

THE SACRIFICE;

—OR—
FOR HER FAMILY'S SAKE.

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued).

She had a long time to wait. Could he have forgotten that she was waiting here? And Katie was by no means accustomed to wait. What did she care if he had promised a book to Lora? What did it mean? Katie made up her mind to study this book a little, before she gave it to Lora. She did not believe in this sort of thing. Lora was a hypocrite. She so often blushed when they met the doctor in the walks, or when any one mentioned his name. Katie suddenly stamped her foot and clenched her fist. She could have shaken Lora for sheer vexation, and yet she did not know for what. She would go away, and yet she was held back by the thought that she must find out what it was about the book. At last he came. The book was wrapped up in a newspaper. "Were you afraid?" he asked. "You ought to have gone in to my mother." "I am not afraid," she replied crossly. She snatched the book out of his hand. "Is there anything else I can do?" "No, Fraulein von Tollen knows about it. But perhaps it may interest you to know that I cannot give the lesson in literature next Thursday, because I am going away for a week." "Indeed! A pleasant journey!" She meant it to sound very indifferent. "It is not a journey of pleasure," he remarked, "I am going to a philology meeting in Mainz. But we will go now. I will accompany you home." "No, thank you," she replied, "I should much prefer to go alone. Good-evening." Katie fled through the garden, out into the street, as if she feared pursuit. Not until she got into the street that led into the town did she go more slowly; but then the book burned like fire in her hand. She stopped under a gas-lamp beside the bridge, and looked at the packet. It was tied up with a string and fastened with a seal. Her mouth took on a cold, scornful expression, which made the young face look older by many years. Her fingers twitched as if they must break the seal, but she left it unopened. "It is shameful!" she murmured, hurrying on with redoubled haste. She rushed noisily into the door of her father's house, and, as she heard Lora's voice in the kitchen, she stood the next moment before her sister, who was busy at the stove, getting ready for father's supper. "Here!" she exclaimed in a hoarse tone, holding out the packet to Lora, "here is your book." "What book?" was the surprised inquiry. "The book from Dr. Schonberg. You needn't look so surprised. Take it. I am not anxious to stand here holding it to you." Lora took the sauceman, in which her father's broth was cooking, from the fire, and then took the packet. Katie stood with folded arms, watching her sister as she stood at the kitchen-table before the little kerosene lamp, untied the string, and took a book out of the wrapper. As she opened it a slip of paper fell to the floor, unobserved by her. Katie did not stir. Lora shook her head. "A Greek lexicon—Katie, there must be some mistake." The young girl laughed aloud. "The explanation is lying at your feet, Lora," she cried. "Probably Schonberg hadn't an idea that you would find it so hard to comprehend; otherwise he would no doubt have written on the outside of the packet, 'A billett-doux within.'" Lora stooped quickly and picked up the note; she read it, blushing deeply: "I did not meet you to-day, Lora, and I wanted to see you. I must talk with you about speaking to your father, for I cannot bear this sort of thing any longer. Make up your mind, and come to-night, after dinner, to my mother. I have told her everything. I must say good-bye to you for eight long days. I have just found a letter which calls me to Mainz. If you love me, Lora, grant my request."

He was sitting in his arm-chair by the stove, smoking, as usual. "I should think you had been grinding the meal," was his greeting to his daughter. "Punctuality has gone out of fashion. Where is your mother?" "She is downstairs in the parlor, with Aunt Melitta; Frau Becher has only just gone." "What do those old women want anyway? I could hear that old Becher shrieking all the way up here." "She wanted to inquire how I was after the ball," replied Lora, shrugging her shoulders. The major, who had been drinking his broth, wiped off his moustache and laughed. "An old cat, eh, Lora?" "Yes, papa." "And that pack have millions, and they don't even know how to spend it decently. And we must go hungry. There must be something wrong with the regulations up above, or else that fellow Adalbert would be making shoes for the regiment, eh, Lora? Or do you like him?" She stroked his unshaven cheek tenderly. "Dear papa," she said. "Lora," called Frau von Tollen. The daughter hurried to the door. "Yes, mamma." "Aunt Melitta will stay to tea," was the answer; "boil a few eggs." She ran down the stairs in dismay. That was stupid of Aunt Melitta. "But soft, child, very soft," called out the old Fraulein, after her. When a few minutes later, Lora carried the tea into the little dining-room, she found her mother, aunt, and sister already sitting there. Rudolph's place, next to her own, was vacant. The major always took his supper in his own room. Fraulein Melitta was excessively talkative, and she appealed continually to Lora. "I was just saying to your mother, Lora, that one ought never to judge too quickly. This Frau Becher is really a charming woman; a perfect lady, Lora." "She takes almost as much upon herself as if she were one," remarked Katie. "Katie, I must beg that you will not be so ready to give your very unripe opinions," said Aunt Melitta reprovingly and her curls shook all over her head; "besides, I was not speaking to you. I spoke to Lora." "Lora has no time to-day to think about Frau Becher," replied Katie, sticking an egg with her knife, "have you Lora?" "We have some secrets to talk over, by-and-by—about papa's birthday." "After tea, I hope," said her mother. "Yes, mamma." Lora cast a grateful glance at her sister, but Katie looked through her as though she did not exist. "Really, I have seldom seen anything so tasteful as the Becher's furniture," began Aunt Melitta, again. "Only fancy, dear Marie," she continued, turning to her sister-in-law, "the salon is fitted up with violet velvet, and in the boudoir, adjoining, they have maize-colored satin, embroidered with flowers—a charming effect. I shall decorate my next doll's house like it; and moreover, Frau Becher declares that the upper rooms, which her son partly occupies now, and which he will fit up entirely when he gets married, are much handsomer. The bride whom Adalbert may choose will not find it necessary to bring more than her personal wardrobe with her, for everything else is already there." "Except decent ideas," murmured Katie, fortunately so low that her aunt could not understand her, and had to ask what the young lady said. "Oh, nothing," replied the latter; "I was only talking to myself; it is a habit I have." "Yes; and Adalbert Becher told me yesterday, that he would not go anywhere but to Italy on his wedding-journey. He has often been in the land where the golden orange glows; 'Thither, oh, thither—' Lora, how does it go? 'I would go, O my beloved, with thee!' My poor dear Plover used to sing it so beautifully." Lora suddenly got up. "Will you excuse me, mamma?" "Yes, but make haste; for papa wants to play a rubber of whist. As auntie is here, we can easily manage it if you play too." "Mamma," stammered Lora. "Go now, quickly, child. You know your father is so impatient." Lora, followed by her sister, ran through the dark hall into the little salon, which was opposite the dining-room. It was a very plain room, dimly lighted by the kerosene lamp, which still unheeded of extravagance!—was burning on the table before which the ladies had been sitting with Frau Becher. It was all very poor and plain, and yet there was an air about it that always gave a visitor a sense of comfort. The walnut furniture, with its polish worn off, an old-fashioned mirror, in a horribly ugly gold frame, over the console, between the muslin curtains, with a clock in front of it which had long since ceased to go; a large flowered carpet, before the sofa; on the right and left an arm-chair, an old

embroidered fire-screen, a little table, on which stood an alabaster vase, which here and there showed marks of repair, and a writing-table, a very useless piece of furniture, covered with little knick-knacks from better days, when the mistress of the house was young and beautiful. Here Lora sank into a chair. "Katie," she cried, "you must help me!" "No!" replied the perverse girl. "But you don't know—" "And I don't want to know." "Katie," Lora went up to her with clasped hands, "we have always been fond of each other—I love him so much, Katie—do help me!" The younger girl's face grew pale as death. "You cannot have such a foolish prejudice, Katie, as that we are not suited to one another because I happen to be called Lora von Tollen, and he Ernest Schonberg. Katie, he is such a dear, splendid fellow, and you like him, too—" "No!" gasped Katie. "I must speak to him this evening," said Lora, taking another tone. "If you will not help me, then I must manage for myself. I only ask you to say nothing." "That is of course," replied her sister, with a curling lip. "Lora, Lora!" sounded a voice outside, "your papa is waiting." "Katie," implored the young girl, "I cannot get out—I beg of you—no one will miss you; run over to Frau Pastor Schonberg's, and say I cannot come, much as I would like to—" "In the name of all the devils!" thundered the major, at the head of the stairs, "what are you about? Will you come?" Lora flew to the door. "I am coming, papa, this moment! Katie, for Heaven's sake go! Say I will be at the station to-morrow morning, at half-past seven. It is no matter if some one does see us, I beg of you to go, Katie, if you care for me at all, and I will thank you all my life. Tell him not to fret—" Her eyes were full of tears. "Oh, yes," murmured Katie, and Lora flew upstairs. Katie did really put a shawl round her and steal out of the house. She knew she would not be missed; every one would think she was writing her exercise. It was a dark, stormy night; the lanterns, which were swung across the street, swayed in the wind. The young girl walked very fast; though she did not realize it herself, she almost ran. Her head seemed burning, and the whole world seemed to be turning round with her, she felt so oppressed and so melancholy; and yet she was angry. She thought what a comfort it would be if she could seize Lora by the arm, and shake her, and say to her very face: "You serpent—you hypocrite!" As she drew near to the Schonberg's garden-gate, she began to walk more slowly; she felt about in the dark for the latch, for there was no lamp here, and she looked for the small ray of light over the blinds of the Frau Pastorin. It was all dark in his room upstairs. All at once she felt her hand seized, and the next moment an arm was thrown around her, and a kiss was pressed on her lips. "Lora, Lora, thank God, you have come!" murmured a passionate voice. She was quite overwhelmed by this, and for the moment she could not utter a word. Not until he had kissed her forehead and her hand, and repeated, "Lora, my Lora!" did she find strength to free herself from his arms, and thrust him away. "It is I," she said hoarsely. "Katie—Lora could not come." "At this moment he remained silent. Then Katie sounded in her ear in a tone of vexation and disappointment. "I could not help it," she murmured, beginning to sob. "No, no; only you must excuse me, Fraulein Katie. I hope Lora confided in you. But won't you come in?" His voice now sounded as cool and composed as if he were at his desk. At this moment the house-door opened; light streamed out into the darkness, and the small figure of the Frau Pastorin appeared like a silhouette in the frame of the doorway. "Is my little daughter there?" she asked in a low and pleasant tone. "No, mother; it is Fraulein Katie." "Will you not come in?" the old lady asked, repeating her son's invitation. "No, I cannot; I will not," murmured the girl, retreating. "I only wanted to say that Lora could not come; she had to play whist with papa and Aunt Melitta; but she will come to the station if she can, or will write." "Was it really so absolutely impossible?" he inquired bitterly. She shrugged her shoulders. "Lora said so—but Lora is a coward," she muttered passionately; "if I—it it had been me—good-night!" She disappeared suddenly in the darkness. When he hurried after her to the gate, he could perceive no trace of her in the lonely, dimly-lighted street. "Let the little will-o'-the-wisp go; what can happen to her in Westenberg?" he murmured, and went back in a rather angry mood. Lora ought to have come, he thought; she ought to have found ways and means. Why should she be so particular when it regarded the happiness of two people? Was it not a rather petty trait? He stood before his mother with a pale face. "Well, well," said the old lady comfortingly, putting the cake-plate and the teacups carefully away; which had been taken out for the refreshment of the expected guest. "These are a lover's troubles, my boy. Don't fret; it will all come right." Lora sat at the whist-table, with the cards in her hand, and listened to every footstep that went by in the street.

"Confound it, look what you are about!" shouted the major, who was her partner. "I played clubs. The way you play is enough to drive one mad!" She looked at him absently. "There comes Katie upstairs," said Fraulein Melitta, as she trumped the trick. "Thank you, Lora; we are sure to win now." "The devil may play with you!" thundered the old man, flinging his cards on the table. "I would rather have a dummy." Lora got up hastily and went to the door. "Come here!" shouted the major; "sit down and pay attention. How else will you ever learn?" She returned obediently and sat down at the table again, like a marble statue. Now and then the major asked her a question: "Well, child, how would you manage that? How would you play?" She looked at him with an anxious glance as her thoughts came back from her lover. "Papa, I have a bad headache," she said in excuse, as the cuckoo-clock struck ten, and the cards were shuffled again. "Go to bed, then, for all I care," grumbled the major, as he arranged his cards. She said "Good-night," and went quickly to her sister's room. Katie was sitting on her bed; her cheeks burned like fire, and her eyes looked fixedly at Lora. "Katie," cried Lora breathlessly, taking her sister's cold hand in hers, "did you see him? What did he say? Was he angry?" Katie shook her head. "I told him what you said, and what else had I to do?" she replied, turning away. "No, nothing else. I thank you, Katie," was the disappointed reply. "But are you ill?" she asked, as a slight shiver passed over the frame of the young girl. "No, let me alone." "Don't be so horrid, Katie. When a girl loves a man, she doesn't think about his family tree." Katie laughed shortly, but she did not reply. Lora made an attempt to stroke her hair, but her sister thrust her away. "Let me alone!" she repeated. "Good-night, Katie," said Lora, and went away. She had hardly shut the door behind her when the bolt was shot and she thought she heard pat sonate sohs. "Katie!" she called once, but all was still. She went into her room and began to write a letter to Ernest Schonberg: "Yes, Ernest, it is better that you should ask my father's consent as soon as possible. I am so anxious and afraid. As soon as you come back from Mainz, come to papa, and I will prepare him. I wish you a pleasant journey, but don't forget." "Your Lora." "In case of an emergency," she murmured, "if I cannot go to the station, Katie must take it. She will have had her cry out by that time, and will get reconciled to it, the foolish, proud child!" She stayed awake for a long time yet, and read, in Scheffel's "Trompeter von Sakkinen." The lamp lighted up her pure, beautiful face, which looked so happy at this moment, when she was dreaming over a charming poem. Then she started up suddenly. The outer door shut. "Rudolf!" she cried, and, like a heavy weight, the anxious reality settled down on her spirit. (To be Continued.)

TRAVELLING TELEPHONES.

The Civil and Military Gazette reports that Lord Kitchener has accepted for use in India a form of movable telephone, which can be employed with great facility in the field. The cable weighs only seven pounds per mile, but is so well insulated that it can be stretched across a stream of water without loss of current. It withstands a strain of 120 pounds. An apparatus for placing and removing the cable, working automatically, and capable of being attached to a saddle, is employed. Recently in the Punjab a horseman, proceeding at a gallop, placed the cable over a distance of two miles in seven minutes. To remove it 18 minutes were required.

FORTUNES TOLD FROM TEA-LEAVES.

After a tea-party or a picnic it adds to the general entertainment if the hostess can read her guests' fortunes in their teacups. An old lady who has built up quite a reputation in this way has revealed to us how she does it. "Is the first place," she says, "you must turn the cup upside down above the saucer, and slowly revolve it three times. Then start your inspection. If there are any drops of tea adhering to the cup, it is a sign of tears to come. A long line of leaves means a journey, and if the line is broken, a sea voyage. A little square patch means a letter. A circle means a proposal of marriage, and a short line means a visitor. Then there will be patches resembling animals and objects, such as birds, etc. Having observed all these indications, you start to weave your story, using your imagination freely, but keeping everything within the bounds of possibility, from your knowledge of your guest's character and circumstances."

Howell—"A good deal depends on the formation of early habits." Dowell—"I know it. When I was a baby my mother paid a woman to wheel me about, and I have been pushed for money ever since."

FAMOUS DEATH VALLEY

IT HAS BEEN THE SCENE OF MANY TRAGEDIES.

Gradually Losing Its Terrors—Railroads Entering—Stories of Robbery and Bloodshed.

The famous Death Valley of Colorado is losing its terrors. Perhaps no other area of equal size in the world has been the scene of so many tragedies and dastardly crimes. Now the hand of civilization is reclaiming this devil's garden of the West. It will be Death Valley in name only, or as a memory, in but a few more years. Formerly only desperate characters lived on the desert, but within the last few years they have been practically thinned out, and the advent of railroads and the consequent rush of miners will complete the renovation.

OLD DAYS OF CRIME.

The desert characters are not so dangerous as they were even a few years ago. There are several settlements of "Arabs" scattered throughout the desert, one of these being not far from the borax mines, where they are within easy reach of passing teams. There was another band that hibernated near the Black Crater, in San Bernardino County, several miles east of Johannesburg. Like the Orientals from whom they were named they left without being allowed the formality of folding their blankets.

At Leake's Springs about forty miles from Johannesburg, was a "Robbers' Roost," the most noted and dangerous spot on the desert. It was settled in the early days by criminals, principally from Los Angeles. Here they held up the first wagon train from Salt Lake bound to Southern California, killing several, burning the wagons after plundering them and taking the stock. These thieves, like pirates waiting for a treasure ship, waylaid and robbed the borax wagons after pay days, and killed the teamsters if they resisted. Mining prospectors who passed that way were never seen again. In addition to the ranch house of the robbers there was a saloon.

BEGINNING OF GRAVEYARD.

Now there is only a row of stones marking the lines of the walls. Nearly on a sloping mesa was an old Indian camping ground, where agate, jasper and obsidian chippings are found. From a peak above, a figure resembling an elephant's head, carved by the hand of nature, seemed to be looking down upon the desolate and once bloody scene. There was a pitched battle between the outlaws and the Indians, but the red men were vanquished by the longer range arms of the paleface.

In the Valley of Death at Saratoga Springs, on the banks of the shallow Amagosa River, are the ruins of two stone houses, one of which was a store and the other a saloon. This spot was settled in the early days—more than half a century ago—and the place did a lively business, as the road was spotted with teams. Nearby is a graveyard. The place bore a bad name, and more than one teamster was killed and robbed at this oasis. Local tradition records a noted gun fight between a teamster and his "swampier" in which both were killed, and this was the beginning of the graveyard. A "swampier" is a helper who walks along and helps the teamster manage the line, pulls on the wagon brakes and also assists the teamster in swearing.

WORK HARD AND DON'T WORRY

Rules for Living to be 100 Given by Mrs. Brown, Who is 105.

Mrs. Johanna Harper Brown, of Worcester, Mass., who celebrated her 105th birthday the other day, delivered a short lecture on the value of hard work for prolonging one's days. The boys and girls have too easy a time, Mrs. Brown thinks, and depend too much upon their elders to clothe and feed them. Plenty of hard work is good medicine, according to Mrs. Brown, and she adds that if she had not worked hard all her life she would have been dead long ago. She thinks it better for a woman to work hard than to waste her energy carrying a poodle dog.

"A great fault of most women to-day is that they worry too much," said Mrs. Brown. "Worrying isn't going to help them at all and I always made a practice not to worry and fret. 'Just take things as they come, and take it easy. When women do that they will live to be as old as I am.'"

Mrs. Brown is also certain that the same rule applied to man will lengthen his days. Mrs. Brown was born in Montreal and went to Massachusetts eighty-four years ago, making the trip overland by wagon and on horseback. She was of a family of six children and the mother of eight. Her hearing is perfect, she reads newspapers without glasses and daily climbs a flight of stairs unaided to visit neighbors in the house on Lake street, where she lives with her daughter. She believes in the old order of meals: breakfast at 7, lunch at noon and supper at 6. At the birthday celebration this week there were ninety descendants of Mrs. Brown present and five generations.

"What do you call your little dog?" "I used to call him William until he had fits, and now I call him Fitzwilliam!"