

# HIS SACRIFICE:

OR,

## For Love of Her.

CHAPTER XIX.—(CONTINUED.)

They had been friends at school, she and Louise Anthon; and after the school-days were over, and both had entered society, the school friendship had deepened into a warm and close intimacy. Scarcely a day had passed that they did not see each other, and Louise felt as much at home in the Brentwood mansion as she did in her own house. Muriel approved of and encouraged the intimacy; the Brentwoods moved in the same high circle of society that the Anthon's did; Mr. Brentwood was a very wealthy man; the Brentwood name was an honored and aristocratic one. Had it been otherwise, Muriel would have long ago found ways and means to break off the intimacy between Louise and Aline; she had lived too long in the fashionable world not to have become thoroughly inoculated with the ideas of social caste.

Having kissed Louise rapturously, Aline drew her down upon the velvet couch. "I thought I would come right up stairs, dear," she said. "Jackson told me you were here all alone. Oh, Louise, I have something to tell you, guess what it is?" "I cannot guess," laughed Louise. "It is something pleasant, I know, because your eyes are shining like stars, Aline." "Indeed it is pleasant, and if everything comes out just as I want it to come, it will be perfectly lovely," said Aline, enthusiastically. "Louise, it was decided this morning at the breakfast table, that we are to go to Europe to spend the summer." "How perfectly lovely," said Louise earnestly, and then suddenly, "Oh, Aline, I wish I was going with you." "And that is what I am determined you shall do," said Aline, triumphantly. "Mamma and I planned it all out this morning, and we are both quite sure your father and mother will consent to your going with us. We shall sail the second week in June, and be gone until October, and only think, Louise, what charming times we will have; we will go everywhere, promenade Paris, climb the Alps, run through the Tyrol, go to London, Vienna, and—Aline paused for breath.

"It would certainly be charming," murmured Louise, her lovely eyes brightening at the very thought. "I wonder will they be willing to have me go."

"I am positive that they will," answered Aline, impulsively. "It never seems to make much difference where you are to your father, and your mother generally thinks as he does, you know."

Louise shook her pretty head sorrowfully. "Yes, I know," she said mournfully. "Oh, Aline, I wish it did make more difference to papa."

And warm-hearted Aline, who knew the secret of Louise's sorrow, and who had seen for herself the cold indifference with which Mr. Anthon treated his only child, made haste to comfort her, saying:

"It is only his way, Louise, he loves you dearly, I know, for how could he help it? What earthly reason has he for not loving you? None at all; it is only his way."

Still in her own heart Alice Brentwood was very thankful that her own affectionate, demonstrative father had no such cold unnatural way.

"Speak to them to-night about it, Louise, and come round to-morrow morning and tell me what they think of our plan," she continued, "and use all your eloquence to plead our cause."

And then sitting there in the large, exquisitely furnished room while the soft May wind crept in through the open windows and kissed their face, the two young, fair girls planned out a summer as bright as any that were ever spent—a summer all flowers and sunshine. They did not either of them stop to think that there never was a summer yet without its storms of thunder and rain, of black clouds and lightning flashes.

CHAPTER XX.

It was not until after dinner that Louise broached the subject of the trip to Europe to her mother. Mr. Anthon had gone into his sanctum for his usual after-dinner smoke, and mother and daughter were alone together in the magnificent library with its paneled walls, antique furniture, and curiously wrought window and door draperies. Any stranger seeing them together would have taken them for sisters rather than mother and daughter, for Muriel, in her trailing dinner-dress of pearly gray silk and violet velvet, the rare old creamy lace about her neck, leaving exposed a portion of her round, full throat; and a great cluster of purple and gold pansies in her wonderful hair, was no less lovely and but little older looking than Louise.

Drawing a Turkish ottoman to her mother's feet, Louise dropped down upon it, and with her small hands clasped tightly, her face a little flushed with eagerness, proceeded to speak of the Brentwoods' anticipated trip abroad, and of her desire to accompany them. They made such a perfect picture sitting there. The beautiful mother, in her velvet and silk and diamonds, the look upon her face that told she had realized all the happiness earth can give, that there was with her nothing more to be desired, and the fair young girl, her white cashmere dress falling in soft folds about her figure,—the expression in her eyes half eager, half dreamy, that showed she had life's greatest pleasures yet in anticipation.

Sinking back upon the satin cushions of her low chair, Muriel listened as Louise told her of the bright plans she and Aline Brentwood had that day made, growing eloquent and earnest as she spoke of the places they meant to visit and the things they meant to see.

"Oh, mamma, I am so anxious to go," she pleaded.

"I don't know," murmured Muriel, thoughtfully. "I do not quite like the idea of having you go so far away from me."

"But, mamma, you know I have always wanted to travel through Europe, and it seems too bad when I was born in France that I have no personal knowledge even of the country which was my birthplace. Then it is such a nice opportunity for me to go; Mr. and Mrs. Brentwood have been all

over Europe, and they know all the best and most interesting places to visit."

"Yes, that is so," said Muriel, "and I could trust you implicitly with them. They are such charming people, and Mrs. Brentwood is as particular as I am, and thinks as I do about—well, about a great many things. But I should be very lonely without you, Louise."

"You will have papa," said the girl, almost bitterly.

Muriel's eyes grew golden with deep tenderness.

"Yes, I will have him," she murmured, dreamily; "and so long as I have him, I can never be lonely or unhappy."

She had spoken truly. Never could she be so sorrowful or miserable so long as her life was passed by the side of the man whom she firmly believed to be her lawfully wedded husband. All other passions—even her love for her child, that great mother-love—were swallowed up by the deep, intense, absorbing love which Arundel Anthon's first kiss had awakened in her, and which all these years had been steadily increasing.

For a moment Louise was silent; then she asked, abruptly:

"Mamma, have you always loved papa as you do now?"

Muriel's face flushed at the sudden question. Taking Louise's hands in her own white, jewelled ones, she looked down into the frank, truthful, brown eyes.

"I have not told you, dear, but I did not love your father when I married him."

A puzzled, astonished look leaped into the brown eyes, there was a shade of reproach in the clear sweet voice as Louise said:

"You did not love him? Then, mamma, how could you have married him?"

"Because it was his wish as well as your grandfather's. I respected and honored him, and he, knowing that, was content to make me his wife, and to wait until love for him grew up in my heart. There is no surer foundation for love, Louise, than honor and respect, and after a while love came. Is there any happier woman than I am to-day? Is there any wife who loves her husband more dearly than I do? No; and the reason for it is that the love which comes after marriage, and which is built upon honor and respect, is ineffably deeper, truer, and more lasting than the love which, having attained its greatest height before marriage, is sadly apt to burn itself out after a few years of married life."

Though the argument was undoubtedly a clear one, though Muriel had spoken very earnestly, Louise was not convinced. Still she did not give voice to her own thoughts and opinions upon the subject, she only said, quietly:

"How long was it, mamma, after you were married, that you began to love papa?"

"A little over a year," answered Muriel, smiling, idly playing with one of Louise's soft, gold-brown curls, winding the tress of sunny hair round and round her slender fingers, and thinking of that wild March night when the rain had dashed against the windows, and the wind had moaned about the house, and Russell had told her the story of his reckless sinning brother's life, and showed her Arundel's pitiful appealing letter, and then had asked her if she was willing he should go to him in Mexico.

"We had been married about ten months when he was obliged to go away from me—to go away into Mexico, where he had every reason to suppose he might be detained for some time. Louise," and Muriel's eyes began to darken with earnestness, "it would break my heart to have him go away from me now to remain for an indefinite period; I could not bear it. Then I felt differently; the thought of his leaving me did not fill me with passionate sorrow and pain. Still I missed him very much when he had gone, the house seemed very lonely without him, and I resolved that when he returned he should find me more loving and devoted than I had ever been. He was detained longer even than he had expected to be. It was March when he went away, it was June when he came home to me—and how well I remember that day! I had no idea he was on his way back; I had grown weary and heartsick waiting for a letter to come to me telling me when I might expect him; yet I did not blame him for not writing; I knew that was impossible, for the business which had called him to Mexico led him out upon the plains, far away from any post-town. I had been lying down and waked out of a sound sleep to hear that my husband was in the house, and just as I was, in my *peignoir*, I went to meet him. And when I felt his arms around me, his kisses on my lips, when after so many days my eyes met his, love for my husband was born in my heart, strong and mighty even at the very hour of his birth. I have never ceased to love him from that time."

Years afterward, every word of what her mother had just said, came back to Louise with bitter, terrible distinctness.

She had listened intently, her dimpled chin in the pink palm of one little hand, a dreamy, far-away look in her velvety brown eyes. When Muriel had finished speaking she was silent a moment, as though her thoughts were very busy, then she said simply:

"You must have been very glad when you found you loved papa; I cannot imagine anything more terrible than to be married to a man and not love him."

"It is not so terrible, Louise, if a woman has all honor and respect for her husband."

Louise clasped her hands impetuously.

"Honor and respect," she said passionately, two bright scarlet spots coming upon her cheeks, "what are they in comparison to the love God meant husband and wife should have for each other? He did not mean that for honor and respect alone two people should take each other for better or worse, until death should part them. No. He meant that they should be bound together by the deepest, purest love, and it seems to me that a marriage without that love cannot be a true one in the sight of Heaven. There can be honor and respect without love, mamma, but there cannot be deep, pure, true love without honor and respect."

Rather anxiously Muriel looked into the earnest eyes, wondering if that love of which Louise had spoken had yet stirred the young heart.

"Louise, have you ever seen any one for whom you think you might feel this deep love?" she asked.

The truthful eyes met hers unflinchingly, there was no shadow of deceit in them.

"No, mamma, I have never met any one to whom I could give this love."

"I am very glad," she murmured. "That is the chief reason why I shrink from having you go to Europe with the Brentwoods; travelling about from place to place as you would do, you would necessarily meet many strangers, and you are so young, Louise, you have so little of the world, you do not know how much falsity and unfaith there is in it, how many black hearts are hidden under fair exteriors, and I am so afraid you might bestow your love upon some one all unworthy of it."

"You need not be afraid, mamma, I do not think I am very impressionable. Anyway I should never marry any man unless both you and papa liked him, and gave your full and unconditional consent."

"And yet, Louise, you might not love a man whom your father and I considered in every respect suitable for you."

"Then I should never marry him," said the girl firmly, a little determined look settling about her mouth. "Nothing in this world would tempt me to become the wife of a man I did not love with my whole heart."

Muriel was rather unpleasantly surprised. She had never thoroughly analyzed Louise's nature; now for the first time she discovered that there was in it a depth, and strength, and firmness such as she had never thought of.

"But, mamma, you have not told me whether I can go abroad with the Brentwoods, and I promised Aline I should see her in the morning and give her your answer. Oh, mamma, please say yes."

It was very hard indeed to resist the pleading expression upon the lovely upturned face, the sweet coaxing voice, and Muriel said, as she pressed her lips on the low, white forehead:

"It shall be as papa says; if he is willing, then, Louise, I will say yes!"

Louise sprang to her feet.

"I will go and ask him now," she said gleefully, and in another instant the heavy portiere had fallen over the white-clad figure and Muriel was alone.

In his luxuriously fitted-up smoking-room—a room whose furnishings and decorations betrayed the highly cultured and aesthetic tastes of its owner, Arundel Anthon was sitting. The evening paper lay upon his knees, but he was not reading. With his handsome head thrown back upon the cushions of his chair, he was watching the feathery rings of cigar smoke, which from time to time he blew from his lips, float away up toward the ceiling. A frown darkened his face as the sound of light, rapid footsteps fell upon his ears—he knew to whom those light footsteps belonged.

"Would to Heaven the girl was where I could never see her!" he muttered. "But for her I could crush down this horrible remorse which of late has arisen so often within me. His eyes look out at me from her face; every gesture and posture of hers reminds me of him. I shall never be able to rid myself of the idea that through her—his child—will punishment come upon me."

"Come in," he said, in answer to the low, half-timid knock upon the door.

"What is it?" he asked coldly, as Louise stepped into the room.

Going nearer to him, standing with her hand resting upon the carved table in the centre of the room, Louise made known her request, finishing with, "And mamma says, if you are perfectly willing that I should go, then she will give her consent."

He drew a long breath of satisfaction. Nothing would please him better than that the girl should take herself out of his sight. She was the bitter drop in his cup of happiness; when she was not by, he could still feel the voice of conscience, crush down the bitter remembrance of his deadly sin.

"I think it would be a very nice opportunity for you to go," he said, more friendly than he was apt to speak to her, "and since you are so anxious to go, I willingly give my consent. When do the Brentwoods sail, Louise?"

"The second week in June, papa."

"To remain how long?"

"About four months, papa."

"Very good. You can do a great deal of travelling in that time, and I have no doubt but that you will enjoy every moment of it. You shall have all the money you want, Louise. I believe young ladies of the present day have a decided weakness for Worth toilets and Parisian bonnets, and I shall place at your disposal a sum sufficiently large to enable you to indulge that weakness."

The lovely face flashed with happiness.

"Oh! papa, you are so kind and good, and I thank you so very much," Louise said, touched and made happy by her father's unwonted tenderness.

Arundel shuddered as he met the lustrous brown eyes; just at that moment they were so terribly like the eyes of the man he had left to die alone out on the plains of Mexico, that it made him sick and faint to look into them.

Mechanically he took up his paper, and, thinking she had interrupted his reading, Louise turned to leave the rooms.

"Again I thank you, dear papa," she murmured.

He drew a long, quivering sigh when she had left him.

"Great God! what a mockery it is!" he muttered. "She calls me father—what would she call me if she knew? Strange her eyes unman me as they do; it seems always as if Russell was looking at me through them."

Rising from his chair, he poured out, with unsteady hand, a glass of brandy. It was not the first time Arundel Anthon had taken brandy to quiet and steady his nerves.

The tenth of June the Brentwoods, with Louise Anthon, sailed for Europe, and among her many friends there was not one who wished Louise "bon voyage" with more seeming tenderness and sincerity than the man whom all the world believed to be her own father.

CHAPTER XXI.

"I am not at all surprised that the people love their beautiful Rhine," murmured Louise Anthon to herself, looking down at the river which was glistening and gleaming in the bright sunshine of a hot August afternoon. "It is such a beautiful river, and the country about it is so lovely. I believe I would like to live here, or at least remain for some time, it seems so quiet and peaceful." And then her attention was caught by the picture-que dresses of two peasant women who were walking slowly along up the shaded

street; and as she watched them, she fell to wondering whether the rosy faced, stolid-looking peasants were ever sorrowful and unhappy.

"I do not believe they ever are," she thought, "for they always look so contented and happy, as though they were perfectly satisfied with life."

She was sitting in one of the open windows of her room in the little inn in the quaint Swiss town of Schaffhausen, on the Rhine, looking out with that wondering curiosity which Americans cannot fail to feel when they visit for the first time the many quaint little towns scattered through Switzerland, and notice the odd customs and manners of their inhabitants.

Far away beyond the walls of the town stretched the wooded hills, and by turning her head Louise could see the old castle—a veritable castle on the Rhine—which for so many years has overlooked the town; and over all the landscape fell the golden afternoon and sunshine.

How much she had enjoyed it—this trip abroad, and not alone to her, but to the Brentwoods as well, had the trip so far been a most enjoyable one. The voyage across the Atlantic had been a charming one, the weather had been very favorable, not one of the party had suffered from sickness—the bane of ocean travel—longer than a few hours.

"Just enough to let us know what real seasickness is," Louise had said laughingly, to Aline Brentwood.

"People who have never been across the water don't really know what seasickness is, but we know now, don't we Aline?"

"They had stopped in London and Paris long enough to get a very fair idea of those great cities, had wandered through France and Germany visiting all the places most frequented by tourists, then into Switzerland, where, after spending a few days at Interlachen, Lake Constance, and Zurich, they had come directly from the last mentioned place to Schaffhausen, for Mr. Brentwood, who had been there before, wanted them to see the famous falls of Schaffhausen, three miles below the town. They had only been there a day, and in forty-eight hours time expected to leave it."

That morning Louise, who had been out strolling about the town with Mr. Brentwood and Aline, had gotten very tired, so tired that after dinner a dull headache had come on and she had remained at home while the others went for a walk, thinking that the rest and quiet would do more for her than any amount of medicine. For an hour or more she sat there in the open window watching the afternoon shadows beginning to fall upon the distant hills, and thinking dreamily, wondering if her mother at Newport was enjoying the beautiful summer days half as much as he was. She had not been a bit homesick; the greater part of her life had been spent at boarding-school, and she had not really been at home enough to make it seem strange or unnatural for her now to be away from it. Still, though she had never been very much with her, she loved her beautiful mother very dearly, and a sudden longing to see her came over her as she sat there alone. One cannot help feeling a little lonely when one remembers that the great ocean rolls between them and their nearest and dearest ones. Her reverie was broken up by the entrance of Aline Brentwood into the room, Aline, her beautiful dark face flushed with exercise, her dusky hair a little disordered by her walk, her wide-brimmed chip hat adorned with bunches of edelweiss.

"Is your headache better, Louise?" she asked. "Yes, I am so glad, I guess it is just as well that you did not go with us, for, though we took a lovely walk, it was a long one, and it so warm this afternoon. Oh, I am so tired!" and Aline sank down upon the bed and lay there fanning herself with her straw hat.

"We met some very nice people this afternoon, Louise," she continued after a moment's silence, "a party from Boston, and we are all going down to the falls to-morrow morning. I am quite anxious to see those falls—I think it is lovely here in Switzerland, don't you, Louise?"

And then the two girls fell into conversation, talking about the various places they had visited, the things they had seen, the people they had met; talking and laughing as only two young, carelessly happy girlfriends can talk and laugh.

"Neither of us have lost our hearts," said Aline, merrily, at last.

"Don't brag," laughed Louise, "you may lose yours, Aline, sooner than you think."

Ah, Aline Brentwood was to lose her heart, very much sooner than she had any idea of.

The next morning came bright, clear, and beautiful, and at quite an early hour they started for the Schaffhausen falls. The Boston people proved a most agreeable addition to the party. They consisted of pater and materfamilias, their married daughter and her husband, and two younger children, a girl about sixteen and a young gentleman of one or two-and-twenty, who from the very moment he was introduced to her, remained steadfastly at Louise's side.

They were all very enthusiastic over the falls, as well they might be, for the Rhine, at that place about three hundred feet wide, descends a height of more than seventy feet.

After they had looked at and expatiated over the falls to their hearts' content, they strolled away in groups of two and three—Louise and her devoted friend wandering off by themselves into the woods to look for ferns and wild flowers. Interested in their conversation, the two went deeper into the woods than they supposed, until suddenly Louise discovered that she was a little fatigued, and sat down upon a rock to rest.

"But I have not half enough ferns," she said, as her companion, of whom to tell the truth, she was a trifle weary, would have seated herself by her side. "And there are so many lovely ones around here; would you mind getting me a few more?"

The young Bostonian would have much preferred to sit down beside her, for he considered her to be one of the prettiest and most agreeable girls he had ever met; but in his case, "To hear was to obey."

"Most happy, I am sure," he said, and the "most happy" was only one of the little deceits which are practiced daily and hourly in society.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Many a man who wears glossy boots shines at the wrong extremity.

## IRISH INFORMERS' STORIES.

### Revelations Made by a Fenian Prisoner.

DUBLIN, Jan. 25.—Twenty-one persons recently arrested here were before the Police Court charged with conspiracy to murder Government officers. The court-room was crowded. Great discrimination was exercised in the admission of citizens. There was a large crowd outside. During the progress of the hearing startling revelations were made. An informer swore that several of the prisoners, including Mr. Carey, a member of the municipality, were present at a Fenian meeting, where the informer was asked to join the inner circle formed for the assassination of officers. The name of the informer is Farrell. He acknowledged having taken part in the attempt to assassinate a juror. He swore that one of the prisoners, named Hanlon, informed him that he had taken part in the attempt to murder Field; that Brady stabbed Field, and that Kelly also participated in the affair. Farrell also testified that each Fenian contributed 3d. weekly to purchase arms; that the city had been marked into districts, and military inspections were held occasionally, at which most of the accused men were present. At one of these meetings, John Devoy, who said he came from America provided, the organization, he said, had existed for several years. Farrell said picked men formed an assassination committee. They were ignorant of each other. Daniel Curley gave him (Farrell) a revolver, and told him to stop Mr. Forster's carriage opposite Ellis Quay, when Jim Kelly and Joe Brady would do the remainder. The plot failed through a mistake. Farrell identified Kelly, Brady, Curley, Maloney, Dwyer, and Boyle, all of whom were present in the prisoners' dock as having been present on Ellis Quay when the attempt was made. Curley was very much vexed at the failure. Farrell said that Brady, Kelly and Rankin, the last of whom is now in Limerick, followed Mr. Forster's carriage in a cab on another occasion, and that MacMahon, who was lately accidentally shot, was assisting by watching on foot. All the prisoners were remanded for a week.

Miles Kavanagh, who is an informer, swore that he drove the car on which Field's assailants escaped. He is now in custody. Immediately after the Phoenix Park murders he was apprehended and detained two days on suspicion of having driven the car on which the assassins of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke escaped. It is reported that six of the prisoners who were in the dock offered to become approvers, but up to the present time the authorities have accepted only one of them, who will be examined at the next hearing. It is said that there are three other informers. The name of Poole, Bevine and Delaney are mentioned. The Detective Department is besieged with persons offering to give information. Several suspected persons left Dublin during the week. A detective is in pursuit of one important individual. The purchase of the revolver that Devine had when Detective Cox was murdered will be proved; also the purchase of knives found near the residence of one of the prisoners. Evidence will be given of the issuing of summonses in the handwriting of Joseph Mullet for meetings of the "centres." The appearance of three of the men arraigned exactly corresponds with the description of the three murders of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke. The Police intend making five more arrests. Mullet, the alleged leader of the assassination committee, is a hunchback. The Crown is confident of success in the prosecution of the prisoners. Curley is one of the "centres."

### Tasmania.

Some statistics just issued by the Government of Tasmania are interesting, as showing the increase in the use of agricultural machinery in the colony during 1881. Last year the acreage of wheat reaped by machinery was 29,081, and by hand 22,671. Ten years ago only 2,389 acres were reaped by machinery, as against 60,051 reaped by hand. Lift and force pumps have increased to a very great extent, viz. from 15 in 1874 to 175 in 1881; and all other agricultural machines and appliances, with the single exception of clod-crusters. Thus chaff-cutters, which in 1862 were 67, last year were 494, the number worked by steam being 4 and 28 respectively; cultivators were 48 in 1872 and 168 in 1881. Of corn-crushers only one was reported as being in the colony in 1872, but there were 126 last year. The use of hay-elevators has fluctuated very considerably, but, on the whole, it has been in favour of the later years; while hay-rakes (horse) increased from 103 to 229. Horse-shoes, grubbers, and scufflers were 631 in 1881, compared with 858 in 1872; subsoil ploughs 236 last year, against 28 in 1872—an increase of 743 per cent. Double-furrow ploughs, of which there were none in 1872, and only 4 in 1873, increased to 450 in 1881, and in the latter year 11 treble-furrow ploughs were also returned. Reaping machines increased in the ten years from 65 to 140; reapers and mowers combined, from 35 to 357; strippers, from 2 to 9. The combined reaper and binder was introduced into the colony in 1879-80. The number then returned was 47, whereas in 1881-82 as many as 130 were found to be in use. Canadian manufacturers should make a note of these facts.

### The Importance of Reading Before Signing.

An amusing anecdote reaches us from a village in the Indre et Loire, where a quarrel has been raging between the Mayor and the local schoolmaster. The latter was recently summoned to appear before the Prefect of the department, to whom he complained of the Mayor's negligence.

In proof of this he showed an official report written by himself and containing the following passage: "We have no case of hydrophobia or madness to report, unless it be the Mayor and corporation, who are idiots and raving madmen." The Mayor signed and stamped the document without reading it, little dreaming that it would be used as evidence against himself with the Prefect.

A free baking school has been at work in St. John's the last week, and was largely patronized by the ladies.