

HIS SACRIFICE:

OR,

For Love of Her.

CHAPTER XXVII.—(CONTINUED.)

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

"Why?" glancing sardonically up at him, "because I had a faint hope that you would think of me and would come without being sent for."

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

"There," said Louie, as having drawn the magnificently embroidered portiere which draped the doorway, she seated herself beside Percy on the little couch. "Now it may now just as hard as it wants. You will stay to supper, Percy, this evening, we will sing—mamma always likes a little sacred music Sunday nights, you know—and altogether we will have a very happy little time of it."

Percy certainly ought to have been perfectly happy sitting there in the exquisitely furnished room, fragrant with flowers, brightened and made so cheerful by the blazing fire, with Louie looking very lovely in her dainty toilet of white cashmere, to entertain him; but that he was in anything but high spirits was quite evident, and he sighed again very heavily as he looked at the sweet, smiling face that was to him the loveliest, sweetest one in the world.

"Louie," he said, seriously, "I am going home Tuesday."

"Going home! Oh, Percy, really and truly!" said Louie, regretfully.

"Really and truly," answered Percy, gloomily. "Last night when I went back to the hotel from here, I found a letter from my grandfather; he isn't feeling very well and he wants to see me. The old gentleman has quite an affection for me, and he thinks I have been away from home long enough. I know I have not treated him just right—you see he and my grandmother have no one but me: so I wrote home last night that I would start for home Tuesday."

"This time it was Louie that sighed.

"I wish that you did not live in Baltimore, Percy," she said wistfully, "I cannot bear to have you go away; we have been such good friends, have been so happy together, you do not know how much I shall miss you."

Percy turned his head away.

"You don't know how much I shall miss you, Louie," he murmured.

"But then you can come and see me, can make little flying trips to New York," she said, laying one hand upon his arm. "Really, Percy, it is selfish in me to want you to stay here; your grandfather and grandmother must be so anxious to see you, and you must have so many friends in Baltimore. I wonder," looking innocently up at him, "that you have remained here so long as you have."

He caught his breath, his handsome face flushing.

"Have you wondered at it, Louie? have you never guessed the reason of my long stay here? Oh, Louie, my darling, don't you know that I love you? I have loved you ever since that day I found you there in the woods at Schaffhausen, that is because I could not leave you that I have lingered here in New York week after week."

Percy's secret was his no longer. He had fully intended to offer Louie his hand that day, but not in the impetuous fashion in which he had just told her of his love for her; but the passionate words had fallen from his lips before he could check them.

A crimson flush stained Louie's fair face; she looked up at him for a moment in startled surprise, then suddenly the long-lashed lids fell over the brown eyes.

"Oh, my darling," pleaded Percy bending his head until his eyes touched Louie's soft hair, and making a desperate effort to restrain the desire to strain the little figure to his heart, "won't you look up at me and tell me that you love me and will be my own precious wife?"

She clasped her small hands nervously together.

"Percy, I can't tell you that yet—I do not know myself—I have never thought about it."

"Never thought about loving me—oh Louie!"

The passionate pain in his voice, the sorrow in his eyes, went to her heart. Louie was no coquette, it afforded her no pleasure to know that for love of her a man was suffering. She looked at him helplessly, as she said, hesitatingly:

"I did not know—I never thought that you loved me, Percy; I thought we were good friends, almost like brother and sister."

"You like me, Louie?"

"Like you, Percy? You know I like you better than any one I have ever met."

"And would it be very hard to love me?" asked Percy sorrowfully.

She looked at the handsome face raised so pleadingly to hers, and asked herself the question. Would it be a very difficult matter to love Percy Evringham? Perhaps, she did love him, she was always happy with him, she would miss him very much when he went home, yet—yet, deep down in Louie's own true heart there was something that told her she did not love handsome Percy as women sometimes love. Still something in the expression of her face gave Percy a little hope, for he said, impulsively taking both her hands in his own:

"Don't give me your answer now, Louie, I will wait for it until I come back to you again, then you will tell me, darling, won't you? and God grant that your answer will be 'Yes.'"

"Yes, that will be better, Percy," she murmured, lifting her frank eyes to his face; "when you come back to me again I will tell you whether or no I will be your wife."

And then the conversation was broken by Muriel's entrance into the room.

Both Percy and Louie were rather silent

that evening, Muriel and Arundel doing most of the talking. When Percy rose to leave the house Louie went with him into the hall.

He was coming the next evening to dine with them, so they would see each other again before he left the city; still a great sorrow at leaving her rose within him as she gave him her hand, saying:

"Good-night, Percy."

Holding the little hand tenderly, he looked down wistfully into her face.

"Louie, when I come back to you, what do you think your answer will be?"

And in all truth and sincerity she answered:

"I think, Percy, it will be 'Yes.'"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Long after every one else in the house was sleeping that night, Louie lay wide awake thinking very earnestly and deeply about Percy. The knowledge that he loved her and wished her for his wife had been a great surprise to her; she had spoken truly when she told him she had never thought about loving him. Had she been older, more worldly wise, probably she would have thought about it, as it was, the idea had not entered her head. She had been happy with Percy, had enjoyed his society and the pleasant intimacy which had grown up between them, and it had never occurred to her that his feelings for her were any warmer than hers for him.

And now he had told her that he loved her, and asked her to marry him, and the pleasant intimacy, the happy friendship, must be changed: it must either be an intimacy warmer and closer than it had ever been, or it must be separation; she must be either Percy's betrothed wife, or she must be nothing to him. She knew she liked him, there was not a shadow of doubt in her mind as to that; but did she love him, love him as her mother loved her father? Louie asked herself that question and the answer her heart gave her was decidedly unsatisfactory.

Still she liked no one better than she did him, and she had no wish to sadden his life as she knew she would do if, when he came back for her answer, she should tell him no. Handsome, graceful Percy, why should she not love him? Perhaps she did, for his sake she hoped so; and then with a great many perplexing, worrying little thoughts, tangling themselves in her brain, Louie fell asleep.

She was practising the next morning in the music-room when Muriel came in partly to listen to an exquisite nocturne—one of Chopin's—which Louie was playing, partly because she wanted a little quiet conversation with her.

Neither Muriel or Arundel had failed to notice Percy's plainly manifested regard for Louie. It had worried Muriel not a little at first, not because she entertained any feelings against Percy, she liked him very much indeed, there was a very tender place in her heart for him; as far as he was personally concerned she would rather have given her daughter to him than to any young man she had ever met; but it seemed to her that it would be such a cruel mockery for him to marry the niece of his father's murderer. She had finally allowed herself to be persuaded by Arundel's arguments, and had come to think almost as he did. The day previous, when she had gone into the reception-room and found the two young people there alone, she had noticed the flushed, eager look on Percy's face, the troubled expression in Louie's eyes, and the thought had flashed through her mind that Percy had spoken his love.

Obedient to her mother's request, Louie played the nocturne through, then sat idly running the fingers of one hand over the ivory keys; and Muriel gazing intently at the averted face noticed the violet shadows under the brown eyes, the little sorrowful look about the curved lips.

"Louie," she said, suddenly, "you are sorry, are you not, that Percy Evringham is going home?"

The fair face flushed as the girl answered:

"Yes, mamma, I am very sorry; we have been such good friends, Percy and I, and I shall miss him very much."

Muriel was silent a moment, then she said slowly:

"Louie, dear, have you ever thought that this intimacy between you and Percy might possibly mean more to him than it does to you?"

The small hand fell heavily upon the keys, which clashed discordantly, the flush deepened on the sweet face as Louie answered almost wearily, "I never did think so, mamma; I thought we always could be friends like this, until—yesterday."

"It is just as I thought," said Muriel, half regretfully to herself; then tenderly, "Tell me all about it, *cherie*."

Louie had meant to tell her mother; there had been no thought in her mind to keep Percy's proposal from her; she had perfect confidence in her beautiful mother—she was too true by nature to admit a love which was not half made up of trust, and loving Muriel with all her heart, she had always placed implicit faith in her, had never thought of keeping back anything from her, had always gone to her with all her little griefs and troubles as well as her joys. So, leaving her seat on the piano stool, she slipped down in her old place at Muriel's feet and murmured:

"There is not much to tell, mamma; Percy loves me and wants me to give him my promise that I will some day be his wife. That is all."

"I think that is enough," said Muriel, thoughtfully. It was so hard to realize that somebody wanted to marry her little Louie, her dainty baby girl; she had thought of it many times, of course, as all mothers think half sadly of the time when their children shall leave the home nest and go away to make homes of their own, but in a vague, dreamy way, as of something still far off in the future.

"And what did you tell him, Louie; what answer did you give him?" she asked, winding one of the girl's sunny curls around her finger, her thoughts going back to the time when she, Muriel Trowbridge then, had been sought in marriage.

"I gave him no answer, mamma, I could not; it was so sudden, so unexpected, that I was totally unprepared for it, and Percy is willing to wait until he comes back here again, and by that time I will know whether I love him well enough to be his wife."

"Louie, do you love Percy Evringham?"

Louie raised her truthful eyes to her mother's face.

"I do not know, mamma," she answered, simply.

If Muriel Anthon's experience had been more like the experience of many women, she would have known that her daughter did not love Percy, that the feelings she entertained for him were only those of sincere friendship, a friendship which would never under any circumstances develop into anything warmer or deeper; but Muriel had knowledge of that love of which married is not the beginning but the consummation; she only knew that her love had come after marriage, that few wives had been so perfectly happy as she had been, consequently it seemed to her that a love which began at the altar was the love which endured through life and eternity.

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

"Would you be pleased, mamma, if I should marry Percy?" continued Louie; "is it your wish that when he comes back to me for my answer I will tell him yes?"

A shadow fell over Muriel's face. Would it please her? ah, she could not tell. Still, perhaps, as her husband said, if an Anthon should marry an Evringham, the stain of blood upon the Anthon name would be in a measure wiped away.

"I like Percy very much, Louie," she answered, speaking slowly and hesitatingly; "I should think he would make you happy; I could give to you him without fear, and I know it would please your father."

"I would like to please papa," said Louie, wistfully. "Do you know, mamma, it has always seemed to me that I have never quite pleased him: I have always thought that he did not love me—well, as much as Mr. Brentwood loves Aline, or Grandpa Trowbridge loves you."

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

But after Muriel had left her, going into the reception-room to entertain a lady friend who had called, Louie sat there thinking, and mingled with her thoughts of Percy was the wish that she was dearer to her father than she knew full well she was.

When late that afternoon Arundel came home he found Muriel waiting for him in the library, her beautiful face very thoughtful.

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

"What is it, my darling?" he asked.

"Russel, Percy Evringham has asked Louie to marry him."

A sudden light flashed into Arundel's eyes.

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

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

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

"I know what your thoughts are upon the subject," murmured Muriel; "but still I cannot make it seem just right to me."

"Muriel, if a higher power than ours has ordained that it has been so, surely it is for some good and wise purpose."

The musical voice was smooth and unbroken; wonderful powers of self-control had Arundel Anthon when he cared to exercise them.

"Yes, that is so," murmured Muriel, musingly; "and no one believes more implicitly than I, that the smallest workings of our lives tend to some great result. But, Russel, I have been thinking all day that you ought to write to Percy Evringham's grandfather."

He started in positive horror; he wrote to Howard Evringham! to the father of the man who had died at his hands! Great heaven! the thought was horrible.

"Muriel, what a strange idea! Why should I write to him?"

Try as he would, he could not keep his lips from trembling, his voice from breaking.

"Because, Russel, Percy will tell his grand-parents about us; will tell them, perhaps, that he has asked Louie to be his wife; and it cannot help but be a great shock and surprise to them both. They would be justified in thinking it very strange if you did not send them some word—you knew them so well once. They know that you have not forgotten the terrible link which binds the Anthon and Evringhams together; and, besides this, Russel, I will never give my consent to Louie marrying Percy until I know that he is aware that her uncle was his father's murderer."

Arundel had never seen before the firm determination upon Muriel's face that came over it as she spoke; he felt that no argument of his could alter her resolve.

"And you want me to write and ask Howard Evringham to tell his grandson that Arundel Anthon killed his father," he said, slowly, while his face whitened until it was perfectly colorless—small wonder considering the terrible significance the words held for him.

"Muriel you do not know what you are asking me to do."

"Yes, Russel, I know that it will be no easy task," she said sadly. "It will bring back all the past, you will live over again all the sorrow and pain, just as you did that night so long ago when you told me Arundel's history; but you will do it won't you, dear?"

He looked down at her. What would he not do for sake of that dear face?

"You wish it, Muriel—yes, I will write to Howard Evringham," he said.

Percy came that evening, and after dinner

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

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

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

And Arundel answered quietly:

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

And Percy, very much mystified, said earnestly:

"Nothing could make me feel differently toward you, Mr. Anthon."

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

CHAPTER XXIX.

Louie missed Percy Evringham very much after he had gone; she had seen so much of him that it seemed strange indeed to have a day go by without bringing him to the house. It had been so pleasant to have him run in at any time *sans ceremonie*, to know that he was willing to go anywhere with her, to do anything for her; she missed the walks and drives they had been accustomed to take together, the songs, in the twilight, the merry conversations, the visits to the theatre, the little suppers at Delmonico's. Percy had been a charming friend, a most agreeable companion, and before many days had gone by Louie found herself thinking that life with him was very much brighter and pleasanter than life without him.

Still she was far from satisfied with her feeling for him. She felt vaguely that the feeling she had for him, warm and tender as it was, was not the love of which she had read and heard—that grand and noble passion which in its time had made men and women capable of deeds almost divine, of sacrifices almost superhuman. She found herself wondering if for Percy's sake she could patiently suffer grief and pain, whether for love of him she could give up everything.

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

Deeply as she loved Aline Brentwood, she had not meant to tell her that Percy had asked her to be his wife. It did not seem quite just to her; but one morning she had been sitting with Aline in some way it had come out, and Aline looking dreamily into the fire as she talked, did not notice the death-like pallor that crept over Aline's face, the drawn look that came about her mouth. Ah, sure, Aline Brentwood had suffered patiently for her love's sake. She had made no outward sign of pain; bravely she had borne the grief which had come so suddenly into her fair young life, and it was no light grief to love as she was by nature capable of loving and to know that love would never meet with any recompense.

Finding, as she soon had found, that it was not possible to tear her love for Percy Evringham out of her heart—so deeply had it rooted itself there—she buried it as deep as she could and went on with her life, and though the bright sunlight had faded out of that life no one suspected it, not even her own fond parents.

"My sorrow shall not sadden any one else," she said to herself.

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

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

"How can she help loving him when he loves her as I know so well he does," she thought sorrowfully. Then, lovingly as though she might have been his sister, she spoke of him, telling Louie that she had known for a long time that he loved her; and Louie listened, her heart growing very tender for absent Percy, while Aline pleaded his cause.

"I think by the time he comes for my answer I shall have discovered that I love him very dearly," she said, her face flushing softly. And though Aline's heart was aching as it had never ached before, she said, none the less earnestly:

"I hope you will, dear, for I know he loves you very truly, Louie, and it would make his life bitterly sorrowful if you should tell him you could not be his wife."

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

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

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

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

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

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Notable Watches.

Laid away among the treasures of the past, in strange and almost grotesque forms, are many ancient "timepieces." Cunningly wrought were they; deft fingers chiselled thereon rare traceries of gold and silver, with much adornment of priceless gems. In one, within the body of an eagle, opening across the centre, are seen the works, scrolls and flowers, richly engraved on a ground of niello, adorn the dial-plate. This pretty bauble, when not connected with the girdle by the ring in the centre of the bird's back, can stand out bravely upon the strongly developed claws.

The Earl of Stamford owned an ancient time-keeper royally adorned. Jacinths formed the cases, and the cover was set about with diamonds on an enamelled border.

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

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

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

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

Poles for Beans and Other Climbers.

White birches and alders so commonly used for bean poles, are about the poorest, for they last only one season at the best, and sometimes break off at the surface of the ground, and let down the beautiful pyramid of green before the pods are ripe. White cedar from the swamps is durable, and the rough bark enables the vines to climb without any help from string; but these are not always accessible. Red Cedar is much more widely distributed, and on the whole makes the best bean pole. The wood is as durable as the White Cedar, and young trees, from which poles are made, grow quite stout at the ground, and if well set, will resist very strong winds. A set of these poles will last for a generation. For bean poles all the side branches are trimmed off, but for a support for ornamental climbers, these may be left on. A Cedar, six or eight feet high, with the branches gradually shortened from below, upwards, makes an excellent support for ornamental vines. One of these covered with a clematis, or other showy climber, makes a pyramid of great beauty. It is well to prepare a supply of poles for beans and other plants before the work is pressing.

He will not speak his Father's Name.

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

Wagner's Incivility.

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

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

Advertising in America.

The prices paid for advertising in the United States may be gathered from the following figures:—The *Chicago Tribune* it is said, for a column a year receives 26,000 dols. The *New York Herald* receives for its lowest-priced column 39,725 dols., and for its highest 848,000 dols.; the *New York Tribune* for its lowest 29,764 dols., and for its highest 85,648 dols.; and these papers are never at a loss for advertisements to fill their columns. Their patronage comes not from any desire to assist the respective papers, but from business men who find it profitable to advertise.