

HIS SACRIFICE:

OR.
For Love of Her.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"Shall you go to Mrs. Grahame's tonight?" asked Arundel that evening at dinner, setting down his wine-glass and looking across the table, bright with shining silver and glittering glass, at Muriel.

"Yes, I guess so, Russel. I promised her we would come; she is very anxious to have us meet her brother and his wife who are on from Chicago. Have you any engagement for this evening, Louie?"

"No, mamma," answered the girl, simply.

"How very quiet it has been since the beginning of Lent," continued Muriel, sipping her claret delicately; "there is positively nothing going on in society. Don't you miss your sociables, Louie, and Mrs. Von Alstyne's pleasant little Germans?"

"Oh, of course," said Louie, "but it seems rather nice, I think to be quiet for awhile. I believe I was getting tired out dancing last night. However, all people do not think alike. I met Mrs. Van Alstyne coming out of church this morning, and she asked me if I did not think Lent came a little too early this year."

"Percy and Kate!" laughed Muriel, "it is almost a pity she is such a strict Episcopalian, for she does enjoy society and everything pertaining to it so much. But won't you be lonely this evening, Louie, home alone? I hope some one of your friends will call."

"Very likely some one will drop in, mamma. Still if nobody comes I shall not be lonely; I shall read, or find something to pass away the time."

To tell the truth Louie hoped no one would call. She wanted to be alone to think over the new happiness that came so suddenly into her life, to try and decide how she should tell Percy Evringham that which she knew would bring him sorrow and pain. So that evening, when her father and mother had left the house, she went into the quiet library, and closing the heavy doors after her, curled herself in a huge chair in front of the fire. She had no book, no fancy work, but she had thoughts enough to keep her very busy.

She had been so perfectly unconscious that the feelings she entertained for Roy Glenmore were any warmer than those of a sincere friendship, that she could not quite understand the knowledge that had so unexpectedly come upon her. Yet she knew that she loved him—had loved him from the very first—and she wondered sorrowfully how she could have been so blind as not to see her own heart more plainly. For her own blindness she reproached herself bitterly. If she had only seen it all before, then she could have told Percy gently, tenderly; as it was, she had gone on hoping; she had innocently encouraged him, had answered his letters, had allowed him to think that her answer would be yes—ah! that was the bitter part of it. He was coming to her now—perhaps he was already on his way, his heart filled with love for her, and beating high with hope. For she had given him hope; he had reason to believe that she would tell him that she loved him.

Louie's heart was aching as it had never ached before, as she sat there before the fire thinking. She had always thought it was the most contemptible and heartless thing a woman could do, to lead on a man, knowing he loved her, making him believe that in time she would consent to be his wife, holding out hope and encouragement; then, at the end, throwing him off, saying only by way of excuse, "I thought I loved you; I find that I have made a mistake." She had never been able to make any excuse for such a course of action; it had seemed to her that a woman capable of such a thing must be lacking every sense of truth and honor; and now the very thing she had always despised and considered unpardonable in others she had done herself. She could not blame Percy if he should think her heartless and cruel; she could not say one word in her own defence if he should say, "Why did you not tell me before, Louie! How could you let me go on hoping as I have done?" He would not understand—nor would anyone—if she should tell what was the truth—that she had been all unconscious of her love for Roy Glenmore. No, they would all think she had acted untruly, unwomanly. Percy would think so, her father and mother would think so, Alno would think so; and even Roy, when he came to know of it—Roy, who was so noble and true—would think so, too.

With a great choking sob Louie laid her head upon the arm of her chair, her tears falling fast. It had all been a mistake. God knew she had not meant to deceive Percy. He knew that what had been done had been done in ignorance. Her grief was deep and sincere; she had a tender, sympathetic heart and a very true one, and it hurt her cruelly to think that she must give Percy pain and sorrow—that she had been innocently untrue to her own nature.

So deep was her sad reverie that she did not hear a quick step in the hall, the opening of the heavy library door; she was not aware that there was anyone save herself in the room until a hand was laid lightly upon her bowed head, a voice, anxious and tender, said:

"Louie, my darling, are you crying?"

With a little cry she raised her head, to see Percy Evringham standing beside her—Percy, who dropped on his knees and wound his arms around her, saying, tenderly:

"What is the matter, Louie? Why are you here all alone, crying so bitterly?" She raised her tear-wet face to his almost imploringly—silent, not knowing what to say to him.

"I only got into the city about an hour ago," said Percy, by way of explanation, never for a moment suspecting the true cause of her tears, but thinking she had experienced some little disappointment or trouble. "I went to the Windsor, then came right up here. Jackson told me that your father or mother were not at home, and that he believed you were in here, so I came in thinking I would surprise you; did you get my letter?"

"Yes, this afternoon." She could not look at the handsome

flushed face with its eager, hopeful eyes; and something in her eyes, in the tone of her voice, startled him, for the flush faded out of his face as he said:

"Louie, are you ready to give me my answer?—oh, my darling, you don't know how hard it has been for me to wait so long for it; there has not been a day nor an hour that I have not thought of you."

She had thought to tell him gently as she could, but the words would not come; they died away on her lips, and she only moaned, as she clasped her hands together:

"Oh, Percy, Percy!" Perhaps he understood, for he started to his feet, his face very pale, his dark gray eyes almost black.

"Louie, what do you mean? You surely cannot mean that after having giving me every hope as you have done, receiving my letters and answering them, encouraging me, leading me to believe that you would be my wife, that now—no, no, Louie, you cannot mean that."

It was just as she had expected it would be, yet she knew not how to answer him; it would seem so small and mean to say, in answer to his passionate outburst, "It was a mistake, Percy."

Still, she must say something, and though her lips were quivering, she raised her face bravely.

"I thought I knew my own heart better than I did, Percy."

"You mean that you have discovered that you do not love me; that while I have been patiently waiting, fondly hoping, you have been thinking the matter over, and have come to the conclusion that you will not be my wife. Is that it, Louie? Answer me!"

"I do not think men know how cruel they are, sometimes, to the women they love; there seems to be, in masculine natures, a latent cruelty that will crop out now and then, as most wives and mothers and sisters can testify. Really and truly, Percy did not know how coldly and sternly he had spoken, how tightly his lips were compressed, how dark and stormy his eyes were; but Louie knew, and she shrank back in her chair as though he had struck her. He had never spoken so to her before, nor looked at her as he was looking now.

"Oh, Percy, do not speak like that; I did not know—not until to-day—that I could not be your wife."

He heard her words distinctly—she could not be his wife. Poor Percy, he had cherished such bright hopes, had built so many beautiful castles, and now the hopes were suddenly shattered, the castles hurled to the ground. There was no anger in his heart, nothing but pain and bitter disappointment; the stormy darkness died out of his eyes, his lips, so tightly compressed a moment before, quivered; with almost a sob he spoke, his voice hopeless and despairing.

"Ah, Louie, Louie, I love you so." Then folding his arms upon the mantelpiece, he dropped his head upon them.

A storm of reproaches could not have touched Louie's heart as those few words did. Hurrying to his side, she laid her hand upon his arm.

"Try and forgive me, Percy," she sobbed, "you do not know how sorry I am. I did not mean to give you any false hope, to deceive you in any way. I thought when you came back to me for my answer I could tell you yes, and only to-day—only a few hours ago, I discovered—"

She paused, the tears clinging to her long lashes, she could not tell him what she had discovered, that would be adding insult to injury, as the old saying goes.

He raised his handsome Saxon head with a deep sigh. All her words could not make less hard to bear the fact that she had refused him.

"Louie," he said, mournfully, "is it because during my absence some one else has won what I had hoped to win, that you tell me now you cannot marry me?"

The painful flush that stained her face, mounting to the very roots of her gold-brown hair, answered him, and he bowed his head dejectedly, feeling that life was a miserable farce and the sooner it was played out the better.

A pause followed, an awkward, embarrassing pause; Louie, very sorrowful, feeling in some way guilty, and finding it exceedingly difficult to keep from crying. Percy, quite broken-hearted, wondering gloomily to himself what he should do with his life. Percy was proud and just a little bit egotistical, and his *amour propre* had been very badly wounded; he felt that he had been very badly treated indeed, and though he did not blame Louie, he did blame circumstances and fate, and above all, his unknown rival.

A man who has just been refused is not generally—no matter what he may be at other times—particularly brilliant or animated; poor disconsolate Percy was no exception to the rule; he sat in silence, his head resting upon one hand, with such a hopelessly sad look upon his face that it was more than Louie could bear, and she said brokenly, choking down a sob which threatened to strangle her, "Percy won't you try and forgive me?"

"Yes, Louie," he answered sadly, "it is not your fault, it is only my misfortune that you cannot love me. I hope you will always be very happy, and if at any time there should be anything I could do for you, you will let me do it, won't you? for the sake of my—for our friendship's sake." And then Percy hastily swallowed a great lump in his throat and said he guessed he would go, as Louie looked fatigued.

Poor fellow, he loved Louie very true and tenderly, and he felt as though the brightness had suddenly gone out of his life. He promised Louie he would come and see her again before he went back to Baltimore, held her hand for an instant in his own, tried to smile as he bade her good night, and made a miserable failure of it, then took his departure; and when he had gone Louie threw herself down in a chair and cried as though her heart would break.

She liked Percy—had always liked him; had felt very sorry for him because he had no proud father, no loving mother or gentle sister. In a mild, sisterly way, she loved him, and she knew she had brought cruel pain and bitter disappointment upon him.

How long she sat there crying in a weary, heart-broken little way she did not know, but after awhile the passion of tears spent itself, and she sat quietly with only now and then a choking sob. She heard her father and mother come in, heard the heavy street door open and close, and Muriel, seeing the

light in the library, and thinking Louie was there, walked in, followed after a moment by Arundel.

"Why, I thought you would be in bed, dear," she murmured, as she shook off and threw down upon a chair her cloak. "We had a very pleasant evening. Mrs. Grahame's sister is charming, even—Why, child, what is the matter?"

For she had caught sight of Louie's face, pale and worn with crying.

"Percy has been here, mamma." "Percy Evringham?" exclaimed Muriel in surprise, "and why did he not stay?" and then a glimmer of truth seemed to dawn upon her, for she said hurriedly:

"Louie, did you send Percy away?" "He came for his answer," said the girl, wearily—she was completely worn out with nervous excitement—"and I could only tell him no."

Before Muriel could speak, Arundel had risen from the chair into which he had carelessly thrown himself. There were tense lines about his mouth; his eyes were flashing ominously.

"Do you mean to say you told Percy Evringham you would not be his wife?" he said, and the words came through his clinched teeth.

In his mad, reckless college days his thumbs used to say, speaking of Arundel in a low tone, "When you see the vein in his forehead swell, look out for him." The vein in his forehead was swollen now.

"Yes, papa."

"Yet you know it was my wish that you should marry him. You have deceived me, for you led me to believe that you would accept him; you have disobeyed me, for I desired you to tell him you would marry him. How dare you thus run counter to my wishes and commands? I tell you I will have neither disobedience nor deceit from you."

In just such a passion as was rising within him, Arundel had dealt the blow which had sent Percy Evringham into eternity. Poor Louie, she had been sorely tried that evening; but tired and heartsick as she was, the words fired her. She raised her small head proudly, her tears all gone, a bright spot upon either cheek, her eyes blazing.

"I did not mean to disobey or deceive you," she said; "but I found that I did not love Percy, therefore I told him I could not marry him. I will never marry a man I do not love, not even to please you."

"Hush, Louie!" said Muriel, imploringly; "how can you speak so to your father?"

But Arundel said not a word—he turned away shivering. For out of the brown eyes ablaze with such indignation Russell had looked upon him, and he dare not answer the girl who at that moment was so marvelously like the father she had never seen—the father who had been so terribly wronged.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

When Mrs. John Deming found herself at the age of thirty-five, a widow with two children, aged respectively thirteen and eleven, to educate and provide for, and very little in the world except the handsome house which her husband had given her in the palmy days of prosperity, long before his riches had taken to themselves wings and flown away, she said to herself with commendable bravery, when she had rallied from the shock which her husband's failure and consequent sudden death had dealt her, "I will take care of the children and myself. I will keep the house—and I shall take boarders." It was a very brave resolution, for Mrs. Deming had never had any reason to believe the time would ever come when she would be left without means of support; but, then, in these days of ups and downs, when the man who is at the top of the ladder to-day, is prostrate on the ground to-morrow, one never knows what one is coming to.

God helps those who help themselves, and he had helped brave little Mrs. John Deming. In a short time her handsome house was filled with people—some of them her own personal friends, the best friends of those who had known John Deming when he was a rich and prosperous man; people of wealth and refinement, who paid munificently for the pleasant home they found under Mrs. Deming's roof.

Mrs. Deming liked all her boarders, but especially did she like two gentlemen—one young, the other quite an elderly man—who had been with her now for nearly two years, and who, the night after Louie Anthon had told Percy Evringham she could not be his wife, were alone together in their sitting-room. It was very bright and cheerful—that handsomely furnished sitting-room, with a warm, home-like air about it; to which the crackling grate fire, the creamy lace window-curtains, the wine-colored mantle and door-draperies, the open upright piano, and the centre-table, covered with a crimson cloth and strewn with books, magazines and papers, contributed largely.

On one side of the table, seated in a huge easy-chair, his head resting upon the cushions, his eyes fixed upon the crackling fire with an expression in them which told he was thinking very earnestly, was the young man, who was no other than Roy Glenmore; and opposite to him, looking over one of the daily newspapers, the light of the argand lamp falling upon his face, from which the expression of patient sorrow would be lifted never this side of the grave, sat an elderly gentleman—the man who for nearly nineteen years had been known as Richard Brandon.

He did not look very much older than he had done the night he had seen Muriel at the theatre—sorrow had aged him, not years. At thirty-four he had looked fifty—now at fifty-two people took him to be somewhere between fifty-five and sixty. There is nothing nobler than to suffer and be strong—that is what Russell Anthon had done all these years, had suffered and had been strong—strong in patience and true unselfishness, strong to lift up and help along those of his fellow men who had fallen by the roadside, strong to act according to the dictates of his great, noble heart—and he had suffered in proportion to his strength: even strangers noticed the lines about his mouth, drawn there by fierce mental agony, the mournful darkness of his eyes.

There was something mysterious about him even to those who knew him best—this sad-faced, quiet man. He never spoke, as most men do—of his boyhood and early manhood.

He did not seem to have a single relative nor a friend who knew anything about his early life; and people who were given to thinking more about other people's affairs than they did about their own—and there are many such in the world—spent much time thinking about him, wondering what manner of sorrow it was that had brought upon his face the shadow which rested so darkly there, wishing they knew how and where his early manhood had been passed, and what the real relationship was between him and Roy Glenmore. Still no one—not even the worst old gossip—could associate any thought of sin or shame with a man whose daily life was as blameless as was Richard Brandon's. So the years had come and gone, and he had been and was still an enigma to a great many people.

He had been very successful in business, or rather his superior abilities, his forethought, and the careful attention he gave the most minute details, had met with a just reward. Before Robert M. Rehead's death he had been taken into the firm, now he was the real head of the large and prosperous business. "It ought to be Brandon & Disbrow," Mr. Disbrow said to him repeatedly, "you are the head of the firm." And he answered always, "It is best that it should be as it is, Disbrow & Co."

Only God knew how much good he did with his money; he was always ready with substantial aid and kindly encouragement. Many were the poor sad souls which had grown glad at the sight of the noble, patient face; many were the faint, weary hearts which his words had strengthened; he had raised so many out of the dust, he had set so many on their feet again, and what is more he helped them along until they were able to go alone; and that is the only true charity. For it is no earthly use to pick up anyone who has not the strength to stand alone, they only fall again. And Russell Anthon knew, what a great many charitably inclined people do not think of, that it is not necessary to go down to the lowest dregs of society to find those who need help.

So for eighteen years he had been living, striving humbly to do what good he could do, finding peace in helping to keep burning in other hearts the fire of happiness that had gone out forever in his own.

Sitting before the fire, Roy was thinking of Louie Anthon. That she loved him he knew, and a deep, glad thankfulness filled all his heart. He felt, rather than knew, what her answer would be when he should ask her to be his own dear wife; but first he must go to her father—for Roy had a deep sense of honor and justice, and he would have no more thought of asking Louie to give herself to him without having first gained her father's consent, than he would have thought of going into that gentleman's house and carrying off any of his costly worldly possessions.

And suppose by any chance Mr. Anthon should not be willing to give his daughter to him. As that thought came to him, Roy sat upright in his chair, a little cloud settling upon his handsome face. It was an unpleasant thought, very. Roy wished with all his heart that it had not insinuated itself into his mind; but there it was, and it seemed to say with the most disagreeable frankness:

"It is barely possible, Roy Glenmore, that it might happen."

Roy sank back in his chair again and fell to wondering what he should do if Mr. Anthon should refuse to give his consent. Would Louie marry him against her parents' wishes? Would he ask her to be his wife if her father had told him with his own lips that he did not care to have him for a son-in-law?

They were very discouraging, these thoughts; but suddenly Roy remembered that they were only thoughts, only his own imaginings; it was time enough to cross the bridge when he should come to it; it was foolish and unmanly to fret and worry about something which was not likely to happen, and having come to this sage conclusion, he wheeled his chair around and took up the evening paper, which lay upon the table. But there did not seem to be anything of interest in that paper. Roy looked through all the columns and could find nothing in the least degree entertaining, and after reading a few of the jokes and deciding in his own mind that the people who had originated them were the lineal descendants of donkeys, he took his lead pencil out of his pocket and began to embellish with sundry curves and dashes the heavy black letters which announced to the world that the newspaper in question was the New York—

Having ornamented them to his satisfaction he fell to scribbling upon the margin at the top of the paper, until he suddenly awoke to the fact that this occupation was, to say the least, exceedingly boyish, and throwing the paper aside he arose from the chair, and sitting down at the piano began to play bits of dreamy music and snatches of fashionable waltzes.

An air particularly sweet—a little song from an *opera bouffe* just at that time very popular—caught Richard Brandon's attention, and raising his head from his paper he listened to it, his eyes growing very tender as they rested upon Roy's graceful, well-knit figure. How he had loved him from the time he had first seen him, had taken him a little four-year-old boy in his arms, and promised to take care of him! But for Roy his desolate life would have been intolerable to him; he was only human, and he could not have gone on living all these weary years had it not been for the love, and trust, and confidence Roy had given him so freely. Few fathers loved their sons as he loved, and had always loved, Glenmore, and he was justly proud of him. Surely he had done his duty by Henry Glenmore's child; by careful investments he had more than doubled his fortune, and he had made out of the pretty, affectionate boy, a true-hearted man, with noble, high-souled impulses, and strength to meet and overcome the temptations of the world.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The fishing parties up the Ottawa River this season, most of whom are now returning, report their catch to have been very good. The fatigues of fishing through holes in the ice have been amply compensated, they consider, by the prices obtained for their fish. Owing to the fishery regulation, there has been less fishing than usual for exportation, the object of the department being to encourage home consumption in this district.

Early Marriages.

Not only in the days of good Queen Bess and earlier, but very much later in our history, early marriages were allowed. To take an instance in the Georgian period, this entry is in "The Chronological Diary" appended to the *Historical Register*, volume six, for the year 1721, June 8: "Charles Powel, of Carmarthen, Esq., of about 11 Years of Age, married to a Daughter of Sir Thomas Powel, of Broadway, Bart., deceased, aged about 14." The young lady's only brother had died on March 21 preceding. Often did a guardian having control of a wealthy ward find it convenient not to delay the promotion of a marriage of the ward with one of his own kith and kin, though not always by any means was it considered necessary that there should exist between the couple the sentiments which induced Dickens' young gentleman not 8 years old to run away with a fine young woman of 7. . . . I may mention a similar instance which occurred nearly 130 years later than the marriage to which H. refers, in a family which my mother now represents, viz., the Shaws, of Ballytwoedy, County Antrim. Henry Shaw (son of John Shaw, of Ballytwoedy, and grandson of Capt. Shaw, High Sheriff for County Antrim, 1793, who was attainted by King James's Parliament) was married in the year 1721 to his cousin Mary, (only child of Patrick Shaw, of Brittas, County Antrim) when "neither of them was yet 15 years old" and the old document from which I am now quoting goes on to say that the father of this equally precocious bridegroom "continued to manage for the young couple, and had not long survived their coming of age." Their eldest child was born in 1723. Henry Shaw died in 1775, a year after the birth of his great-grandson, Thomas Potter, of Mount Potter, County Down. . . . An instance of early marriage even more curious than that mentioned by H. is the marriage of Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas, Lord Clifford, of Skipton Castle, in the fifteenth century, to Sir Robert Plumpton, of Plumpton Castle. The bride was 6 years of age, and the bridegroom not much more. The husband died three years after marriage, and the "widow" was united to his brother William when she had gained the age of 12 years. Bodsworth preserved for us the document from which the above information is given in Whitaker's "History of Craven."—Notes and Queries.

Rug Making in Mirzapore, India.

In the dirty mud huts of the villagers it is most interesting to observe the slow yet regular growth of the beautiful patterns as developed by the busy, untiring hands of a dozen or more half-naked natives, and which the visitor traces in imagination to their future display in the attractive windows of Regent street or Broadway, and eventually to the chambers of Western homes.

As the native quarter of the city is approached, the busy wool carders, the spinning of the native women, the labyrinth of dyes, the dyeing yards of various colors in the sunlight, bespeak the industry of the place. The huts, of common structure and one material, mud, contain but one apartment. Sunk in the ground to a depth of two or three feet is a long roller of wood, perhaps six inches in diameter and three or four yards in length, supported at either end by iron rods, and movable at pleasure; upon this shaft the rug is rolled as the work advances; attached to the roller, and extending to the beams above, are the close, strong threads of the warp, and in the rear, suspended from the ceiling, with hanging ends at a convenient distance, are countless balls of yarn of varied color and shade; beneath these sit the native workmen and boys. Immediately opposite, at the front of the hut, seated upon a mat, is the pattern reader or overseer, while upon the ground before him is the reversed pattern of the rug whose manufacture he so skilfully directs; it requires the closest attention, rapidity of thought, sight and unflinching application on his part to keep the dozen or more men before him busy, for not a thread is woven but at his direction or verbal order, as calling each workman by name or noting his position, he orders the number and color of the yarns to be used, as he traces them upon the pattern at his feet. The workman in the rear seizes the end of the yarn called, weaves the number ordered; the substance is driven home by an iron comb, the rough edges clipped, and the rug rolls on to completion, every thread of wool and every stitch by hand.

Sensible Sentences.

Don't be whining about not having a fair chance. Throw a sensible man out of a window, he'll fall on his feet and ask the way to his work: The more you have to begin with the less you will have in the end. Money you earn yourself is much brighter than any you can get out of a dead man's bags. A scant breakfast in the morning of life whets the appetite for a feast later in the day. He who has tasted a sour apple will have the more relish for a sweet one. Your present want will make future prosperity all the sweeter. Eighteen-pence has set up many a peddler in business, and he has turned it over until he has lost his carriage. As for the place you are cast in, don't find fault with that; you need not be a horse because you were born in a stable. If a bull tossed a man of mettle sky high, he would drop down in a good place. A hard-working young man with his wits about him will make money while others will do nothing but lose it. "Who loves his work and knows how to spare, may live and flourish anywhere." As to the trouble who expects to find cherries without stones, or roses without thorns? Who would win must learn to bear. Idleness lies in bed sick of the mill-grubs, where industry finds health and wealth. The dog in the kennel barks at fleas; the hunting dog does not even know they are there. Laziness waits till the river runs dry, and never gets to market. "Try" swims it, and makes all the trade. "Can't do it" would not eat the bread cut for him, but "Try" made more out of mushrooms.

A standing offer—The bid at an out-door auction—How to escape being shipwrecked—O shun the ocean.—A young queue-pid—The Chinese baby.—"A time for a'while things," as the cobbler said on commencing work for the day.—A fast gait—The gate that is bolted.—When is the house furnace like the victim of the drop game?—When it is well shaken down.