

HIS SACRIFICE:

OR.

For Love of Her.

CHAPTER XIII.

It was totally unexpected—he was so utterly unprepared for it that for a moment Arundel sat as if spell-bound. If Muriel had seen his face she would have been startled by the curious half-frightened, half-awild-red look upon it. He had not dreamed of this, had not thought of the possibility of a child—Russell's child—who would call him father, whom he must acknowledge as his own. What a terrible fate it would be! The child would be born, would live, and grow up thinking itself the child of the man who had robbed its dead father of his name and place. A thousand strange thoughts came and went in his brain. Perhaps through this child, yet unborn, retribution would come upon him; it might be that Russell's child would some day avenge the terrible wrong that had been done its father.

"You are not sorry, Russel!" The low, sweet voice was a little wistful. Muriel could not help feeling that, after all, her secret had not been such a glad surprise to her husband as she thought it would be.

With a great effort Arundel dispersed the strange thoughts that were twisting and tangling themselves together in his brain. "You are glad, are you not?" he said, looking into the face lifted almost pleadingly into his, and noticing the soft light in the beautiful eyes; and he added quickly, "Then I am glad too, darling. Anything that brings you happiness seems good and glad to me."

She was satisfied; her lips curled in a smile as she said confidently, and with a little emphatic shake of her head, "I knew you would be glad—and now you know all the news. Why, Russel," suddenly remembering something, "you have not spoken to Leo. You surely have not forgotten him?"

He must begin to be on his guard, to speak carefully, to manifest no surprise at anything, to act as if perfectly familiar with everything of which Muriel spoke.

Many times he had heard Russel speak of Leo, Muriel's dog; he knew what a pet the animal was with her.

"I have not forgotten him," he said, "but you will forgive me if I did not think of him—you have filled all my thoughts."

She gave him a swift, tender smile that was almost like a caress. "I will forgive you," she said merrily. "I am afraid I should be apt to forgive you anything you might do; it is such an easy thing to forgive people one does not exactly hate," glancing mischievously up at him.

He caught her in his arms, laying his head against her sunny hair to hide the look of pain which he felt was upon his face. "Do you really love me Muriel? me, the man I am? I cannot realize that you truly love me."

"I truly love you," she answered solemnly. "love you—the man you are—as I have never loved any one in all my life before. There! you must not kiss me again until you have spoken to Leo—poor fellow, he has missed you so much. Where is the dog?—oh, there he is—come Leo!"

In a darkened corner of the room the dog was lying his head upon his paws, his eyes fixed upon Arundel; he had lain in that position ever since he entered the parlor, not once moving his eyes from Arundel's face; and the man started as he caught sight of the dumb beast, for, in the animal's eyes was an expression of almost human suspicion and distrust.

"Why don't you come to me, Leo?" exclaimed Muriel, in great surprise, for the dog, who had never before refused to come at her call did not move; "come right here, sir," stamping her small foot by way of emphasis.

Reluctantly the animal rose, walked slowly to her side, and stood there, and attracted by the dog's beauty, knowing, too, that Muriel expected him to notice Leo, Arundel stretched out his hand; but before he could lay it upon the animal's head, as he intended to do, Leo gave a low, savage growl and drew back, showing his white, cruel-looking teeth.

"What is the matter with him?" said Muriel, almost frightened by Leo's very unusual behavior. "I never heard him growl like that before, and at you; can it be that he has forgotten you, Russel? I thought dogs never forgot."

"He does not evidently feel any great affection for me," said Arundel lightly; "however, I presume he will get accustomed to seeing me around. What are you thinking of, Muriel?" meeting her thoughtful, inquiring gaze.

She flushed a little.

"I am thinking," she said slowly, "that I had never noticed before how, when you smile, it brightens your whole face. I did not know you had such a beautiful smile, Russel."

That rarely beautiful smile of Arundel's had been always one of his characteristics; people had found it hard to resist that smile; it had won him many friends.

The first day of Arundel's new, false, bright, beautiful life was like a dream of happiness to him; he did not think of the future, of his own black treachery, or of the sin which Muriel must innocently and unconsciously commit by giving him the love of a wife when he was no more her husband than any stranger in the streets. He said to himself:

"I love her as man never loved woman before, and she loves me; even if Russel could come back to her, I know she would love me just the same. If there is a God, that God surely intended us for each other; in the sight of Heaven I take her to be my wife; before God I vow to love her, to be true to her, and surely that is marriage."

The strain upon his nerves had been so great, that now that the struggle was over, and he had yielded to the tempter, a dreary languor fell upon him; he was mentally too weary to think, conscience seemed to have died, remorse was sleeping. He seemed to drop naturally into the life of love, and happiness, and luxury. Russel had never entertained his friends as easily and gracefully as he did; people said of him, Russel Anthon is a different man since he came home, so

much less quiet and reserved, so much more companionable.

He talked over all his business affairs with Mr. Trowbridge, and won that gentleman's heart by asking his advice upon all important matters.

"You do not know, Anthon, how glad I am that you talk to me as you do now," Graham Trowbridge said, one evening when the two men were sitting alone together in the cheerful library of the Trowbridge house. "Before you went to Mexico, in fact ever since I first met you, I thought you were almost too reserved; it used to sometimes seem to me like a lack of confidence, and I dare say I was foolish, but it did hurt me. Come to me whenever you want any advice, I shall always be glad to give it to you."

"Thank you," said Arundel, warmly; "I am sure I don't know what I would do without you to come to for advice; it is almost as hard to take care of money as it is to make it. Since I had the fever out there in Mexico, my head often troubles me, I cannot understand things as quickly as I did once, and without you I should be all at sea."

He spoke the truth, he could not have managed the fortune which had come so suddenly into his hands, had it not been for Mr. Trowbridge.

And Muriel was perfectly happy. She often wondered why it was, this great passion of love which she felt for her husband, had come so suddenly into her heart.

"How strange that I could once let him go away from me, when now I do not think I could live without him," she said to herself. "Did he change while he was away in Mexico, or did I? He used to seem so far above me, I was always afraid he could not quite understand me; he used to be so much better than I was, so much higher every way; now," and Muriel laughed merrily at the thought, "he seems to be just as earthy as I am, I am not afraid any more that he will not understand me. One thing I am certain of, either he has stooped down to me, or I have climbed up to him, for I know we are standing together upon the same level."

Seeing her so happy, Mr. Trowbridge laughed heartily when he thought of the evening when she had told him so seriously that she knew she did not love Russel Anthon as a true woman should love her husband.

"Do you remember the night you told me eagles did not mate with little brown thrushes?" he said, laughingly to her one day. "My little brown thrush seems to get along very well with her eagle."

"But, papa, he is such a tender, considerate eagle," she answered, gleefully. "He does not go soaring up to the mountain-tops where his little brown thrush cannot follow him, he stays by her, and makes himself her equal when he can, and shelters her with his stately wings."

Ah, that was just it. Russel Anthon could not make himself little, he was fashioned on too grand and noble a scale for that.

Though the eagle is the king of birds, his life is far more lonely and isolated than the tiny chirping sparrow upon the ground, for he flies by instinct to the mountain-tops, where all is silent and lonely. And those grand magnificent natures which God sometimes allows to come into the world that we may know what the angels are, may well be likened to eagles, for by instinct, also, they soar to the mountain tops, which are the highest points of earthly goodness and truth, and their lives are always lonely.

Early in July Mr. Trowbridge found it would be necessary for him to go abroad on business—of course he would take his wife with him—and when Muriel found her parents were going to Europe, a sudden desire seized her to go too.

"We can go just as well as not," she said to Arundel; "the change will do us both good; and instead of travelling around, Russel we will take a lovely little villa somewhere. Then, in the fall, if I do not feel like coming home, we will go to Paris, and afterward to Nice, where we will spend the winter."

So it was all arranged, and the second week in July the party sailed for Europe.

CHAPTER XIV.

It was past sunset, and the purple shadows of evening were beginning to fall darkly and heavily over the mountains. The western sky still glowed faintly, but the pale rose and violet tints were fast fading into ashen gray, and already a few stars had blossomed in the vast blue fields of heaven.

In the woods it was dark and gloomy, the night birds were beginning to call to each other, and the trees bending and swaying as the night-wind passed over them, seemed to be moaning and sobbing bitterly.

Far up the mountains, miles above the plain, columns of smoke were rising toward the clear evening sky, and the red light of fires gleaming brightly through the trees would have told a wanderer in the vicinity that he was near an encampment; but if he had been a white man, then would betide him if he ventured nearer the red light, for the dark forms grouped about the brightly burning camp-fires were Indians.

There were fifty of them, perhaps, beside women and children; the former busily preparing supper, the latter running about gathering firewood, and grass for the horses, while the men were idle, some of them talking together gravely, others smoking in silence, staring solitary into the crackling fires.

A little apart from the rest, his face turned away from the fires, a blanket wrapped closely around him, a man was lying, as silent and motionless as a dead man. He paid no attention to what was going on around him; he had drawn the blanket half over his head and had covered his eyes with one hand. So he lay there until a young Indian boy approached bearing a rude wooden bowl in his hands, and as the boy, pausing beside him, addressed him, he raised himself slowly, wearily, as though the movement, slight as it was, caused him pain; as he turned his head the flickering firelight fell upon his face—it was the face of Russel Anthon.

But, oh, how changed it was; it did not seem as if it was possible for a human face to change as his had done, and yet sickness, privations, anxiety, and lack of freedom can work terrible changes in even a few short months. He looked by twenty years older than he had done that wild March day, when in his pleasant library he had read his brother's letter. The hair which fell long

and disordered upon his hollow temples, was thin and gray; it matched in color the untrimmed beard which covered his mouth and chin. The colorless skin lay in loose, wrinkled folds upon his face, the features of which were pinched almost as if death had touched them, and the sunken eyes once so gentle and kindly in their expression, were filled with despair. Even the tall figure, so stately and upright once, was bent and stooping, and never again would Russel Anthon walk with his old firm, rapid tread, for in a vain effort to escape from his pitiless captors he had been shot in the right leg, and though it had not been necessary to amputate the limb, still it was injured to such an extent that he knew he must walk lame to his grave.

Taking the bowl from the young Indian's hand, he swallowed a few mouthfuls of the mixture it contained, then lay down again. The wind was rising and the dreary moaning of the trees seemed to find an echo in his heart, for the misery of his eyes deepened into agony, as clashing his thin hands, together despairingly, he moaned, "Muriel! Muriel!"

Do you wonder that it seemed sometimes to this man that his God had either forgotten or forsaken him? that there were times when he cried out in fierce, intolerable anguish, "Surely, if God is just and pitiful, He would not deal with me as he has done?"

When the Indians reached the little hut from which Arundel Anthon had ridden away, they found not a corpse, as Arundel had supposed they would, but a man unconscious, motionless, but still alive. From the Mexican boy who had been Russel's guide, and who was with them, they learned that the white stranger was a rich man in his own country, and thinking he would be ransomed by his friends, they decided to save his life if it was possible. Strange as it may be, Russel survived the journey to the camp among the mountains; there they took care of him with a lack of all tenderness, giving him their simple medicines, leaving the rest to Nature—and he lived.

At first the brain was clouded, his powers of reasoning impaired; he could not understand how he came to be there; he would look wonderingly up into the dark Indian faces, and would beg his attendants to go and fetch Muriel to him. Then, as he slowly gained in strength, things began to grow clearer, the mists rolled away from his brain, the mind reasserted itself, and finally he understood it all—knew that he was a prisoner in the hands of the Indians, and that Muriel was far away from him.

But where was Arundel? He asked himself that over and over again, and Muriel, what of her? Did she think her absent husband was dead—was she mourning for him, hoping against hope that he would come back to her? Muriel and Arundel, they were in his thoughts constantly, those two; where were they, what were they doing?

Lying there wrapped in his blanket, unable to rise from weakness, while the slow days of his convalescence dragged by, it seemed sometimes as if the cruel suspense of not knowing what had become of his loved ones would madden him. Oh, to be home again, out of the sight of the dark Indian faces, away from the sound of the wind in the trees; to feel Muriel's arms around him, her kisses on his lips. His very heart was sick and faint with longing, and his own weakness was like a chain of iron upon him; binding him hand and foot; and this his captors knew just as he did. They smiled grimly when one day one of them suggested that their prisoner be more closely watched; they knew he had no strength as yet to escape from them.

He had nearly decided with the chiefs as to the amount of his ransom, was quite hopeful, when rumors came to the camp that there were soldiers on their track, and thinking that Russel might betray the whereabouts of their camping grounds, the Indians decided not to let him go yet; so they took him with them when he moved further up in the mountains to an old camp, and it was not long after their arrival there that he had made that desperate effort to escape, and had been wounded and recaptured.

As he lay there now while the Indians were smoking and eating around the fires, and the night shadows deepened and darkened, he was planning an escape, for to escape he had determined. Since that ineffectual attempt to get away from his hated captors he had been closely watched, but he had a plan now by which he thought eventually elude them.

His wounded limb still pained and troubled him, but not nearly so much as he gave them to understand. They thought he could not bear his weight upon it, could not use it at all, and that was what he wished them to think. In a few days he knew they were to leave the camp, to move toward the coast, and he hoped during the journey, to be able to get away from them; of course, if he was unable to put his foot to the ground, they would not guard him so closely. Once free, he would gain the coast, cross the gulf into California, then home and Muriel.

Home and Muriel; those two words seemed to inspire him with hope; they set his pulses beating quicker, and brought a flush upon his ashen face, a light into his sunken eyes. He could not sleep that night for thinking; all night long he lay with wide-open eyes, gazing up at the stars shining so peacefully in the deep blue sky above him, listening to the sighing and sobbing of the night-wind in the trees while Muriel's face came and went before him, his lovely eyes looking into his. How would he first see her? Would he go softly up the stairs into her pretty boudoir, and find her lying on the little velvet couch asleep, perhaps dreaming of him, her long lashes wet with tears? And she would awake, and seeing him, would nestle in his arms with a low, glad cry; he would fold her to his heart, and the passionate longing, the unrest, the fever, would all be gone. Or would he find her in the pleasant library, standing lonely in one of the lace-draped windows, her little hands clasped loosely together, her beautiful eyes sorrowful and weary with watching, misty with unshed tears? He would kiss them away, those tears; he would take the little hands in his own, draw the lovely, tired head upon his breast, and whisper tenderly that never again should they be separated.

So all that night hope grew stronger in Russel Anthon's breast, and when the day dawned there was a look almost eager in his eyes, an expression of earnest hopefulness upon his thin, white face.

A few days after the Indians left the camp and moved toward the coast, committing

robberies and murders as they went; and one dark night Russel, who had carefully and cautiously bided his time, slipped away unobserved and made his escape.

It was a long and terrible tramp down to the nearest town on the coast, especially to a man in as physically weak a condition as was Russel Anthon. His wounded limb troubled him, he suffered from hunger and thirst, pain and weariness, yet the brave heart did not falter, and it was like heaven to be free again and to know he was on the way to Muriel.

Once the thought came to him, bringing a sharp pain with it. Would his young wife love him any the less because he went back to her a prematurely aged man, lame and bent, his hair gray, his face bearing the indelible marks of pain and care? How strangely they would look together, she so young and lovely, he old before his time, broken down by sickness and terrible experiences. Would strangers wonder how it came about that she had married him? Would they say she was too fair and young for him? And then the strong, patient heart grew faint as he thought:

"Perhaps she is too young for me; she might have been happier, perhaps, with a man less grave, not so old as I am. It was a mistake for me to marry her; and yet, Muriel, my darling, no man in all the world could love you better than I do; I know that if I could buy your happiness only at the cost of my own life, I would, because of my love for you, die so willingly."

Ah, God pity him! he had yet to learn that life holds things far more terrible than death; that living sometimes is so much harder than dying. We are all apt to think that the voluntary giving up of life is the greatest sacrifice, of which a human being can be capable, and in many instances it is, but not always; there are times and times when to live is a sacrifice greater by far than to die would be.

One morning it was just after sunrise, and he was toiling slowly and painfully on his way to Guaymas, when he came up with a stranger travelling also in the same direction, like him weary and footsore. He was a remarkably fine-looking man—a gentleman born, that was evident; there was an air of dignity and grace about the tall figure, though it was clad in rough, well-worn clothes, and the face, though it bore traces of recent illness, and was stamped with the unmistakable marks of care and pain, was a handsome, high-bred one, with regular features, and earnest, thoughtful eyes.

So these two men, who had never seen each other before, who did not know one another's names, went along together, strangers in a strange land; both were grave and silent, busy with their own thoughts, yet each one was in his heart thankful for the companionship of the other. The stranger seemed to be as quiet and reserved by nature as was Russel Anthon; his thoughts seemed to be equally absorbing, and in his eyes was the same wistful, longing expression which made Russel's eyes such sad ones. All day they travelled together, speaking but little of their own lives, but when they camped for the night, and having made a fire lay down near it, the darkness and loneliness of the moonless night settling over them, both men grew more communicative, and spoke freely of themselves, telling each other of their lives, and how it was they chanced to be so far away from home and friends.

In a few hours an intimacy sprang up between these two men so strangely thrown together, and when at daybreak they resumed their journey, they seemed and felt more like two old friends than strangers who, forty-eight hours previously, had not known of each other's existence.

The next night, lying beside the campfire, which threw its flickering light upon his face, the stranger, who called himself Henry Glennore, told Russel Anthon in a voice which, though calm and quiet, had in it an undertone of great bitterness, that which filled Russel's heart with deepest pity.

He was dying—that tall, grave, stately man—dying of one of those terrible internal organic diseases which, when they once seize hold upon a man, slowly and surely sap his life. He knew it, had known it for some time past, and now fully aware that death was rapidly approaching, had only one hope, one wish, one prayer—that he might live long enough to go back to his little motherless four-year-old boy, who was living with a nurse up in New Hampshire, that he might die with his child's soft arms around his neck, the innocent baby lips pressed close to his; and the bitterness in the low voice deepened into passionate agony as he said, brokenly:

"I have no one in all the world but him, my baby-boy, my little Roy; his mother, the woman who loved me so dearly, for the sake of whose love I gave up all—all—died at his birth. It was for the child that I came out here to dig for gold—that I might have money to give him—her baby—every luxury, every comfort. For the child I have worked and toiled early and late—laughing a low, bitter laugh—'worrying like a day-laborer, until my hands were blistered and hard. Even when I knew this fatal disease had grasped me, and they told me to go back, that I must not work, I only worked the harder, for I knew I must die and leave him; and what would he do—that little child—penniless as well as fatherless, motherless, friendless? So for a year now I have been fighting death and working—well, I have been more than successful; I am a rich man now, and a dying one; death is gaining on me, I cannot fight it off much longer—and my boy will be alone."

Before the sound of the low, agonized voice had died, Russel Anthon had taken one of Henry Glennore's hands in his own.

"Give me your boy," he said, simply, "I will take care of him."

Almost blankly the other looked at him. "You take my boy?" he said slowly. "You are a stranger—you do not know who I am, yet you offer to take my child?"

"I know that you are a suffering man," Russel Anthon answered; "I know how terrible it must be to feel oneself slipping away from life, knowing that a frail, dearly loved one must be left alone—and that is enough to know. I say again, give me your child."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Mr. Joseph Morgan sold a herd of four thousand cattle for one hundred thousand dollars recently, although he started on a ranch in Kansas twelve years ago on borrowed capital.

SOME TABLE RECIPES.
CUSTARD WITHOUT MILK.—Two heaping spoonfuls of water two heaping spoonfuls of butter, and when cold, add a piece of butter half the size of the cup of sugar, salt to taste, and lemon or vanilla.

HICKORY-NUT MACARONS.—Two heaping spoonfuls hickory-nut meats; with one spoonful of sugar, salt to taste, to make cream. Flour the hands and form the macarons into little balls. Place on buttered paper in a cooling room to spread, and bake.

CRUMBS PUDDING.—One pint of crumbs, one quart of sweet milk, one cup of sugar, the yolks of four eggs, with a little lemon to flavor, and one spoonful of butter. Bake until done; whopery; spread over this a layer of white of the eggs to be baked; add one cup of sugar and the yolks of two eggs; pour this frosting over the pudding, and bake until a light brown. Eat cold, with cream and sugar.

BOILED SALMON.—The middle of a mon is the best. Sew up neatly in a quito-net bag, and boil a couple of hours to the pound in hot water. When done, unwrap with care, and place on a hot dish, taking care not to break the fish. Have ready a large cupful of cream, very rich, in which has been stirred a spoonful of minced parsley and a lemon. Pour half upon the fish, and serve the rest in a boat. Garnish with parsley and sliced eggs.

NEW WAY TO COOK CHICKENS.—Take a chicken up, put it in a pan and cover with water; let it stew as usual. When done make a thickening of cream, adding a piece of butter, and a little salt. Have made and bake a few minutes. Make as for pie-crust, and cut out in small squares. This is better than chicken pie and more easily made. The crusts should be baked and the chicken gravy poured over both are hot.

MOCK LEMON PIE.—One cupful of heaping tablespoonful of flour, and two eggs (save the whites for the other pie), one teaspoonful of extract of two-thirds of a cup of stewed fruit, mix the sugar, flour, eggs and extract together; then pour on the water, and beat the whites to a stiff froth and mix it over the pie, setting it back in the oven for four minutes.

AN OLD DISH.—A dish equally as good and cheap for any number of people as the steak and kidney pie. Prepare from the shank of a beef, or from a ham, the bone washed carefully to remove bits of fat with cold water; wash when it begins and take off the scum that comes. Stew five or six hours till the meat is dissolved, break the meat small, and far better than chopping—put in bread pan, boil down the gravy until it will turn to a stiff jelly. When it is done, gelatine is quite superfluous, salt, and, if liked, other seasonings. Pour it hot upon the meat; stir and set aside over night, when it will be ready to slice for breakfast or supper.

OSTER OMELET.—Twelve eggs, large, double the number if small, one cup of milk, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, salt and pepper; beat the yolks very fine; beat the whites of the eggs separately, as for meringue, and whites until they stand in a bag, add three tablespoonful of butter in a hot pan, and heat while you are mixing the omelet; stir the milk in a deep dish, with salt and seasoning. Next add the oysters, heating them well as you mix them. When thoroughly mixed, melt butter, and finally pour in whites as lightly as possible. Heat the omelet in the pan very hot, and pour the mixture. Do not stir it, but when around the sides and cautiously turn the omelet; that the butter may be on the part. As soon as the centre is heated and the bottom brown, turn out on a dish. Lay the omelet on a hot surface, the frying-pan, which must be hot, side down dexterously. This brown side of the omelet uppermost, is a delicious breakfast or supper.

STERN LAW AGAINST SMOKING.—The progress of smoking in South Australia has been so great within recent years that it has been thought advisable to attempt to check its growth among the people. A measure has therefore been introduced into the House of Assembly to the effect that any person under the age of twenty-one who shall smoke any pipe, cigar or cigarette shall be liable to a penalty of not less than 5s. nor more than £5; and in case of payment, may be imprisoned for a time not exceeding one month. When any person shall be charged, the onus of proving the charge shall in all cases lie upon the person so charged. One half of every fine imposed is to be paid to the treasurer for the uses of the province.

EXTRAORDINARY DEATH OF A TRAWLER.—An extraordinary fatality has occurred in British Guiana, where an inexperienced fisherman, having, as is the custom in that country, taken a refreshing draught from the stem of one of the many water pipes, which thrive in the forests, died of his cold refreshment by a "nip" of opium.

Shortly afterward he died in extreme agony, and a post-mortem examination showed that his internal organs were entirely sealed up with India rubber.

He had imbibed the sap of the Mimosa tree, the juice of which coagulates and hardens, and the man had had his usual dose of the poor man's stomach, which is naturally fatal results.

The German Government has rejected the Torpedo. The Torpedo Company decided that the nets employed by the British navy render Lay and Whitehead torpedoes harmless, but prove an obstacle to the Berdan torpedoes, which are manufactured in Constantinople.