HIS SACRIFICE:

For Love of Her.

CHAPTER V.

There are few people who can speak lightly and carelessly of their past lives. If the thought of what has been and what has gone forever does not bring with it actual pain, it cannot fail to bring at least a feeling of sadness and vague regret. No matter how happy and free from sorrow a person's life may be, grief and pain, more or less intense, have at some time found their way into it; no matter how many dear friends one may have, there were others once just as dearperhaps dearer-over whose dead hearts the grass is growing. One speaks half sadly even of the joys that have been-if a person has known a sorrow or grief which at the time of its occurrence seemed too great, too terrible to be borne, then it is ut erly impossible for that person to speak or think of his past without a return to the old feelings of passionate agony and bitter despair.
Russel Anthon's face showed that it was

to him no light matter this that he had undertaken, of speaking even to his wife of his

past life.

Muriel had never before seen the drawn look about his mouth, the sorrow in his eyes, that there was as he began his story; and she felt instinctively that a half-buried pain in his heart was rising out of its grave, and reasserting all its former power.
"I have told you before, Muriel, that I

was born in Maryland. My father was descended from one of the early English governors; he was a very proud man, perhaps justly so, for throughout the State there was not a name more honored and respected than his, nor a family whose reputation was purer. My mother was of Grecian extraction, and at one time was considered the most beautiful woman in Baltimore; my father worshiped her, she had not a wish that he did not gratify. He was very wealthy, one of those men in whose hands everything seemed to turn to gold. Year after year he increased the fortune which had been left him by his father; he lived in an almost princely fashion, denying himself no luxury that money could procure; he bought an island in Ches apeake Bay, made of it a perfect garden, built a beautiful house on it, and there the greater part of my childhood was spent.

"I had several brothers and sisters, some older, some younger than I was; but one after another they died of various childish diseases, until only we were left—my twin brother Arundel and I."

He paused a moment an I passed one hand across his eyes as if to hide the look of sudden pain that had leaped into them at the mention of the name, then continued:

"In appearance we resembled each other so closely that when we were children we could searcely be told apart, even in after years when we had both grown to manhood, the likeness between us was so strong that many times I have been taken for him and he for me.

"But the igh in face and figure we were so much alike, in disposition, temperament and tastes, we were totally different. I was always grave, quiet, reserved, seeming older than I was, caring but little for society, preferring a few trusted friends to a large circle of acquaintances; he was just the opposite, gay, merry making friends wherever he went, unanimously voted a leader insociety. Even when he was a child there was that about him which fascinated young and old, and as he grew older that wonderful power of pleasing grew stronger. I have met many men in my life, never one who possessed to such a marvellous extent the charm of personal fascination. How proud my father and mother were of him, what hopes they built upon him; he was so bright and talented, learning without any apparent effort, quick to grasp at the meaning of things. I never blamed them because in his boyhood and early manhood he was a little nearer their hearts than I was; I never thought of envying him, for I too was so proud of him, and he was so dear to me, I loved him so-

The old agony was fast rising within him, it found a voice in the words uttered with such passionate longing, "Oh, Arundel, Ar-

"Muriel, I know that few men love their brothers as I loved him; there was between us-stronger on my side because of my nature-that bond which generally exists between twins; yet, though I loved him so dearly, I could not close my eyes to his faults. Passionate, hot-tempered, self-in-dulgent, he was also weak, reckless, and selfish, so far as his own pleasures was concerned; these were the faults which grew in strength, until at last they over-balanced all his many fine and noble qualities, and ruin-

ed him.
"After we had finished with our tutor, I having no taste nor inclination for a collegiate course, begged my father to find me a place in a bank in Baltimore, of which he was the president; and at his own request Ar undel was sent to one of the oldest and bestknown northern colleges. That was the beginning of the end. His college life was one long, bitter disappointment and pain to us all; he made friends of men who had no higher thought than the gratification of their own desires; he spent money like water, letting his natural talents and genius lie un-cared for and unimproved. It was just at the close of the second college year that word came to us that he had fled the country, was supposed to have gone to some part of Europe. Why?" and a deep flush settled of Europe. Why?" and a deep flush settled on Russel Anthon's face as he met his wife's questioning gaze, "because, Muriel, he had used the power God had given him, the power of winning love and confidencee, to accomplish a base and ignob'e purpose; he had brought shame and sorrow upon an innocent, trusting girl, whose only fault had been that she had loved him too dearly.

"My father could forgive him for keeping bad company, and spending money, could and did excuse him, saying, 'the boy is young, the hot blood will cool as he grows older,' but he could neither foreign party. but he could neither forgive nor excuse Arundel's sin. That a son of his should so dishonor himself as to bring shame and misery upon the head of a frail, helpless girl, and then instead of standing by her, should have fled in cowardly fear of the consequences of his own act, leaving her, the weaker one, to bear all alone the sorrow and disgrace, seemed to him, with his high code of honor and his chivalrous regard for all

women, something too monstrous to ever

pardon. "After awhile we heard from Arundel. He was in Russia; and father wrote him a few lines, saying he would allow him so much a year to live on, so that he would not be forced to steal—that is the name by which he designated gambling-and so bring more dishonor upon the name he had already

blackened. "Three years went by; then early one fall Arundel came back, sick, miserable, a shadow only of his former self. He was very repentant, promised to redcemhis character, and for mother's sake—she had mourned deeply for her boy—father gave him back the old place in his home, but never again the old place in his heart. Still he was kind to him, mother wept glad tears over him, and I—how could I help it, when I loved him so dearly? I almost forgave him.

"For about six months all went very well. We were beginning to take hope again that Arundel would make a noble. talented man, when to my great dismay I found he was, in a small way, beginning to slip back into his old ways. Its seemed to have forgotten the past, with its sorrow and shame, and was almost as gay and merry as he had ever been. Scciety chose to forget the story of his misdeeds—it generally does when the wrong doer is young and hand-some, rich and accomplished—and welcomed him as warmly as it had ever done. He joined a club in Baltimere composed of young men who, though they belonged to the wealthiest and most aristocratic families in Maryland, were none the less reckless and immoral.

"Vainly I pleaded with him. He only laughed, and said, half seriously, half in jest, 'I am no boy now, Russel; I can tell right from wrong. Don't you worry about

"Oh, Muriel, how can I tell you!"

With a groan Russel Anthon rose to his feet and paced up and down the room, his face working strangely, his hands clasped tightly together; once, twice, three times he walked the length of the room, then stopped, leaned one arm upon the marble mantel-piece, and with his face half turned from his wife, went on speaking in a low, hollow, monotonous voice, out of which hope and joy, and almost life itself, seemed to

have died.
"It was very little over a year after he had come home that it happened. Only God really knows how it came about. No one would have ever known any of the cir-cumstances connected with it had it not been that Arundel wrote me, telling me, in as few words as possible, how it transpired; and I think, I have always believed, that the boy told me the truth.

"He was spending the ev ning with an intimate friends of his—a young married man, whose father and mine were distantly related, and had been warm and dear friends since their boyhood. The two were playing cards alone in the library. and one of them proposed that they should put up a small proposed that they should put up a small amount of money just to make the game more interesting. It grew late and later; every one else in the house retired; it was after midnight; and still those two men sat playing, smoking, and drinking brandy and water growing more excited doubling the water, growing more excited, doubling the stakes at every game. Arundel was the successful one—he was always lucky at cards—and he won game after game until, heated with liquor, excited, angry, scarcely knowing what he was saying, his friend accused him of winning by unfair means.

"Muriel, the boy wrote me that he had played fairly and squarely, and I believed him—that is, if there can be any fairness and squareness in a game where men play for each other's money. However it was, Arundel fiercely resented the accusation; hot words passed between the two, until, beside himself with passion, his blood boiling, his brain on fire, my brother struck him-struck the man who had been his friend for years, the man who was the son of his father's best friend. My God, think of it!

"Totally unprepared for the sudden and severe blow, he fell heavily forward; his head struck the fender in front of the fireplace, and a sharp-pointed steel spike—part of the ornamental work—was driven with terrible force into his left temple. Even before Arundel could raise him in his arms he was dead."

With a low, frightened cry Muriel started to her feet, her face perfectly colorless, her eyes wide with horror.
"Dead!" she repeated, with pale, trem-

b'ieg lips; "do you mean, Russel, that your brother was a murderer!"

On Russel Anthon's forehead great drops of icy sweat was standing.
"Yes," the answer came through his clenched teeth, "my brother Arundel An-

thon was a murderer.' His great agony went to her heart. Going quickly to his side, she threw her arms, with a sudden impulse, about him, looking

pityingly up into his haggard face.
"Hush!" she whispered, caressingly, al most as she would have spoken to a child, "it was not your fault, you know; neither God nor man held you responsible for your

At any other time the wife's caress would have thrilled him with happiness; as it was he scarcely heeded it. Every nerve and fibre in his whole body was quivering anguish. There was no room in lis heart

for any feelings save those of misery.
"Russel," said Muriel, su denly "Russel," said Muriel, suddenly lifting her head from his breast, "what was his

name, the poor young gentleman who was -who died?" He hesitated for a moment, seeming uc-

certain what answer he should make her. "I do not know whether it is best that you should know, Muriel," he said, at last, slowly and wearily, "yet, who can tell? It might at some time make a difference. I hardly know what to do. I never thought that I should tell you, still now I feel impelled to do so, and perhaps, after all, you should know, for we cannot tell what the future holds for us-what the coming year may bring. Yes, I will tell you, Muriel, it

was Evringham—Percy Evringham."
So Muriel heard the name for the first time which she was to hear again under such vastly different circumstances.

CHAPTER VI.

"Percy Evringham," Muriel murmured,
"It is a pretty name," she continued, unconsciously speaking her thoughts aloud;
"and it died with him—poor Percy Evring-

But low as the words were whispered they did not escape her husband's cars, and he

"No, no, Muriel, it did not die with him, for six months after he was buried, his child was born, a little boy, whom they named for his dead father; so there is another Percy Evringham."

"And the mother?" said Muriel, in a low

"She died shortly after the child was born," Russel answered, still speaking slowly and wearily as thought evary word cost him bitter pain, as God knows it did. "How it all comes back to me—as plainly as though it had happened weeks instead of years ago. Five years ago, Muriel; and Percy Evringham's child—the boy of whom he would have been so proud—is five years old."

He paused abruptly, looking straight before him with eyes that were dark with passionate regret. He had forgotten his wife's presence, forgotten that he had left unfinishing the straight of ed the story of his erring brother's life; back over five years his thought were wander ng, he was living over again all the sorrow and pain those years held.

And Muriel too was silent; she had drifted into a mournful reverie; her mind was filled with thoughts of the poor young wife who had been so cruelly bereft of her husband, and of the little baby boy who was fatherless and motherless. Then suddenly a new thought came to her, and she said

"Russel, what of Arundel-what became of him?"

With a start he came back to the pres-

"Yes, I had almost forgotten," he said: "yet, that part of his life of which I have not yet spoken, was uppermost in my thoughts to night when I began to tell you about him. But, Muriel, my darling" look of tenderness lighting up his sad face as he spoke—"why are you standing here? you will be tired dear, come, sit down," and leading her to a chair he seated himself in one near her, and then took up the broken thread of the story. "Holding Percy Evringham's dead body in his arms, realizing that life had gone forever ont of the still form, the horrible truth swept over Arundel that he had killed his friend, killed him unintentionally—God and the angels know there had been no thought of murder in his heart when he had struck that fatal blow yet, nevertheless, in the eyes of men and the law he would be a murderer.

"And what did the law do with murder-

derers? It arrested, threw into prison, tried, sentenced, hanged them. That last determined him. He had already brought dishonor upon the proud old Anthon name, but it should never be said, because of him, that an Anthonof Maryland was hanged; for the sake of the family name and the family honor he resolved to elude the iron grasp of

Silently, unobserved, he went out of the house-by morning he was miles away from Baltimore.

"Within twelve hours after that terrible deed was done that letter came to me which told me all. It was post-marked Baltimore he had written it on the out-going train, and meeting at some small station, a gentleman a stranger-who was going into the city, had given it to him to mail on his arrival there. He had no wish to deny the crime, or to let it fall possibly on some one else so far as he was personally concerned, I know he would have been willing to have suffered the consequences of his sin, imprisonment for life, or death, whichever it might have been; it was for our sakes that he desired to escape the punishment of the

law. "How he did it I do not know, but escape he did. It was as though the earth had opened and taken him in, leaving not the slightest trace of him behind; after a time all search for him was given up; of what use was it to search for a man who seemed to have disappeared from the face of the earth? no use, and before a year had gone by, even those who had known him best, spoke of Arundel Anthon as people speak of the dead.

"Muriel, the blow did not fall more crushingly upon the Evringhams than it did upon us. 1 thought my father would lose his reason: for days he shut himself up in his library, refusing to see any one, neither eating nor sleeping. From that time he was a changed man. My mother never recovered changed man. from the shock; she fell senseless to the floor when the news first came to her, and for hours she remained unconscious. Shenever complained, she did not moan nor cry, but day after day she grew paler, thinner, weak-er. We knew she was going, yet we could do nothing. Just a few weeks before Percy Evringham's boy was born she died: almost her last words to me were: 'If the time should ever come that you could ever do anything for Arundel-help him in any way -I want you to do it, Russel, for my sake for, though he has sinned so terribly, I have always loved him-my poor, erring boy—how dearly no one will ever know.' And I promised, Muriel—I promised my dying mother that if ever I could do aught for Arundel, for her sake I would do it.

"The night after shedied, my father came to me, and together we went into the room where she was lying—all that was mortal of her. For a few moments hestood in silence, looking down at the face so beautiful even in death; then he turned to me, and his voice was clear and cold as ice. 'Russel,' he said but for your brother she would not be lying here to-night, cold and dead; he killed her just as much as if he had taken a revolver and shot her through the heart. From this time forward I have no son but you. Standing here beside the dead form of the only woman I ever loved, I disown him-that other one-forever. He is no longer a son of mine; I never want to look upon his face either in this world nor the next.

"Without another word he left the room he never spoke to me again of Arundel but once, that was the day little Percy Evring. ham was born. As soon as he heard of the child's birth, he made over a hundred thousand dollars to it. When he told me what he had done, he said, quietly, 'That money was to have been your brother's; it is only just and proper that it should go to the child

whom he robbed of its father. "It may seem strange, but the friendship which had always existed between our family and the Evringhams remained the same-it was as though Arundel had been a stranger to us both. Howard Evringham, Percy's father, was still my father's best and truest friend. The two men tried to comfort each other in their great mutual sorrow—both had

lost a son, had seen their brightest hopes go down in darkness. My father's misery was by far the deeper and more lasting of the two; rather a thousand times would he have laid Arundel in an honored grave than te have known he was living a dishonored life.

"It was not very long after mother's death that he sold our beautiful home, as well as all the real estate he owned in Baltimore, and having settled up his business affairs we went abroad. A strange restlessness came upon him, he wanted to be constantly traveling, he could not remain long in any place; he seemed most content when we were flying along as fast as steam could carry us. I remember one time—we were in England, going somewhere, I forget exactly where, and the express train was speeding along over the iron rails, he had not spoken a word for some time; when suddenly he turned to me, and said, 'Russel, I would like to go this way to the end.

"I never want to go back to America alive, he said, simply, when I spoke once of returning; take me back when I am dead,

and lay me beside your mother.'
"He died in Florence about a year before I first met you, Muriel; though in losing him I seemed to lose all I had, though life without him was very lonely, yet I could not wish him back, for I know death quieted the feverish unrest, hushed the crying of the heart which had known so much of sorrow and cruel pain. I brought his dead body home—his grave is close to my mother's, so in death they are not separated—in heaven I know they are together.

"I was preparing to go back to Londou to attend to some business there which father had not settled, when the news came to me that Arundel too was dead-had died in Australia. I had no reason to doubt it; I had proofs that it was so, and the conviction grew upon me that my brother Arrundel was sleeping in a lonely, far-off

"Muriel, a short time after you became acquainted with me, you said one day, in your childish way—you were only a child then—'Why do you always look so sad, Mr. Anthon?' You do not wonder now, do you,

"Thinking that my brother was dead, I looked upon myself as the last one of the family that had once been such a happy one. Did you ever think what it was, Muriel, to be the last one—all the others gone; nothing left but bitterly-sweet memories and grass-covered graves? There is nothing in all the world more sad, So I have thought was the last one, until-to-day.

He drew from his pocket the soiled, crum-pled letter he had that afternoon received the letter with the Mexican post-mark, and laid it in Muriel's hand.
"That letter is from Arundel," he said,

slowly. "From Arundel!" Her eyes went from his face to the letter in her hand, then back again, meeting his with a bewildered look. "Then, after all, he did not die; it was a

mistake?" Yes, all a mistake. He was in Australia, but he did not die. Oh, Muriel, what a miserable, wretched life he has led. God knows he has suffered for his sins; sick, weary, friendless, alone, he has wandered from place to place like a hunted animal. He is in Mexico now; he has been ill for a long time; they tell him he has not long to live, and he wants me to come to him; he longs to see my face again before he dies. He knows the rest are gone, that only he and I are left. While he was in the city of Mexico he heard that I was in New York : he knows nothing further of my life, he has no idea that I am married; he addressed my letter to the general post-office here in the city, with only a vague hope that it would

reach me. "Ah, Muriel, it is such a pitiful letter, even if I had not always loved him, it would have touched my heart. 'For the sake of the love you once bore me, come to me, Russel, before I die!' he writes. 'I have lived five long terrible years alone, yet now at the end it seems as though I could not die alone. On, my, brother, if I could only

see your face again!"

Over Muriel's face the tears were falling like rain. Clasping her little trembling hands about her husband's arm she raised her eyes, golden now with great sympathy

and nity to his. "Oh Russel!" she pleaded, "be pitiful, go to him, your poor brother; tell him you love him still, that you forgive him. did sin, ah, terribly, but surely if suffering can atone for sin, he has atoned for his; for think what he must have suffered in these five miserable years-they must have seemed like five centuries to him. And he is dying now in a strangeland among strangers. with no loving hand to wipe away the deathsweat from his forehead, no voice to pray for him. Remember the promise you made to your dying mother—the mother who loved him so-that if the time should ever come when you could do aught for him, you would do it; the time has come. Ru sel, the time

The voice broken, and choked with sobs, eased, and with a fresh burst of tears Muriel laid her head on her husband's knee.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Getting Even With Blumenthal.

Mr. Isaacs and Mr. Blumenthal kept rival clothing stores on the Bowery, within a few doors of each other. Mr. Isaacs was always to be found with his head out of the door soliciting custom from the verdant passer-by. Mr. Blumenthal objected to his shoddy manner of doing business, having found that the watchful Isaacs had captured several of his customers, and one day he went up to Mr. Isaacs and said: "Look here, Mr. Isaacs, vy don't you keep your ugly face inside? You might petter get a jackass to stand py de coor. He would pe a big improvement." 'Vy," said Isaacs, 'I did try da, vonce, und all de people as dey pass py say to him: 'Good day, Mr. Blumentha; I see you've moved.'"

A Level Headed Porter.

An Indian Rajah had a poor porter at his gate who resembled him in person. He one day put his royal robes and crown on him, seated him on the throne, and then put on his own head the porter's cap and stood in in the gate and laughed to see his ministers deceived and bowing down before the porter. But the porter said: "Who is that fellow laughing at me in the gate? Off with his head!" They decapitated the rajah, and the porter reigned in his stead.

A ROMANCER'S ROMANCE.

A Romance From the Life of the Fiction-Writer, Miss Edgeworth, Related by Herself.

Miss Edgeworth's keen delights and vivid descriptions of all the new things, faces, voices, ideas, are all to be read, says a writer in the Cornhill Magazine, in some long and most charming letters to Ireland, which also contain the account of a most eventful crisis which this Paris journey brought about. The letter is dated March, 1803, and it concludes as tollows: "Here, my dear aunt, I was interrupted in a manner that will surprise you as much as it surprised me-by the coming of M. Edelcrantz, a Swedish gentleman whom we have mentioned to you, of superior understanding and mild manners. He came to offer me his hand and heart. My heart, you may suppose, can not return his attachment, for I have seen but very little of him, and have not had time to have formed any judgment, except that I think nothing could tempt me to leave my own dear friends and my own country to live in Sweden." Maria Edgeworth was now about 30 years of age, at a time of life when people are apt to realize, perhaps almost more deeply than in early youth, the influence of feeling, its importance, and strange power over events. Hitherto there are no records inher memoirs of any sensational episodes, but it does not follow that a young lady has not had her own phase of experience because she does not write it out at length to her various aunts and correspondents. Miss Edgeworth was not a sentimental person. She was warmly devoted to her own family, and she seems to have had a strong idea of her own want of beauty; pernaps her admiration for her lovely young sisters may have caused this feel-ing to be exaggerated by her. But no romantic, lovely heroine could have inspired a deeper or more touching admiration than this one which M. Edelcrantz felt for his English friend; the mild and superior Swede seems to have been thoroughly in earnest. So indeed was Miss Edgeworth, but she was not carried away by the natural impulses of the moment. She realized the many difficulties and dangers of the unknown; she looked to the future : she looked to her own home, and with an affection all the more felt because of the trial to which it was now exposed. The many lessons of self-control and self-restraint which she had learned returned with instinctive force. Sometimes it happens that people miss what is the best for the sake of the next best, and we see convenience and old habit and expediency, and a hundred small and insignificant circumstances, gathering like some avalanche to divide hearts that might give and receive very much from each. But sentiment is not the only thing in life. Other duties, ties, and realities there are, and it is difficult to judge for others in such matters. Sincerity of heart and truth to themselves are pretty sure in the end to lead people in the right direction for their own and for other people's happiness. Only, in the experience of many women, there is the danger that fixed ideas and other people's opinion, and the force of custom, may limit lives which might have been complete in greater things, though perhaps less perfect in the lesser. People in the abstract are sincere enough in wishing fullness of experience and happiness to those dearest and nearest to them, but we are only human beings, and when the time comes and the horrible necessity for parting approaches, our courage goes, our hearts fail, and we think we are preaching reason and good sense, while it is only a most ratural instinct which leads us to cling to that to which we are used and to those we love. Mr. Edgeworth did not attempt to influence Maria, Mrs. Edgeworth evidently had some misgivings, and certainly much sympathy for the chevalier and for her friend and step-daughter. She says: "Maria was mistaken as to her own feelings. She refused M. Edelcrantz, but she felt much more for him than esteem and admiration; she was extremely in love with him. Mr. Edge orth left her to decide for herself, but she saw too plainly what it would be to us to lose her and what she would feel at parting with us. She decided rightly for her own future happpiness and for that of her family, but she suffered much at the time and long afterward. While we were at Paris I remember that in a shop, where Charlotte and I were making purchases, Maria sat apart absorbed in thought, and so deep in reverie that when her father came in and stood opposite to her she did not see him till he spoke to her, when she started and burst into tears. * * * I do not think she repented of her refusal, or regreted her decision. She was well aware that she could not have made M. Edelcrantz happy, that she would not have suited his position at the court of Stockholm, and that her want of beauty might have diminished his attachment. It was perhaps better she should think so, for it her mind; but from what I saw of M. Edelcrantz, I think he was a man capable of really valuing her. I believe he was much attached to her, and deeply mortified at her refusal. He continued to reside in Sweden after the abdication of his master, and was always distinguished for his high character and great abilities. He never married. He was, except for his very fine eyes, remarkably plain." So ends the romance of the romancer. There are, however, many happinesses in life, as there are many trobles.

istory of A. Will.

One has heard of wills written on bedposts, concealed in hay-lofts and flowerpots, and other possible and impossible places, but probably no will has ever passed through more vicissitudes than one admitted to probate by Sir James Hannon. The test-ator was an engineer on board a channel steamer and made his will giving everything to his wife, and gave the will to her. Some time afterward they had a quarrel, during which she tore the will up and threw the pieces into the fire. The husband picked up the pieces and put them into an envelope labelled "Poison," but said he would make a new one. However, several years afterward he died of smallpox on his steamer, and on his clothes being searched, before burning, the envelope with the pieces of the will inside it was luckily found and given to his wife. This brand plucked from the burning has now been pieced together and will be deposited at Somerset house; a lesson to all time to wives not to lose their tempers too far if they do not wish also to lose their husband's property, or to save it only by a lawsuit,—Pall Mall Gazette.