SACRIFICE;

OR-

FOR HER FAMILY'S SAKE.

CHAPTER XV.

Doctor Schonberg was sitting in his room, at work at his writing-table. It was the same old-fashi-ned piece of furniture which had stood in his father's study, in the Octzer parsonage—a cylinder desk of mehorapy. a cylinder desk, of mahogany. Opposite, on the wall, hung the picture of the parsonage; very old, with mossgrown roof, bearing on its gable, in old Saxon style, the two crossed horses' Saxon style, the two crossed horses heads. It looked out from under tall

knotted oaks, like an idyll by Voss.

He looked up from the exercise he was correcting. He had a feeling of depression; even at his work he was always conscious of the weight of the prison that he design to the misfontune that had overtaken him. He raised his eyes from the exercise on "Cornelius Nepos" to the picture on the There he had played as a child, and on Sunday evenings the maidens and on Sunday evenings the maidens of the village had wandered arm in arm up and down, under the oaks, in a long procession, singing the old songs that had been handed down from generations. He had told Lora, oner, about the Except of neety that seemed to rest the breath of poetry that seemed to rest the little, remote parsonage, which rustled in the oaks, and lingered in the shady garden and about the old graves of the Huns, behind the village. And her eyes had looked into his so ten-

"I will take you, some time, to that little village," he had silently promised himself; for at that time no word on himself; leve had, as yet, been spoken between them; but she perhaps read it in his lace, for she said: "I should like to see the old house in which you played as a A man always carries somothing of his home about him."

He cast the pen down violently on the paper, so that a red drop of ink shone like a blood-stain on the neatlywritten page: then he got up and went to the stove, in which the fire was just dying out, and as he stood there he passed his hand over his ferehead. Affer all, it was the fruth that she had fersaken him! If he had tried to describe how the weeks had passed with him since that day when he returned, and his molher had received him with such a strangely inquiring look; and how she had at length brought out, in a voice trembling with anger, the ancuncement that Lora von Tollen was be belrothed of another; how he had ound, on his writing-table upstairs, the etter that had missed him and heal efter that had missed him, and had een awaiting him here for two days, and the e exant betrothal aunouncement eside it-he could not have done it.

He could not bring himself to open wra's letter-he had flung it, unread plo the fire. What could she have to say to him? How could she excuse m? How could she excuse He did not wish to know. risely the did not wish to know. There lay the printed proof of her false-tood, and anything else would be su-cerfluous. No doubt they urged her to t, perhaps she even struggled against

that Katie von Tollen had such expres-

sive eyes.

A few days afterward he met Katie in his mother's room; she had brought her theme, which she had forgotten to give him in the class-room. The young girl was sitting opposite the Frau Pasterin, holding her yarn for her to wind. He had spoken to her kindly, and had then gone to his room. What had ne to do with the Tollens, now?

Then she had come oftener to see his mether, whose anger gradually melted before the girl's attentions.

"There is really something in her," she said; "she is remorseful for her sister, and would like to make her fault good. It is all nonsense. No one can do that; a great deal of water must flow down from the mountain, my poor boy, before that can be atoned for but she has the will to do it, at any

"Oh, let her be; she means well," be of, let her he; she means well," he had said then, and the old lady was satisfied and went downstairs again. Katie was sitting to-day by the table, before the sofa, on which a great heap of hears weekly her hears were had been sofa. of beans was lying, and was eagerly picking out the bad ones with her slender white fingers. She turned her head, and an expression of disappointment came over her face as the Frau Pastorin came in alone, and seating berself by the sofa, took up the same

occupation.
On the wall the pendulum of the On the wall the pendulum of the Black Forest clock was swinging to and fro, the peat was glowing in the curious pyramidal stove, and the Borscherf apples were hissing slightly in the oven; the evening hell of St. Mary's sainded softly through the double windows; the same bell still swing its clapper over the city which had warned the citizens for five hundred years that it was the eve of the holy day, and

the enzens for live hindred wears that it was the eve of the holy day, and they must put down their work.

"It is so pleasant here," said Katie, suddenly; "and at home it is so dreary and so lonely; I could not stand it, so I ran over here to you. Are you angry with me for it?" She sprang up and with me for it?" She sprang up and knelt down before the old lady.

"Get up; I don't like that sort of thing," replied the Frau Pastorin, who by no means approved of the "new-fashioned sentimentalism."

"No one need kneel to me. Why is it lonely with you? You have your old mother, and she must need you now as she never did before."
"Mamma is with Lora," replied Katie

in a low tone, as she rose and went to the window, "and Rudolph has gone away; I was afraid, all alone with that stupid girl—"
At this moment the door opened, and

the ductor came in. Katle turned crim-son, and this blush rendered her irregular features, with her great al-mond-shaped eyes, indescribably charming. He looked at her in amazement, She seemed to him so attractive and so maidenly in her long black dress and the apron which his mother had but—she yielded at last.

Doctor Schonberg at length prepared lent her, when she insisted upon help-

"You cannot go alone; it is really very slippery. Take my arm, and I will go home with you."
"I am not going home now," she replied with some hesitation, picking her

way across the path. "Mamma would not like it if I did not go and inquire for Lora, and—I am afraid at home, too. Thank you, it isn't far, and I will go alone."

She was close by him now, but her high-hee'ed boots were an uncertain support, and she was compelled to cling to his arm.

"I will go across with you to the gate

She went on supported by his arm, feeling quite dizzy with pleasure and excitement. It was not a long walk; he saw her goal, the open park gate, close before her eyes.

"Good-night," she said hesitatingly,

"I will not let you come in-I am so

Stry for you, but Lora—"

He stopped. "Don't speak of it," he said roughly, "It is over now. But I see you cannot go safely alone," he added, as she stopped in dismay. "I will go to the door with you."

It was the first lime he had over an

It was the first time he had ever ca tered the Bechers' grounds. 'The carriage-drive made a wide tweep around the snowy lawn; the house looked state-by with its faintly illuminated windows in the quiet winter evening.
"I did not mean to hurt you," said

Katie dolefully.
"I am sure of it." he replied.
And he felt sorry for her when he

saw her put her handkerchief to her

eyes, "Don't cry, Katie," he entreated, pressing her little hand. "I know you have sympathy for me. You and my mother are the only persons who know the property when the property when the property who was a person of the person of my unhappiness. You are a good little comrade, and I am grateful to

They were standing there in the icycoll wind; reside them rose, like a pyramid, an evergreen, on which the snow lay only in single flakes; above, in the beautiful Elfrieda. But she would not sky, the clouds were rushing by, and naw and then the moon emerged from them, only to disappear again immedi-

Katie had drawn her hand out of the young man's arm, and, pressing her handkerchief to her eyes, she solbbed and to yiolently that her whole frame

whispered, as they walked on together: "But you have rich relations, Fraulein Katie; you have brothers, who-"Brothers?" she interrupted bitterly.

"And your sister, she is so fond of

"I would not take a penny from her!" cried the young girl, lossing her head proudly, "not a penny. I cannot endure him—I—" she clasped her hands

together.
"Oh! Why not"
"I don't know," she replied, adding, with an indescribable haughty gesture, and tacket Good night. is a matter of taste! Good-night, Herr Doctor!

"Good night!' he replied. He stood looking after her awhile, as she walked through the glass-covered driveway, and pressed the button of the electric bell. There was something proud and determined in her motions. The flickering light of the lantern played on her slander flaver in the short

"She had bad luck, too, the little wo-man," laughed the burgomaster, "with

her husband off for America three days after the wedding."
"What has he to do in New York?" asked a third, "I thought he had given up business."

They said so, but who knows. He "Iney said so, but who knows. He has invested his money over there, chiefly in rathroads; he has real estate, too," remarked the burgomaster.

"What is his business?"

"Something to do with railroads, cried the architect, X.

"Not by any means," corrected Counsellor Bruhheim. "He is in shoddy."

"I believe he manufactures hair-oil.—"Abolition of hald heads, such success."

'Abolition of bald heads, such success never known!' and that sort of thing,

laughed the apothecary.

"He has an express business," decidd the burgomaster. "I am very nearly certain of it."

A young doctor, who had lately settled in Westenberg, asked if it was true that Frau Becher was a native of Westenberg.
The old burgomaster smiled.

"Yes, yes; it is really so. Frau El-ir eda spent her youth here. She was bern at the 'Three Silver Swans,' and used to give out the beer to her papa's customers with her own hand."
"What!" cried several gentlemen,
"that low beer-shop?"

The burgomaster smiled with some

"She was as pretty as a picture, I can assure you. She tried to catch the Landrath himself; he was only an assessor then. The sly old fox led her by the nose as much as he liked, till one day he passed her window without bowing, because the day before he had engaged himself to Countess Isabella von and zu Prebbenau. Then the lovely Effrieda in her wrath accepted Johann Becher that very same evening, the young man who wrote out documents stay here, and no one can blame her, for she had fallen, so to speak, out of the court-room into the ante-room. And as Herr Becher was of a roving disposition, they paddled together across the

Doctor Schonberg ordered his beer, and took up his newspaper. What did he care for all this?

The read the editorials, and did not she gasped out. "Papa is dead, and mamma has so much care. And we must go away; and when I have passed my examination I must go away among strangers and..."

He read the editorials, and did not leok up till he was startled by a loud peal of laughter from his neighbors. The merry burgomaster had pust been telling how the Landrath had been must go away; and when I have passed my examination I must go away among strangers, and—"

She did not go on. She stopped crying, and took the handkerchief from her eves, looking past him with her great sthining eyes, so weary and resigned that it was pitiful to see.

He did not know what to say. At length, as she began to sob again, he whispered, as they walked on together: "But you have rich relations. Franter-in-law, who was born a von Tol-

he added. Dector Schonberg finished his glass, paid for it, and went out. He fied to his lonely room again—he could not listen any longer.

(To be Continued.)

MAGNETS LIFT TONS OF METAL. One Man Attends to All the Details of

Transferring Objects.

In engineering works the electro-magnet is taking a very prominent place. This device dispenses with hooks, slings, and other lifting apparatus. By throwing a switch controlling the curent, the

be principle also even attigged a game above and the second to the secon

DANISH BUTTER UNIFORM. ..

DANISH BUTTER UNIFORM...

The Danish butter is the only brand of butter received in England which is always good and uniform in color and texture. No buyer, be he buying wholesale cr retail, desires to see or to sample Danish butter; the brand on the cask is sufficient. Let the buyer drop into the smallest grocery shop and buy his pound of best Danish butter, he can depend upon its quality without investigation. This butter, which is always right, and never rancid in its flavor, is known to everyone by its cask form. For these reasons, nct only the shopkeepers but the public are prejudiced against boxpacking by reason of the fact that all inferior butters, and the legions of butter mixtures as well as margarine, are nacked in boxes. ferior butters, and the legions of butter is mixtures as well as margarine, are packed in boxes, and when they see butter on a shop counter of a square or oblong shape, like a box, they run away with the idea that the butter itself is interior, or perhaps "margarine" or next door to it. When the housewife enters the store she is prejudiced right off against butter put up in the shape of a cask. The former is something inferior in her prinion. This is a very old prejudice in the north of England, but it must not be supposed that this prejudice exists all over the British Isles; in fact, in the south of England, box-packed butter is said to sell equally as well as cask-packed butter. Canadian butter also said to sell equally as well as cask-packed butter. Canadian butter also would appeal much more to the public in the north of England if it were not so "highly colored." It should be made as near approaching a very pale straw color as possible, and should not be salted more than one-half as much as in Canada.-John B. Jackson, Leeds and

THE GREATEST TELL-TALE.

Butter is the greatest tell-tale on the armer of any products he turns off.
It tells the consumer at once what sort of a man or woman made it, whe ther they are neat and clean in their ideas and methods, whether the stables were foul and badly ventilated, whether the stables were foul and badly ventilated, whether tile feed was musty and unfit for use, whether the separator and milk vessels were kept clean and sweet, whether the package that contains it was in right condition. Everything that comes of ignorance of good sound dairy and sanitary sense, the butter tells with a loud voice. Said a wise old farmer's wife once to her daughter:

"Den't make butter to sell unless you expect, folks to know all about how.

"Don't make butter to sell unless you expect folks to know all about how neat a housekeeper you are."

In the same way butter tells loudly of every attempt to blend it, adulerate it with inferior fats, or do anything withit that is dishonest or intended to deceive. All that it proclaims at once by a loss of flavor.

There is a native integrity about the cow and her product of milk, cream, butter or cheese, that will not bear triffing with either through ignorance or dishonesly.—Hoard's Dairyman.

honesly.-Hoard's Dairyman.

SHEEP NOTES.

In the fall the lambs should be put on

In the fail the lambs should be put on rape, pasture or clover if they are to make good gains. With this should be given one-half pound to one pound of grain per head per day.

Wheat-bran and corn, in equal parts, is an economical grain ration. Lambs should be fed more for growth than for fattening until about six months old, when the grain ration can be increased for two or three months.