HIS SACRIFICE:

OR.

For Love of Her.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—(CONTINUED.)

He bowed without speaking, and with a little tender glance at Arundel, Muriel left the room.

"The most unsociable person I ever met," she soliloquized, as she went slowly along the hall and up the stairs to her own room. "I should really like to know what he came to see Russel about—he never took my hand when I held it out to him. Well, poor man, he has a most sorrowful face, and he may have had some terrible trouble which is never out of his thoughts," and then she took up a book, and nestling down in a *fauteuil*, soon forgot all about Richard Brandon and his peculiarities.

When the library door had closed after Muriel, Arundel sank down in a chair and bent his head upon his hands. It might have been a second, and it might have been ten minutes, that he sat there, he did not know; when suddenly an iron hand was laid upon his arm.

"Arundel Anthon—answer me—tell me quick—for my heart strings are snapping one after the other. Is the child—Muriel's little baby—is it your child or mine? Answer me! And if you answer me not true, then I pray God will strike you dead that I may know you lied. You stole my wife, my name, my place; but if the child is mine, I shall take her. You must give me my child."

It seemed almost as if he was going mad. Out of his blue-white face his eyes gleamed like coals of fire. The meeting with Muriel had been too much for him, it had exhausted the last remnant of his self-control, his long suffering.

Looking into the agonized face, with those blazing eyes upon him, Arundel would not have dared to answer him falsely; but his face was colorless even to the lips as he said:

"She is your child, I swear it before God!"

Over the worn face broke a great happiness, up from the tortured heart went a swift prayer, and dropping heavily down upon a chair, Russel Anthon burst into tears. They were blessed, those tears; the first that had fallen from the weary eyes for many, many years, and they seemed to wash away some of the bitter despair from the desolate heart, to cool the burning fever of the mind and brain. After a few moments he was calm again; then he rose and moved toward the door.

Watching this man, who was his twin-brother, yet whose nature he could in no wise understand, a deep passionate regret swept over Arundel Anthon. Ah, if he could only go to Russel as he had once used to go, and ask the forgiveness he always had given so willingly for the boyish wrong he had dealt him; if he could only tell him how it was he had come to wrong him so terribly, tell him what a fearful temptation it had been, how he had struggled to overcome it, and how it had been too strong for him.

Did Russel remember how, when they were little boys, they used to read the story of Cain and Abel, and because they loved each other so dearly then, they never could understand how Cain could have killed his brother. Ah, he understood it now; he was the Cain, he had killed his brother, for he had robbed him of everything he loved, and life without happiness is surely death. And he was going now, perhaps he might never look on his face again in this world, and they were brothers, twin-brothers.

With his face all drawn with agony and bitter, terrible remorse, scarcely knowing what he was doing, Arundel followed Russel and stretching out his arms, moaned rather than spoke:

"Russel, my brother, forgive me!"

Russel Anthon paused; once, twice he passed one hand over his eyes—then he shook his head.

"Forgive you, Arundel? No, no! God may forgive you, but I am human."

With a little cry Arundel sank down upon his knees.

"Russel, terribly have I sinned against you—yet we may never meet again in this world. Russel, before you go—Russel, for *mother's* sake forgive me!"

For a moment he stood motionless. "For mother's sake." Slowly a picture rose before him; lying on her death-bed he saw his beautiful mother; her face whiter than the pillows about it, her great dark eyes bright with that unearthly light which comes into human eyes only just before they are to close for ever in this world; plainly he heard her voice, faint, yet oh so sweet. "If the time should ever come when you could do anything for Arundel, I want you to do it, Russel, for my sake."

For his mother's sake—for the sake of the mother who had so loved her reckless, erring boy. Over Russel Anthon's face came a look almost divine—upon Arundel's bowed head he laid one hand.

"For mother's sake, Arundel—I forgive you."

The library door swung open, then closed again.

Merrily the flickering firelight danced on the wall, throwing gleams of rosy light upon the massive furniture and over the prostrate form of Arundel Anthon as he lay prone upon the floor. The day of reckoning had come.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

It is not possible to sin and escape punishment—end the punishment of sin is suffering. There are certain laws of nature which are inviolable: from certain acts accrue certain results—those results are inevitable: you commit the act and you can no more prevent the result than you can prevent the night from following the day. You throw a ball into the air, and no power of yours can keep it from falling to the earth—the law of gravitation is stronger than you are; you put your hand into the fire and it will be burned—that is the consequence which, try as you may, you cannot avert; you commit a sin, and sooner or later you must suffer; it is utterly useless to think you can escape, you might just as well try to keep the ball in the air.

"Yes," you say, perhaps with a sigh, "in the other world we must all suffer for the wrong we have done in this." If people [illegible] thought they were [illegible] ishment in this [illegible] nearly so many s[illegible] is, the other life [illegible] vague and far of[illegible] as long as we th[illegible] punished for t[illegible] trouble us very

Ah, how bli[illegible] suffer for what [illegible] be punished fo[illegible] the sins of th[illegible] suffered for in [illegible] at twenty may [illegible] with agony; ret[illegible] other world but [illegible] Anthon had bee[illegible] extent and enor[illegible] hoped to escape [illegible] he had believed [illegible] not allow the th[illegible] come upon him a[illegible] have said before [illegible] ther than his life [illegible] fer in this world [illegible] him what parso[illegible] everlasting torme[illegible] At heart he was a[illegible] of his own—a terr[illegible] having no faith in[illegible] in any living bein[illegible].

It was after midnight when he quitted the library, and went slowly up stairs. In her chair before the fire Muriel had fallen asleep waiting for him; her book lay upon her lap, over her face had come the deep peacefulness of an untroubled slumber. Standing beside her Arundel looked down at her.

His interview with Russel had affected him as he had thought nothing could ever do. The terrible shock of finding alive the man whom he had supposed long dead was in itself sufficient to completely unnerve him, and the waves of bitter remorse and passionate regret which had dashed over him as he lay prone upon the library floor had swept away all his strength. He felt dimly that the end was approaching, that the life of love and happiness, for which he had perjured his soul, was beginning to crumble away.

As he stood by Muriel's chair, watching the beautiful face white with sleep, he thought of the time which perhaps would come when the soft eyes which had never met his but tenderly, would open to him nevermore, when the sweet lips would be silent, the small hands cold and still. In his weakness he trembled from head to foot, and in a passion of despair he clasped the quiet figure in his arms calling to her almost wildly.

"Why, Russel, is it late?" murmured Muriel, drowsily. "I have been asleep, have I not? I grew so tired of waiting for you. What did Mr. Brandon want, dear?"

She was only half awake, and as she nestled closer in his arms the long-lashed lids drooped again over her eyes, and she did not see his deathly pallor and quivering lips, nor notice the nervous trembling of his hands. Dreamily she repeated:

"What did Mr. Brandon want, Russel?"

He made a desperate effort to control himself, and was partially successful, for his voice was quite calm as he answered her.

"Muriel, Roy Glenmore loves Louie."

"Ah, I thought so," said Muriel, opening her eyes and looking thoughtfully into the fire; "and I suppose Mr. Brandon came to tell you about himself and Roy. Are you satisfied, Russel?"

He clinched his teeth.

"Richard Brandon belongs to as good a family as I do, Muriel."

"Oh, I am so glad," murmured Muriel, with a sigh of relief. "I like Roy Glenmore very much, and always have, so far as he was personally concerned. The only thing I ever had against him was the fact that there seemed to be a sort of mystery about that uncle of his, and I was afraid there was something wrong about the family. I could never consent to our daughter marrying a man whose name was not a fair and honourable one; you know, Russel, if there is one thing I am particular about, it is family. Why is it Mr. Brandon has led such a very reserved life?"

Under his heavy moustache Arundel's lips were blue, there were deep-drawn lines about his mouth, and the strained look upon his face told plainly by what a terrible effort he was controlling himself.

"Years ago, Muriel, a sorrow came upon him—a sorrow so terrible that it darkened his life, and a wrong was done him—a cruel, cruel wrong, that must have made him think there was no faith nor truth nor honor in all the world."

Had Muriel chanced to look up at him as he finished speaking she would have been shocked and startled beyond measure by the remorseful agony in his eyes, the white anguish upon his face.

"Oh, I understand now," she said, still gazing musingly into the crackling fire. "So many lives are darkened and spoiled by sorrow and wrong; that is something I have never been able to understand, why God allows such things to be. I do not see how He can permit one person to cruelly wrong another; it seems so unjust that a true-hearted, really good person should suffer because of the treachery and lack of honor in some one else."

With a shudder Arundel hid his face on her sunny hair. For the wrong he had done, for the sin he had committed, surely he had this night suffered.

"You are tired, are you not, dear?" said Muriel caressingly, noticing his silence and attributing it alone to physical weariness. "I believe I am, too, and," with a little laugh, "as it is past one o'clock we might as well go to bed." Then suddenly, as she rose from her chair. "Russel, have you given Roy Glenmore your consent to ask Louie to be his wife?"

He knew not how to answer the direct question; he could not bring himself to tell her a deliberate lie—not while he still felt the touch of Russel's hand upon his head, not while the sound of the voice that had said, "For mother's sake—I forgive you," still rang in his ears. Half a dozen hours before and the consciousness that he was speaking falsely would have troubled him but little—for a simple untruth spoken is not much to a person whose whole life is a lie—but it was different now.

"Muriel," he said slowly and hesitatingly, pausing after each word to think what the next would be, "I have no right to withhold my consent—and if the girl loves him——"

"Of that I am almost sure," murmured [illegible] retfully. "I think had she [illegible] hat she loved him she would [illegible] ercy away—poor Percy!— [illegible] I never could make it seem [illegible] ughter should marry Percy [illegible]

[illegible] undel answered: [illegible] ce wrong than right in the [illegible]

[illegible], perhaps," said Muriel, [illegible] he was thinking of the [illegible] upon the Anthon name, [illegible] er all the wrong will be [illegible]

[illegible] shuddered. What would [illegible] have been able to believe [illegible] er life, that when he was [illegible] l that would be the end; [illegible] t there was truth in Mu[illegible] when the wrong he had [illegible] ght, Muriel would be h's [illegible] hat would be hell.

[illegible] Anthon reached home he [illegible] isly waiting for him. Dur[illegible] he young man had been [illegible] of conjectures; he had [illegible] in he called uncle so moved [illegible] had been when he, Roy, [illegible] coldly Mr. Anthon had [illegible] he could not help feeling [illegible] Richard Brandon's life held a secret with which Louie's proud, stately father was in some way connected. But Roy was young and he was very deeply and earnestly in love, and above all his wandering thoughts was the hope that his uncle would gain what he had failed to gain—Mr. Anthon's unconditional consent.

"For I could not ask her to marry me against her parents' wishes," he said to himself, sorrowfully; "I could not steal a man's daughter away from him. If Mr. Anthon still refuses to give Louie to me, then——"

And then Roy dropped his head in his hands, his heart aching as it had never ached before. The thought of life without Louie was very bitter.

"What did he say, Uncle Richard?" he asked, eagerly, when the door opened, and slowly and wearily Russel Anthon came into the room. "Was he satisfied with what you told him?"

Russel Anthon passed one hand over his eyes before he answered. In those deep eyes still lingered something of the look that had come into them when, bending over Arundel's kneeling figure, he had laid his hand in forgiveness upon the bowed head of the man who had wronged him, who had sinned so terribly against him.

"Roy, you can ask her now to be your wife."

A great glad joy broke over Roy's face.

"Oh, Uncle Richard, how can I ever thank you? Though I love Louie Anthon as tenderly as ever man loved woman, I could not have married her without her father's consent."

There was a quiver, half of gladness, half of pain, in the low voice that answered him.

"You have her father's consent, Roy; and oh, my boy, guard her so tenderly, shield her from all sorrow and pain, keep grief and care out of her life. Because when a woman gives herself to a man she gives her happiness, the joy and brightness of her life, into his keeping, and it is his duty to save her happiness even though it can be done only at the cost of his own. For we are stronger than women are—better able to bear grief and pain; and then, too, a woman does not give herself to a man unasked; he asks her for her life, her happiness, and having asked, it is his place to do all that he can do to make the life he takes into his keeping a bright and happy one. There is no sacrifice too great to be made for the woman you love."

Truly there had been no sacrifice too great for him too make, for the sake of the woman who, at the altar, had given her happiness into his hands.

Awed by his words, feeling instinctively that they had come straight from his heart, Roy raised his head, a serious earnest look upon his face.

"If Louie will trust her dear happiness with me, I shall hold it always as the most precious thing in all the world," he said.

In the great city that night there were two men to whom sleep came not, whose eyes did not once close through all the long quiet hours, whose thoughts were busy with the past; one of those men was Russel Anthon, and the other was the man who had wronged him.

The next day Roy received a note from Mr. Anthon; it was a very short note—simply a request that he would call that evening; and knowing what he had to say to him, and longing to see Louie, it seemed to Roy—filled with all a lover's impatience—that the evening would never come. It did come at last, however, and it was a little after eight o'clock that he went up the steps of the Anthon mansion. The servant who opened the door ushered him into the library, where Arundel Anthon sat waiting for him.

Before he had been in his presence ten minutes, Roy noticed a change in Mr. Anthon. He seemed to have grown older since he had seen him the previous night; there was an expression upon the handsome face new to it; and Roy found himself wondering if it was fatigue that made the eyes so dark and gloomy, fatigue that had drawn such heavy lines about the haughty mouth.

In a few words Mr. Anthon told Roy he no longer stood between him and Louie; he said—and this he could say truly—that Mrs. Anthon gave her consent willingly, feeling that she could trust her daughter's happiness with him.

"And now I will not detain you any longer, Mr. Glenmore," he said, by way of conclusion. "Probably you are anxious to see my—to see Louie. I think you will find her in the reception room."

Roy's heart was throbbing so fast, as he went along the hall, that just outside the reception room, he paused a second to try and calm its wild beatings; then he pushed aside the *portiere* and stepped into the room.

On the little velvet couch where she and Percy Evringham had sat that snowy Sunday afternoon when he had told her he loved her, Louie was sitting, her pretty head bent over a book. But she was not reading; she was thinking instead, and a bright flush swept her face as, looking up, she saw the very person who had been in her thoughts.

"Why, Mr. Glenmore, is it you?" she said, a little nervously. "I did not know you were here—I did not hear the bell ring."

"I have been in the library talking to your father," said Roy, as, still holding the small hand she had extended to him, he seated himself by her side.

"Talking to papa?" murmured Louie, innocently. "What have you been talking about?"

"Louie, can't you guess?"

She gave one swift, upward glance at him; then suddenly the white lids drooped over the brown eyes, until the long, curly lashes touched the burning cheeks; and Louie's breath was coming quickly, too, now.

"I asked him," continued Roy—he had both the smalls hands now, and his lips were almost touching the soft waves that lay upon the white forehead—"for the dearest, the most precious thing he owns. I asked him, oh, my darling, my darling! I asked him to give me—you."

It is hard to say just how it happened, but all in an instant Louie's head was lying upon Roy's breast, his arms were tight around her, and his lips upon hers.

"But you have not told me, even yet," murmured Roy, half an hour later, looking down very tenderly into the eyes so wondrously soft and lovely now with the love-light in them.

"Have not told you what, Roy?"—it seemed the most natural thing in the world now to call him Roy.

"Why, that you love me, darling."

"Oh!" looking saucily up at him, "what is the use of my telling you that?"

"What is the use? I think there is a great deal of use; perhaps you don't, after all."

"Oh, Roy, you know that I do!"

"Do what?" persisted Roy, man-like, determined to hear the sweet confession from her lips.

She nestled closer to him: one round arm crept round his neck.

"That I do—oh, Roy, that I do love you!"

So at last he was satisfied.

CHAPTER XL.

"Not until next fall, anyway," said Muriel, when Roy broached the subject nearest his heart. "I cannot let you have Louie before that—it will be very hard for me to let her go away from me even then; she is all the baby I ever had, you know, Roy; still, of course, I knew someone would take her away from me sooner or later; it is the natural course of events."

But though Muriel smiled, her eyes were very misty; she felt the pang which all mothers feel when they realize they are no longer first in their children's hearts.

"I know how very dear she is to you, and oh, Mrs. Anthon, how can I ever thank you for giving her to me," said Roy, quickly.

"By making her happy—by keeping, so far as is in your power, pain and care out of her life. I never quite realized, until now that I am so soon to lose her, how dear shes is to me, Roy."

"God helping me, you shall never regret having given her to me," said the young man, earnestly; and, looking up into the noble handsome face, with its eyes so tender and true, Muriel murmured:

"I am sure of that, Roy; there is no one with whom I would trust Louie's happiness more willingly and hopefully than you."

She spoke the truth too. Louie and Roy had been engaged a month now, and in that time Muriel had seen a great deal of him, had come to know him well—and to know Roy Glenmore well was to love and trust him. She had studied him closely, had made a careful analysis of his character, and she had not discovered a single glaring fault; there was no selfishness nor petty meanness nor lack of honor in his nature, it was true to the very core; and feeling that she had wronged him in the beginning, that she had been unjustly suspicious of him, she hastened to make amends by treating him with all kindness. It was not hard to do so either, and before very long Muriel found that he held a tender place in her heart.

"I cannot help loving him," she said, one day, impulsively, to Arundel. "He is so tender and thoughtful, so gentle and true it is rare to find such thoughtful tenderness in a man; and yet at the some time there is something about him so strong and protecting; you feel that you could depend upon him in any emergency, lean upon him for support. I was not surprised when yesterday Louie said to me, speaking about him, 'Mamma, I feel so safe with Roy; as though he could take care of me no matter what should come, as though he was strong enough to lift me above every care and pain.' After all, there is nothing we women prize so dearly in the men we love as strength, moral as well as physical."

And Arundel listened in silence.

People were beginning to notice a change in Mr. Anthon. The men at his club missed his clever speeches, witty remarks and brilliant *bon-mots*, his low, musical laugh and superb good spirits; and they said to each other, "What is the matter with Anthon lately, do you notice how listless and low-spirited he seems? Perhaps he has been losing money in Wall Street, has been unfortunate in some speculation." Society women missed his gay repartee and easy pleasant conversation. "Have you noticed how unusually quiet dear Mrs. Anthon's husband is lately?" they said amongst themselves. "He has scarcely a word to say to any one, he seems to take no interest in anything.

He was restless and nervous—he who had once said nonchalantly he had no nerves; he started at every sudden noise, he had no appetite, his sleep at night was broken and feverish; there was a look all new to them in his dark eyes—a hunted look. He could not bear Muriel out of his sight, and many times she caught his eyes fixed upon her with a piteous wistfulness in them which she was utterly at a loss to understand.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A man who received a specimen copy of the new Chinese paper published in New York, looked it over, and then remarked that he had no objection to a puzzle department of one or two colums, but when the entire paper was devoted to illustrated rebuses, enigmas, anagrams, and other puzzles, he thought it was altogether too much, and he wouldn't subscribe for the sheet if it was only 10 cents a year.

A poet says: "Can not a man be wise without a beard?" The old Hairy; he must beard-arn fool if he couldn't.

JEWISH PERSECUTIONS.

Inside History of an Event that Horrified the Civilized World.

Last month in every paper published within the limits of civilization appeared a telegram from Morocco announcing that a shocking outrage had been perpetrated on no fewer than eight Jewesses by the order of a British representative. This sudden outrage of Jew-baiting under such distinguished auspices sent a shudder of horror through the world. It "British representatives" took to flogging Jewish maidens naked in Moorish market places, where could the hapless children of the chosen race hope for humanity from the ruthless hatred of their persecutors? Fortunately for the credit of the British name, the publication of the details of the outrage entirely clears Englishmen from any share in the crime; and, as for the Jew-baiting, it turns out that the "British representative" who acted so abominably, was so far from being animated by religious bigotry or race prejudice that he was himself a Jew both by creed and descent. The whole story, however, is so suggestive that it is worth while reproducing its leading features from that unexceptionable authority on Jewish matters, *The Jewish World*. In the little Jewish town of Casablanca there lives a Jewish family named Amiel. The head of the house, who earned his living by acting as interpreter for the British vice consul, was much troubled by dissolute conduct of his two sons. Like Hophni and Phineas, they grieved the soul of their father by their scandalous debauchery. Their intrigues with certain well-known Jewesses of light repute were a constant source of sorrow to the old man, and one night at the end of January, when the youngsters returned unusually late from a carousal with their companions, he ventured to expostulate with them. They replied by firing a couple of pistol shots at their father, who, being thoroughly alarmed by the attempt upon his life, fled in haste to the basha, who at once sent a file of soldiers to arrest the would-be parricides. There was a stiff resistence, but eventually the young Jews were captured and imprisoned. The next day they each received six hundred blows with the bastinado in the presence of their father. His wrath, however, was by no means quenched. Like other fathers who have to mourn the wickedness of unrepentant prodigals, his indignation grew hotter and hotter against the sirens whose charms had wrecked the virtue of his sons. He applied to the basha to arrest all the Jewish women of bad repute to whom he attributed his children's ruin. The basha called the Jewish sheikh, furnished him with a force of soldiers, and gave him a warrant to arrest every Jewess whom the Jew Amiel reasonably suspected of complicity in the ruin of the young Jews who had just been bastinadoed. The Jewish sheikh apparently nothing loath, took the soldiers, and that night hauled out of their beds the eight Jewesses whose suffering has horrified Europe. Of these eight one is declared to be a Jewish girl of unimpeached respectability, as, indeed, is not unlikely. A Jewish police des mœurs improvised in Morocco can hardly expect to escape the blunders into which the police charged with such duties constantly fall in more civilized lands. Of the other seven, they were, to say the least, no better than they should be. Next morning the whole eight were stretched flat in the market-place, face downward. A Moor held each hand, another stood upon their shoulders, and they were severely flogged by relays of soldiers. One of them is said to have gone mad during the process. When it was over the wretched women were bundled into jail, pending their expulsion from the town. The American vice-consul, himself a Jew, interfered, and they were released. That is the whole story: and a very disgusting and horrible story it is, but anything more absolutely different from "persecution" could hardly be imagined. The man Amiel was a Jew, his sons were Jews. The arrest was made by the Jewish sheikh at the suggestion of the Jew Amiel, and the punishment was inflicted on the Jewesses by the Moors solely at the request of the Jews. Whether Amiel is a fitting person to "represent" this country, even in the humble character of interpreter, is another question.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

His Rich Joke.

The other day a baggage waggon brought a trunk to the Union Station which was labelled:

"Dynamite within—smash if you dare."

The trunk was closely followed by a young man who had about seven minutes to get his check and catch the train. When he presented his ticket and asked for a check the baggage-master replied:

"This trunk can't go as baggage."

"Why?"

"The contents are dangerous. You'll have to remove it from here at once or I'll make you trouble."

"But there is no dynamite within."

"There is the warning."

"Yes, but that was for a joke on the baggage-smashers."

"Young man, the G. T. R. never jokes. Get that trunk out of here!"

"Come, old fellow, it was only in fun," entreated the smart Aleck. "I have only four minutes to catch the train."

"If you do not remove that dangerous trunk I shall have to call an officer!" was the firm reply.

"I tell you it is not dangerous."

"Let me inspect it."

This was grudgingly acceded to, and nothing more dangerous than four shirts which sadly needed washing were discovered. By this time the train had departed, leaving the joker with eight hours on his hands, and as the trunk was relabelled he was handed a scraper and the advice:

"Young man, it might be safer for you to label yourself with something like: 'Perishable—no delay.' You are evidently too ripe for this section. Now scrape that sign off, or the trunk can't go!"

"Have you anything extraordinary on your person by which you could be identified?" asks an Austin doctor, who was examining Bil Colbert for a life insurance policy. Colbert thought for a good while before he answered. At last he replied that he had the required peculiarity. "What mark is it?" "Fearful cramps when I eat green corn."

Weeds at half price go to Trimble & Wright's MARKET.