

# HIS SACRIFICE:

OR  
For Love of Her.

CHAPTER XXIII.—(CONTINUED.)

Just then Louie caught sight of them, and with her face all bright with smiles beckoned them to come to her.

"You go," Aline said, in a voice that sounded strained and unnatural even to herself; "I want to look at something."

She could not talk to any of them yet; she must be alone for a little while. So she went back into the cathedral, and there, in a gloomy corner of that great church which for centuries has been building, and which is yet unfinished, Aline Brentwood fought her battle. There was no anger or bitterness in her heart toward Louie—she was too noble for that. There was only the agony, the despair of knowing that she loved Percy—would love him as long as her life lasted, and that he would never, never love her. She was so young—life without love seemed so terrible to her; she shuddered as she thought she might live thirty, forty years, perhaps longer, and those years would be so very wearisome.

"I never thought I should love in vain," she moaned, bowing her small, proud head upon her hands. "I have always thought that must be so terrible—to love and not be loved—now I know that there is nothing more bitter in life."

"She was tired," she said, wearily, when she joined the rest of the party, and they noticed and spoke of her white face, the purple shadows under the great dusky eyes. Poor Aline! she was tired—tired almost of living, she was too passionate, her nature was too strong, to allow her to suffer calmly; every nerve and fibre in her body quivered and throbbled with pain.

That afternoon Mrs. Brentwood going into Louie's room found her busily writing.

"I am writing to mamma," she said, looking up from her paper. "Shall I tell her, Mrs. Brentwood, what a trouble I am to you?" laughing merrily as she spoke.

"You can tell her how much we all love you," replied Mrs. Brentwood, affectionately. "Have you told her about Mr. Evringham?"

"Oh, yes," answered Louie; "I am just writing about him now, telling her where and how we met him, how pleasant and agreeable he is, and how much we all like him; and to set dear mamma's heart at rest I have told her all about his family, of the high social position the Evringhams have always held, for you know, Mrs. Brentwood, mamma is very particular about those things."

"So am I," said Mrs. Brentwood; "one can't be too particular nowadays; but certainly no one can find any fault with Percy Evringham. And now, dear, I will go, and let you finish your letter."

So Louie wrote until her letter was completed, and the next day it started on its way across the sea, bearing to Muriel the news that her daughter had met Percy Evringham.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

The summer had passed very pleasantly and happily to Muriel. Newport had never been gayer or livelier; her most intimate friends had cottages there; she had met hosts of charming people, every day had brought its pleasures. Muriel knew she was greatly admired, that she was considered one of the most beautiful married ladies at Newport, that the society of herself and husband was openly sought. Any entertainment at her house was sure to be attended by the best people, for Mr. Anthon was as agreeable and entertaining a host as his lovely wife was a charming and graceful hostess. No woman in Newport had a more perfectly-appointed house, a handsomer or more devoted husband, a prettier phaeton, a fairer reputation, or more exquisite toilets than Muriel Anthon. Certainly there was no reason why she should not be perfectly happy.

She had missed Louie of course, but not nearly so much as many mothers would have missed an only child. Louie had spent a number of years at boarding-school, Muriel had grown accustomed to living without her, consequently her absence now did not seem at all strange or unusual.

It was one lovely afternoon that Louie's letter came to her—the letter in which the girl had written of Percy Evringham.

She was alone in her pretty room, lying upon a silken couch drawn up in front of one of the long windows. Her father and mother were visiting her; they had gone to drive with Arundel, while she, contrary to her usual custom, had remained at home; they were all going to attend a reception that evening, and she had a slight headache which she thought a little quiet rest in her own room would banish. She had been reading, but her book had not proved very interesting, and she had let it slip to the floor, and lying there in dreamy idleness, the wind from the sea lifting the soft waves of hair from her forehead, stirring the foaming laces of her snowy peignoir, she had been thinking what a happy life hers had been. It had been all sunshine, all brightness. Two lines from a little poem that was a favorite with her came into her mind:

Into each life some rain must fall,  
Some days must be dark and dreary.

No rain had fallen into her life, she had never known any dark and dreary days, and she smiled—a little half grave, half-tender smile, as she said to herself:

"Perhaps the dear poet did not know what I know so well; that there can be love strong and warm and bright enough to keep the rain of bitter pain, the darkness and dreariness of sorrow and grief out of life; for it is my husband's love that has made my life so bright and sunny."

It was true. False, treacherous, as Arundel had been, untrue to every principle of honor and truth within him, he had made Muriel happy; happier than Russel could have ever made her.

The entrance of her maid with Louie's letter roused her from her happy reverie. Rising from her couch she looked down at the envelope with its post-mark, Cologne, a very happy smile upon her face.

"Dear child," she murmured, "she never forgets to write to me, and her letters are always so bright and entertaining; she has

the rare faculty of writing just as she talks; when I read her letters I forget they are letters, it seems as though she was sitting in her old place—on an ottoman at my feet, looking up into my face, and talking to me."

Muriel's always did enjoy Louie's letters; they were such pretty, original letters, with little flashes of humor breaking out here and there in them, for Louie had a keen sense of the ridiculous. Stepping out through one of the long windows upon a little balcony, cool and shady at this hour of the day, for the afternoon sun did not shine upon it, Muriel sank down on a low wicker chair, and tearing open the envelope, took out the closely-written sheets of thin foreign note-paper it contained.

The sea lay shimmering in the bright sunshine, dotted here and there with gleaming sails, the blue, cloudless sky bent tenderly over it, a few sea-gulls were wheeling in the air. For a moment Muriel's eyes rested upon the scene before her—she had an artist's eye for beauty—then settling herself comfortably in her chair, she began Louie's letter.

She had read the first two or three pages when suddenly she sat upright in her chair, the look of pleased interest upon her face gave place to an expression of startled horror, her eyes began to grow dark with suppressed excitement, her breath came quick and fast, and with painfully intense eagerness, she read over the remaining pages; then, with a low cry, she clasped her hands together almost despairingly.

"Percy Evringham! The little boy who was five years old when Russel told me that terrible story—the little boy who never saw his father—the child of the man my husband's brother murdered!"

The color all faded out of her face, her lips were trembling, her hands were cold.

"Why is it he and Louie have been brought together?" she continued. "Surely they ought never to have known each other—she, the niece of the man who murdered his father. Ah, heaven, think of it! It seems so terrible to think that after all these years the Evringham and Anthon names are again connected. And how is it that Percy Evringham does not hate Louie because she bears the same name that the man who made him fatherless and motherless bore? Can it be that he has been kept in ignorance of the manner of his father's death, that he does not know that an Anthon killed him? It must be so; just as I have kept from Louie the fatal truth that there is a stain of blood upon the proud old Anthon name, so, perhaps, have the Evringhams kept from Percy the knowledge of how his father died."

She shuddered as she repeated the name, Percy Evringham. How plainly it all came back to her, the memory of that night so long ago when she had heard it for the first time; she remembered the white agony upon Russel's face when he had spoken of the little five-year-old boy whom his sinning, wayward, reckless brother had made fatherless, and her own feelings for Arundel—feelings of mingled condemnation and pity, horror for his sin, compassion for his miserable, lonely, weary life.

As the years had rolled by she had thought less and less of the shadow that darkened the Anthon name. Long ago, when Louie was a tiny baby, the subject had been fresh in her mind, and often she had spoken of it as we all speak of matters that rest heavily upon our thoughts, but whenever she spoke of it her husband's face turned so ashy pale, it seemed to be such a bitterly painful subject to him, that after a while she ceased to speak of him about it, and it came about that Arundel and his sin were rarely, if ever, mentioned. Once she had said:

"Arundel is dead, we will let his sin die with him, we will not speak of it."

And he had answered hoarsely:

"Yes, Muriel, Arundel is dead—dead; we will not speak of him."

But now, after all these years, the time had come when she must speak to him about it, speak long, and earnestly, and seriously; she needed his advice, he must decide for her whether or no Louie should be allowed to remain in ignorance of the red link between the Evringhams and the Anthons. Would he be startled and horror-stricken as she was, when she told him of the strange and inexplicable fate which had brought Louie and Percy together?

She had no idea how long she sat there. The sun sank lower and lower toward the horizon, great masses of rose-color and gold banked themselves in the west, overhead the clear blue sky was flecked with spots of pink and amethyst, far away from the land a grey mist was creeping over the sea.

Suddenly she started to her feet. He was coming—her husband—she heard his footsteps.

Arundel had caught a glimpse of Muriel's white draperies. Through the open window he came, a smile upon his handsome, high-bred face.

"Is your headache better, my darling?" he asked, tenderly. "I hope so. Why, Muriel, what is it?"

For she had raised her face to his. He had seen the troubled, anxious, worried look upon it, the trace of sorrowful thoughts about the quivering lips, the pain in the wistful eyes.

She laid her hands upon his arm, dropping her head upon his breast with a long, trembling sigh.

"I am so glad you have come, Russel; I wanted you so much, I am so troubled, so worried about something."

He put his arm caressingly around her.

"Troubled and worried? About what, darling?"

"Oh, Russel, I have had a letter from Louie. She has met—he is travelling with them—Percy Evringham—Howard Evringham's grandchild, the son of that other Percy Evringham."

"Muriel!"

It was a gasping moan, that was all; and it was as though the grey mist creeping over the sea had settled upon Arundel's face.

"It seems so terrible, does it not?" continued Muriel, "to think that Louie and he have met each other, that they are good friends, that they laugh and talk together, and neither of them knows that she is the niece of the man who murdered his father."

"Muriel, for God's sake stop!"

She wound her arms around him.

"I know it hurts you to have me talk about it, Russel, we must both talk about it just as we talked about it that night before you went to Mexico. You remember it, don't you? how you told me all about Arundel and his wild, sinful, reckless life, how he spoke of the poor little boy who was motherless and fatherless. Yes, we must speak of it again now, for our daughter and Percy Evringham's son have met each other, again the Anthon's and the Evringhams have come together, and we must decide what to do."

"Muriel, I cannot decide now, I must think."

His voice was strained and hoarse with agony, his face was white and tense. This was terrible, almost more than he could bear. It was like taking murdered Percy Evringham out of the grave where he had lain so long, and holding the dead form, with the cruel wound in the head, up before him. Every detail of that fearful night came back to him; the game of cards, the angry words, the swift blow, the blood upon his hands as he raised the fallen man, the horror, the agony, the remorse—he lived it all over again.

"And Russel," said Muriel, too busy with her own disturbing, harassing thoughts, to pay much attention to his strange manner, "Louie writes as though she liked him, and he liked her; suppose they should grow to love each other, should we do? Surely, an Anthon should not marry an Evringham."

"Mrs. Anthon, it is growing late; shall I not arrange your hair for the evening?"

It was her maid who spoke. By a mighty effort Arundel regained his composure.

"She is right, it is growing late. We will talk this all over to-night, perhaps. Go, now, Muriel, and make your toilet."

He stood calm and motionless until she had left him, then he sank down upon the low wicker chair, and bent his head until it rested upon the light rail of the balcony.

"Vengeance is mine," saith the Lord.

## CHAPTER XXV.

A feeling of fear, vague yet terrible, was upon Arundel. Anthon as he sat there on the balcony. I had come upon him, when Muriel had mentioned the name—the fatal name, Percy Evringham. A fear of dread and tribulation was coming, that sooner or later vengeance would fall crushing upon him, that this was the beginning of the end. Eighteen years had he succeeded in stifling conscience, keeping down remorse; he failed to do either now. Conscience lifted its voice, not still and small, but as loud and strong that it penetrated the farthest recesses of his heart and brain; remorse, like a swollen river torrent, swept over him.

Percy Evringham. That name, like a key, opened the long-closed doors of the storehouse of memory, and let loose a legion of remembrances. His false, sinful life rose up before him, he saw the black deed he had committed in all their foul nakedness, murderer, adulterer, thief—he was all of these. He loathed himself with unutterable loathing.

But the wild rush of remorse, the loud crying out of conscience, was only momentary. It did not take Arundel Anthon's thoughts long to travel down from the night when he held Percy Evringham's dead body in his arms to the present hour, though every detail of those gone by years was touched. Back into oblivion went the terrible memories, hushed was the voice of conscience, stemmed the tide of remorse; the past, with its sins and falsities was gone; the present required thought and action, and defiantly Arundel Anthon raised his head, an expression upon his face as though within the last second he had resolved to control the present and the future, to challenge even fate itself. Once, twice, he walked the length of the little balcony, then sat down again to take counsel with the evil spirit, to whom years ago he had surrendered himself.

Percy Evringham, the son of the man whose life he had unintentionally taken, and Louie, the girl whom all the world believed to be his own daughter, had met each other. What was to be the result of that meeting? Fate had brought them together—for what purpose? Arundel asked himself these questions. Finding he could not answer them, he did not stop to ponder them, to fret himself with thoughts and conjectures of what might be. The nervous trembling, the fear and dread, was gone now; he was again his cool, calm, collected self. After all, there was nothing unnaturally strange in the fact that Louie and Percy had been brought together; it did not necessarily go to show that evil was coming upon him.

He fetched a long breath of relief, and leaned back in his chair. He had been weak and childish to allow himself to be so disturbed by the mention of the name, Percy Evringham.

The western sky was all one blaze of crimson and gold now—the day was dying fast, and while the purple twilight crept over the sea, Arundel sat there thinking—thinking seriously and earnestly, until Muriel's voice interrupted his thoughts.

"Russel, dear, had you not better make your toilet for the evening?"

He was unusually bright and gay that evening at dinner.

Muriel, seeing no shadow upon his face, swept the little cloud of worrying thought from her own, saying to herself:

"He does not think there is anything very strange or terrible in the fact that Louie and Percy Evringham's son have been brought together. He has thought it all over, and though I do not yet know at what conclusion he has arrived, I am quite sure that he does not think there is anything in it over which we need trouble ourselves."

He had never looked handsomer than on that evening of Mrs. Earle's reception, never had his conversation been more entertaining and witty, his manners more graceful and easy. Not one in that brilliant company suspected that a few hours before he had suffered as he had not suffered for years, some, stately man with the clear eyes and smiling mouth, had a past so fearful, that he ed back upon it.

He and Mr. Trowbridge went into the smoking-room to have a cigar after they

reached home; and Muriel, after a little conversation with her mother, went into her room, and after changing her white silk evening-dress for a loose white wrapper, dismissed her maid, and sat down by her open window to wait until her husband should come up stairs.

She could not help it, try as she would; the contents of the letter she had that day received from Louie worried and troubled her. She had a vague feeling that this coming of Percy Evringham into their lives was in some way to affect them; how, she knew not, that only the future would show. Perhaps, after all these years, dead Percy Evringham was to be avenged, but it would not be right or just—surely God would not permit her innocent Louie to suffer in any way because of her dead brother's sin, and Muriel sighed heavily as she said to herself:

"Little did I think that night, when Russel told me the name of the man his brother killed, that when again I heard and spoke the name, Percy Evringham, it would be in connection with my own child."

"I have been waiting for you, Russel."

"I have been waiting for you, Russel."

He seated himself beside her on the low couch, and looking lovingly, tenderly at her. The moonlight streaming through the open windows fell upon her; how wondrously beautiful the pure perfect face was in the silvery light—it was something to have sinned for love of such a face as that. With a sudden impulse he folded the lovely white clad figure in his arms, and pressed his lips to the soft, sweet ones which had never, since the day he had first kissed them, refused to meet his.

"My darling," he murmured passionately, "I think for love of you almost any man would sin."

She nestled closer to him.

"I think sins that are committed for love's sake are the saddest of all sins," she said. "It has always seemed to me that it is easier for God to forgive such sins than any others."

Under his breath he whispered:

"Heaven grant it so," while she continued, with a little tender smile:

"Even for love of me there has never been occasion for you to sin; not in the slightest way."

He caught his breath chokingly.

"Muriel, it is only a supposition, darling—but suppose, for love of you, solely for love of you, I had sinned deeply, terribly, blackened my very soul, lost every chance of heaven, been false to every instinct of truth and honor within me—would you, could you, love me, Muriel, or would you hate me?"

He hid his face upon her hair while he waited for her answer, that she might not see the look of agonized intensity which he knew had come upon it.

Just an instant she was silent, then she threw her arms around him.

"You could do nothing that would make me hate you," she said, passionately. "If, as you say, you had sinned for love of me, I would love you just the same, though that sin might have been as foul and black as ever man committed. My love for you is more than love—it is idolatry, it is worship; I could not live without you."

The form within his arms was trembling in every limb, the face upon his breast was deeply white in the moonlight. One long, deep-drawn breath escaped him; he was satisfied. Even if the worst that could be should come, it would matter little. Nothing would matter so long as Muriel loved him, and she did love, would love, him always. He could not speak. He could only kiss again and again the soft lips, the little hands, the pure forehead, and Muriel looked up wonderingly, as she felt hot tears upon her face.

"What is it, dear?" she asked.

And he answered, finding a voice at last: "My heart is so full of love for you, Muriel, that it overflows in glad tears."

For a few moments they were both silent, those two who were bound together by a love as strong and deep as any that had ever existed between a man and woman. In every life there are moments of perfect happiness, of rest from all pain, of forgetfulness of all sorrow that make up for years of weariness and pain—moments when the beating and throbbing of the great fevered heart of the world is hushed, when the swift rush of life's river is calmed. But those moments are only moments. Perhaps it is because our earth-natures are not strong enough to bear such an excess of happiness for a longer period of time. Muriel's thoughts were the first to come back to earth.

"And now, Russel, tell me what you think about this meeting of Percy Evringham's son and our Louie," she murmured.

He had prepared himself for this conversation which he knew would come sooner or later. Had thought it over sitting on the balcony that evening, so he answered calmly:

"I think there is nothing strange or startling in it, dear. It was simply a chance meeting, that is all."

"But Russel, you do not think that this young Percy knows that Louie is the niece of his father's murderer?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Babylonian Silver.

The British Museum has just acquired an interesting collection of 39 silver objects which give an insight into the daily life of the Babylonians, and reminds us of the find of the bird-dealer's shop at Pompeii. These objects, which were all found together on the site of Babylon, consist of fragments of silver dishes, the broken handle of a vase, and coins, most of the latter being defaced and clipped. It is easy to see that all have been broken purposely by a practiced hand, and we may fairly conclude that the collection is shop. Among the coins is a Lycian one in good preservation. So far as can be judged from the vase-handle and dishes, the art is distinctly Babylonian under Persian influence, and the workshop may date from the conquest of Alexander.—*The Academy.*

"Mary Jane" said Dickey, "isn't this weather too cold for potatoes?" "Dickey," said Mary Jane, "it isn't cold that takes off the potatoes; it's consumption." "Oh," said Dickey, "I never lived on a farm."

## INTERESTING NEWS.

A Georgia man broke his nose by sneezing.

During the first half of the month locations of quartz mining were reported in Montana.

Mr. Freeman, the historian of the United States, which have been various magazines.

A Minnesota farmer advertised a man who had run off with his children, and \$500 would return him, or he might keep the money and the children.

During the recent cold snap a formed across the straits of Mackinac so firmly as to resist the efforts of a company to blast a channel through for their boats.

The Paris *Figaro*, which always Prince Napoleon's manifesto, copies that day. Very late in the police seized about a dozen that were left in the newspaper.

The French settlers in Michigan notched sticks for keeping accounts, making various kinds of notches, edges of an octagonal stick, a farmer can record all his money in a year.

When the books of the American Office Savings Bank were first published the Emperor claimed the book for himself, and deposited sum, signing his name at the long list of participants in the taking.

The post of Governor-General Lorraine will shortly become vacant recall of Gen. Manteuffel. This ribbon of the German Government, being worth \$45,000 a year, palace and various allowances, marck's gross emoluments do not \$20,000.

A trustworthy person from the Comte de Chambord passes the shooting pigeons, states that the caused a great sensation in his country. The Comte now entertains the idea of establishing his claims shortly, poleon's imprudence having destroyed all the chances of the lists.

The latest novelty in bonnets was wash leather. The London *Times* and *Draper's Journal* expressed the twine trimming which was some time ago will be revived with. There would not then be bad stock. The shapes could be clean windows with, and the trim in for tying up parcels.

A rejected lover was very much Zanesville, Ohio, and his friend him in an attempt to kill himself was taken to revival meetings, that religion would comfort him, encouraged them by becoming a convert; but having assured his salvation, as he thought, he got the stack, ignited it, and was burned.

A number of the California legislature was asleep when the vote began on an important bill, and half of the call of his name, he gave a state grant, which the Clerk recorded as "Yes." He slumbered when he finally awoke, the new over the wires to his constituents had turned traitor to the cause which had elected to champion.

The dangers of the European movement cars have had a fresh illustration (Germany). A couple were traveling Berlin on their wedding tour. The Italian were the sole occupants of a pistol and demanded the German. There was a desperate struggle, the German wrenched away the pistol, was cut five times with a stilet.

The neighborhood of Cork, in a state of panic, owing to the rabies among the dogs in the Barrymore kennel having been state of madness. After being some time it returned to the kennel, a number of the other dogs then authorities have issued an order all dogs found at large and not per control will be disposed of within five days, and that they will be fined.

A movement is on foot in Texas to plish what far-seeing men have as an agricultural necessity of it. It is to put an end to the absorbing farms into large ones. Smaller farms in the working ability of the average and more of them, is the reformers farmers of Harrison county, Texas, to divide their large plantations into farms, and to offer them to actual on the installment plan, believing tion will soon convert idle land into able farms and fill up the tharity taxpayers.

A gentleman calls the attention London *Times* to the peculiar London sparrows. He says: "The passing through the Temple 5 o'clock p.m. would be much astonishing noise made by the p'ane tree at the corner of Paper I noticed a similar display of tree in Stationers' Hall, and know whether naturalists are this peculiarity in London sparrows is certainly a habit which is shared by their congeners in the country."

Newspapers in considerable continue to live in Russia and prosper in spite of the dangers that beset their paths. Statistics that there is a total in of which 197 are published in burgh and 76 at Moscow. Publications 249 are printed in three languages—Russian, French; 1 in two languages—German; 9 in German; 4 in Latin, 2 in Hebrew, 1 in Polish, 1 in Finnish, and 1 in Arabic.

are 19 daily newspapers, 15 weekly are monthly publication in St. Petersburg 12 daily newspapers, 6 weekly, 12 monthly publications in Moscow largest circulation of any paper is 25,000; the next largest is 25,000.

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