

HIS SACRIFICE:

OR.

For Love of Her.

CHAPTER XLII.—(CONTINUED.)

The days and weeks passed brightly, pleasantly, and oh, how happily, to Louie; she had plenty to keep her busy too, calls to make, weddings and receptions and balls to attend, for Mrs. Glenmore was as much a favorite in society as Miss Anthon had been, and Muriel had no intention of allowing her beautiful daughter to settle down into a quiet married life. Muriel missed Louie exceedingly; the house seemed very quiet and lonely without the lovely girl-face, the light step, the low, soft laugh.

"Oh, Louie, I wish you and Roy would come home, and remain until you go to housekeeping," she said, pleadingly. "You have no idea how much I miss you, the house seems so lonely."

But Louie shook her head. She felt that for many reasons it was best that she and Roy did not live with her father and mother. She had seen Percy Ervingham several times since her marriage, and that young gentleman had so far recovered from his disappointment that he was able to go and spend many pleasant evenings with Mr. and Mrs. Roy Glenmore, considered Roy a very agreeable fellow, and could hear Louie call her husband "dear," quite unmoved.

Nothing so quickly cures a man of his love for a woman as to see that woman the wife of another man; this cure had worked wonders in Percy Ervingham's case. He had loved Louie Anthon—he admired Mrs. Roy Glenmore; Louie Anthon had been the loveliest woman in all the world, Mrs. Roy Glenmore was one of the loveliest. If Louie had died he would have probably been faithful to her memory as long as he lived; possibly he might never have thought of loving another woman, but instead of dying she had married, and that made all the difference in the world.

He made a flying trip to New York every little while, and it generally happened that he spent most of his time while in the city with Miss Brentwood. But surely there was nothing particularly strange or unnatural in that, for was not Aline his truest friend? had she not sympathized with and comforted him in his sorrow?

Percy did not stop to think why it was that as soon as he had arrived in New York he was restless and uneasy until he saw Aline; he did not ask himself why the evenings he passed in her society seemed so very pleasant and so marvelously short.

He was taking dinner with Roy and Louie at the Brunswick one evening, and in the course of conversation, Louie, speaking about Aline, said demurely, but with a gleam of mischief in her eyes:

"I suppose, Percy, you have met Raleigh Thornton at the Brentwoods?"

Percy shook his handsome head in the negative.

"No?" murmured Louie, looking meditatively at the tiny bubbles that were rising from the bottom of her glass of champagne. "Why that is strange; I thought of course you had met him, and I was going to ask you how you liked him."

Percy looked interested, but not particularly pleasantly interested.

"Who is he, anyway?" he asked.

"Oh, he is a great friend of Aline's," answered Louie, innocently; "he has been very attentive to her all winter. I do wish you could see him, Percy; he is magnificent looking, is considered one of the handsomest men in society, and his manners are simply charming."

"So?" said Percy, with a nonchalance that was a perfect bit of acting considering his feelings just at that moment.

Percy did not enjoy the remainder of that dinner, and it was a shame, too, for it was as perfect in its way as it is possible for a dinner to be. He declined Mr. and Mrs. Glenmore's warm invitation to accompany them to the theatre, pleading a previous engagement; and though he did not say it was with Aline, Roy and Louie knew perfectly well that it was.

"My darling Louie," said Roy, after they had parted with Percy, "do you think—"

"I don't think anything," said Louie, laughing merrily as she interrupted him, "only—wait and see."

And Percy, wending his way up Fifth Avenue, was in not a particularly amiable frame of mind.

"Really, I shouldn't think Aline would encourage a fellow like that," he muttered.

"What does she want this Raleigh Thornton, or whatever his name is, hanging around her for if she don't love him?"

"But perhaps she does," whispered a little small voice, and Percy started suddenly as though he had received a painful of ice-water full in the face, drew a long breath, and walked along very quickly. He found Aline looking very beautiful in her evening-dress of wine color and peach-pink, a rose flush upon her cheeks, the light in her great dusky eyes that had come into them—well, since Percy had taken to visiting New York so often. But she was not alone. Lounging gracefully on one of the embroidered satin couches, was a remarkably handsome young gentleman whom Aline introduced as Mr. Thornton.

Really Percy was very disagreeable that evening, more disagreeable than you would ever imagine handsome Percy could possibly be; and Raleigh Thornton was certainly not to blame for thinking Mr. Ervingham about as thoroughly disagreeable a young fellow as he had ever met in all his life. He would not take any part in the conversation; when he spoke, he addressed his remarks to Aline exclusively, he completely ignored Mr. Thornton, yet though he scarcely looked at him he was obliged to acknowledge to himself that the young New Yorker was handsome, was witty and entertaining.

At last Raleigh Thornton took his departure, and having reminded Aline that she had promised to go with him to a German the following evening. After he had gone, and the heavy street door had closed with a clang after him, Percy suddenly rose from the chair and seated himself by Aline's side on one of the little couches.

"Aline," he said, rather fiercely, tugging

viciously at his silky mustache, "do you care for that fellow?"

Oh, the emphasis upon "that fellow," it was decided, to say the least.

"Do I care for him, Percy? I like him very much, if that is what you mean."

"But I don't mean that at all, Aline, do you love him?"

Half indignantly she looked up at him; then her eyes drooped quickly, a bright flush swept over her face.

"Because, Aline—just a quiver of earnestness in his voice—"I don't want you to love him—per any man—but me."

"And you are not surprised?" murmured Aline, the next day when she had told Louie the news.

"Not a particle, dear—and oh, Aline, I am so glad he loves you."

"So am I," said Aline, softly.

About the first of February Richard Brandon came home, and it was indeed a warm, loving welcome he received from Roy and Louie. He dined with them the day he arrived, and after dinner when they were alone together—just those three—Louie's pretty private parlor, he said—with that rarely tender smile of his lighting up his face:

"I brought you something, Louie, but I am going to give Roy what I brought him, first."

He took from his pocket a sealed letter, which he laid in Roy's hand.

Wonderingly the young man broke open the envelope; drawing out the sheet of paper it inclosed, he unfolded it, and read what was written upon it, and as he read his face grew white as death, his breath came quick and fast, and when he had finished, he carried one hand to his head as though he was dazed.

"Uncle Richard—it cannot be true—it cannot be that I am—"

"Lord Fairleigh? Yes," said Richard Brandon, and in his eyes glad tears were standing. "It is true, my boy, you are Lord Fairleigh of Fairleigh Towers, Derbyshire, England. Louie, my darling, you must be the first one to congratulate him."

She looked from one to the other of them helplessly.

"I cannot understand, Uncle Richard—I do not see how my Roy can be—Lord Fairleigh."

And taking her little trembling hands in his own strong ones, while Roy held the letter from the London lawyers—Messrs. Gresham & Barham—Richard Brandon told them the whole story, and when he had finished, it was plain and clear to them both.

Roy's father, Cyril Fairleigh, was the third son of Lord Reginald Fairleigh, and, notwithstanding the fact that he was the youngest, was his father's favorite son, being very much like, in face and disposition, his mother, a lovely woman, whom Lord Fairleigh passionately loved.

Just after he came of age, Cyril fell violently in love with a young girl who was employed by one of his mother's lady friends as governess to her young children.

This young girl, Lillian Forsyth, was a lovely, gentle girl, the only child of a North of England curate, who, dying almost penniless, left his motherless child to struggle on as best she could. Life was not very bright to her—poor child. Her lovely face, with its soft sad eyes and sorrowful mouth, first attracted Cyril Fairleigh's attention, and in a very short time it had become the one face in all the world to him.

When Lord Fairleigh heard that his favorite son was paying very marked attention to Lady Harcourt's governess, he was greatly disturbed, and sending for Cyril, told him what he had heard, and suggested that he should leave England for a time, travel on the Continent until he had recovered from his boyish infatuation—for that was what Lord Fairleigh considered it. What was his horror and surprise when Cyril answered, quietly but very firmly, that he loved Miss Forsyth, had already asked her to be his wife, and, what is more, had every intention of marrying her. In vain Lord Fairleigh argued and pleaded, neither his arguments nor his prayers could change Cyril's resolution. At last he lost his temper, and, in a towering passion of rage, told him that the day he married that low, designing creature, as he designated poor Lillian—he ceased to be a son of his.

"You can choose between us—your father and that low-born girl," he said, "but I swear if you choose her you must abide by your choice; if you marry her I never want to look upon your face again, to hear your name spoken; you will no longer be a son of mine."

It is quite needless to say he did marry her—for love of her he was willing to give up home, friends, everything, even name; for the day after their marriage he sailed for America under the name of Glenmore.

In the course of time, Reginald, Lord Fairleigh, died, his oldest son succeeded him, and for ten years had lived in the enjoyment of the immense Fairleigh estate; then he was taken down with some organic disease—the same which had killed Roy's father, and which had been fatal to many of the Fairleighs—and dying childless, the title and earldom had fallen in direct succession to Arthur, the second son. Lord Arthur's two sons died in infancy, and he himself had died a sudden violent death; he was run away with by a span of high-spirited horses, thrown from the carriage and was picked up dead.

Then it was that Cyril, the youngest son, was remembered—he had not been entirely forgotten, there were many that recollected Lord Reginald's favorite boy. A search was commenced for him, advertisements inserted in the newspapers of every country—it was one of those advertisements that Richard Brandon saw. Cyril Fairleigh was dead, gone like the rest, but his son—Lillian Forsyth's child and his—was alive; so it was that Roy came into his inheritance.

Richard Brandon had no trouble in proving that Roy was Cyril Fairleigh's child. Perhaps poor Cyril had thought such a thing might come to pass, for in that box Richard Brandon had treasured so carefully were so many things that went to show Henry Glenmore and Cyril Fairleigh were one and the same. A watch inscribed, "To my dear boy, from his affectionate father, Reginald Fairleigh," a ring that had belonged to his mother before her marriage, with her maiden name engraved inside of it, besides the letters and the wedding certificate. Yes,

Roy was Lord Fairleigh—that was plainly proved.

To say that everybody was surprised when the wonderful news came out, is a very feeble way of expressing it. To think that Roy Glenmore was a full-fledged English lord, heir to one of the oldest titles, and one of the largest estates in England!

People felt as though they had been entertaining an angel unawares, and it was quite marvellous how many remembered that they had always liked him so much, had always thought there was something so *distingue* about him.

And Mrs. Van Alstyne was in a seventh heaven of delight.

"I know I could not have felt so perfectly delighted if I had discovered I was a lord myself," she said, enthusiastically, and when she saw Muriel she almost choked herself laughing.

"Muriel Anthon, do you remember the day we were talking about him, and I said for anything I knew to the contrary he might have Norman blood in his veins?" she said, hysterically. "And just think he has got Norman blood in his veins—the dear, dear boy."

Muriel was calmly happy, conscious that her daughter had acquitted herself admirably, had made an everlasting name for herself in society, and there was just a little pardonable pride in her voice and manner when she spoke of "my daughter, Lady Fairleigh."

The third week in February Roy and Louie sailed for England, as it was all important that Lord Fairleigh should take care of the fortune which had so suddenly and unexpectedly come into his hands.

CHAPTER XLIII.

The March of that year was an unusually stormy and severe one. For days at a time it rained unceasingly, and the gales were terrible—there were many shipwrecks on the coast. March is always a trying month, this March was particularly trying; if it had started out with the resolution to outdo its predecessors in point of disagreeability, it had certainly succeeded, for everybody said it was, without exception, the coldest, windiest, stormiest and most thoroughly unpleasant March they had ever experienced, and this is saying a great deal.

One dreary, rainy afternoon, Muriel Anthon was sitting in her favorite chair in her pretty *boudoir*, embroidering in a slow, languid way, quite unusual to her. She had not been feeling well for three or four days; early in the month she had caught a heavy cold, and it did not seem to have entirely left her; she felt really miserable this afternoon, more miserable than she would acknowledge to herself. There was a tight feeling about her chest—a feeling of heat and weight rather than pain; her head ached, and from time to time she coughed—a dry, hacking cough, and that was something very unusual for her.

"I hope I am not going to be sick," she said to herself, as a creeping chill passed over her, and shivering in the warm, flower-scented room, she drew her chair nearer to the fire, dropping her embroidery, and laying her head wearily against the satin cushions. "I must have caught more cold," she continued. "I am sorry, too, for it does worry Russel so, even when I am the least bit sick; I shall not tell him I do not feel well. It is only the weather, I guess; how can any one feel well such wretched weather as we have been having right straight along since the first of the month? I shall be so glad when May comes; I always detested March and April."

And then she fell to thinking dreamily of the summer which was to come, and for which she had made all her plans. She was to spend it in England, and how anxious she was to see Louie in her own beautiful home.

When an hour or so later Arundel came in, he found her still sitting in the low chair before the fire, whose rosy gleams alone lighted up the room which had slowly filled with the dusky twilight shadows.

"And why is my darling sitting alone in the dark?" he asked tenderly, kneeling down beside her and winding his arms about her.

"It grew dark so suddenly I did not notice," she answered, dreamily. "I guess you may light the gas, Russel dear."

But when the room was bright with the gas light, which gained a soft pink tinge in passing through the rose-colored globes of the chandelier, Arundel saw that the beautiful face which was his sunshine, his life, was deeply flushed, the velvety eyes dull and heavy, and his lips were white as he said, oh, so anxiously.

"Muriel, my darling, you are not feeling well—you are ill!"

She smiled a little tender, but languid smile.

"No, Russel, I guess not very ill. I have a headache, that is all, and to-morrow it will be gone."

But on the morrow Muriel's headache was not gone—it was still there—a dull headache, and there was the same feeling of weight and heat upon her chest. And yet she thought nothing of it, laughed when Arundel anxiously proposed sending for the family physician, saying:

"It is nothing, dear, nothing but a little cold; and I shall be all over it in a day or two. Don't look so worried, Russel."

But the next day Arundel knew that she was worse; her breath came quick, the little dry cough was more frequent, her small hands burning hot, and terribly alarmed—a terrible fear upon him—his sent for the doctor.

Dr. Marston had been the family physician for years, and when he came and looked down at Muriel as she lay upon a small velvet couch in her room, he shook his head gravely, saying to Arundel, who sat beside her:

"Why didn't you send for me before?" Ah, why had he not! All Arundel's heart was filled with passionate regret that he had not done so, and that terrible fear grew upon him, a fear of something, what—he dared not ask himself.

He followed the doctor out of the room, and in the hall laid a detaining hand upon his arm.

"Doctor, what is it?" he asked, in a strained, unnatural voice, and the face he lifted to Dr. Marston's was drawn and ashy pale.

"My dear Mr. Anthon, don't be alarmed," the doctor answered quickly. "It is pneumonia. I wish I had been called in before; but still I have every hope that I shall

be able to bring your wife out of it all right."

"You must doctor, you must; if she should die—Great God!"

He leaned against the wall, shaking in every limb; great drops standing thick upon his forehead, a violet shade gathering about his mouth, and Dr. Marston more moved than he cared to show by the sight of the mute agony, said briskly:

"Oh, you mustn't take on like this, you know; it will never, never do. I shall have you on my hands as well as your wife."

With a mighty effort Arundel recovered his self-control.

"Doctor, you will not let her die? You do not know what she is to me—she is my life!"

Dr. Marston turned his head suddenly away; the wistful agony in those dark eyes was more than he could bear.

"Of course I will not let her die," he said, cheerily.

But as he drove away from the house, the kind-hearted physician murmured to himself:

"I believe it would well-nigh kill him if she should not recover. I wish I had been called in before; he has no idea how ill she is."

Surely Dr. Marston worked faithfully over Muriel; everything that he could do he did, but what does human skill avail against the inevitable? When the fat has gone forth from the great throne what can we do! Nothing, nothing! and oh, the agony of such helplessness! Does earth hold anything more bitter than to see the life of our best beloved ebbing, ebbing, and to know that we are powerless?

Day after day, she grew worse—every day weaker.

God knows Arundel Anthon had sinned, and God knows, and He alone, how he suffered, as day after day, night after night, he watched beside her—the woman in whom his life began and would end. The knowledge came upon them at last—those who loved her so—that she was going from them; and over the sea a message went to Louie—a message telling her that in this world never again would she see her beautiful mother.

One morning Muriel had asked to have the curtains drawn aside that the sunlight might come into the room. It was a beautiful April morning, and as the warm spring sunshine crept through the windows and fell in bars of gold upon the carpet, a smile played upon Muriel's lips.

"How bright and warm the sunshine is!" she whispered faintly to Arundel; "the winter has gone, summer is coming, dear, and we are going to England, you and I, to see Louie—my dear little Louie. Oh, Russel, I wish the warm, beautiful, sunny summer would make haste and come."

With Arundel's arms around her, her head upon his breast, Muriel fell asleep, and from that sleep she awoke not in this world.

It was late in the afternoon of the day after she died that Arundel went into the quiet, darkened room where she was lying. It was utterly beyond human power to compute what his agony had been since he had laid her down out of his arms—dead; it is impossible to measure such agony, nor are there any words in which it could be described.

During the last two hours he had been alone in his library writing; he had written two letters, one to Louie, the other to Richard Brandon—and now the end was at hand.

Standing beside the quiet form, he looked down at the beautiful white face with the wonderful mystery of death upon it.

They were alone—he and she, just as they had been so many times before; but this time she did not answer, though he called her by all the dear names she had so loved to hear, and the pale lips did not move, though he kissed them so many, many times. At last he took from his vest pocket a small vial, and there was a strange look upon his face—a look almost exulting, as he raised it to his lips and drank of its contents.

Then a strange scene followed. Lifting the quiet figure in his arms, he carried it to a broad couch that stood in a far corner of the room, and laid it down—so tenderly—upon the velvet cushions; then lying down beside it, he drew the lovely head to its old resting place upon his breast, and folded his arms about her—his beautiful dead Muriel.

"I knew you would be lonely without me, darling," he murmured, pressing his lips to the marble-cold forehead, "and now we will sleep together."

So they found him, when hours later, alarmed by the profound silence in the chamber of death—they forced the lock and entered. Just previous to going into that room he had given orders that no one should disturb him, saying that he wished to be alone with dead. But they did not disturb him when they went in—Arundel Anthon was beyond the reach of earthly disturbance.

The summer for which Muriel had longed, came—the bright, warm sunny summer; but it only bestarred with flowers the grass that grew over her grave.

It was nearing the close of a lovely June day, and the many windows of Fairleigh Towers were gleaming like burnished brass in the red rays of the setting sun. On the velvety green lawn a pleasant party was assembled. There was Roy and Louie, Percy and Aline—who, with their little four-year-old boy, Percy Ervingham, junior, were on a visit to England—and Richard Brandon; while the children—five-year-old Russel, three-year-old Muriel, and little Percy—were playing together, running here and there, their sweet childish voices ringing clearly on the soft air.

Very beautiful was Louie, her eyes soft and bright with happiness; though in repose there came an expression upon her face which told she knew what sorrow was—and she did know.

In the letter which he had written to her just previous to his death, Arundel—moved, who can say by what impulse—had told her of the false part he had played so successfully, told her the whole story, that he was not her father, and who her father was. Of course the knowledge had been a terrible shock, and in connection with her grief at her mother's death, had for a time almost prostrated her; then came her grandfather's death, and within a year after, her

grandfather's, and she had loved them both very tenderly. Yes, Louie knew what sorrow was, but still she could not be sorrowful or unhappy with such a husband and father as she had.

Percy and Aline were perfectly happy, they adored each other; and Percy never could have been so happy with Louie had he married her as he was with Aline; for Aline was especially adapted to him, there was in her nature that which supplied all that was lacking in his.

And Richard Brandon—for the world still knew him by that name, and by it would always know him. Four years before he had yielded to Roy's and Louie's earnest request that he should return from business, come to England, and make their home his so long as he should live. Everybody loved and honored him, and the poor for miles around spoke reverently and tenderly of him; nobody but the angels really knew how much good he done in the world.

The sun went down, over the distant mountain purple shadows were falling.

"Come," said Louie, "we must go in," and so talking and laughing still they all moved slowly toward the house.

All but Richard Brandon; he lingered, his eyes fixed upon the western sky still one blaze of rose color and gold.

"Uncle Richard, take Muriel up—Muriel is so tired."

The childish voice roused him; stooping he lifted her in his arms—little Muriel Fairleigh—his grand child, the child he loved so dearly and whose eyes and hair were so like those of the woman for whom she had been named.

"Why you cry?" asked the little girl curiously, for looking up at him she had seen the tears in his eyes.

But he only kissed her; he did not tell her he had been thinking of a grave far over the sea, wondering whether the flowers he had planted upon it were growing.

"Don't cry," said the child, winding both her arms around his neck. "Muriel loves you, Uncle Richard, loves you velly much."

He kissed the sweet child-mouth, murmuring as he brushed his tears away:

"Dear little Muriel!"

Then with the small golden head pillowed upon his breast he walked slowly up the winding path to the house.

Oh, noble, patient, faithful heart, surely somewhere—somewhere, thou shalt find peace!

(THE END.)

Success and Mediocrity.

All men, we may be sure, prefer the prizes of life to the blanks; but we are not to assume therefore that all men will seek the prizes at the price at which they are to be had. Whatever the special prize may be which commends itself to a man's fancy, whether it be wealth, or fame, or power, or a recognized position in the eyes of the world, he soon finds out that it is not to be gained by wishing for it. It must be won, if at all, by hard work; by a protracted struggle, which will be doubtful for a long time, and which may be very possibly successful in the end. There are victors and vanquished to be found among the competitors in life's race. To some natures, confident in their own resources, and endowed with an energy and determination of will which can carry them over all difficulties, there is a positive charm in the choice of a road not distinctly marked out in advance, and in which dangers and adventures may present themselves at any moment. They are resolved to succeed, and they probably do succeed. *Possumt quia posse videntur*. They may be beaten back a thousand times but they push through and come safely to the goal. Others there are more prudent or more timid or less well furnished with offensive and defensive arms. Great things, they feel, are not for them, greatly as they may wish for them, and gladly as they would receive them on the tolerably easy terms on which they are not to be had. So they make up their minds to do without them and to put up with the best equivalents that come in their way. If they are discontented, it is an etiose, unproductive sort of fashion which comes to nothing and gives no promise of any fruit. They are not always aware of what they are doing, or of the appointed end which is only too surely waiting for them. Gradually the truth dawns upon them. They have chosen to be nobodies, and the choice once made is not easily to be reversed. They have preferred ease to exertion, the certainty of small things to the chance of great ones. It is a little late for them to exclaim against the bargain when it has been struck and carried out, or to complain that they are not where they might have been if their past years had been at once more laboriously and more venturesomely spent. There are plenty of men who have neither the wish nor the power to be energetic. Neither hard work nor downright idleness is to their taste. They like idleness between the two, a make-believe sort of work, a decent, respectable way of getting something on easy terms and at no mental exertion whatever. These men are, so to say, the normal products of the race—sound, steady, commonplace persons, no geniuses and no fools, gifted with fair abilities, but with no more than fair, and seeking chiefly to go through life quietly, and not to be put to the trouble of being compelled to think or work overmuch.—*Times*.

They Settled.

Two men were wrangling in front of the City Hall the other day, when one of them called out:

"I tell you I don't owe you no \$5!"

"I say you do!"

"And I won't pay it!"

"Then I'll sue you!"

At this point a pedestrian halted and inquired of the one:

"Do you honestly owe him?"

"Not a penny, sir!"

"And will you sue him for \$5?" he asked of the other.

"I will!"

"Give him seven dollars," continued the pedestrian to the debtor—"give him seven and be glad to. If he sues he's sure of a verdict, and your expenses will reach at least ten dollars. Give him seven and be thankful that you are beating two lawyers, a justice and a constable, six jury men and two witnesses out of his fees."

A satisfactory settlement was made on the spot.