

### Her Future.

Oh, what will you do, my little girl,  
And what will you do, my sweetest,  
When woman's life shall come to you,  
With all its grand completeness?

I cannot tell you, my father dear,  
And indeed I often wonder;  
For each of the married friends I know  
Has made a distressing blunder.

You need not marry at all, sweet love,  
And you need not marry, my dear one;  
Yet still you may make that life of yours  
A rounded, complete, and clear one.

No, no, my father, your words are wrong;  
There still would be something lacking;  
A weary and painful sense of loss,  
My brain and heart would be racking.

But if you should marry, my darling child,  
My innocent, tender, and glad one,  
And make a mistake, as so many do,  
Your life would be such a sad one!

I think, and I think, my father dear,  
That true love is never mistaken;  
Though heavy its fetters may be, like lead,  
Like down they are lightly shaken.

Whatever may fall, my father dear,  
True love is ever victorious;  
And sad and bitter though life may be,  
To live and to love is glorious.

I need not have asked you, my little girl,  
Of your woman's hope hereafter,  
For I see that your heart is already full  
Of a woman's tears and laughter.

EDWARD WILLETT.

## HIS SACRIFICE:

OR

### For Love of Her.

#### CHAPTER III.—[CONTINUED.]

Simple little Muriel, wiser in her inexperience than was Russel Anthon in his love or her father in his worldly wisdom!

Mr. Trowbridge laughed.  
"What a fanciful little girl you are, Muriel," he said. "I do not know that Russel Anthon is particularly high-minded, but I do know that he is a noble fellow, and would make you a perfectly devoted husband."

The girl shivered.  
"I don't think he will ever be my husband," she murmured.  
"Muriel!" There was a ring of bitter disappointment in Graham Trowbridge's voice. "Then you do not like him?"

She clasped her small hands tightly together, her eyes growing dark with excitement.  
"That is not so, papa," she said passionately. "I do like Mr. Anthon, like him better than any gentleman I have ever met; but it seems to me a woman should do more than like the man she would marry."

It seemed so to Mr. Trowbridge, so he did not attempt to argue the question, he only said, sorrowfully:  
"I see no reason why you should not love Russel Anthon; can't you try and love him, Muriel? I do not think you would find it a very difficult matter; you have never thought of it, have you? that is what makes it seem so strange."

"No," she answered truthfully, "I have never thought of loving him," then almost sadly, "Is it your wish that I should marry him, papa?"  
"My dearest wish," her father said earnestly, and then drawing her into his arms, he talked long and seriously, speaking in the highest terms of Russel Anthon, telling her how dearly he loved her, and how terribly he would feel if she should send him word she could not be his wife. Very eloquently Mr. Trowbridge pleaded Russel Anthon's suit, and Muriel listened, her face very thoughtful.

"And now, my darling," he said, by way of conclusion, "don't you think that in time, perhaps in a very short time you will learn to love Mr. Anthon very dearly?"  
"It may be," murmured Muriel; "at all events, papa, since both you and he so much desire it, I will try."

"And may I tell him, Muriel, that some day you will be his wife?"  
She looked at him a few moments with a helpless, perplexed expression in her eyes.  
"Papa," she said, at last, "there is no one in the world I like better, honor and respect more, than I do Mr. Anthon; perhaps, as you say, there may be more love for him deep down in my heart than I myself am aware of. I have perfect confidence in him, I am always happy with him, I miss him when he is away; yet for all that I know I do not love him, as I have thought I would love somebody. I want you to tell him all this, and if he is satisfied, if he thinks he can be content with what I can give him, I am willing to marry him, and I will try to be a faithful, loving wife."

Greatly relieved, Mr. Trowbridge kissed her warmly.  
"My own dear little girl," he said. "Yes, I will tell him. Hark! here comes mamma. Shall we tell her to-night?"  
"Oh, of course," said Muriel.  
If gentle Mrs. Trowbridge was surprised, she was also very much pleased when she heard the news. She had always liked Russel Anthon—they were few indeed, those who had met him and did not like him—and winding her arms around Muriel, she told her that she had always hoped this which had happened would come to pass.

So sitting there, Muriel listened dreamily, while her parents spoke of her future, which seemed so bright; and a thrill of pride went through her as remembering the position Russel Anthon occupied in society, the attention that was always paid him, she thought, "he loves me, little Muriel Trowbridge."

She stood for a long time in one of the windows of her room that night looking out into the darkness, and thinking as she had never thought before in all her short, happy life.  
"I know I am not half good enough for him," she thought; "but if I marry him, I will try, oh, so hard, to make him happy."

Russel Anthon, too, watched the stars from his window that night—watched them with eyes that were very wistful.  
"How I love her," he said to himself, "dear little Muriel; and if she will give herself to me, I will strive to make her life a bright, happy one, free from every cloud of sorrow and care. I wonder if many men love women as I love her. Nothing would be too much for me to do for her; I think

for Muriel's sake I would give up everything in the world."

Would the time ever come when Russel Anthon's love would be put to the test? Ah, only the future could show, the mysterious future that looms so darkly before us all, that our weak, short-sighted earthly eyes cannot pierce its heavy, dusky shadows. Two years previous, the Trowbridges, stopping at one of the many quaint little inns that are to be found in Switzerland, had met for the first time Russel Anthon; he happened to be travelling in the same direction as they were, and so joined the party to which he had proved a pleasant acquisition. In a very short time the acquaintance grew into friendship, from that into a warm intimacy. He wandered with them over Europe, they came home together on the same steamer, and from that time scarcely a week had ever passed that Russel had not dined at least once at Mr. Trowbridge's table or spent an evening in his parlors. They knew that he belonged to a proud, rich old Maryland family, that his parents were dead, that he had very few near or dear relatives; more than that, they neither knew, nor cared to know, if there had been any dark, unclean places in Russel Anthon's private life. Mr. Trowbridge's keen eyes would long since have discovered them.

The following morning dawned as clear and cold as the preceding night had been, and when shortly after ten o'clock Russel Anthon entered Mr. Trowbridge's well-furnished private office, he found that gentleman waiting for him.

He had been waiting some time, and while he had waited he had concluded that under the circumstances it would be just as well to omit the proviso Muriel had stipulated.

"For what would be the use of telling Anthon all that?" he said to himself, by way of appeasing his own conscience, which was muttering rather unpleasantly. "All he wants to know is whether or not Muriel will be his wife. She was excited last night and did not know very clearly what she was saying. Of course she will love him. I dare say in a week's time she will think she could not live without him. It will only make him feel badly, and it won't affect her one way or the other. Muriel is a little sentimental and romantic—all girls her age are—and they think they sacrifice some of their maiden modesty if they confess to loving a man, but they soon get over that. No, I shall not say anything about it. I shall simply tell Anthon, Muriel's answer is yes."

So, having quieted his conscience, Graham Trowbridge told Russel Anthon, in a few words, that which brought a flush of happiness over his face, a look of great joy into his eyes.

He went that afternoon to see Muriel, and when she came shyly down into the parlor, her lovely eyes downcast, he drew her into his arms, saying only:  
"My own little Muriel."

And, feeling those strong arms around her, a sense of perfect security stole over Muriel such as she had never known before, and unconsciously she nestled closer to him as she thought:  
"Papa was right; it will not be hard to learn to love him dearly."

She went with him into the hall when he rose to go, and, standing in the open doorway, watched him go down the stone steps and away from the house with proud eyes—watched the tall, upright figure until it was out of sight; then she went back to the parlor, and, sinking down into a low chair, sat looking at the magnificent diamond that blazed, star-like, in the heavy golden band he had slipped upon her finger.

"Leo," she said, solemnly, looking down at her dog who had followed her into the room, and lay stretched out on a Turkish rug at her feet, "Leo, I am going to marry Mr. Anthon; I am going to be his wife, and Leo, I am not one bit sorry."  
And Leo gave a short bark, as though he approved of what his little mistress had said.

Society was very much surprised when it was announced that Muriel Trowbridge was engaged to Russel Anthon—had won the heart which so many women had tried in vain to win.

The remainder of the winter passed swiftly and happily to Muriel; surrounded on every side by love and tenderness, no thought of care or sorrow entered her mind; she did not trouble herself as to whether she loved her betrothed husband as he deserved to be loved; she was content that he loved her. The shadows entirely disappeared from Graham Trowbridge's face; gladly and willingly had Russel Anthon lent the money he required, saying, "I don't want you to thank me, Mr. Trowbridge, you know it is a pleasure for me to do anything I can for you; I would give you half my fortune if you desired it, and that would be nothing compared to the precious thing you gave me."

Early in the pleasant month of June Muriel Trowbridge and Russel Anthon were married; and certainly no woman's future ever looked brighter or more beautiful than did Muriel Anthon's on her wedding-day.

#### CHAPTER IV.

A dreary, gloomy March afternoon. All day the rain has fallen steadily from the leaden-hued clouds that hang low over the city; the wind is blowing furiously—a genuine March gale—and it hurries through the streets, now moaning and sobbing mournfully, now shrieking as if in mad despair, dashing the rain in slanting lines against the window-panes, and threatening with utter destruction the gilded signs in front of the stores, which creak dimly as it sweeps by them.

The large front room on the second floor of the house which was Muriel Anthon's wedding present from her husband, is fitted up half as library, half as sitting-room, a cheerful pretty room, with, besides its other furniture, an upright piano in one corner, which Muriel uses far more than she does the magnificent Steinway grand down stairs in the parlor, a well-fitted book-case in another, wherein may be found all Mr. Anthon's favorite authors, and a crimson-covered library-table in the centre, a table always strewn with the popular monthly magazines and the daily papers. At this table Russel Anthon sits this gloomy afternoon, busily writing, looking up now and then from his paper, as a sudden gust of wind dashes against the window-panes with such violence, that it is a source of wonderment that the huge sheets of glass can withstand the

furious assaults that are constantly being made upon them.

Nearly a year has passed since that sunny June day when Russel Anthon and Muriel Trowbridge took each other for better or worse, until death should part them; not quite a year, yet twelve months ago there was not the sorrowful look upon Russel Anthon's face that there is to-day.

No man ever entered into married life with a happier heart, with brighter hopes, than he did, no man ever took upon himself the vows of matrimony with a fuller sense of their sacredness and solemnity, their purity and holiness than he had done. For a month or so his dreams of happiness had been realized, then, slowly, but ah, with what terrible certainty, the truth began to force its way upon him—his Muriel, the beautiful young wife he idolized, for whose dear sake he would have laid down his life without a murmur, did not love him as he loved her, as he had thought she did love him when he married her. You ask how did Muriel show her husband that her love for him had in it nothing of the depth, and strength, and intensity which made his love for her the grandly noble passion it was? In a thousand ways she showed it; inexperienced in the ways of the world, accustomed from her childhood to act out her feelings, she all unconsciously laid bare her own heart before him. The little things she did so many times a day that hurt him cruelly, she did ignorantly and innocently, without a thought to wound him. If any one had said to her, "Muriel Anthon, you don't love your husband," she would have opened her lovely eyes very wide, and answered, "Why, of course I love him!" and she would have spoken truly; she did love him, though her love for him in comparison to his love for her, was as the light of one small star compared to the glory of the full, round moon. Deep in her heart Muriel knew she felt bored and listless when she was alone with her husband, that his earnest conversations wearied her inexpressibly, that she found herself wishing many times that he was not quite so high-minded; and when she mentally acknowledged it with a pang of self-reproach, as she did very often, she always tried to excuse herself by thinking, "I knew I was not half good enough for him; that I did not love him as he deserved to be loved, but so long as he knew it too, and knowing it, was willing to take me, I don't see how I am to blame for it."

Before their marriage Russel had thought her restless, when sometimes he slipped his arms around her, the passive manner in which she accepted his kisses, was only because of her maiden delicacy, but after they were man and wife, he found, to his sorrowful surprise, that it was just the same; when with his heart throbbing with love for her, he would fold her in his arms, she would draw herself away from him, saying, with a little pout, "I wish you would not do that, Russel, you muss me all up." So, after having been repulsed many times, he learned his lesson and even when he yearned to fold his wife to his heart, to feel her head upon his breast, he would sit in silence, watching with wistful eyes the dainty little figure that seemed so much more comfortable lying among the velvet cushions of the low couch, which was Muriel's favorite lounging-place than he did in his arms. If Russel Anthon had been less sensitive than he was, if he had been more of the earthy, it would have been better for them both; Muriel would have yielded if her husband had laid siege to her heart with more violence and passion; as it was, they had drifted apart. Do you wonder now at the sorrowful look that has come upon Russel Anthon's face since his marriage?

"There, that is finished," he murmurs, as having written the last words, he lays his pen down on the table and leans back almost wearily in his chair. "Five o'clock!" as the little French clock on the mantel chimes out the hour. "I thought it was later than that, it has been such a long, dreary day; how it rains, and how the wind blows."

With something like a sigh, he draws his chair closer to the fire, that burns brightly in the grate, and, taking a cigar from his cigar-case, is about to light it when there is a knock at the door.  
"Come in," he says, pausing with the match in his hand. "Ah, Mary," as the door opens to admit one of the servants, "a letter for me?"  
"Yes, sir," giving him a letter as she speaks, "the postman has just brought it."  
He rises from his chair, lays the cigar and the match upon the mantel-piece, and with the letter in his hand, walks toward the window. As the servant turns to leave the room, he asks,  
"Mary, do you know whether Mrs. Anthon is in her *boudoir*?"  
"She's not, sir; she is in her room dressing. She rang for Annette a few moments ago, sir."

"Very well."  
The door closes after the girl; Russel Anthon is alone again. Although it is only five o'clock, the room is beginning to fill with the dusky shadows of the approaching night. It will be a dark night, the clouds are settling lower over the city, the rain still falls unceasingly; if anything the wind is rising. Sweeping aside the lace curtains, Mr. Anthon steps into the embrasure of the window, and then looks down with some curiosity at the letter he holds in his hand. It is a very different looking letter from those he generally receives; the envelope is of coarse thick paper, and it is soiled and crumpled though it has passed through many hands; the address is scrawled rather than written, the letters are instinct and uncertain, they look as if the hand that had formed them had been a weak and trembling one; above all, it bears as postmark the name of a Mexican city.

A puzzled, perplexed expression settles upon Russel Anthon's face, as having studied the envelope to no purpose, he says to himself:  
"I wonder who my Mexican correspondent is? I was not aware that I had any friends in that charming country." Then tearing it open, he takes out the sheet of paper it incloses, and begins to read its closely written contents. Even at the first few words the puzzled, curious look upon his face, gives way to one of blank astonishment, bordering closely upon horror; the astonishment fades and goes out, but the horror remains, growing deeper, more intense, as Russel Anthon's eyes travel rapidly down the pages, covered so closely with the same uncertain, weak-looking letters that characterize the writing upon the envelope; at last

he has read all, every word of that strange letter. The shadows have deepened in the room; in the grim, gray white his face looks white, almost haggard, as, stepping out of the embrasure of the window he sinks heavily down into a chair.

"My God!" he mutters, "can it be true? It does not seem as though it could be possible—that the letter explains it all; nevertheless it seems as if the dead had risen out of their graves, only to go back again; perhaps, dangerously ill when that letter was written; dying, perhaps—now dead, may be, before I can see there. I must go. How can I resist that pitiful appeal, dying amongst strangers in a foreign land—ah, yes, I must go, and yet, how can I leave Muriel?"

At the bare thought of leaving her every nerve in his body quivers with pain, yet the written words he has just read rings strangely in his ears, "For the sake of the love you once bore me, come to me, Russel, before I die." It seems as though the wind moaned them out as it swept by the windows.

Low and lower his head droops upon his hands, and while the gloomy night shadows deepen and darken in the room, he sits there motionless. He does not heed the sobbing of the wind, the patter of the rain, the crackle of the fire in the grate, whose bright glow alone lights up the room; heavy reverie has fallen upon him, his thoughts are wandering back over the past.

One—two—three—four—five—six.  
The silvery strokes sound clearly through the silent room, yet he does not raise his head. Five minutes slip by, then the door is pushed wide open, there is a rustle of silk, the faint odor of a delicately sweet perfume, a clear, ringing laugh, and a musical voice rings merrily:  
"Why, Russel, what are you sitting here alone in the dark for? It is surely not possible that you are moping, yet it looks very much like it. Do you know dinner will be ready in a few minutes!"

All the time she has been talking Muriel has been busy; she has lighted the argand burner and two or three gas jets, has pulled down the shades and arranged the curtains, and when she has finished the room is bright and brilliant, and the black shadows have taken to themselves wings and flown away. Although she is not aware of it, Muriel herself contributes largely to the general brightness the room has gained since she entered it; in her rich dinner dress, of wine colored silk and velvet, diamonds flashing in her small ears and upon her busy little hands, her wavy hair gleaming red gold as the gas-light falls upon it, she seems to be the center from which emanates all the brilliancy in the room. She has changed but little since her marriage; the pretty figure is a trifle fuller, its soft curves more richly rounded, and the loose, heavy curls that used to fall upon her shoulders are gathered up in a shining mass low at the back of the small head; other than she looks exactly the same as she did that January night, when, sitting at her father's feet in the library at home, she told him eagles did not mate with little brown thrushes.

"Come, Russel, she says, as a clear-toned bell sounds through the house: "there is the dinner-bell. Come!"  
Very lovingly his eyes rest upon her.  
"I will not tell her until after dinner," he thinks to himself as he follows her along the hall. As they go down the broad staircase together, he throws his arm about her.  
"You love me, don't you, Muriel?" he whispers, pleadingly.

She looks at him a little surprised, he seldom speaks like that.  
"Why, of course I love you," patting his hand softly by way of emphasis; "and you know I do. Come, let us hurry down to dinner. I am awfully hungry. It seems like an age since luncheon."

Though he helps himself to a little of nearly everything that is on the table, scarcely a mouthful passes Russel Anthon's lips. But Muriel does not notice it; busy with her own dinner, she talks and laughs in her pretty way, alternately scolding and praising the cook, until the meal is completed.

"Muriel," he says, as they leave the dining-room, "come up stairs into the sitting-room with me; I have something to tell you."  
"Something important?" she asks; then, as she looks into his grave, and face, she adds, quickly: "Yes, it is important; I see it in your eyes."

He sighs heavily.  
"Yes, it is of the utmost importance," he murmurs.  
As soon as they are in the sitting-room Muriel closes the door, and, hurrying to her husband's side, lays one hand upon his arm.

"Tell me now, Russel," she says, anxiously. "Is it something concerning you?"  
"It is something concerning a part of my life of which you know nothing, my darling," he answers, as he leads her to a small couch and seats himself by her side. "It is a strange, sad story, Muriel, that which I am about to tell you."  
And sitting beside him, Muriel listens to the story which, but for the letter that had come that day to her husband—the letter with the Mexican postmark—she would have never heard.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

#### The Boy Leaves 365 Widows.

A large number of widows have been made in Tunis by the death of the Bey. The deceased potentate was not a very remarkable person in history, and would have been but little heard of but for the action of the French Government with regard to Tunis. When the French bombarded and threatened his capital the unfortunate monarch was compelled by M. Roustin to sign a treaty which left him as completely in the power of the French as the Khedive is now in that of the English. He was, however, the most married man in the world, the number of spouses who now lament his loss being about equal to the days of the year.

French finance is in a plight very satisfactory to Prince Bismarck. The Paris correspondent of the London *Times* writes: "It is easy to see the ruin that the crisis of last year has left behind it. The Bourse is comparatively empty. A few groups stand on the steps talking of anything but business. Inside it is the same story." Rents have for two years been declining while so many foreign securities have been rising.

#### The New Red Riding Hood.

The subject of this sketch was a clever little girl, who derived her odd name from wearing on her head the sleeve of one of her father's old red flannel shirts. She was an independent little piece, and when asked why her mother didn't buy her a new bonnet said she would "just sleeve wear what she had on." When one of the neighbor's children sneeringly said, "Your pa gets drunk," Little Red Riding Hood responded, "Your pa would too, but he can't afford it," and when the next-door ill-naturedly said, "Your mother takes in washing," Little Red Riding Hood answered, "She don't take in much when your mother gets the first whack at the line."

It will be seen from these incidents in her life that, though little read, she was well posted, and the confidence with which her mother dispatched her to carry codfish balls down into Stora Township to her sick grandmother is easily understood.

Holding the lead dime which her mother had given her for car fare tightly in her hand Little Red Riding Hood started for a street car, and, having a few minutes to wait improved the opportunity by setting up a howl that attracted the attention of a benevolent old gentleman, to whom she explained her cause for grief. She was going, she said, to her poor, sick grandmother, and had just been put off a car because her dime was counterfeit. The gentleman gave her a quarter and put her on the next car. The conductor in due time called upon Little Red Riding Hood for a fare, when she produced the lead dime. "This is counterfeit," said the conductor, whereat Riding Hood fell to sobbing as if her heart would break; the conductor passed her, an old lady gave her a dime, and a boy shared some gingerbread with her. Arrived near her grandmother's house Little Red Riding Hood sat down and ate the codfish balls; then she bought some milk from a drunken milkman, upon whom she passed the counterfeit dime, receiving from him sixteen cents in change, after which she proceeded to her grandmother's and stayed with her for three weeks.

In contrasting this story with the original Little Red Riding Hood the reader should bear in mind the disadvantage our heroine labored under in having to be her own wolf, a role which she sustained with signal ability. There does not appear to be anything more to add, except that the town is full of our kind of Little Red Riding Hoods.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.

#### Shut Out the Cold.

The temperature of the living animal body cannot vary greatly, and therefore when the weather grows colder there is an increased demand for food to be consumed in keeping up the natural heat. A low temperature is an expensive condition, as every farmer who has wintered his stock well knows. There are two general methods of overcoming the wearing or exhausting effects of severe cold weather; giving the animals an abundance of rich and palatable, heat-forming food, and securing them from exposure in warm and comfortable stables. A happy combination of these two methods is the one to be provided by every stock raiser who looks both to the comfort of his animals and their profitability.

If stables generally could be warmed by stoves, there is no doubt that a saving in the amount of fodder would result. Much can be done in this direction by keeping the animals in well-built stables, and free from all chilling currents of frost-laden air. The writer has in mind a stable, where a long row of milch cows suffered, almost to the point of freezing, on many winter nights, because the stable was full of large cracks, and the doors only partly shut out the drifting snows. A few hours of patching the walls, flooring, and doors, with very little expense for lumber, would have made its good effects evident within a single week at the dairy-room.

A cow is not at her best when she must shiver with the cold and have her rough coat covered with the frost and snow of a severe winter night. Looked at in simply the pecuniary light, this method of keeping farm stock does not bring the best returns. There is no farmer who, being able to own a herd of cows or a flock of sheep, can afford not to house them well. He may let them eat at will from the stack of the best hay that is made, but if they have no more shelter than the stack affords, he may come to the conclusion common to all bad agricultural practice, that farming does not pay. Let this be a word in season for all those who may profit by it. Stop the cracks in the stables, and save pain for your animals and money for yourself. Take special care not to have the farm stock exposed to the chilling winter blasts; in short, shut out the cold.

#### A Baby Killed by a Bear.

One of the eight little children belonging to the gang of Arab gypsies was killed by a large half-starved black bear at the gypsies' camp, twenty miles from here. Several of the children were teasing the animal, who had been chained to a sapling by his master, when suddenly a 3-year old youngster, who had been peking a stick at Bruin, approached too near, and was seized suddenly by the animal, and crushed to death. One of the men hearing the animal growl, tried to save his infant, but arrived on the scene too late. Whereupon, seizing a large club, he beat the poor bear nearly to death. The child was buried a few hours later by the roadside, and the band packed its luggage and moved along, hardly missing the little dead infant from the motley throng of bears, monkeys, dogs, donkeys, and villainous looking humans.

The ceremony over the grave of the infant was a very curious one. The entire band taking hold of each other's hands, formed a circle round the open hole—for it was certainly not a grave—chanted a doleful melody, and then went around and around. Suddenly stopping one of the men repeated a jargon prayer, then in concert men, women, and children chanted "Melah!" "Melah!" "Melah!" This ended the ceremony, and all hands engaged in covering up the corpse, which had been placed in the grave on a bed of dried leaves, and covered copiously with the same.

An enormous bunch of grapes, carefully enclosed in a glass case, was shown through Michigan by a peddler, who had for sale sprouts from what he said was a vine from the same variety. The exhibit was at length discovered to be waxwork.