

HIS SACRIFICE

For Love of Her.

CHAPTER XXVII.—(CONTINUED.)

“And why did you not?” he asked, as he removed his top-coat and placed it on the hall rack, he followed her into the reception-room.

“Why?” glancing anxiously up at him, “because I had a faint hope that you would think of me and would come without being asked?”

Percy fetched a sigh, but he did not tell her that she had been in his thoughts all day and half the night before; he only drew down with a curiously wrought velvet which he had drawn up near the fireplace, and looked rather gloomily into the fire that was blazing and crackling on the tiled hearth.

“There,” said Louie, as having drawn the magnificent embroidered portiere which she had pulled down on the door, “now it may be Percy on the little couch. ‘Now it may be just as hard as it wants. You will stay with me, Percy, this evening, we will sing and supper, Percy, this evening, we will sing and mamma always likes a little sacred music Sunday nights, you know—and also—’”

“I think, Percy, it will be ‘Yes.’”

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Long after every one else in the house was sleeping that night, Louie lay wide awake thinking very earnestly and deeply about Percy.

There is no use arguing the point; we all of us judge the world and human nature by our own personal experience.

“I like Percy very much, Louie,” she answered, speaking slowly and hesitatingly; “I should think you would like him; he comes back to me for my answer I will tell him yes?”

“Oh, my darling,” said Muriel, reproachfully, “why do you think of such things? It is unjust to your father; it hurts me to hear you talk so; he does love you very dearly, Louie. And why should he not love you? Are you not his only child?”

“I have something to tell you, Russell,” she said, so earnestly that Arundel, looking down in surprise, saw the shadow in the lustreous eyes, and folding her in his arms, kissed her until her face flushed and brightened under his caresses.

“What is it, my darling?” he asked.

“Russel, Percy Evringham has asked Louie to marry him.”

“And she has promised him, has she, that she will be his wife?” he said, eagerly.

“No, not yet; she is not quite sure whether she loves him well enough.”

“But she must marry him,” said Arundel, his eyes darkening with suppressed excitement. “I have always felt that if our child should marry Percy Evringham’s son—” He paused abruptly; he could not go on and speak his thoughts; tell Muriel that it had seemed to him that the marriage would seem a sort of compromise with fate; that the retribution he had always feared would come upon him through Louie—the child of the man he had wronged so terribly—would be warded off; that he would in some way escape the earthly punishment of his sin.

“Louie, do you love Percy Evringham?”

“I did not know you were acquainted with him,” he said.

And Arundel answered quietly: “It is many years since I saw your grandmother or grandfather, but I once knew them very well. Your grandfather will explain it all to you; perhaps you will feel differently towards us when you know it all.”

And Percy, very much mystified, said earnestly: “Nothing could make me feel differently toward you, Mr. Arundel.”

The next morning Percy Evringham went home to Baltimore, his heart filled with hopes which, though they were not certain, were none the less bright and sweet.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Louie missed Percy Evringham very much after he had gone; she had seen so much of him that it seemed strange indeed to have a day go by without bringing him to the house.

“For it seems to me that a love which is not capable of suffering and sacrifice is not the love which God meant husband and wife should bear each other,” she said to herself.

“I have never been more admired than now in this season. People said of her, ‘she is more beautiful than ever,’ and they said truly. She was more beautiful than she had ever been. The shadow of sadness in the great dusky eyes, the sorrowful look upon the perfect mouth made the exquisite face a rarely fascinating one.”

It seemed so strange to her when Louie told her the reason she had not given Percy her answer at once.

“How can she help loving him when he loves her as I know so well he does,” she thought sorrowfully. Then, bravely as though she might have been his sister, she spoke of him, telling Louie that he loved her; and Louie listened, her heart glowing very tender for absent Percy, while Aline pleaded his cause.

“I can think by the time he comes for my answer I shall have discovered that I love him very dearly,” she said, her face flushing softly. And though Aline’s heart was aching as it had never ached before, she said, none the less earnestly: “I hope you will, dear, for I know he loves you very truly, Louie, and it would tell his life bitterly sorrowful if you should tell him you could not be his wife.”

“Aline, if anything should happen to shew me that I did not love Percy as I think a woman ought to love the man she marries, I could not tell him I would be his wife, though he loves me a thousand times more than he does,” said Louie suddenly, her eyes almost black with earnestness.

“I would not want you to,” answered Aline. “I think a woman who marries a man out of pity does him a greater injustice than she would do if she told him she did not love him, and so could not be his wife.”

Between Christmas and New Year’s two letters came to her father, of which Louie knew nothing, though one of them was from Percy Evringham, the other from his grandfather.

Howard Evringham wrote a very beautiful letter; Arundel clenched his teeth together as he read it, remembering the terrible sorrow he had cast upon this man whose bread he had eaten, whose hand he had clasped, whose son he had killed. He wrote that he had never cherished any bitter feeling towards the Anthon, had never held them responsible for Arundel’s crime. He had been surprised when Percy had told him the name of the family whose society he had found so pleasant while he was in New York, surprised when he told him of his love for Russell Anthon’s daughter, but he thought that if the two young people loved each other they need not be parted because

of the sin of a man long dead, a man who had voluntarily renounced all claim to his family name, had severed himself from all his relatives, who had died a stranger in a strange land. Arundel had desired his death, but had told Percy the story of his father’s death, and though the boy had been terribly shocked and saddened it had not changed in any degree his feelings of friendship and regard for Mr. and Mrs. Russell Anthon or his love for their daughter.

Notable Watches.

Laid away among the treasures of the past, in strange and almost grotesque forms, are many ancient “timepieces.” Cunningly wrought were they; deft fingers chiselled thereon rare traceries of gold and silver, with much adornment of priceless gems.

Think of a “nut watch”—golden acorn in shape, and at a certain hour hearing from its contracted proportions the report of a diminutive wheel-clerk pistol.

He said Louie went to spend an hour or so with Aline Brentwood; and while Muriel entertained some friends who had called, Arundel sat alone in his library and wrote a long letter to Howard Evringham. Heaven only knows what it cost him to do it; still, when it was finished, it was a well-written, manly, straightforward letter, such as poor, wronged Russell might have written with all sincerity.

Percy was very much surprised, when just before he left the house, Mr. Anthon gave him a letter, which he desired him to give to his grandfather.

“I did not know you were acquainted with him,” he said.

And Arundel answered quietly: “It is many years since I saw your grandmother or grandfather, but I once knew them very well. Your grandfather will explain it all to you; perhaps you will feel differently towards us when you know it all.”

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Still another fancy was for cockle-shell cases, having their richly chased and enamelled.

Quite an elaborately finished watch was in the shape of a duck; the case was of silver, the features heavily chased. Opening the lower part, one finds a silver dial-plate, encircled with much gold ornamentation in floriated scroll-work and angels’ heads. On small rubies the tiny wheels moved noiselessly on in their appointed ways. This was made in the reign of good Queen Bess.

Prominently among such relics mention must be made of the silver clock of Charles the First, and given by him on the morning of his execution (January, 1649) to Sir Thomas Herbert. It was a remarkable specimen of the finest handwork of the times; a picture discloses rich tracery upon the back, rim, and face of this historic time-keeper of scroll-work and elaborately finished foliage. Upon the back one sees a large central flower, from which radiate with true artistic touch leaves, buds, and swaying tendrils. It has descended as an heirloom to William Tawley Mitford, Esq.

Poles for Beans and Other Climbers.

White birches and alders so commonly used for bean poles, are about the poorest, for they last only one season at the best, and sometimes break off at the surface of the ground, and let down the beautiful pyramid of green before the pods are ripe.

White cedar, and the rough bark enables the vines to climb without any help from strings; but these are not always accessible. Red Cedar is much more widely distributed, and on the whole makes the best bean pole. The wood is as durable as the White Cedar, and young trees, from which poles are made, grow quite stout at the ground, and if well set, will resist very strong winds.

A set of these poles will last for a generation, for bean poles all the side branches are trimmed off, but for a support for ornamental climbers, these may be left on. A Cedar, six or eight feet high, with the branches gradually shortened from below, upwards, makes an excellent support for ornamental vines. One of these covered with a clematis, or other showy climber, makes a pyramid of great beauty. It is well to prepare a supply of poles for beans and other plants before the work is pressing.

He will not speak his Father's Name.

There is a boy 8 years old whose parents live in White County, Ark. They are highly esteemed citizens, and people of decided culture and refinement. The boy has never been heard, nor can he be induced by any means to utter his father's name, or address him even indirectly. His strategy is more than equal to both his parents and the other members of the family, who have laid all manner of plans to force him into a single utterance of his father's name. Upon one occasion they planned not to get him any boots until he asked for them like the others, but this was a failure also, for he went on through the snow with his bare feet just as though he were in calfskin for his knees. He has a profound respect for his father, and will follow him about the farm for a whole day at a time.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Wagner's Incivility.

Apart from his musical gift, Richard Wagner was a man of very common mould. Delicacy of feeling, the grace of manner which poetry should beget, he had none. A year ago he spent the winter at Palermo, meditating his score of “Parsifal,” and a great banquet was given in his honor by the Sicilian aristocracy at the Villa Tasca. He came three hours late. He then strolled in with an old felt hat on his head, a battered Scotch cloak on his shoulders, and a cotton umbrella in his hand.

His hosts, who had waited for three hours, were disgusted, and the incident was so hotly discussed in the Italian papers that the composer's official organ at Bayreuth published a statement saying: “The maestro felt bound to act as he did, to prevent the Sicilian nobility from worrying him with more invitations.”

Advertising in America.

The prices paid for advertising in the United States may be gathered from the following figures:—The Chicago Tribune it is said, for a column a year receives 26,000 dols. The New York Herald receives for its lowest-priced column 39,723 dols., and for its highest \$48,000 dols.; the New York Tribune for its lowest 29,764 dols., and for its highest 85,648 dols.; and these papers are never at a loss for advertisements to fill their columns. Their patronage comes not from any desire to assist the respective papers, but from business men who find it profitable to a vertice.

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ETIN... CURED... ANGELES... SIONAL... ANEUS... OAKVILLE... 39 CTS