

SACRIFICE

OR, Love of Her.

CHAPTER XXV. (CONTINUED)

of opinion that the boy has been... of the manner of his... that for reasons of his... Muriel had never told... seems to me that he ought to know... Muriel, thoughtfully.

"You do not think there is any need... knowing it, either?" asked Muriel... "I should like to know it from her... should she know now, dear, when... thought it best to keep it from her... time?"

"Oh, for some time; we went down... Rhine together; he travelled about... considerably with us. The we all went... Paris, where he was obliged to leave us... go with him; he could not bear to go... mamma; he seemed to be so happy... said Louie, innocently, all unconscious... of the true reason of Percy Ervingham's... happiness with, and his sorrow at leaving... the Brentwood party, "but there was no help... for it. You see, he went abroad with... this party of gentlemen, and it would not... have been right at all for him to have... left them and come with us, as he would... so much liked to have done; as it was, he spent... more time with us than he ought to have... done under the circumstances. His party... would not hear of his leaving them. They... will sail for home about the middle of... next month, and he will stay here in... New York for a little while before he goes... to Baltimore, his home is there, you know, mamma; he was... born in Maryland."

"Yes, I know," said Muriel, quickly... thinking how much more she knew... of Percy's Ervingham's life than Louie... did.

"I am so anxious to have you meet him... mamma," the girl continued, "I am quite... sure you will like him, everybody likes him;... there is nothing to dislike about him; he is... so agreeable and entertaining, so kind and... gentle, and so very handsome. We all... missed him so much after he had left us, even... Mr. Brentwood said it seemed as though... he took the life out of the party when he... went."

"Louie, do you like Percy Ervingham?"

"Do I like him, mamma? why, I like... him very much indeed, better than any... gentleman I have ever met."

There was no need for Muriel to ask her... daughter if her feelings for Percy Ervingham... were any warmer than those of mere... friendship, the expression of her face, the... innocent upturning of the frank, truthful... brown eyes, told very plainly that Louie... spoke the truth when she said she liked him;... it was only like, nothing more.

Very much relieved, for notwithstanding... Arundel's ideas upon the subject, she could... not bring herself to think calmly of her... own child and murdered Percy Ervingham's... son, loving each other—Muriel sank back in... her chair.

attracted attention anywhere, was her own... flesh of her flesh. "The... you visited the people you... had met, the... Regleys of Paris."

"Oh, we met ever so many people we... knew there," said Louie, "and... different people she had met... there, growing very eloquent and... as she described the various places... visited."

"And it was at Schaffhausen that you... met Mr. Ervingham, was it not?" asked... Muriel, when Louie paused for a moment... to take breath.

"Yes, mamma; and were not the... circumstances that led to our meeting... too ridiculous for anything? There I was... on the rock, unable to move, and he... perfect stranger to me, had to take off my... shoes and pull my foot out of that... horrible little shoe; it may have been... romantic, but it was awfully embarrassing. Then he... told me his name, I told him mine, and... then in a moment Mr. Wentworth, my... escort, came up; if you could have seen... the look of horror upon his face when... he found me talking to a stranger, and... Louie burst into a peal of laughter... as the whole scene rose clearly and... distinctly to her memory."

"How long did he remain with you, dear?"

"Oh, for some time; we went down... the Rhine together; he travelled about... considerably with us. The we all went... Paris, where he was obliged to leave us... go with him; he could not bear to go... mamma; he seemed to be so happy... said Louie, innocently, all unconscious... of the true reason of Percy Ervingham's... happiness with, and his sorrow at leaving... the Brentwood party, "but there was no help... for it. You see, he went abroad with... this party of gentlemen, and it would not... have been right at all for him to have... left them and come with us, as he would... so much liked to have done; as it was, he spent... more time with us than he ought to have... done under the circumstances. His party... would not hear of his leaving them. They... will sail for home about the middle of... next month, and he will stay here in... New York for a little while before he goes... to Baltimore, his home is there, you know, mamma; he was... born in Maryland."

"Yes, I know," said Muriel, quickly... thinking how much more she knew... of Percy's Ervingham's life than Louie... did.

"I am so anxious to have you meet him... mamma," the girl continued, "I am quite... sure you will like him, everybody likes him;... there is nothing to dislike about him; he is... so agreeable and entertaining, so kind and... gentle, and so very handsome. We all... missed him so much after he had left us, even... Mr. Brentwood said it seemed as though... he took the life out of the party when he... went."

"Louie, do you like Percy Ervingham?"

"Do I like him, mamma? why, I like... him very much indeed, better than any... gentleman I have ever met."

She made her toilet very carefully for the... evening, and when it was completed and she... surveyed herself critically in the long mirror... Louie knew she was charming, and so happy... innocent girl was ever yet indifferent to... her own beauty. Her dress was a simple one... of cream white flannel, but the soft material... fell in clinging folds that had been... an artist, and she wore a great cluster of... crimson roses at her waist.

Percy Ervingham thought he had never... seen her look more beautiful when she came... into the reception-room, where he was... waiting for her, and he had both the little... hands she had extended to him in his own... looking down into the sweet face with glad... tender light in his gray eyes, to hear the... sound of the soft voice, to feel the... of the little fingers—it had seemed to him... that he could not wait to go to her; and now... he had hard work to keep the flood of love in... his heart from pouring from his lips in... passionately tender words; he was not at all... satisfied with the touch of the small hand... he wanted to kiss the smiling lips, to fold... his arms about the graceful figure. But... with a heavy sigh he remembered that he... had not the slightest right to do either, he... could only hope that the time would soon... come when that precious right would be...

ery sweet and gracious was Louie, showing... him very plainly that she was indeed... glad to see him, and he said to himself... a great joy swept over him.

"She will soon love me; I have not very... long to wait."

Muriel and Arundel had been out making... a call, they came in about ten o'clock, and... hearing their voices in the hall Louie rose... from her chair.

"Excuse me for a moment, Mr. Ervingham;... I want to tell mamma and papa you are here;... I am anxious to have you see them, and then... you."

She was absent from the room a few... moments. When she reached Muriel and Arundel... followed her. Was it singular that the faces... of both were very pale?

There were strange, wild feelings in Arundel... Anthon's breast as he looked into the... face of the young man whom he had made... fatherless. Though Percy Ervingham had... died by his hand he had been his dearest... and most intimate friend. Arundel had loved... the man he killed as he had never loved any... man before or since. Looking now into the... face which was so like the dead one which... for so many years had been hidden from his... earthly sight, the old tenderness rose within... him. It was as though the years had rolled... back, he was young again, there was no... stain of blood upon his hand, the young man... before him with the dark gray eyes and beautiful... mouth, was not Percy Ervingham's son but... Percy Ervingham himself—his gay, handsome... friend; and Arundel's voice trembled as he... murmured some words of kindly greeting.

Muriel's heart, too, went out towards him... just as it had gone out that night, many... years ago, when her tears had fallen as she... thought of the little five-year-old boy whom... her husband's erring brother had made... fatherless and motherless; for it had always... seemed to her that that was a double murder... The blow which had dealt death to Percy... Ervingham had also laid his young wife in... her grave and she felt that God held Arundel... Anthon responsible for two lives.

Her greeting was very sweet and gentle;... Percy Ervingham thought Louie Anthon's... father and mother were very charming... people. They gave him a warm and cordial... invitation to come to the house whenever he... could, and when Louie seconded that... invitation Percy found it quite irresistible, and... that evenings visit was the beginning of... many.

It was only a step from the Windsor Hotel... where he was stopping, to her home, and it... was only a few minutes' run up there in an... informal way. Many mornings he would say to... himself: "I will not go there to-day, I have... been there every day this week; they will... get tired and I will wear my... white coat out." And while he would be... wondering mournfully what he should do... with himself, a messenger boy would come... in bringing a message from Arundel. Would... Ervingham drive with him that afternoon, and... dine afterward at his house? Or, a... little note from Louie: Would Mr. Ervingham... go here or there with her that... evening?

A close intimacy had sprung up between... him and Louie. It was not Miss Anthon... and Mr. Ervingham any longer, it was... Louie and Percy; and when two young... people take to calling each other by their... first name, it is not very long, generally... speaking, before each of them begins to... compute that wonderful "to love." They... played cards, walked and drove, visited... various places of amusement, spent hours... and hours talking to each other, and though... they did not discuss politics and matters of... state, high art and scientific questions, though... their conversation was never of a very... weighty nature, it was none the less... agreeable and thoroughly enjoyable; and... Percy would have rather sat by Louie's... side in Muriel's exquisite little boudoir... and heard her give her opinion upon a... chocolate bonbon than to have a seat in the... gallery of the Senate Chamber at Washington, and... hear the Vice-President address the... House. Percy was too well bred to neglect... the Brentwoods; he went to their house... very often, and Aline, crushing down the... bitter pain in her heart, entertained him in... her own graceful way, listened to him when... he spoke of Louie Anthon, saw the flush that... came upon his face when Louie's name was... mentioned, and made no sign of her own pain. Once her... strength nearly forsook her, when one day... Percy, noticing the wistful expression in the... great dusky eyes, the sorrowful look about the... beautiful mouth, said earnestly, taking her... hand in his, looking down into her face as he... spoke:

"Aline, what is it that is troubling you? So many... times I have noticed a look in your eyes that... was not in them when I first met you. If I... did not know that your life was all sunshine, I... should think you were not perfectly happy, Aline."

He saw her lips quiver pitifully as she... turned her face from him, murmuring:

"There are few of us in this world that are... perfectly happy."

"I wonder if it could possibly be that she... loves some one who does not return her love, he... said to himself thoughtfully, as he walked... away from the house, bearing with him the... remembrance of the lovely face, with its... quivering lips and sorrowful eyes. "But no, that... could not be! Aline Brentwood is too proud to... give her heart unasked, too beautiful to ever... love in vain."

Blind, indeed, you say, was Percy Ervingham... and blind he was, I grant you; but no blinder... than other men have been and will be so long... as there are men.

It is not to be wondered at that Percy... found New York very pleasant, that he... lingered there quite unable to tear himself... away from Louie Anthon, to break up the... dangerously sweet life that he was leading, though... he knew he ought to go back to Baltimore, and... see his grandparents. He wrote them, apologizing... for remaining so long away from them, and... speaking of his home coming in a rather vague... and indefinite way.

Percy did not like to write letters. He... considered letter-writing a most unmitigated... bore, consequently when he found it absolutely... necessary to write one he said what he had... to say in as few words as possible, without any... mental rambling from the subject in his... thoughts. He never would write much about... himself, the life he was thrown in contact with... His grandmother was wont to say in her... gentle way, "I know Percy is alive when I... receive a letter from him, that he is alive and... is my affectionate grandson, Percy Ervingham, but... that is about all his letters ever tell me."

He had written to his grandparents about... the Brentwoods, but it never occurred to him... to tell them about the Anthon's. He only... wrote that he had met some very pleasant... people, friends of the Brentwoods, who were... very kind to him, at whose house he spent... much of his time, and whom he liked very... much indeed. So neither Howard Ervingham... nor his sweet white-haired wife, in whose... gentle eyes still lingered the shadow of bitter... pain which had come into them years before, when... gently as they could, the father Percy never... saw—was dead, knew that the name of the... family whose society their grandson found so... agreeable was one terribly familiar to them... both. November passed. December came, still... Percy Ervingham did not go back to Baltimore.

some face, a merry look in his dark gray... eyes. Louie waved her hand to him, and... then ran out into the hall and threw open... the heavy street door.

"I am so glad you have come," she said,... gleefully, as he came up the stone steps and... into the hall. "I have been wishing for you... ever since dinner, it is such a dreary... afternoon, and I have been here all alone. I was... half tempted to send Thomas down to the... hotel for you."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Late Hours.

There are few people who are so constituted... that sleep seems to them no necessity, and... they can, year after year, carry on their... business avocations and fulfil their social... duties without seeming loss of health or... strength, with only four or five hours out... of the twenty-four devoted to rest. There... are again persons who can at any moment... compose themselves into sleep, and enjoy a... short nap, if only for a few minutes. The... great Napoleon was one of those who, by... sheer force of will, could put himself to... sleep when he chose, and thereby repair the... damage to health and strength that want... of sufficient rest inevitably brings. These... people are, however, exceptions, and the... general run of mankind really needs eight... hours out of the twenty-four for sleep.

In the cities and towns the desire for... making quick fortunes is the real secret that... underlies many of our mistakes of living. The... class of persons among us who live on their... income without the claims of business are... comparatively large, and late hours that might... not affect them are the same that other men... differently situated are obliged to keep during... the gay season; yet the latter are under the... necessity of going to business at an early... hour of the morning. No wonder that by May... many young men are worn out, and stimulate... on quinine and morphine, and various other... preparations, so as to keep up at all.

Any young lady at the end of the season... of balls, theatre, and operas can testify that... she looks worn and jaded; that she has no... appetite, and that champagne, and even... bandy are necessities. There is a woman, to... our certain knowledge, who contracted, a... taste for stimulants that affected her health... for years during a long and gay winter... season. And her case is only one of many. To... repair the havoc made by late hours on the... complexion—and they are certain to ruin a... fine one—cosmetics are resorted to, and... rouge renews the blush of health, and powder... the purity of the snowy skin. The Russian... and Turkish baths are found to give some... strength and renewed vigor, and the number... of them testify to their patronage.

And yet it lies in the power of the matrons... the leaders of society, those who naturally... suffer the most from the evil of late hours, to... remedy it. They can easily insist on a... change, and a change for the better. "The... chaperones who weary sit through 'just one... more dance' are to be pitied, but they are to... be blamed as well.

Vanity will do much; indeed, it is a... lever that can move the world when rightly... applied. Vanity, then, may step in in some... cases and perform what good advice or... sensible counsels could never do. All doctors... agree that sleep produces flesh, and a story... is told of a fashionable physician, who, when... a young belle called on him and complained... of the thinness of her arms and asked for a... remedy, prescribed a course of treatment... that, if faithfully adhered to, would round... out the offending members into perfect and... matchless proportions. It was simple, and... contained no nauseous drugs or change of... diet, no athletic evolutions, or modern... gymnastics, no modification of costume, or... hints as to thick boots, long walks, or... copious draughts of milk or bowls of oatmeal;... neither was that terrible last and most... fatal cure suggested—arsenic. No, nothing... but simply to go to bed every night at... nine o'clock, without loss of one minute, and... sleep till nine the next morning, if possible. Whether the young woman purchased the... wished-for improvement to her arms at that... price, we are unable to state, but the doctor... probably pocketed his fee, and justly, for his... advice was well worth considering, at least.

Solid Milk.

To make condensed milk, the milk is... subjected to a heat of some 230 degrees, which, it... is said, scalds it. By a new process the heat... is only about 130 degrees, and the product is... called evaporated milk. When the time of... exposure to that moderate heat is sufficiently... prolonged all the watery part of the milk is... driven off, and the remnant is a tough, solid... mass, creamy white in color, and much... resembling a dried chunk of wheat flour... dough. That is granula, or, by artificial... means, a little fine white sugar is added to... make it keep, and then it locks like corn... meal, and is corn granulated milk. The... evaporated milk is only about half as near... solid as the condensed milk, but is very rich, and... so little affected by the process through which... it has passed that when water is added the... most delicate taste cannot detect a difference... between it and pure natural milk; cream rises... on it, and butter can be made from it. The... same desirable peculiarities belong to the... granulated milk. The evaporated milk is used... in the Nursery and child's Hospital, and on... most of the steamship lines. The granulated... is made to keep in all climates, for any... desired length of time.

An Odd Old Lady.

An old lady in Hartwell, Ga., has made... all the necessary preparations for her burial, except... her coffin. She has a black silk dress, all the... necessary underclothing, a cap, gloves, etc.; she... even has a cake of perfumed soap, wash-rag and... towel, for washing her body, and a candle nearly... two feet long, which she has had ever since the... war, and which is to afford light for the watchers... when she is lying in state.

A Pickled Pun.

A 7-year-old, with the punster's mark on his... brow, at dinner, asked his mother what was in a... jar on the table. "Pickles, my son," was the reply. "Then, mamma, please pickle little one out for me," came with stunning force from the... child, and the mother fell over a chair and fainted.