HIS SACRIFICE:

For Love of Her.

CHAPTER XXV. (CONTINUED).

"I am of opinion that the boy has been kept in ignorance of the manner of his lather's death; that for reasons of his own, Howard Evringham has never told

But it seems to me that he ought to know

now," said Muriel, thoughtfully.
"It is not our place to tell him, Muriel. If he should chance to mention Louie's name to his grandparents, and they should think it best to tell him, well and good, but it is

not our affair, my darling."

How quietly and calmly he talked, just as though 16 was really no affair of his. Yet it would seem to you or me that the memories awakened by the mention of the name Percy Eyringham, would be no light affair to Ar undel Anthon.

"And you do not think there is any need of Louie's knowing it, either ?" asked Muriel still undecided.

Why should she know now, dear, when

you have thought it best to keep it from her up to this time?"

"I should hate to tell her," said Muriel, masingly; "I think it would almost a-Oh! forgive me, Russel; I did not mean to give you pain. It was so cruelly thought-less in me to say that, for he was your twin brother and you loved him."

For he had started as if in pain. T thought had come to him, starting keen and knife-like through his heart: What would Muriel say if she knew the white, shapely hand, into which she had lovingly slipped her own small one, had been the one which had dealt Percy Evringham his death-blow Would the knowledge kill her, his beautiful darling?

"But just suppose, Russel, that Louie and Percy Evringham should grow to love each other," murmured Muriel, with wide-open lovely eyes-"should love, and want to mary

each other?" He laughed a little low, unusual laugh. It was so thoroughly I ke a woman to think that if two young people are thrown together, they must, as a natural may insuitable consequence grow to love and mevitable cousequence, grow to love

"What makes you think of that, dear Have you any reason to think that there is the slightest possibility of such an event tax

inp place?"
"Yes," (very solemnly), "I have. You know how Louie writes? Just as she talks; and in her letter she said a great manythings in her frank, innocent way, which lead me to believe that Parcy Evringham cares more for her than a large my idea of."

Lie paused in deep thought;

then said, quietly
"I would be very glad to see I ouie and
Percy Evringham man and wife."
"Oh Proposite" leaking a real of the Proposite of th "Oh, Russel?" looking up at him in great

astonishmen :. "Yes, my darling, it is true. If Percy Evringham's son and your—our daughter were married—if the Evringhamand Anthon names were thus connected -- it seems to me that it would go a long way toward crasing the stain of blood from the Anthon

"What a strange thought, Russel!" she murmured; and there was a tone of bitterness in his voice as he an-

swered: "I grant you that, Muriel; it is a strange

The conversation was too unpleasant, too wearisome; he resolved to break it off. Slip. ping his arms around her, he raised Muriel

"I am not going to let you talk any long er," he said lightly. "It is past two o'clock; you ought to be very tired, I am quite sure

I am."
But long after Muriel's light breathing told him she had drifted into the land of dreams, Arundel lay beside her staring with wide eyes into the darkness, and think-

'Yes,"he said to himself, "it is a strange idea, but if they should be married, it would seem almost as if fate had promised me that my sin should go unpunished—in this

world, anyway."

This world! This life of love and pleasure and luxury. Arundel Anthon's thought went no farther.

CHAPTER XXVI,

"Aud now, mamma, we will have a long quiet talk all to ourselves," said Louie Anthon, dropping down on a hassock at Muriel's feet with a sigh of perfect contentment. is so nice to be with you again, mamma after all, there is no place like home-that

is, a home with a mother in it." Muriel bent and kissed the fair face raised

so lovingly to hers.
"I am very glad to have you with me again, my darling," she murmured. "I have missed you very much! it seems as though you had been away a long time, much louger

than you really have."
"Four months," said Louie, thoughtfully "It does seem longer than that; it does not seem as though I could have possibly travelled about as much as I have done in such a comparatively short space of time. Mr. Brentwood is the best traveller: I know I have seen as much, if not more, of Europe, than a great many people who have spent a year or two there, and it is only because he knew just where to go-oh!mamma, we did have such a perfectly lovely time!"

It was the last week in October, a bright,

clear morning, the day after Louie's arrival in New York, and the mother and daughter were in Muriel's boudoir, whither they had gone directly after breakfast, for a long, kappy conversation, that pleasant talk made up of questions and answers which speedily follows the meeting of two relatives or inti mate friends after a separation.

Very pretty Louis looked in her pale blue morning dress, her trip abroad had benefited

morning dress, her trip abroad had benefited her, the flush of perfect health was upon her face, there was not a shadow of care or pain in the soft, true eyes.

"And now, dear, tell me all about your trip," said Muriel, leaning back in her chair her eyes resting your tendents, upon forms. her eyes resting very tenderly upon Louie, her heart filling with fond pride that the lovely girl whose beauty would have

attracted attention anywhere, was her own child, flesh of her flesh. "The places you visited, the people you met. I was so glad when you wrote me that you had met the Ridgleys in Paris."

'Oh, we met ever so many people we knew there," said Louie; and then she glided into a long conversation, speaking of different people she had met here and there, growing very eloquent and earnest as she described the various places she had vis-

ite1. " And it was at Schaffhausen that you met Mr. Evringham, was it not?" asked Muriel, when Louie paused for a moment to take breath.

"Yes, man.ma; and were not the circumstances that led to our meeting too ridi-culous for anything? There I was on the rock, unable to move, and he, a perfect stranger to me, had to take off my shoe and pull my foot out of that horrible little crevice: it may have been romantic, but it was awfully embarrasing. Then he 'old me his name, I told him mine, and then in a moment Mr. Wentworth, my escort, came up ; if you could have seen the look of horror upon his face when he tound me talking to a stranger," and Louis burst into a peal of laughter as the whole scene rose clearly and distinctly to her memory.
"How long did he remain with you,

dear ? "Oh, for some time; we went down the Rhine together; he travelled about con-considerably with us. then we all went to Paris, where he was obliged to leave us and go on with his party. He did not want to o with them; he could not bear 10 go, mamma; he seemed to be so happy with ' said Louie, innocently, all unconscious of the true reason of Percy Evringham's happiness with, and his sorrow at leaving, the Brentwood party, "out there was no help for it. You see, he went abroad with this party of gentlemen, and it would not have been right at all for him to have left them and come with us, as he would so much liked and come with us, as he would so much liked to have done; as it was, he spent more time with us than he ought to have done under the circumstances. His party would not hear of his leaving them. They will sail for home about the middle of next month, and he will stay here in New York for a little while hefore he goes to Raltimore his little while before he goes to Baltimore, his home is there, you know, mamma; he was born in Mary and."
"Yes, I know," said Muriel, quickly,

thinking how much more she knew of Percy's Evringham's life than Louie

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

" Louie, do you like Percy Evringham?

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

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

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

chair.
"I did not think Aline looked well at all when I saw her yesterday on the steamer,' she said, changing the subject of conversa tion rather abruptly. "Perhaps it was only the effects of the voyage, but it seemed to me that she looked miserable; she was so very pale, and there was such a weary look in her eyes. Was she sick com-

ing over?"
'A heavy storm overtook us the third day out, and we were all sick for a day or two; but it was not the effects of that illness that makes Aline look so miserable. She has looked like that for two months at least," said Louie, sorrowfully. "She has never complained, yet at night she moans in her sleep, and she has changed; she is not gay, bright Aline any

"I never did think she was as strong as she looked," said Muriel; "probably travel-ling so constantly tired her all out: I know by experience that it is wearisome as well'as pleasant. Don't look so troubled, dear, Aline will be herself again as soon as she get

rested."
"I hope so," Louie said, wistfully. She loved her beautiful friend very dearty, and it had worried her more than a little when her quick eye discovered the change in Al-

Aline B entwood had changed since that day when, in the cathedral at Cologne, her own heart had been revealed to her. Many changes are wrought by suffering, and she had suffered just as all women suffer who strive to tear out of their hearts a love that has rooted itself there; she was not the first or only one whose eyes have grown weary, whose face has gown pale in the

The remaining days of October, the first two weeks of November, passed swiftly and brightly to Louie Anthon. The season and originity to Louie Anthon. In a season opened gayly, it promised to be an unusually brilliant and gay one. Theatre parties, receptions, weddings followed each other in quick succession: already the fashionable world had plenty with which to occurre itself.

cupy itself.
The plessures of society nad not yet begun to pall upon Louie, she was too young for that; she enjoyed them with a keen delight, and she was so innocently charming, seemingly uncon cious of her own beauty, entirely free from all vanity; it was no wonder she was a general tavorite, that she was spoken of as the "lovely Miss Anthon. One morning late in November she went

runuing into Muriel's room, her face flushed, her eyes shining, a telegram she had just received in her hand.

"Oh, mamma, the 'Adriatic' is in ; Percy

Evringham will be here this evening to see me, I shall be so glad to see him again." Yes, she would be very glad to see him. But one person can be very glad to see another without loving that other one par-

She made her toilet very carefully for the evening, and when it was completed and she surveyed herselt critically in the long mirror Louie knew she was charming, and no hyppy, innocent girl was ever yet indifferent to her own beauty. Her dress was a simple one of creamy white foulard, but the soft material fell in clinging folds that would have satisfied an artist, and she wore a great cluster of

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

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

She will soon love me; I have not very long to wait. Muriel and Arundel had been out making

a call, they came in about ten o'clock, and hearing their voices in the hall Louie rose from her chair.

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

She was absent from the room a tew moments. When she reached Muricland Arundel followed her. Was it singular that the faces

of both were very pale?

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

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

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

CHAPTER XXVII.

A strange and almost unaccountable feeling with regard to Percy Evringham took possession of Arundel Anthon as the days went by, and again and again the young man came to the house. Any one would reasonably suppose that the handsome Saxon face, with its regular features and dark gray eyes, would have reminded him so powerfully of the man for whose death he was responsible, that Arundel would have feared and hated the very sight of Percy Evringham, but it was to the contrary. It is not strange, when you stop to consider what Arundel Anthon's life had been, that his thoughts were wild and morbid, the outgrowth of a brain and heart distorted and growth of a brain and neart distorted and warped. Instead of dreading to see Percy, it gave him a strange delight to see the handsome young fellow a guest in his house, happy and at ease there. He liked to converse with him, to entertain him in the princely fashion in which it was his usual custom to entertain his friends, to have him seated at his table, eating and drinking with him, to know that Percy liked him, honored and respected him, he, Arundel Anthon his father's murderer. It seemed to him that fate in thus bringing Percy Evring-ham into his life offered him an opportunity to atone for depriving him of his father by heaping friendship and kindly feeling, favor and hospitalities, upon him. Always courteous, hospitable, agreeable, Arundel had never been more friendly and gracious to anyone than he was to the son of the man who had died by his hand. He gave him the warmest invitations to come to the house whenever he found convenient and agreeable for him to do so.

You will always be welcome here, my boy," he said, with that rarely fascinating smile which alone had made Arundel Anthon so many friends; " there will always be a seat for you at my table; we will all of us be very glad to see you any time; come in whenever you can."

And Percy did go. There was no place in the world so pleasant to him as the Anthon house. He appreciated the warm welcome he never failed to receive there, no matter when he went; the bright smile with which Louie met him, Muriei's gentle, kindly greeting, Arundel's warm hand-clasp. It is always pleasant to know you are a welcome guest, to have the free run of a house where every member of the family shows you plainly that they are really glad to see you ; we all know the difference between a warm, sincere greeting, and a coolly polite one. The Anthons did not seem like gers to Percy, he did not feel like a stranger in their house; after a very few visits all feeling of tormality wore away, he felt peofeetly at home there, almost like one of the family. Scarcely a day passed that he did not spend some part of it in Louie's society;

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

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

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

He saw her lips quiver pitifully as she turned her face from him, murmuring: "There are few of us in this world that are

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

love in vain." Blind, indeed, you say, was Percy Evringham, and blind he was, I grant you; but no blinder than other men have been and

will be so long as there are men.

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

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

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

One Sunday atternoon, just before Christmas, Louie Anthon was standing in one of the windows of the reception-room watching the white, downy-looking snow-flakes as they hurried down from the gray clouds. It was a cold, wintry day. Since early morning the snow had fallen steadily, shrouding the great city in a mantle of white. Fifth Avenue, conerally thronged on Sunday after-noons with fashionable church-geers and promenaders, was almost deserted. Now and then a carriage rolled along, or a gentleman, with top-coat, closely buttoned and hat pulled well down over his eyes, went hurrying by. But Louie was not at all interested in the few passers by, although more than one of them cast an admiring glance up at her as she stood there. She was deeply absorbed in watching the snowflakes as they chased each other in mad haste

past the window.
"I wonder why they are in such a hurry to get down to earth," she thought. "Don't they know they will be trampled under foot until all their beauty and purity is lost for-

And then she looked straight up at the millions of feathery particles which were whirling swiftly down through the still air, while thoughts, light and fanciful as the snowflakes themselves, crowded into her brain. She had followed a particularly large flake as it floated down to the ground, when her eyes fell upon Percy Evringham. He was standing on the sidewalk under the window, watching her as earnestly as she had been watching the falling snow, waiting for her to see him, a smile upon his hand-

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

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

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Late Hours.

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

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

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

And yet it lies in the power of the mattrons, the leaders of society, those who naturally suffer the most from the evil of late hours, to remedy it. They can easily insist on a change, and a change for the better.

The chaperones who wearily sit through

"just one more dance" are to be pitied, but

they are to blame as well.

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

Solid Milk.

To make condensed milk, the milk is subjected to a heat of some 230 degrees, which, it is said, scalds it. By a new process the heat is only about 130 degrees, and the product is called evaporated milk. When the time of exposure to that moderate heat is sufficiently prolonged all the watery part of the milk is driven off, and the remnant is a tough, solid mass, creamy white in color, and much resembling a dried chunk of wheat flour dough. That is granula ed, by artificial meens; a 1 ttle fine white sugar is added to make it keep, and then it looks like corn meal, and is corn granulated milk. The evaporated milk is only about half as near solid as the condensed milk, but is very rich. and so little affectee by the process through which it has passed that when water is added the most delicate taste cannot detect difference between it and pure natural milk: cream rises on it, and butter can be made from it. The same desirable peculiarities belong to the granulated milk. The evaporated milk is used in the Nursery and child's Hospital, and on most of the steamshiw lines. The granulated is made to keep in all climates, for any desired length of

An Odd Old Lady.

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

A Pickled Pun.

A 7-year-older, with the punster's mark on his brow, at dinner, asked his mother what was in a jar on the table.
"Pickles, my son," was the reply

"Then, mamma, please pickle little one out for me," came with stunning force from the child, and the mother fell over a chair