Russel Arundel."

Motionless as though he had been turned to stone, Arundel had listened. He had not flinched nor trembled; only a bluish pallor had crept over his face, and a certain look about his mouth told that he had clenched his teeth as men do sometimes in horrible physical pain, lest they should cry out in their agony. He carried one hand to his throat when Russel had finished speaking, as though he had felt a choking sensation there. Slowly his eyes travelled the form and face of the man before him—the man whose life he had laid waste. Then, with his stiffened lips he muttered: "Great God, it is true! It is Russel, and all these years I have thought he was dead."

With a passionate cry, the other threw up his arms. "Dead," he repeated. "Would to God I had died. You would have been more merciful, Arundel, had you put a knife into my heart and made sure that I was out of the world before you took my place in it." Steadily Arundel walked across the room. Unlocking his desk he took from out of its compartments a revolver. Holding it in his hand, he went back to his place. "Here take it," he said, quietly. "It is loaded—there are seven bullets in it; but one will be enough, probably. I remember you were always a good shot!"

Russel Arundel took the revolver—took it and laid it down upon the carved oak mantle. Out of his eyes faded the fire of passion, out of his face faded the flush of anger. "Arundel, I do not want your life. Could your life give me back my lost happiness—could it take the weariness and pain out of the years which have gone by—could it give me back the bright hopes I once cherished—could it make me again the man I once was? No, no. And even if it could, I could not take it—not now. When I came into this room there were terrible feelings in my heart; I thought I could have killed you when I first saw you—but it is different now. What am I that I should deal out punishment to you? It is not for me to say whether you shall live or die."

For a moment Arundel was silent. A great bitter regret went sweeping over him as his black, faithless, sinful life rose up before him; that feeling of self-contempt and self-loathing which more than once had come upon him, was upon him again. "I did not know there were such men as you outside of heaven," he muttered. "God! I cannot understand it; I cannot see how it has been possible for you to let me live all these years in your place, calling what is yours mine, bearing your name, spending your money, loving you!"

A terrible spasm of pain convulsed the noble, grief-worn face, then when it had passed, Russel spoke. "Loving my wife," he said, finishing the sentence Arundel had left uncompleted. "For her sake I have suffered all these years—for her sake I have let you live in my place. Because—and oh, the agony in the strained voice—"I saw for myself that she loved you as she had never loved me; because I knew that should I betray you to her, earth would hold no more brightness for her, happiness would go forever out of her life; because I loved her so that I was willing to bear the misery, the pain, the sorrow, knowing that she—my darling, my dear love—was happy with you, happy as I could never, never have made her."

And Arundel pressing both hands to his burning forehead, said to himself, unconsciously asking the same question that was once asked regarding that man whose divine manhood and patient endurance the people about him could not understand. "What manner of man is this?" The angels could have answered him. They could have told him that there were natures so brave and Godlike, that out of the agony and pain which would have dragged others down into the darkness of reckless despair, they form a ladder by which they climb until they reach the highest point of earthly nobleness; and when a man has reached that point he is capable of the deeds of an angel. Suddenly Arundel started violently, his face no longer pale, but livid. He had caught the sound of light footsteps approaching—well he knew to whom those footsteps belonged. But it was too late; before he could reach the door it swung open; into the room came Muriel.

behind her, the diamonds in her ears flashing with every movement of her small, beautifully poised head. "I thought they would never go," she said, with her little mouth open; and then something in Arundel's eyes made her turn suddenly, and the soft pink flush upon her cheeks deepened into rose as she caught sight of a stranger standing near the fireplace. "Oh, Russel, pardon me," she murmured. "I had no idea any one was here. I thought of course you were alone, else I should not have come in so unceremoniously."

She paused, looked up at him questioningly, a little embarrassed, wondering why he did not introduce her to his friend, wondering too who he was—this sad-faced man whom she had no recollection of ever having met before; while Arundel stood in silence unable to master the situation. What should he do, what should he say? He knew Muriel expected an introduction to the man who, though he was her lawful husband, was yet as an utter stranger to her, still how could he introduce her? He had no idea how the sight of her had affected Russel. Perhaps it had aroused within him such bitter anger, such passionate despair that should he, Arundel, address him in her presence as Richard Brandon, he would turn and denounce him before her, tell her in swift terrible words that the man with whom she had been living for so many years was not her husband but her husband's brother.

He felt as a man feels who expects momentarily to have a powder mine at his feet explode and hurl him into eternity; he knew not what the next moment might bring forth; another instant, and Muriel might be lying white and still before him, crushed almost to death by the weight of the truth it was in the power of that sad-faced man to speak. Unable to understand his silence, utterly at a loss how to account for it, the questioning look in Muriel's eyes grew into one of surprise; and with a deep flush of embarrassment upon her face, she murmured: "Will you not introduce me to your friend, Russel?"

He looked at her helplessly; then from her eyes wandered to the gray set face of the man he had wronged so terribly that he wondered to himself how it was possible for him to refrain from taking his life. Without the least thought as to what he was going to say, he opened his lips to speak; but before he could utter a sound the man who was a stranger to Muriel—ah, Heaven, think of it!—came forward. The hair upon his forehead was damp with icy sweat; under the gray moustache, about the pallid lips, was the purple shade that settles sometimes about the lips of the dead. Little did Arundel know of the magnificent unselfishness of the man he had robbed of all that was dear to him. Standing there he had seen Muriel enter the room, he had seen the tenderness which softened the velvet eyes as she spoke to Arundel; even in his agony—and realize, if you can, what that agony was—his first thought had been for her happiness.

"How she loves him," he had said to himself—and think you what it must have been to him to have said it—"if she should know, it would kill her." And as he said so many years before he said again: "God help me—she shall never know." Pausing within a few steps of her—so near that he could detect the faint perfume of violets which always clung to Muriel—he hesitated just an instant; but for that one instant Arundel Arundel's heart ceased beating. Then, clear and distinct, came the low voice: "My name is Richard Brandon."

It was a lie. But do you think that when Russel Arundel stands at the bar of Heaven, God will court that against him? So great had the strain been upon Arundel that the sudden revulsion of feeling almost overpowered him, and it was only by calling into action all his will-power that he kept himself from sinking down, weak, faint, and trembling. Those few words, "my name is Richard Brandon," meant volumes to him; they meant that Russel would never betray him to Muriel, that he had renounced all claim to his own name, that he would let him go free.

With a smile Muriel raised her head. "You are Mr. Glenmore's uncle," she said, looking up into the marble-like face. "I am very glad to meet you, Mr. Brandon," holding out her small, white right hand as she spoke. The last time she had spoken to him her head had been upon his breast, his arms had been around her, and she had sobbed out brokenly, her face all wet with tears: "Come back to me soon Russel, my husband. Good-by, Russel, good-by." It came back to him now so vividly, as though it had happened only a few weeks before. He had come back to her—she, Russel, her husband—and she had no welcome for him. He looked down at the small hand she had extended to him—on the other hand gleamed the diamond in the ring he had slipped upon the slender finger that day when she—Muriel Trowbridge then—had let him fold her to his heart and call her his own little Muriel; and there, too, was the wide golden band which he had placed there, standing by her side before the altar, when, in the sight of God and men, he had taken her to be his wife. He did not dare to touch that little hand, and abruptly he turned away. Muriel looked at him wondering. "He is certainly a most peculiar man," she thought to herself. "Evidently he isn't used to ladies' society. I wonder what he has been saying to worry Russel; I never saw him so troubled. I think I must have interrupted a very serious conversation," she said aloud, smilingly as she spoke, "and I guess I will leave you to finish it. Good evening, Mr. Brandon. I hope you will come in often and see us."

CHAPTER XXXVII. How beautiful Muriel was! That her life was, and had always been, a perfectly happy one, could be seen at a glance. There was not a shadow of sorrow upon her lovely soft tinted face, no trace of weary pain in the lustrous changeful eyes. A faint smile lingered about the red mouth, the low forehead was fair and smooth as a child's. Wholly unconscious of the presence of any other in the room, she went toward Arundel, the heavy folds of her ruby velvet dress trailing

Popular Superstitions Explained.

- 1. It is unlucky to spill salt. Of course, for it shows that you are either naturally clumsy or that your hand is unsteady from over-indulgence in tobacco, and anyhow, it is certain to raise the wrath of your host.
2. It is unlucky to see a black cat. This is when the gentleman on the ladder is conversing with a fellow laborer and lets fall a hod of mortar or a pot of red paint on your head.
3. It is unlucky to pass outside a ladder. This is when the ladder projects to the curbstone, the road is very muddy, and a runaway van is in your immediate neighborhood.
4. It's lucky to have a black cat in the house. It's presence accounts for the disappearance of cream, cold game and other vices notoriously detrimental to the health.
5. It is unlucky to dream of a black dog. Of course, as it shows that your present habit of late suppers will shortly be stopped by your medical attendant.
6. It is unlucky to meet a woman with a squint. It is a great misfortune to encounter an ugly woman anywhere.
7. It is unlucky to sneeze on Friday. It is not particularly fortunate to sneeze on any other day of the week, as it probably shows you are in for a severe cold.
8. It is unlucky to hop up stairs as the new year comes in. It ameliorates your grief at the follies of last year, as it shows however capable of idiocy you were then, you are still more capable this year.
9. It is unlucky to see a single magpie. It indicates that there are more in the neighborhood, and for discordant noises the magpie is pre-eminently gifted among birds.
10. It is unlucky to see the first lamb of the year with its face towards you. It at any rate shows that neither your visage nor your apparel is so absolutely repulsive as to frighten a beast of the field.
11. It is unlucky to sit down to table thirteen in number. It is equally unlucky to sit down twelve if there is only elbow room for eight.
12. There is luck in odd numbers. This entirely depends upon the game you are playing, and what the other man has up his sleeves.—Punch.

CURIOS FACTS.

- David N. Selleg, a blind man, has started a manufacturing enterprise at Newburg, N. Y., in which only blind persons will be employed.
The Chinese keep a rogues' gallery, not of photographs, but of impressions of the spiral lines on the ball of the criminal's thumb. No two thumbs have the spiral lines exactly alike.
In some places in Europe steel bars are used in preference to bells, supplanting them sometimes altogether in church steeples, and producing very pure, distinct and melodious sounds.
A Chinese coin 3000 years old has been found by gold miners, who were digging in a claim at Cosiar, Cal. It is supposed to have been left there by Chinese mariners wrecked on the coast long before the Christian era.
A Minneapolis lady recently gave a small dog six grains of morphine, with the intention of killing the animal. The canine went to sleep, and it was supposed had died. Three days later he awoke, and has ever since been as bright and as lively as before.
The Chaldeans used sun-dried brick for their walls, because they lacked the fuel to burn them; but they tried to compensate for their frailty by making them very thick, sometimes giving them a facing of burnt brick, or using alternate courses of the hard material. Bitumen or clay kneaded with the straw made the cement for their walls. Occasionally they were also curved around the other end, and from this arrangement gradually grew the amphitheatre.
A singular alliance has been formed in Belgium between alcohol and education. An almsbox for the secular schools is a recognized feature of every place where liquor is sold, and every customer drops into it his sou as regularly as he fees his waiter. A school building costing \$400,000 has just been built from the sou thus collected. The same plan is on trial in France, but at present without much success, though M. Sarcy thinks that it has a great future.
A bombshell supposed to have been fired by Yankee troops during the war was encountered in a large white oak log at a saw-mill near Augusta, Ga., recently. A circular saw was going through the piece of timber when it struck a hard substance, which broke its teeth, and stopped progress. Examination revealed, buried in the wood to the depth of eight inches, a large percussion bombshell, which according to the calculation of those familiar with the growth of timber, had been there sixteen or seventeen years, and the tree had grown over it until there was but a slight scar left. It was found to be loaded!
Two Enterprises.
"So you would marry Ethel?" demanded the father as he wheeled around to face the trembling lover.
"Yes, sir."
"And you have money in bank—real estate—bonds—stocks, say \$75,000 worth?"
"N-no, sir, but I can work up. I—I am bound to win, sir."
"How?"
"I shall go to Florida, buy 100 acres of land, raise 5,000,000 oranges per year for the market, and in ten years I shall be rich."
"Hum! Yes! Hum!" growled the old man. "Very enterprising—very good opening, young man?"
"Y-yes, sir."
"I have an enterprise on hand as well. Ethel will marry a Buffalo widower this spring. He is consumptive. He won't live two years. He will leave her \$200,000. Go hence! Go to Europe for three years. That will kill him, bury him, and give her a year to wear weeds and get over her grief. Then she's yours, cash and all, and I'll put my hand on your head and bless you!"
When the young man left the house he didn't seem to believe it.