

# HIS SACRIFICE:

OR,  
**For Love of Her.**

## CHAPTER XVIII.

Muriel had been pretty always; she had been a pretty child, a pretty girl, but she was more than pretty now in her happy womanhood, she was beautiful. Motherhood had deepened the light in the lustrous eyes, had laid upon the lovely face the expression of tenderness which had been the one thing it had lacked, had crowned the small, proud head with gentle dignity. Even after her marriage there had been a childishness, an incompleteness about her beauty which had struck the critical observer rather unpleasantly; but the childishness, the incompleteness was all gone now, travel, society, the meeting of many new faces, residence in one of the gayest cities in Europe, had done away with all that; she was a woman now, well versed in all the arts of social life, never ill at ease, never embarrassed, graceful, womanly, always. As she stood there in the box, one small gloved hand resting lightly upon the velvet-covered rail, the other holding a dainty ivory and gold opera-glass, many lorgnettes were leveled at her, many people whispered admiringly.

"What a beautiful woman."  
Her dress was a marvellous combination of velvet satin and glistering jet, all black, but by contrast, the pure, creamy complexion looked dazzlingly fair, and her quaintly shaped Parisian bonnet, the work of one of the best celebrated French milliners, showed to advantage the wavy masses of shining hair; there were diamonds flashing in her ears and at her throat, the diamonds Russel had given her upon their wedding day—they had been his mother's before her—and at her waist she wore—it was a strange coincidence—a cluster of deep red roses.

A moment she stood there, her eyes wandering carelessly over the house, then sinking down into a chair, she turned her head as if to speak to a gentleman who, coming from the back of the box, seated himself beside her, and taking her opera glass proceeded to scan the house.

With fixed eyes Russel Anthon had looked upon his wife's face, eyes which were filled with the most passionate longing, with the most intense anguish; but when those longing, agonized eyes fell upon the man who had seated himself by her side, there leaped into them an expression made up of bitterness, despair and fierce anger. Little wonder that it was so, for Muriel's companion was his brother—the false, blackhearted brother, who had robbed him of everything he had held dear in the world.

How strikingly handsome Arundel was in his faultless evening dress. There was not a shadow upon his face, with its clear-cut, regular features, there was no cloud of sorrow or remorse in his long-lashed dark eyes, no one looking at him would have thought that he was guilty of a sin as black and heinous as any ever committed by man, that for the sake of a woman's love he had sold his soul. Wealth, ease, luxury, and above all the passionate love which Muriel poured out upon him like water, had wrought marvellous changes in Arundel Anthon; he had grown younger instead of older since that fatal hour; when, with Muriel's arms around him, her heart beating close to his, he had yielded to temptation.

I doubt very much if many men love women as he loved Muriel; it was more than love, it was idolatry, worship; his world began and ended in her; she was his all, for her sake he had given up every chance of heaven. Like the lotos eaters of old he had no thought of any future, no hope of any hereafter; he spent no time in vain regrets he did not look shudderingly before him, he lived only in the present, and the present was Muriel; in his love for her he drowned conscience, stifled remorse. He was mentally in the same state that an opium eater is when under the effects of that deadly drug, his moral sensibilities were dead, the soul had lost all power over the body; it is not possible to imagine a man in a worse condition mentally than he was, and this was what Muriel's love had done for him.

The year and a half spent abroad had done as much for him as it had done for Muriel. There was not a man in the theatre that night whose manners were so easy, yet so charming, whose tastes were more cultured and refined, whose conversational powers were more varied and brilliant. People said of Mr. and Mrs. Russel Anthon, "They are the most charming couple, and are so perfectly suited to each other."

And the desolate man, watching them now, said so too with a breaking heart, while the fierce anger died out of his eyes to be replaced by the old agony. He noticed that Muriel nestled closer to the man who sat beside her, and who had thrown one arm over the back of her chair, and she looked now and then into his face, her own all radiant with perfect happiness, every act of hers unconsciously betraying the great love she felt for the man she firmly believed to be her lawful husband. And Russel saw it all, knew now that Muriel was happier with Arundel than he could ever have made her; that she had given his brother the love she had never given him, and seeing and knowing it he said to himself:

"My sacrifice has not been in vain. Muriel is happy—happier with him than she ever was or ever would have been with me, and knowing that I am content to suffer."

"Herbert," murmured Mrs. Disbrow, laying down her opera-glass and leaning toward her husband, "there are the Anthon's in the opposite box; don't you remember they told us, the last time we saw them in Paris, that they thought they would go home some time in October? How lovely Muriel Anthon looks to-night; don't you think she is very pretty, Mr. Brandon, the lady in the box opposite to us?"

With a terrible effort he brought himself to answer the question put to him, wondering if Mrs. Disbrow would not notice the hollow ring in his low voice as he said:

"She is very beautiful; you have met her, have you, Mrs. Disbrow?"

There was a roaring sound in his ears, louder than the clash of the orchestra, a mist was before his eyes which shut out

everything save those two—Muriel and Arundel.

"Oh, yes," answered Mrs. Disbrow, her eyes still resting upon the Anthon's box; "my husband and I met them over a year ago in Germany; Mrs. Anthon's parents were then with them, Mr. and Mrs. Graham Trowbridge, such very pleasant people, and we all travelled together through Germany, and into France; we had such a delightful time, and I"—laughing lightly as she spoke—"fell in love with Mrs. Anthon—she is so very sweet and lovely; I am not surprised nor is any one who has met her, that her husband idolizes her. They are certainly the most devoted couple I ever saw; if he idolizes her, she fairly worships him, and that is not strange either, for he is one of the most agreeable men I ever met, and so very fine looking too; they are perfectly suited to each other in every way, these two, they certainly must have been made for each other. There, the curtain is going up!"

All through that first act Russel Anthon sat there as totally unconscious of what was being said and done upon the stage as if he had been miles away from the theatre. He wondered vaguely if his strength would last him until the play was finished, it seemed to be slowly ebbing away from him, and his agony was growing almost unendurable.

The drop-curtain fell upon the first act. The house was again brilliant with gaslight, filled with soft murmur of many voices. Looking across the stage Muriel recognized her friends, bowed, smiled, and beckoned them to come to her.

"Go round and tell her I will come at the close of the next act, Herbert," said Mrs. Disbrow, and when her husband had left the box to do her bidding, she seated herself in her chair, looking over her programme, and fanning herself with her painted fan.

"You were telling me about your friend, Mrs. Disbrow," said Russel, after moment's silence.

"Ah, so I was." Then suddenly, "Why, Mr. Brandon, are you ill, you are so ghastly pale!"

He passed one hand over his throbbing temples.

"It is very warm in here, and heat always affects me," he answered, quietly.

"What was I telling you about Muriel?" said Mrs. Disbrow, musingly. "Ah, I remember now; I was saying how dearly she loved her husband. I am afraid you will think me a sad gossip; Mr. Brandon, but you would not think, would you, to look at them now, that when Mrs. Anthon married her husband she did not love him."

For a second he paused, while the roar in his ears grew louder, the mist before his eyes more blinding. The orchestra was playing a brilliant waltz. Mrs. Disbrow did not notice his changed voice as he said:

"Why did she marry him if she did not love him?"

"To please him as well as her father. Mr. Anthon knew that she did not love him, yet he was content to marry her and wait until love came."

Ah, God in heaven! there had been a mistake somewhere.

"I would never have married her if I had known she did not love me," the man sitting beside Mrs. Disbrow moaned to himself.

"And when—did she begin to love—her husband?"

The voice faltered as the question was asked.

Mrs. Disbrow laughed.

"She told me all about it herself, and it only goes to show that we women do not always know the state of our own hearts. They had not been married quite a year when Mr. Anthon was obliged to go to Mexico, I believe, on business, and it was not until after his return that Mrs. Anthon made the astonishing discovery that she loved her own husband; quite romantic, was it not? She certainly has every reason now to be the happy woman she is, for beside her devoted husband, she has one child, the most beautiful little baby girl I ever saw. Really, Mr. Brandon, you look very ill, don't you think if you went out and walked up and down the corridor you would feel better?"

If she could have looked into the rent heart and seen the misery there, she would have wondered how he could live and suffer as he was suffering.

Slowly the words came from the ashen lips.

"Yes, Mrs. Disbrow, perhaps I would—at least, I will try it. It is so very warm in here."

But the poor heart had yet more pain to suffer that night.

When at the close of the second act her husband had not yet returned to her, Mrs. Disbrow began to grow a little impatient, Mr. and Mrs. Morehead were talking together earnestly, and not caring to disturb her father, she asked Mr. Brandon, who, after pacing up and down the cool corridor until the fever in his brain had somewhat subsided, and resumed his seat by her side, if he would escort her to the Anthon's box.

"For I am afraid my husband has forgotten me," she murmured, "and I am very anxious to see Mrs. Anthon."

"Certainly, I will go with you. Mr. Brandon answered, "only, Mrs. Disbrow, I cannot go into the box, for I am not feeling well, I do not feel able to talk with strangers."

Oh, the mockery of it! strangers, yet they were his wife and his twin brother!

He stood at the box door an instant after Mrs. Disbrow had gone in, he heard Arundel's musical voice and Muriel's rippling laugh.

It was terrible to stand there with only a door between him and the woman who was bound to him by the most solemn of all earthly ties; a wild desire came upon him to rush in and strike Arundel down like a dog, to fold Muriel to his aching heart and claim her as his wife. Then suddenly he turned away, a great choking sob rising in his throat—Muriel had never loved him, never, never, and she loved Arundel, she was the mother of his child.

It seemed to him as if the play would never come to an end that night, but at last the great green curtain descended, the large audience dispersed; Russel lingered long enough to see Arundel fold Muriel's cloak tenderly about her figure, then, almost staggering, he went out into the night air.

"You must pardon me," he murmured, when his party urged him to accompany them to Delmonico's to have supper. "I am not feeling well; I must go home."

His face, white as ashes, with heavy purple shadows underneath his eyes, told plainly that he was indeed suffering.

"Take care of yourself, Brandon," said Mr. Morehead anxiously, "and unless you are all right in the morning, don't think of going down to the store."

Russel Anthon managed to reach his room in the house where he boarded; but he had only just crossed the threshold when the last remnant of his terribly tried strength gave way, and he sank down, fainting for the first time in his life. After awhile he came to himself; then he dragged himself to the bed, and lying there in the darkness he vowed that Muriel should never know that the father of her child was not her husband.

The next morning a strange longing came upon him to go by his former home to see it once more, now that it was bright again with Muriel's presence. He looked up at the window as he passed the house; they were draped with snowy curtains just as they had been when he had lived there with Muriel; slowly he walked down the street. Suddenly there was a short, glad bark at his side, a dog's nose was thrust into his hand, and looking down, he saw Leo. Involuntarily he laid one hand upon the dog's head.

"Leo, old boy, do you know me?" he whispered.

The beautiful animal gave another short bark, and putting his front paws upon his arm, tried to lick his face. No matter what the rest had done, Leo had not forgotten his master.

"Leo, Leo!"

As the well remembered voice rang out clearly, Russel turned. Muriel was standing upon the stoop of her house, her soft hair ruffled by the wind, her blue cashmere morning-robe falling in graceful folds about her. Just as Russel had passed the house, she had stepped out upon the stoop, wondering if the day would be a pleasant one, and Leo had followed her. What was her astonishment when, instead of remaining quietly by her side as was his usual custom, the dog suddenly dashed down the step and along the pavement until he reached a lame stranger who was walking slowly and wearily along. Leo had never done such a thing before in all the years Muriel had owned him, and she was reasonably greatly surprised.

"Leo, come!"

Again she called to him, and patting the dog's head Russel murmured,

"Leo, you must go back to Muriel."

But the intelligent animal only looked at him with an imploring look in his great, expressive eyes, still licking his hand, deaf to the call of his beloved mistress.

The third time Muriel called; this time there was a ring of anxiety in her voice.

"Leo, dear old fellow, you must go," said Russel, sorrowfully. "Go back, Leo, go back to Muriel!"

Slowly the dog crept away from him up the steps, then when he had reached Muriel's side he looked up into her face, his eyes filled with dumb entreaty.

"What is the matter with you, Leo?" she said, laying her hand upon him. "Come, we must go into the house."

The animal turned, looked after Russel's retreating figure, then lifting his tawny head, he gave a long, mournful howl.

And Russel, going about the street, remembered the day when half seriously, half in jest, he had asked Leo not to forget him. And the dog had not forgotten him; the instincts of the animal had been truer than those of the woman who had called him husband, and of one of the men who had called him friend.

## CHAPTER XIX.

A day in May. A fair, lovely day, the cloudless sky above the city was as blue, the golden sunshine as bright, as though it had been a day in June. It was between four and five o'clock in the afternoon—the fashionable hour for driving—and the avenue was crowded with perfectly appointed carriages of every description rolling along on their way to the Park; not so much because their occupants cared anything about the Park—its smooth-shaven lawns, its beds of bright flowers, its lakes, trees and statuary—but because in New York the Park is the fashionable place in which to drive.

In front of a very handsome house situated a few blocks below the Park, upon the same wide avenue which, this sunshine, spring afternoon was thronged with carriages, a dog-cart was standing—a dog-cart as perfect in its way as it is possible for a dog-cart to be, with gleaming red wheels and a crest upon its polished sides. The horses were magnificent animals, jet black, their glossy coats and gold-mounted harness glistening in the sunshine, and they were shaking their handsome heads as though they did not at all approve of the idea of standing; beside them stood the groom, a look of complacency upon his face, as if he fully realized the importance of being part and parcel of such an aristocratic looking turnout.

Upon the high front seat, holding the cream-colored reins closely in his gloved hands, sat the man who eighteen years before had sold his soul for a woman's kiss, the man who had sinned against his God, his brother, and himself—Arundel Anthon.

Yes, eighteen years had passed since that June day when he had pressed his lips upon Muriel's, and by that little act had renounced his hopes of heaven; he had lived eighteen years of intoxicating happiness of luxury and ease, and wrath of God had not fallen upon him, and yet "Vengeance is mine saith the Lord." Would the vengeance of his Creator ever overtake Arundel Anthon?

However sin may distort and disfigure the spiritual body, this tint is quite certain, it does not always affect the natural one. On the contrary, Nature seems to take a fiendish delight in clothing the horribly deformed soul in the most beautiful flesh, just as we find the richest and brightest tints in the flowers whose juices are poison; and we all know that the deadliest serpents have the most exquisitely marked and mottled skins.

Nothing in Arundel's face or form betrayed the fact that his soul was deformed and sin-blacked. You might walk from one end of Fifth Avenue to the other, and not see a man whose face was so strikingly

handsome, whose figure was so stately and admirably proportioned, whose *tout-ensemble* was more distinguished. The years sat so lightly upon him; the gray that was mingled with the dark brown of the wavy hair and silky moustache only added to the proud dignity of the high-bred face.

There is an old saying, "The devil helps his own." Now, whether or no his Satanic majesty does assist those who give themselves over into his hands, I do not pretend to say, but certainly Arundel Anthon had been marvellously successful through all the years that had elapsed since he had been false to every principle of truth and honour within him. He had doubled and trebled the fortune that had been Russel's, he had given full scope to his natural powers and genius, had developed and perfected the abilities and talent with which nature had endowed him. Where others had lost, he had won; where other men had been unsuccessful, he had been wonderfully successful. His business friends said of him,

"He has as clear a head, as much forethought and far-sightedness as any man could have," and they said truly.

That rare power of personal fascination had served him well; it had made him hosts of warm, true friends—friends who were enthusiastic in their praise of him. His family relations were of the very happiest, he had wealth to gratify every whim, however extravagant, the passionate love of the woman who was so dear to him—would the day of reckoning ever come!

Five years before, Mr. Trowbridge, who was very proud of his son-in-law, had given him the lot on Fifth Avenue. It was one of those very lots of which he had thought and which he had hated to think of sacrificing, that night so many years ago when Russel had told him of his love for Muriel; and upon that lot Arundel had built a house which was absolutely perfect in its appointments, whose furnishings and decorations were exquisite.

He had never liked that other house, the house which had been Russel's wedding present to Muriel, everything about it reminded him of the brother whose name and place he had taken, and he was glad and thankful when it passed into the hands of strangers. As he sat there in his handsome dog-cart, the sunshine falling over him, he looked the personification of wealth, ease and happiness; the sky above his head was not more cloudless or serene than his face.

Was he thinking, do you ask, of another afternoon when the sunshine had fallen hot and bright upon the plains, and he had ridden away, far in advance of the dark forms outlined so clear against the sky, leaving a dying man to die alone? Not at all, he was thinking that his horses were looking remarkably well, and that it was a perfect day for driving.

Suddenly the massive vestibule door swung open, down the stone steps came Muriel, looking so young and lovely in her carriage dress of sapphire blue silk and velvet that no one would have supposed she was a day over thirty. The years had dealt very lovingly with Muriel Anthon, the satin-like skin was as delicately tinted, the velvety eyes as lustrous, the coils of gleaming hair as thick and soft as they had been in her girlhood; this much Arundel had done, he had made her perfectly happy, he had kept every shade of care and pain out of her life.

A great tenderness broke over his face now at sight of her. Throwing down the reins he sprang down from his seat, and lifted her into the carriage, tucking in her dress, drawing the lap-robe over her, doing it all lovingly, tenderly, then resting himself beside her, he took up the reins, while the groom, leaving his place at the horses' heads, climbed to his seat, and folding his arms sat with his back to his master, as motionless as though he had been carved out of marble; another instant and the handsome dog-cart was rolling swiftly along up the avenue.

In one of the lace-draped windows of the second story a girl was standing who watched the dog-cart and its occupants until it was out of sight, watched it with eyes that were misty as though with unshed tears.

"How dearly he loves mamma," she said to herself, while her wistful eyes wandered from the crowded avenue below her, up to the blue sky, that arched over the city. "I think he worships her; to her he is always the same, always loving to me"—the small hands clasped themselves together, the beautiful lips quivered pitifully, and great tears stood in the tender brown eyes and clung to the long lashes as Louie Anthon asked herself the question she had asked herself so many times before.

"Why is it papa has never, never loved me?"

It did seem hard to understand how any one who was brought into daily contact with her could help loving her—she was so fair and sweet, the only child of Muriel Anthon's.

She was just eighteen now, and in many respects was very much what her mother had been at that age. She had the same petite, daintily rounded graceful figure, the same small, haughtily poised head, and masses of curly bronze gold hair; but the low, broad, intelligent forehead, the beautiful, truthful, tender brown eyes, the expressive mouth with the tinge of hauteur about the sensitive lips, and the firm chin—these were not Muriel's—no, no. Win-rome, loving, charming, full of generous impulse, sympathetic, true-hearted, there was more strength and firmness in Louie Anthon's nature than she was herself aware of.

For a few moments she stood there in the window with that sorrowful look upon her face, wondering sadly why her handsome father had always been so cold and indifferent to her. It had always been so, as long as she could remember; he had never given her unasked a single caress or kiss. When she was a child, and used to run to meet him, he would put her aside coolly. Other girls had fathers who took an interest in them—were proud of them; he seemed to feel neither pride nor interest in her. And she had tried so hard to make him love her, and had been always so thoughtful of his comfort, so tenderly attentive—all to no purpose.

"Is it because he loves mamma so dearly that he has no love to spare even for his only child?" she thought, sorrowfully. "It seems to me God meant that love should deepen and broaden people's hearts, making them more thoughtful and tender to every one around them."

With a little quivering sigh she sank down into a chair and took up the book she had been reading; but she only read a few paragraphs. Then the lovely, wistful eyes strayed from the page up again to the clear, blue sky, and their owner was fast drifting into a reverie, when there came a knock at the door. A sweet musical voice said, "May I come in, Louie?" and, with a little exclamation of delight, Louie rose to meet a tall, graceful girl who came into the room.

A great many people considered Aline Brentwood the most beautiful girl in her "set." Certainly she was very beautiful, whether most beautiful would be decided, of course, by a person's individual preference for light or dark beauty, for Aline was a brunette of the most pronounced type. An oval face, with a warm olive complexion, masses of dusky hair growing low upon a broad forehead, a mouth with a short, curved upper lip and a full lower one, and rows of small, white, even teeth, and eyes that would have glorified any face: large, dark, and velvety they were, with long, thick curly lashes and delicately penciled brows. The eyes and mouth told plainly that there was a depth of passion in the girl's nature; they told that love would be no trifling thing to Aline Brentwood, that it would make or mar her happiness for life. She was just above middle height, and the curves of the exquisitely proportioned figure were rich almost to voluptuousness.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Mummy Flowers.

Several of the royal mummies discovered last year at Deir-el-Bahari were, it will be remembered, found garlanded with flowers, these flowers being for the most part in wonderful preservation. M. Arthur Rhone, in a recent letter to *Le Temps*, has described the extremely curious ways in which these garlands are woven. They consist of the petals and sepals of various flowers, detached from their stems, and enclosed each in a folded leaf of either the Egyptian willow (*Salix salax*) or the *Mimosaops Kummel Bruce*. The floral ornaments thus devised were then arranged in rows—the points being all set one way—and connected by means of a thread of date-leaf fibre woven in a kind of chain stitch. The whole resembles a coarse "edging" of vegetable lace work.

Among the flowers thus preserved, are the bright blue blossom of the *Delphinium orientalis*, or larkspur; the blue lotus, or *Nymphaea cerulea*; the white of *Nymphaea lotus*, with pink-tipped sepals; the blossoms of the *Sesbania Aegyptiaca*, and the orange-hued flower of the *Carthamus tinctorius*, or safflower, so largely employed as a dye by the ancient inhabitants of the Nile Valley.

The dried fruit, as well as the dried yellow blossom of the *Acacia Nilotica* is likewise present; and mention is also made of the blossom of a species of water melon now extinct. The foregoing are all interwoven in the garlands in which the mummy of Amehotep I. was elaborately swathed. With others of the royal mummies were found fine detached specimens of both kinds of lotus, the blue and the white, with stems, blossoms, and seed-pods complete. Still more interesting is it to learn that upon the mummy of the priest Nebsoohi, maternal grandfather of the King Pinotem I., (twenty first dynasty,) there were found a specimen of the lichen known to botanists as the *Parmelia furfuracea*. This plant is indigenous to the island of the Greek Archipelago, whence it must have been brought to Egypt at or before the period of the Her-Hor dynasty, (1100 or 1200 B.C.) Under the Arabic name of "Kheba" it is sold by the native druggists in Cairo to this day. These frail relics of many a vanished Spring have been arranged for the Zoölog Museum with exquisite skill by that eminent traveler and botanist Dr. Schweinfurth. Classified, mounted, and, so to say, illustrated by modern examples of the same flowers and plants, they file elevence as—acollection absolutely unique, and likely ever to remain so. The hues of these old world flowers are said to be as brilliant as those of their modern prototypes; and, but for the labels which show them to be 3,000 years apart, no ordinary observer could distinguish between those which were buried with the Pharaohs and those which were gathered and dried only a few months ago.—*Chambers' Journal.*

## A "Missing Link."

Mr. Farini is now exhibiting at the Royal Aquarium in London a strange hairy little creature named Krao. Krao is described as a very bright-looking, intelligent girl of about 7 years of age. She was caught, according to the account given of her by Mr. Farini, in the forest near Laos, in southeastern Asia, and brought to England by Mr. Carl Bock, a Norwegian. Hearing in various quarters of the existence of a race of hairy tailed men similar in appearance to a family kept at the court of Mandalay, he offered a reward for the capture of a specimen. A man was caught, and with him the child now exhibited, and a woman of similar appearance then allowed herself to be taken. When the little one attempted to wander her parents called her back with a plaintive cry, "Kra-o," and the call has been adopted as her name. The father died at Laos of cholera, and the King refused to let the mother go; but Mr. Bock succeeded in getting the child to Bangkok, and obtained permission from the King of Siam to take her to England. The eyes of the child are large, dark, and lustrous; the nose is flattened, the nostrils scarcely showing; the cheeks are fat and pouch-like, the lower lip only rather thicker than is usual in Europeans; but the chief peculiarity is the strong and abundant hair. On the head it is black, thick, and straight, and grows over the forehead down to the heavy eyebrows, and is continued in whisker-like locks down the cheeks. The rest of the face is covered with a fine, dark, downy hair, and the shoulders and arms have a covering of hairs from an inch to an inch and a half long. There is, it is said, a slight lengthening of the lower vertebra, suggestive of caudal protuberance, and there are points in the muscular conformation and otherwise which will provoke discussion. Krao has already picked up a few words of English. She is said to be of a frank, affectionate disposition, and shows truly feminine delight in her clothes, jewelry, and ribbons. Mr. Farini exhibits her as "the missing link."