# SACRIFICE

BY ALBERT E. HOOPER.

It was Jack Mansfield's wedding night, and as the young fireman drew his easy-chair to the hearth after supper, and put up his slippered feet on the shining bar of the fender, he gave a sigh of satisfaction. His eyes danced with pleasure as he watched his pretty quick-handed little wife clear the table; and when the cloth had been folded away in the drawer, and the lamp set on its little wool-work mat in the middle of the snow-white deal, he cried:

"Come along, Nellie!"

The young wife brought a low stool and sat at his feet and, giving him she clasped her hands on his knee, and rested her cheek upon them as she gazed into the fire.

spoke. Truth to tell, they were too of several streets and reached the outhappy for words. Nellie found pleasant pictures of the future in the mystic as if she must fall. But in a moment caverns of the fire; and as for Jack, he just gazed his fill at the only pioture in the world he cared to see, the face of his wife glorified in the firelight, which changed her curly hair ken possession of the upper rooms and into a halo of ruddy gold. But presently with an effort, the young husband said:

"Nellie, my girl, this is even better than our hopes promised, isn't it?"

back the sparkles of light from the glass and china on the dresser, and neath him. then brought them swiftly again to their centre of attraction—the blushing face resting on his knee.

back at him, and he was satisfied.

"you have quite got over that old

fear ?"

"There is danger in every life, dear sea, and do not see them again for months; the flames are not crueller than the waves, Nellie!"

went on:

be brave, but--" "But!" he exclaimed with a glad laugh. "We musn't begin our married fireman on the balcony, and he was life with 'buts' Nellie dear! Tell me if anything troubles you, and we will get rid of it at once."

especially to-night! But you know as second fireman was exposed to the well as I do how Jim Travers wanted me. I can't get his face out of my mind; it looked awful in the church to-day !"

Jack Mansfield looked grave.

out of your mind, my girl," he said, quietly. "Jim an' me's been chums for years; we couldn't both have you, that the people around her were watchan' he's the sense to know that the choice was for you. Don't go an' think hard of poor old Jim as lost you!"

Nellie stared at the fire and said nothing. The mass of red coals crack- would have shrieked aloud to warn ed, and fell together, involving the fiery caverns in ruin, and a column the cry was stifled in her heart. of sparks fled up into the dark chimney.

Then, sudden and swift, the peace by an awful cry from the street: "Fire! Fire!"

Nellie started as if a shot had pierced feet.

"So soon!" gasped Nellie, with her hand pressed tightly against her heart.

"Be brave, my girl!" cried Jack. "Now's the time to prove what stuff you're made of."

"Fire! Fire!" came the cry again! lfrom without.

Nellie ran and fetched her husband's boots, just as a thundering rap sounded on the door, and hasty footsteps loving face was looking down at her clattered away on the pavement.

It was the work of a moment for the young fireman to kick off his slippers and plunge into his boots; then, seizing his coat and hat from the door,

he paused for a moment to clasp his alive, and you'll soon be hearty please young wife in his arms. "Nellie," he whispered, "it is the

God is too.' Then he tore himself from her cling- she sat up. ing arms and was gone.

Left alone, Nellie's newly-found it all for love of you, Nellie!" courage as quickly deserted her, and fall forward upon them. She did not cause I married you instead of him." cry, but her whole body trembled pitiing flesh.

since Jack left her-though if time hadn't struggled he might have been had been measured by agony it might more careful; but when he sprang to have been five hours !- when a loud my place on the rail he cut too carecheer sounded in Nellie's ears, followed lessly at the timber, and slipped and by the thunder of hoofs and wheels. fell into the fire." She sprang to her feet and rushed to | Nellie was now weeping bitterly. and gold and flaring lamps; showers it-we never knew it!"

meted firemen. her husband, who smiled and waved bing, so Jack went on:

and the glance that leaped from his dusky eyes made her quickly cover her face with her hands.

The sound of madly whirling wheels came to her, muffled by the distance, but the rush of feet along the pavement still went on; and, looking up again, she was aware of a hurrying stream of people passing her door. "Where is the fire?" she asked of a neighbor who had just run out of

"Only in Flint street! Can't yer see the red in the sky? I'm a-goin' to have a look at it! Come along o' me, Nell, yer'll be frighted to death at home!" Nellie ran into the house, and in another moment she had thrown a shawl over her head and joined the woman

the next house.

The stream of people were lessening, so they hastened their steps, noticing as they ran that the glow in the sky had deepened from a faint rose color to a blood red, and that now and again tongues of fire and sudden fountains, one loving look full of joyful trust, of sparks sprang upward to the pall of saffron smoke which overhung the roof-tops.

Fear and excitement made Nellie's heart beat heavily as she ran, and For some moments neither of them | when they had traversed the length skirts of the swaying crowd which surrounded the burning building, she felt the faintness passed, and she was able

to look about her.

The building was a lofty one, at the corner of the street—an oil and color. shop—and the fire seemed to have tathe roof. The whole of the top story was in flames, and the firemen were working to keep the fire from creeping showed Nellie the form of a stalwart He allowed his eyes to glance glee- young fireman balanced upon the rail fully round the trim kitchen, flashing of this balcony, while he hacked with might and gain at some burning woodwork which extended to the floor be-

With a shudder, she recognized Jack! In the glare of the fire, the rail he stood on looked like a bar of redhot iron, and so precarious was his She did not answer but she glanced footing that it seemed to the watchers below that a single slip must precipi-"Tell me, Nellie dear," he said next; tate him to the pavement or into the sea of fire within the house.

Nellie was almost choked by the wild beating of her heart as she watched Again she did not answer, and he her husband's gallant attempts to save the lower part of the house from the titioners is probably about 25 years of danger which threatened it. Every stroke of the keen hatchet seemed to heart. Many wives send their men to strike a blow at her. When would the piece of blazing timber give way? When would Jack step down on to the swaying ladder?

Suddenly a ruddy flash of light from "No, Jack," she said; "I will try to a shadowed corner of the little balcony caught her eye. It was the reflection of the flames cast back from a brass helmet! There was another creeping cautiously nearer and nearer to Jack! Was he going to his help? or -- Nellie's heart stopped beating for an instant and seemed frozen with "Oh, Jack, I don't like to tell you, a sudden horror. The face of the glare of the flames, and its expression was awful to look upon.

It was the face of Jim Travers.

## III.

A strange murmur rose from the "You'll have to put all such notions crowd-an uncertain sound, such as the sea sometimes makes before a storm when the wind quickly rises and as quickly dies away again. Nellie knew ing Jim's sly approach, uncertain of his intentions. For herself, she was in no uncertainty; she had seen despair in his eyes, and now she saw murder of treatises on hypnotism. During the and revenge in his movements. She Jack of his danger, but horror contracted the muscles of her throat, and

Stealthily Jim crept nearer to the unconscious Jack. His hands shot out toward the feet so unsteadily balanced on the glowing rail, and, sick with her hands. She heard an awful cry go up from the crowd, and a strangled scream tore its way through her throat as she looked up again and her heart, and Jack sprang to his saw that Jack no longer stood upon the rail—that the blazing woodwork had been cut away, and a crouching figure was creeping stealthily back along the balcony.

Then a black wave surged up before her eyes, hiding the blaze of the burning building; a roaring as of many waters sounded in her ears, and she sank into a gulf of darkness.

. . . . . . . . . When she returned to consciousness Nellie saw that she was at home. Then she became aware of a strong arm clasping her. Lastly she knew that a with anxious eyes-the face of her husband!

"Jack!" she said, "Are we both dead, and—and is this Heaven?"

Then he smiled at her. "No, no, dear heart," he cried; "we're God, and this is home."

Nellie felt as if her senses were leavcall of duty, and where duty is there ing her again, but Jack kissed her, and the kiss did her so much good that

"I thought you had fallen into the fire and been killed, Jack!" she said. "What me?" he cried. "No, no, lass. That was Jim, poor chap, and he did good subjects are hard to obtain.

"Oh, Jack, what do you mean? I "He came to save my life that you fully, and, every time the awful cry | might not lose the man you loved best," sounded in the street, she winced as said Jack Mansfield, gravely. "I didn't if a whip-lash had struck her quiver- know he was there till he seized me round the waist and pulled me down Scarcely five minutes had passed from the rail to the balcony. If I

asked Jack.

bitter despair. He, too, looked at her, for dear love's sake!"

STORY OF A SUBJECT WHO HAD AN AWFUL HALF HOUR.

A Balloon Voyage and a Fall of 3000 Feet Into the Sea on a Desert Island-At tacked by Monsters-Burled Alive-From Heaven to Hades.

How does it feel to be hypnotized? Yes; I can answer you that question and many more which I am sure you'd never think of asking. For instance: What are the sensations of an animal of the lower orders? It is a pleasure to fall 3,000 feet? Did I enjoy a short look the tortures of a body sent to everlasting torment? Does it seem awful to have some one bury you alive? To all these queries I can reply with truth. As I remember now one night's experience I can relate what happened in a dozen different places perfectly as well as my sensations and experiences. It all seems like a nightmare to me; more vivid than a dream, yet a trifle hazy to seem as a real happening. Apparently these things took place years and years ago, yet as I look back along all with vividness, my hideous and pleasant feelings intermingled with most startling eccentricity.

cony, and her first glance upward whose power I was, may not be out of place. It will be well to say right here that they are no ordinary "quack" professionals who go about the country giving exhibitions. They are two physicians who are both well known. Their names, I am not at liberty to mention, as they are not seeking notoriety. For years they have studied this mysterious science in the interests of medicines and surgery. Their occasional exhibitions are always private, attended only by The heat was suffocating and unbeara select company of doctors and trained nurses. The younger of the praclage. He is tall and straight. His is long and stubborn. To look into be to suspect

SOMETHING OF MYSTERY.

about their owner. When first I met him, I confess that I was not a little nervous and restless. him those huge dark eyes kept twitching, and I could not but suspect that he was trying to exercise his wonderful power over me. The doctor said:

"Yes, I could hypnotize you very easily, it is a mistake to suppose that an intelligent subject is the easiest to handle. An insane person can not be treated at all. Neither can a society man, while the lower animals are the most difficult to put into hypnosis."

Numerous incidents suggested topics for further conversation, so that when that I could easily write a library full course of his discussion he said: "From what knowledge I have acquired from a deep study of the subject, I do not hesitate to say what I regard the mirhis superhuman magnetic power. ing a direct descendant from the Holy to have possessed that power which is not of this world. He must have so illusioned the people that they would believe and even see anything at his suggestion."

"You come here to-morrow night," he added, "if you would like to see some things that you have never seen before. Believe only what you see, if you can, but that, I can assure you, will tax

your utmost powers of credulity." I came. Within the parlor all the furniture had been removed. Two flickering gas jets cast a pale glow over the faces of a circle of ladies and gentlemen who were silently intent upon the actions of the subect in the center of the room. The younger of the physicians ushered me into an adjoining apartment, where, according to my desire, I was to be put through a number of

REMARKABLE EXPERIENCES. the like of which I have no desire to

live through again. "You will regret it," he warned me, 'If I allow you to remember what shall have taken place. I never permit patient to preserve in his memory a recollection of his doings while in a somnambulistic state, as I would be in danger of losing his patronage, and

"Now, concentrate your mind upon one thing. Think only of sleep. You're sinking into a chair, she folded her thought he was creeping along the going to sleep-sleep-think now arms on the table, and let her face balcony to throw you into the fire be of sleep." His voice became low, and soothing. I dropped my head and tried hard to slumber. Presently a delicious feeling of restfulness came over me. I felt as one does in the morning when we ought to rise and the room is so warm and pleasant. My thoughts were idle and I sat as in a trance. His voice seemed hushed and far away. His cooling hands passed silently upon

my forehead. He said: "You now have full power of your senses; you can both think and reason but you can not move your feet." Try open the door, just as with a roar and | "Oh, Jack! Jack! how wicked I have as I would, they seemed as if belongazure because of the increased action ing on them.

of the heart when in my imagination I was falling. Like a feather I floated in the darkness between earth and heaven. Down, down, down! Would the journey never end? The stars began to pale. Gray dawn broke, and just below I saw green fields, blue hills and rivers, brown pastures, and now and then a country village. It occurred to me that I was

TUMBLING THROUGH SPACE. at an awful rate, and soon the end would come. I saw a great expanse of water, I grew fainter and fainter. Those pangs of thirst and hunger shall never be forgotten. I lay down on the rocks to die. Then from the surging waters at my side emerged a thousand monsters ready to devour me. I staggered to my feet and shrieked. Closer and closer came the hideinto the gates of heaven? What are ous monsters fighting and tearing each other in their efforts to seize me first

> ed from exhaustion. "Why, am I here?" I thought, and suddenly the affair upon the lonely island was recalled to me. I had not been eaten, as I had dropped into a crevasse, where I had been rescued later by a party of explorers. Yesl They had buried me alive!

Cold perspiration appeared upon my

brow. My heart fluttered and I faint-

The scenes of paradise faded from my sight, I lay incased in a rude wooden coffin beneath 4 feet of earth. My eyes were open, and I could not see. My breath came faintly and irregularly. My heart beat like a hammer. How that seeming vista of time, I can see my poor head ached and throbbed! In those few moments of agony I suffered la thousand deaths. My whole life passed before me like a panorama. Struggling and kicking like a madman, To begin with, a brief sketch of my strove to free myself. With shrieks of story there was a narrow iron bal- meeting with the hypnotists under agony I tore my hair and gouged my eyes out. Then I do not remember burgh, which has been somewhat slow

what happened. Heat, radiating from the ground, greeted my entrance to another world. I felt as if I had no weight and wondered at the strangeness of the situation. From different avenues came myriads of fellow-beings, bewailing the fate they knew awaited them. Thousands of red air streams of livid flame. Horrible ton's birthday. He will go to Hartshouts and chaos filled the air. I lay beside a pool of limpid fire and

WRITHED IN SUFFERING. able, when suddenly a cool wind

brought relief. Lying calmly in a field of daisies longed to be a butterfly. I saw the horses and cows grazing in the meadnight-black hair, parted in the middle lows. A shepherd dog was watching them, and how I wished to take his place! I knew that I had wished somethose big deep brown eyes of his would thing foolish, for I arose and walked what energy she possesses she has put in the direction of the town. I became aware that I was being followed. Although I feared to look behind, I knew that the dog was there, at a short distance from me, watching my every movement. I turned a corner and be-

held the beast, his eyes set straight All the time I was in conversation with ahead, following me in silent determination. My pace increased. On, on I walked past fields and valleys and reported quite glum. just as night was falling I looked and saw the canine with his nose close to the ground pursuing me more stealthily than ever.

I tried to cry, but was stuck dumb. Again I tried, but was conscious of barking like a dog. Thoughts came rapidly and soon were muddled into ding of the sovereign with the naconfusion. I marked a second time and was aware of a radical change taking place within me. Then I would not think at all! My brain was in a whirl and a new sense of animal instinct possessed me. I longed for human blood and flesh. My sense of smell huge crates the birds arrive from we had made an end of speaking I felt | increased, while every understanding and power of appreciation slowly left where they will remain until the close me. Thick hair covered my body. cavern and there rested. My pur- ed.

suer had mysteriously disappeared. Startled by unexpected laughter, I acles of Christ directly accountable to awoke suddenly. There I was in the school-fellows was one day seen vigorcenter of a group of people, who were ously kicking him. Asked what Jaime making fun of me. No wonder I felt foolish and a hot flush rose to my face. and joy of the new home was shattered terror, Nellie covered her face with Spirit, he, more than any of us ought The flickering gas lamps still burned low, and in another portion of the room | King one of these days, and if he is another subject was being put through some antics which absorbed the attention of the visitors. I departed without ceremony, went home to bed, but could not sleep. For nights afterward

### WOMEN OF ICELAND.

I could not rest, and the memory of

my exploits hount me still.

The usual dress of the women of Iceland, irrespective of wealth or station, consists of a long garment of wadmel, hanging from the shoulders to the heels, and fastened with a bright clasp at the neck. Over this, two or three blue or white petticoats are worn, while a blue cap, hanging down on one side of the head, completes the costume.

On Sundays and festivals the dresses are both peculiar and striking in at Mr. Rhodes' special request. A appearance. There is a bodice, orna- dozen reporters kicked their heels out mented with gilt buttons and red and in the cold air in front of the only black velvet.

Over this is a tight-fitting velvet expected quarry had escaped. jacket or "treja;" beneath, two or three bright petticoats, blue or red worsted stockings, and shoes of seal or ever Mr. Gladstone takes a railway shark skin. The whole is surmounted by a remarkable head dress, very beautiful in effect.

of stiffly-starched white linen, kept in him with a bouquet of flowers. He is place by innumerable pins, and meas- a well-known florist at Windsor, where uring often as much as two feet in his remarkable devotion to the Grand height.

### IN THE DARK AGES.

As early as the sixth century the woman huestion was a knotty problem, puzzling the wise men of that period, "Are Women Human Beings?" was the startling inquiry proposed by a Bishop at the famous Council of Maa rattle, the fire-engine went sweep- been!" she cried; "and what a rand ing to another. Behind mountain peaks con, and several sessions were devoted and a knowledge of how to restore the ing past. There was a flash of scarlet man poor Jim was! And we never knew the golden sun was sinking from my to the consideration of the important beauty and luster of such ornaments sight. The clouds and snow fields were subject. The point was not considered is of value. An old-fashioned recipe of sparks streamed from the hoofs of "Shall I tell you what he said in tinged for a moment, a rosy hue which jocular or frivolous, and the good fathe horses; but Nellie only saw two that moment while I was struggling died away and left a cold gray color. there earnestly and gravely undertook book, written when such ornaments faces—the face of the two of the hel- to get back to my place on the rail?" I seemed so near the moon. There it the task of assigning to woman her pro- were treasured by the grandmothers hung but a few miles above me. The per place in creation. They finally de- of the present generation, advises rub-One was the face of Jack Mansfield, Nellie could not speak for her sob- chasms and canyons were plainly vis- cided that she did not belong to the bing the polished surface with powderible. I could see vast glaciers and froz- "world of mutton, beeves or goats," ed rotten stone and oil. The rotten his hand reassuringly to her as the "He told me not to risk two lives en waterfalls. All was cold and but was, in reality, a human being, stone should be first sifted through fine engine whirled past. The other was -that his own was of no value to him gloomy. Not a living thing was to be This decision was made only after some- muslin. This will remove all scratchthe face of Jim Travers, her rejected or to anybody else, but that I must seen. Even the wild birds which had thing of a struggle. As it was not an es; then a polish is to be applied by lover-a dark and gloomy face, with live for your sake. Then he said, but a moment before swarmed about ecumenical council, the faithful were gentle rubbing with a chamois to white, set lips and an expression of Jack, let me have your place-it is my air-ship were hardly visible in the advised that the decision was not bind- which a little jewelers' rouge has been

#### PERSONAL POINTERS.

Items of Interest About Some of the Great Folks of the World.

Mrs. John D. Rockefeller is as devoted to hospitals where her charities are concerned as her husband is to universities.

The Emperor Francis Joseph has made the poet Maurus Jokal a life member of the Hungarian house of magnates.

Carlotta, Maximillian of Mexico's widow, whose physical health during her long insanity has been good, it said to be now rapidly declining.

Barney Barnato is at present residing in London. He is about 43 years of age, is happily married, and has several children, one of whom is a son. George Frederick Watts, R. A., is building a church near Guilford, England, in which he will paint frescoes himself, while his wife will design the terra-cotta decorations.

Prince Dimitri Khilkoy, a Russian nobleman, has followed the advice of Count Tolstoi and divided his estate among the peasants, reserving but seven acres for his own cultivation,

The Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, objects to her portraits being sold or reproduced. A beautiful photograph of her was peremptorily withdrawn from circulation some years ago,

A Chinese biographical dictionary containing the lives of 2.500 noted Chinamen and women, living and dead, has been compiled by Mr. Giles, late British Consul at Ningpo.

Boehm's characteristic statue of Carlyle on the Thames embarkment at Chelsea is to have its replica in Edinin honoring the great Scot.

Fred. F. Hassam, the Boston antiquarian, has in his possession a bottle of the tea which, on the night of December 16, 1773, was emptied from the British vessel by the Boston tea party.

Gov. O'Ferrall, of Virginia, is to be in throbbing volcanoes shot high into the | Connecuticut on the 22d, Washingford on the invitation of the Sons of the American Revolution to attend their annual banquet.

Austrian and Hungarian women cannot be considered accomplished, and an intellectual one would be as much of an oddity as a spirituelle French woman. Dancing and riding are their only accomplishments.

Beatrice Harraden has not been benefitted in health by her return to England. She is now at Bournemouth, and into the revision of the proof sheets of her new book, "Hilda Strafford."

J. S. Sargent, the American artist who a year ago was elected as associate member of the Royal Academy, has progressed to full membership and can now write R.A. after his name. English artists whom he has distanced are

The Queen's coronation ring is neven out of her sight, and is worn by her, every evening. It is a band of gold containing a cross in rubies, surround ed by white brilliants. A coronation ring is supposed to symbolize the wed-

Lord Cranbrook is tired of commonplace sport and has imported 100 Hungarian partridges, which will be turned loose on his moors in Kent. In four Hungary, and are now in an aviary, of the present shooting season puts an was a dog! I found a damp and rocky | end to the danger of their being kill-

> "Vanity Fair" says that when Don Jaime, the son of Don Carlos, was at school in England, one of his older had done to provoke such treatment the English boy answered: "He hasn't done anything, but perhaps he'll be I want to be able to say that I once kicked the King of Spain."

> Lady Randolph Churchill has ogne into racing. It appears that she is a partner with R. J. Lacey in the yearling Florentine, which they have leased for the season to Lord Cardross. Her ladyship is not the first of her rank and sex to enter into competion upon the turf. The late Duchess of Montrose was well known in racing circles, where she operated under a masculine name .- "M. Milner."

> Cecil Rhodes' is greatly averse to being interviewed. After a recent interview at the Colonial Office with Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Rhodes eluded the reporters by slipping out of a back door originally intended as an exit in case of fire, but which had not been used for years. The door was opened known exit for a long time after their

It is not generally known that whenjourney one of his enthusiastic admirers invariably contrives to gain ad-The "faldur," as it is called, is made mission to the platform and present Old Man is a matter for continual comment. When Mr. Gladstone left Charing Cross for the South of France, his admirer appeared armed with the usual graceful tribute, and the flowers looked, if possible, even more beautiful than any of his previous gifts.

### A USEFUL HINT.

Tortoise shell combs and pins for the hair are very much worn at present, applied.