

THE SACRIFICE;

—OR—
FOR HER FAMILY'S SAKE.

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued).
Lora trembled so violently that she sank down on the threshold.
"What do you want?" he inquired.
"What are you going to do?" she murmured, her teeth chattering as she spoke.

He made no reply. He took some photographs off the table and wrapped them in paper. She recognized the pictures by the light of the candle; he must have taken them from his mother's writing-table in the salon. They were portraits of his parents, of Katie, and of herself.

"Rudolph!"
"Yes, there is no other way, Lora. Go to bed now," he replied.
"No, you shall not go!" she cried, springing to her feet. "I will not, I cannot bear it if mamma—you must stay—I will—Becher!"

He started, and looked relieved for a moment. Then his face fell again.
"No," he said, "not on my account."
"Then go, but I—shall take him, nevertheless," came despairing from her lips.

He dropped into the nearest chair with a sigh.
"To-morrow morning, very early," continued Lora, "you can go to him and say—no—wait; he might not believe it. Have you got any papers?"

She went to the table, and pulled out from under various objects the still open blotter; pushed aside several finished letters; drew the inkstand toward her, and wrote rapidly:

"My dear Frau Becher:
"Will you permit me to answer your kind letter to my father, by saying that I shall consider it an honor if your son should ask my hand of my father?"

"LENORE VON TOLLEN."
She folded the note and put it into an envelope. Then she caught up another sheet:

"It is all over, Ernest! Forgive me; be happy without me, and do not condemn your poor

"LORA."
She fastened this envelope also, and addressed both letters, without knowing that she had exchanged them in great agitation.

The one with Frau Becher's address she gave to her brother; the other she kept in her hand.

"I am going to mother, Rudolph."
He threw his arm around her, and the tears came to his eyes. "Lora," he said, "I will reform, I swear it—I will!"

"It is too late for me," she thought, and, releasing herself, she went away. She crept downstairs, and laid the letter addressed to Dr. Ernest Schonberg on the kitchen table; the maid knew that all letters left there were to be carried to the post-office, when she went to the baker's, early in the morning. Lora had no stamp for the letter, and she did not think of it. Then she went upstairs again, and sat down beside her mother's bed.

"You can go to sleep, now, mamma; Rudi will stay with us."

"He cannot, Lora; he cannot."

"Yes, mamma; it will all be arranged. Rudi will go to Becher to-morrow morning—he will manage it."

"Lora!" cried her mother, in horror.
"What, mamma?"

"For Heaven's sake, Lora, you would—"

"Yes, it will be arranged."

"Do you love him, Lora?"

"If mamma, we will manage it."

"Lora, my darling, I always thought Doctor Schonberg—"

"Doctor Schonberg? Oh, no, mamma! Her voice sounded strange to herself.

"Lora, love-matches are not always the happiest; you may believe me, my darling."

The mother took the young girl's hands and drew her toward her, and a burst of hot tears relieved her anguished heart. Lora felt the streaming tears on her own face; she could not weep herself, everything seemed cold and dead within her.

Neither slept till the morning dawned, and then at length Frau von Tollen fell asleep.

Lora remained, sitting motionless, by the bed. When she heard a door open downstairs, she raised her head, and gazed with dull, vacant eyes in her mother's face, as if to remember where she was; then she sprang up and ran down into the kitchen.

The letter was gone.

She ran through the garden like a mad-woman, out through the gate to the water. A thick mist shrouded the landscape; the air was still and full of autumn odors, but not a single leaf was left on the trees; the stream had swept them all away.

The little maid came to get her water, and wondered to see her Frau in there, kneeling on the ground, her head banging against the trunk of the tree, and her hands clasped.

"How queer these grand folks are!" she murmured, and went back again with her brimming pail; and her voice, singing a popular song, sounded shrill through the mist.

CHAPTER IX.

"Give it to me!" said Adalbert Becher to the servant, who brought in two post-office receipts on a silver tray. "Bon—and the telegrams were sent?"

"They were sent off at once, Herr Becher; they were marked urgent."

"Very good. Now bring me a bottle of Chateau la Rose, and then go to Assessor Bernhardt, and say that I am very sorry that I have been unexpectedly prevented from joining in the hunt, but I will overtake him at Neiphagen, at eleven o'clock."

The servant departed, and Becher turned about again on his chair, and handed the paper across the luxurious breakfast-table to Lieutenant von Tollen.

"Here, my dear fellow, now put on a brighter countenance; it is all right now."

The young officer's gloomy face brightened up. "My note is on the console," he replied. "I am much obliged to you, Becher."

They touched glasses, and then Herr Becher busied himself with a salad. The lieutenant smoked; he had declined to eat anything.

"Your happiness as future bridegroom has not spoiled your appetite, at any rate," said Tollen, forcing a smile.

"On the contrary," replied Adalbert Becher, "eaching out for the sardines. 'I give you my word, things haven't tasted so good for a long time.'"

The other was silent, and looked thoughtfully at the man to whom, as he acknowledged to himself, he had sold his sister. He felt indescribably wretched of the night and day before had not passed over him without leaving traces.

"Becher," he began, "you know I am very fond of my sister; she is not an ordinary girl, and I expect that you will take the greatest care of her, will?"

"Not let the breath of heaven blow too roughly on her," finished Becher. "Best assured, Tollen; I know very well how beautiful women are to be treated."

"Beautiful women—hum!"
"Here's to her, Tollen, the loveliest, the only one—my bride!"

He drank his glass down to the last drop. "When shall I come to you, governor?" he inquired, wiping his moustache with his napkin. "Perhaps it says in this?" He took up Lora's letter to his mother and looked at it.

"It is possible," replied Tollen.
"My lady mother will probably sleep till eleven o'clock," said Becher, excusing himself as he quickly cut the envelope through with a dessert knife, and look out the hurriedly folded note.

"But look here!" cried the lieutenant, in amazement, "that is written to your mother. Don't you respect private correspondence here?"

"Oh, nonsense! The old woman can't have any secrets from me," said Becher. "Let us have a look at it."

At the first glance at the paper, he sprang up and stood before the young officer with a deathly pale face; then he turned and walked to the door of his dressing-room. "Excuse me a moment," he called back, and disappeared, pulling the door to behind him.

The lieutenant sat there in dismay. Lora, perhaps, had not written very graciously, but what more could there be? He looked around his future brother-in-law's breakfast-room. It was a comfortable room, upholstered in Turkish stuffs; there were costly weapons on the wall, and all manner of bronze and porcelain knickknacks; the table sparkled with silver and cut-glass in the light of the open fire; and the carpet was a genuine Smyrna. These people must be frightfully rich, and riches were happiness in the eyes of the poor officer, who had just barely escaped ruin.

"Lora will be able to stand it," he murmured, with a sigh of relief, and filled his glass again.

As he did so Becher appeared again. He smiled, and remarked that he had been giving orders to the gardener, in the green-house, to make a bouquet for Franklen Lenore.

"Then I will come this evening to speak with my father-in-law," he continued. "I should be much obliged to you if you would send me word if six o'clock would suit him. Then we will have the wedding as soon as may be. By the way, Tollen, do you know Doctor Schonberg?"

"Only as you do, from seeing him at the clubs; and at the restaurant."

"A nice fellow, isn't he?"
"An arch-pipe, I think."

"But hands me and clever? That sort swallows wisdom by the spoonful."

"Possibly. He is a great favorite with the young girls; at least my little sister seems to have a great fancy for him."

"Indeed? The little one, Tollen? Well, you will come with me to Neiphagen, won't you? We shall leave here at eleven o'clock; it is nine now. You go to me up-dstairs early, go to bed for an hour or two, and then come here; or shall I come for you?"

"No, Neiphagen," asked Tollen.
"Why, for Heaven's sake, you man of peace, don't you remember that Natuschki invited us to breakfast the night before last, when he lost the champagne wagger with the little Schwartz?"

"And that is to-day? So it is. But

you know, Becher, I think I won't go. I am tired."

"You have been making good resolutions over night, old fellow. Come, change your mind, you must go; you cannot expect me, as future bridegroom, to dine Fraulein Klingler and her mother out there as I promised. So you will have to do that. I will come after you in the break, and in the respectable company of the assessor."

"Oh, let it go to-day, Becher; stay at home, just for to-day, or else you will be drunk when you come to see the governor."

"No; it would be a crime to-morrow, my dear fellow. You will be here, then, at eleven. Only think what a joke when the old, half-blind Frau von Natuschki takes the Klingler for your wife, or for mine, as she did the other day, when she came in on us at Breidenberg's. No, no; don't make difficulties; you are coming! Greet my Lorchen for me, my friend. At five o'clock we shall be home again, and at six I shall come to your house with fresh kids on—very sober, I give you my word, as it becomes a bridegroom."

The lieutenant felt himself whirled about, and in another moment he was in the corridor, where the servant gave him his overcoat.

He went home. The storm had spent itself, but an oppressive stillness had taken its place. At home everything was as usual. He found his mother in the dining-room.

"Everything is settled," he said shortly.
She turned away to hide her tears.

"Oh, do be careful now, Rudolph."
"Where is Lora?" he inquired.
"She is resting."

"Tell her that Becher is coming to see papa this evening."

"So soon? And he has no suspicions of such a thing now. Do you tell him, Rudolph."

"I will tell him myself," said Lora, who had just come in.

"Good heavens, Lora!" cried the lieutenant. She looked wretchedly ill.

"I will go to papa at once," she repeated; "I will only take a cup of coffee."

"No," replied her mother, "you shall not do that, I will take it on myself," and she kissed her daughter, and went upstairs.

Lora sat at the table, with her head in her hand, as if waiting for the storm to burst above her. But all was still. After a long pause her mother came down, with tear-stained eyes. "Lora, he is sitting quite pale in a corner of the sofa, and will not believe it."

She rose and went upstairs. The old major was sitting quite crushed; his pipe had gone out, and lay, unnoticed, at his feet.

"Lora," he said instead, "you cannot be in earnest?"

She sat down beside him, and laid her head on his shoulder.

"Yes, papa," she murmured.
Then they were both silent. The major cleared his throat several times, as if attempting to speak.

"I am no better than an old bear," he said at length, bitterly drawing his hand across his eyes, "for I cannot even say, 'Don't do it, child, you may regret it—wait patiently.' I cannot; for if I should die to-morrow, you poor girls will have no one to lay your head on. Your mother's—your pension of two hundred and fifty thalers—my God! I dare not refuse any prospect for you. If I alone were concerned, Lora—the Almighty—"

She pressed his hand and clung to him.

"Lora," he began again, "must it be so?"
She nodded in silence.

"Ah, child, I had hoped for something different," he sighed.
"And I too," was her inward thought; but she made no reply.

(To be Continued.)
TAKES OFF FACE TO WASH IT.

Artificial Jaws and Checks for Victim of Accident.

Dr. Delair has just presented to the members of the French Academy of Medicine a man with an artificial face. In consequence of an accident with a gun while out shooting, the man had his chin, the lower part of the lower jaw, lips, a portion of his tongue, and the whole of his upper jaw and nose blown away. These have been replaced by artificial parts and the doctor's patient expressed astonishment at the marvelous ingenuity with which the work had been done.

The mechanical face is in four pieces. The first consists of a silver groove, into which some of the lower teeth are fixed. This is attached to a dental apparatus of tin, into which are fixed the remaining teeth. The second piece consists of a dental apparatus in vulcanite and gold for the upper row of nine teeth. This is fitted to two small protuberances, which fit into the nasal cavities. This also fills up the right sinus, which was smashed in. At the back is a piece of gold mechanism with hooks, used to fasten on the face piece.

The third piece of the mechanical face consists of the chin and lower lip. This is of India rubber, painted to resemble nature. Over the chin a false beard is fixed. At the back are a couple of small bolts, which pass through holes of the teeth and fix the lip to the artificial lower jaw. The fourth and last piece of the apparatus consists of the upper lip, nose, also in India rubber, and painted to which is attached a false mustache. At the back are two small clasps, to which the upper dental piece and jaw are fixed.

The man is able to masticate his food with comparative ease. From a distance of a few feet the appearance of his face is quite natural. He can take off his artificial face himself, and washes it in soap and water every day.

The Farm

FATTENING FARM CHICKENS.

Mr. A. W. Foley, Poultry Superintendent in Alberta, in the first bulletin published by the Alberta Department of Agriculture, deals especially with the question of fattening chickens in the following words:

"A visit to almost any store or market handling poultry will demonstrate that a large amount of the dressed poultry offered for sale is poorly fleshed and equally poorly dressed. This is not because the demand for poultry is small, but through ignorance of the best method of fattening and dressing birds. The fact is that in but few cases have the birds received any particular attention in the way of preparing them for market. Of recent years it has been demonstrated that poultry should be specially fattened in much the same way as beef, mutton or pork, in order to produce the best results. It is as reasonable to confine poultry to being fattened as the larger animals. The simplest method of doing this is by the crate-feeding system outlined below, but many a farmer can obtain improved results if the birds intended for sale were only confined in a suitable shed with a clean floor, good ventilation, and such foods as would be fed were the birds being fattened in crates. The crate system is much the better plan, however, and it is advisable to adopt it whenever possible.

During the past few years the crate feeding of chickens for market has been introduced from England, and has made substantial progress in Canada, because it has proved to be the most satisfactory means of preparing poultry for market. The work of fattening is readily conducted in the crates. The gain in live weight made by the birds ranges from one to three pounds per chicken during the fattening period.

Crated chickens command an increased price per pound because they supply a much larger percentage of meat than the lean. The flesh is also more tender and palatable, because it is produced by the wholesome food that is of necessity fed during the fattening period. The confining of birds in crates also tends to render the muscular tissue less tough, and in properly-fattened birds there should be an almost entire absence of such tissue.

To illustrate the gains which can be obtained by crate feeding, the following figures, taken from the results obtained at the Dominion Government Breeding Station, Bowmanville, Ontario, are given:

Number of chickens fed, 434; cost of purchase, \$93.24; cost of feed, \$23.65; total cost of chickens and feed, \$116.89; amount received at 15 cents per pound, \$235.95; profit over cost, \$119.06.

The birds fattened in this lot were of a desirable type, and the results, as will be observed, were exceptionally good, showing a profit of over 100 per cent. for three weeks of fattening. Some allowance must be made, however, for killing and dressing, as these are not included in the above statement.

As stated elsewhere in this bulletin, the type of bird that is capable of producing the best results in egg production is also the best type of bird to produce flesh in the fattening crate.

In order to have the chickens plump and well fleshed for the market when they are at the most profitable age, they should be placed in fattening crates when they are between three and four months old. It is not meant by this that the chickens cannot be fattened profitably when they are more than four months old. Suitable market chickens will show gains in the crate at any age, but the most profitable gains are made by birds weighing 3½ pounds to 4 pounds.

The fattening crates are 6 feet long, 15 inches wide and 20 inches high, inside measurements. Each crate is divided by two light wooden partitions into three compartments, and each compartment holds four birds. The frame pieces are two inches wide and ¾ of an inch thick. This frame is covered with slats placed lengthwise on three sides—bottom, back and top—and perpendicular in front. The slats for the bottom are ¾ of an inch wide and ¾ of an inch thick; the back, top and front slats are the same width, but only ½ of an inch thick. The space between the slats in front are two inches wide to enable the chicken to feed from the trough. The bottom slats are 1½ inches apart, with the exception of the space at the back of the crate, which is 2½ inches wide. The bottom slats are always placed upon the top of the cross pieces of the frame. This is done to prevent any injury to the chickens' feet should the crate be moved and placed on the ground when full of birds. The back slats are placed lengthwise 1½ inches apart, and the top slats are also placed lengthwise 2 inches apart. Two strips should be nailed under the top slats, near the ends of each division, and hinged to the framework. When the slats are swung above the partitions, doors are formed for putting in birds.

The crates are placed on stands 16 inches from the ground and the droppings from the chickens received on sand or other absorbent material. A light "V" shaped trough 2½ inches inside is placed in front of each crate, and is carried on two brackets nailed to the ends of the crate. The bottom of the trough should be 4 inches above the bottom of the crate and the upper inside edge 2 inches from the crate.

In fattening for the market it is always advisable to use the fattening crate described in this bulletin. If only a small number of chickens are to be fattened packing boxes of suitable dimensions can be adapted for the purpose. The open top of the box should become the bottom of the crate, and one side should be removed for the front. Laths should be nailed up and down the front and lengthwise on the bottom to form the floor. The laths should be placed the same distance apart as recommended in the construction of the regular fattening crate. A board should be loosened in the top of the box to remove the birds, and a feed trough arranged in front.

In warm weather the crate should be placed out-doors in a sheltered place. In unsettled weather it is advisable to construct a rough-board shelter above the crate so as to shed the rain; or the fattening should be carried on inside a shed or barn.

During cold weather the crates should be placed in a warm building. Abundant ventilation is required at all times.

Killing Lice.—Before the birds are put into crates they should be well dusted with sulphur, or any good louse-killer, to kill any lice on them. They should be treated again three days before they are killed.

Feather-Plucking.—Birds that are fattening in crates sometimes pluck the feathers from one another. This habit is caused by irritation at the roots of the feathers, and results either from over-heated blood or parasites. The remedy is to remove the chickens that do the plucking and feed the others more skim milk, or add animal food and vegetable matter to the fattening ration.

If the trouble is caused by parasites, they will be found in the white powdery matter at the base of the quill. A sulphur and lard ointment should be applied to the affected parts.

Feeding.—It is necessary to feed the birds lightly the first few days they are in the crates, not feeding all they will consume. The food should be given twice a day, and after the birds have eaten what they require, the balance should be removed and the troughs turned over. Fresh water should be supplied daily, and grit two or three times a week.

Fattening Rations.—A satisfactory fattening ration is one that is palatable, and that will produce a white-colored flesh. Oats, finely ground, or with the coarser hulls sifted out, have proved the best grain for fattening, and should form the basis of all the grain mixtures. The most suitable meals for fattening are ground oats, buckwheat, barley and low-grade flour.

Satisfactory mixtures of meal:
(1) Ground oats (coarse hulls removed).
(2) Siftings from rolled oats (no hulling dust should be included).
(3) Two parts ground oats, two parts ground buckwheat, one part corn.
(4) Equal parts of ground oats, ground barley and ground buckwheat.
(5) Two parts of ground barley, two parts of low-grade flour and one part of wheat bran.

The meal should be mixed to a thin porridge with sour milk, skim milk, or buttermilk. On the average, 10 pounds of meal require from 12 to 15 pounds of water.

When sufficient skim milk or buttermilk cannot be obtained for mixing the mash, a quantity of meat meal, blood meal or beef scraps and raw vegetables should be added to the fattening ration. A good proportion is one part of the meat meal to fifteen of oatmeal.

The birds should remain in the fattening crates for a period not exceeding 24 days. Some birds will fatten more rapidly than others, and should, therefore, be removed from the crate, and killed as soon as ready. During the last week it is well to feed a little beef tallow, shaved into the trough, or melted and mixed in the mash. About one pound of tallow to 50 or 60 chickens per day is a fair allowance.

CURIOUS BURGLAR TOOLS.

Up-to-date Crackmen Now Use Rats and Dogs.

Rats and dogs must now be included among the assistants of the expert burglar. The animals are used by the burglar to ascertain if the coast is clear, the mode of operation being somewhat as follows:

"The cracksmen" may have fixed upon certain premises where he suspects there are burglary alarms. He accordingly forces open a small window and puts through two or three rats, brought to the scene in a basket. Accompanying him also is a ratting terrier, and this animal he also puts through the window. If there is a burglary alarm anywhere about, the barking of the dog after the rats will set it in motion, and the burglar leaves the dog and the rats to their fate. Should there be no ringing of bells he enters.

"Another common dodge is for the burglar to send a telegram to a suburban housewife as follows: 'Come at once to Hospital. Husband very ill.' Should the telegram effect its purpose the burglar sets to work.

"Oysters are sometimes aids to a felony. After the husband has gone a man will call at a house with two or three dozen oysters displayed on a tray. These, he will declare, have been ordered by the master of the house, and while they are being gathered up by the servant or wife a second rogue will enter the house by the back door, pick up all he can, and hide. In a little while the oyster-man will return with the statement that he has mistaken the house. The oysters will be brought back to him, and while they are being placed one by one on his tray his confederate finishes his work and makes his escape."