

# THE SACRIFICE;

—OR—  
FOR HER FAMILY'S SAKE.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.—(Continued.)

Lora in the mean time went from picture to picture, but she saw nothing. A perfect storm of emotions was raging within her.

She stood on the steps of the high altar and listened to a long lecture from the Madonna, but she did not understand a word. She only heard that voice that she had never expected to hear again, as it came up to her from below.

The gentlemen, in eager conversation, walked toward the door. When he reached the door the general looked round for Lora. She hurried up and went out past them into the narrow street, and the others slowly followed. The doctor seemed unable to keep his eyes off the slender figure before him, as if he must make up for the time she had been lost to him.

She seemed to feel this gaze, and she opened her parasol and laid it over her shoulder, though the sun was shining in her face.

At length she stopped before the Palazzo Madama. "I am very tired, uncle," she said.

"You had better drive home, then, and I will trot after you," replied the old gentleman, looking anxiously at her pale face. "I have company; do you lie down and rest." And he called for a carriage.

"Yes—good-bye!" She nodded pleasantly, and the carriage rolled away.

At home she lay down obediently, and closed her eyes, which burned like fire. She longed so for rest, but her heart beat and throbbed horribly. If she only need never have seen him again!

"If only uncle will not bring him home to dinner," she thought; "I cannot bear it." And yet she hoped for it.

No, the old gentleman came alone. But they had made an appointment for the following day, to visit the Lateran Museum.

But Lora would not go out the next morning. What ailed her? She was not usually so capricious. The general went away alone, grumbling. He had appointed a meeting with Schonberg at a restaurant on the Circo, and he turned his steps thither.

Lora sat down by the open door of the balcony, for the sun was shining outside, and filled the little court with delightful warmth. She had taken up a piece of work, and as she looped herself under her hands, she thought of her own fate and that of her family, only to arrive at the same conclusion as ever, that all happiness was over forever for her, for there was no one in the world for her but him, and he stood on the other side of Katie's grave, and that quiet, green mound was raised between them—an insuperable obstacle. She was so deep in thought that she did not hear Gemma's voice in the corridor: "The signora is at home."

A moment later he was standing before her, tall and stately, in his simple gray travelling costume, and the sunlight that streamed through the whole room played about his brown hair and made the eyes that were gazing at her more brilliant than usual.

"I have missed your uncle," he said, drawing up a chair. "Will you allow me to rest for the walk has tired me a little; this Rome is very fascinating. How happens it that you are not out in the sun and air, too?"

She sat opposite him, surprised and confused.

"I felt tired, too," she replied.

"I hope I am not disturbing you, Lora?" he said gently, calling her by her name, which he had hitherto avoided. "Confess that you wish me a thousand miles away—isn't it so? Shall I go?"

"Yes," she said frankly, "go." And she drew a long breath.

"Only a few words more, Lora. Who knows when we shall see each other alone again? I wanted to ask you to let the past be forgotten."

She looked at him with anger in her eyes. His speech sounded foolish to her. As if one could blot out the past from one's memory at a word!

"Oh," she said slowly, and her voice sounded bitter rather than ironical, "why should we bring up all that? You told me long ago that you had forgotten, though you did not say it in words." And she remembered how she had received the announcement of his engagement here on this very spot.

"I have expressed myself badly; I meant to forgive instead of forget. And I swear to you, Lora, that I do not bear malice against you, that you—"

She turned her head away proudly. "It is very kind of you. You think, then, that I gave you up for a mere whim, from a desire to be a rich woman, for Heaven knows what—some incomprehensible reason—that—"

"I do not think anything of the sort, for I know that you—I have forgiven, and I do not blame you any more, but you ought to forgive, too, Lora."

"Accept the assurance of my full pardon, though I do not know what it is for."

# The Farm

## PIG BREEDING.

There is every probability that the supply of hogs for the market next summer will be short, and prices high. Owing to the scarcity and high price of feed, many breeding sows have been sent to the butcher's market, and the stock of pigs reduced to a lower limit than usual; and, unless the coming spring proves unusually favorable for the expected litters, there is sure to be a shortage of suitable sows for the packing-houses. As a rule, April is a safe month in which to have the litters come, as they need not be long confined to close quarters, and are much safer to thrive if allowed to run out on the ground for exercise in fine weather. The period of gestation in the case of the sow is generally sixteen weeks to a day or two, no other class of stock producing so nearly within the allotted time. To facilitate the service where a large, heavy sire is in use, or, indeed, in any case, whether the boar be large or small, a breeding crane kept in his pen is a great convenience and saving of time, and those who have adopted it would not think of doing without it. As a rule, one service is sufficient, and as effectual as more, though, in the case of sows that have proved difficult to settle, a second service at a later day of the period of heat may prove successful. The sow, after service, should be kept quiet in a pen alone for a day or two, or until her heat has passed.

Success in securing litters depends largely on the treatment of the pregnant sow. Regular exercise, and plenty of it, is essential, and to this end the feed should be, to some extent, whole grain, scattered upon the ground or upon a plank platform, to keep the sows on their feet. A raw mangel or sugar beet thrown on the ground to scoop, will also tend to keep them employed. Gold, sloppy feed fed to the sow is believed to have a bad effect on the pigs she is carrying and if meal is fed, it is safer to give it dry, the water or swill being given in a separate trough. A mixture of pulped mangels and cut clover or clover leaves, with a little meal sprinkled over it, is ideal feed for a brood sow.

A dry bed in an open shed, or one with an open door to the barnyard, where she can go out at any time, is a better arrangement than keeping the sow in a close pen where regular exercise is not easily available. If a litter is due to come in the winter months, provision should be made to secure sufficient warmth. The sow should become accustomed to her quarters a couple of weeks before she is due to farrow. If the pen is not considered warm enough, it may be improved in that respect by putting up extra studding by the outer walls, tacking rough lumber on them, and filling in between with straw or horse manure. A second covering overhead of a temporary character will also help to make the place warmer. The sow's feed at this time should be relaxing, in order to avoid constipation. Root and bran slop will tend to keep the bowels open. The bedding should be of dry, short straw, and not too plentiful. It is well to keep watch over the sow when her time is up, and to see that the little ones do not get away from her side. As a rule, it is not wise to interfere more than is necessary with the sow, but if she is restless, and gets to rising often, it is well to have a basket at hand, covered with a blanket, in which to put the pigs till all are born and the sow is quiet, when they should be placed beside her, and, if necessary, helped to find the needed nourishment. The sow should not be disturbed for feeding for twelve hours after farrowing, and only a warm drink of bran slop given. Her feed for the first two or three days should be light, and gradually increased.

## LIVE STOCK NOTES.

Gather the eggs three or four times a day, or they will chill. Eggs should be kept in a temperature not below 50 degrees if intended for hatching.

The farmer's horse in winter, if not hard worked, will do better, and his coat look better, if wintered on bright straw and two quarts of oats night and morning, than if fed all the good timothy hay he will eat.

Do not keep the cows too closely confined, let them become accustomed to remaining out every day that is not stormy. Unless ventilation and sanitation be perfect, confining cows all the time weakens their constitution, and their health is liable to be damaged. Cows in this condition are much more liable to disease.

You often hear it said that "like begets like." As a rule this is true; yet it is on the deviation from this rule that our hopes for improvement depend. Some of the offspring will be better than their progenitors; others not so good. Breed only from the best. If you breed from a good dam, and a sire whose dam is good, you have a strong point in breeding. Do not make the mistake of trying to breed for the greatest yield of milk, butter, cheese and beef in the same animals. Breed for a purpose. There is no such thing as a general-purpose cow, horse or hen. The cow that produces 900 pounds of but-

# A Broken Vow;

—OR—  
BETTER THAN REVENGE.

## CHAPTER I.

"Turn your face towards London! What do you see?"

The man on the bed was too weak to turn, and kept his gaze fixed upon the ceiling above him. The woman who sat beside the bed, with her elbows propped on her knees and her chin supported in her palms, stared before her as though she could look straight through the wall of that upper room in the Hotel of the Three Skaters in the good city of Antwerp. Very slowly, as though she saw a vision afar off, she answered the weak voice that had asked the question.

"I see—in that London to which I am going—a girl," she said, speaking grimly enough through her teeth. "All the beauty and the brightness of life that should have been mine have been hers; all the love that has never touched this barren, desolate heart of mine has belonged to her. Child of a father whose name has been a byword, she has grown up in ignorance; she does not understand how she is hated and despised; she is to understand it now."

"Good—very good," came the whisper from the man in the bed. "You have not been taught your lesson for nothing, Olive; you do not bear your mother's name for nothing. The shadows are closing fast about me. It is written in the great Book of Life and Death that my life is to go out here, like the smoke of a poor blown-out lamp. Before I go let me be sure that you understand what you are to do; let me know that all I have prayed and hoped for through so many years will not come to nothing now, when my life closes. Say the words I taught you—on the grave of your young mother—years ago. Say them now!"

A white, thin hand had come out from among the bed-clothes; the hand groped for and reached that of the woman sitting beside the bed. Holding it in both her own, and never relaxing her gaze straight at the wall before her, she spoke very slowly and deliberately:

"In the great London that holds her—young and bright and pure, and unspotted from the world—I am to find her—to give her your message—to fulfill that message. This is it, 'Even as he—your father—robbed and ruined me and mine, so in the time to come I will rob and ruin you, who bear his name. There is no other lesson I have learned; strongly as that; there is no lesson I know so well. I will trick you and yours, as he tricked those who were mine. I will humble you to the dust, as he humbled mine. I will bring you to want and shame and misery, as he brought me and mine.' Is that right?"

"You have not forgotten; you are not of the stuff to forget, Olive. There is a God of vengeance; he shall speak through you. My journey ends here; here yours begins. And you will not fail."

There was silence for a long time in the room—a brooding silence on the part of the woman; silence on the part of the man, because he was at grips with Death, and was facing its approach as sternly as he had always faced Life. After a time he spoke again, without moving:

"You are not afraid, Olive?"

She laughed quietly; over her fine, strong face swept for a moment a little wave of contempt. "Afraid? I have been brought up and trained too strongly for that, father. I never had a girlhood; I don't think I was ever a child. The God I have worshipped has been one who hid his face and was always angry with the world that belonged to Him. You taught me to hate when I was a baby—to hate all sorts of things that seemed good and pleasant. You made me take this oath as regards Lucy Ewing when I was quite a girl. My mother was something to be spoken of in hushed whispers before I could understand what wrong she had done. No; I have not been trained to be afraid of anything. The stuff of which you have made me does not breed emotions."

This was the end of a long journey. To this quiet, quiet little Hotel of the Three Skaters in Antwerp had come a man not yet old—Daniel Varney—and a woman older than her years—his daughter Olive. This was the end of the journey, because Death had stepped in, and stopped it. It was to have ended in London; it was to have finished with a young girl crouching before the indignant figure of this grey-haired man, denouncing her; it was to have been a matter of an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth. Dying, the man left all that bitter business to his daughter, who had been trained carefully enough to follow out that which he had started. It had begun some fifteen years before; and it had begun in this fashion:

Daniel Varney—the man who now lay

ter in a year makes a very modest showing in milk, and the horse that can trot a mile in 2.10 would make a very poor showing at the plow.

at the point of death in the little hotel in Antwerp—had married comparatively late in life, and had married for love. His wife had been a mere girl, and he had not understood her. A grave and elderly man even for his years, he had set about to make her grave an elderly too, before she had done with the bright and pretty things of her girlhood. Gradually he had set up a heavy barrier of distrust and misunderstanding between them; gradually he had driven her further and further away. Even the advent of her girl-baby had not tended to improve matters; it had become a fight between the two as to which should hold the child—a poor struggle, bad for themselves and worse for the girl.

It had gone on until the girl was fourteen or fifteen years of age, and the unhappy mother and father were travelling with her from place to place on the Continent. Daniel Varney was a rich man at the time, and was able to give them, in his own stern, grudging fashion, all that they needed; but love, in the best sense, he gave to no one. At the moment when his hard theories in regard to the education of the girl had clashed most strongly with those of his wife, there came into the story another element.

That element had been Mr. Roland Ewing—bright, happy-go-lucky, worthless—and a widower. He had left behind in England a child of five—a girl. He was travelling in order to overcome a very natural grief at the loss of his wife. Mrs. Daniel Varney was a young woman still, and a pretty one; and she had a desperate heartache, born of fifteen years of coldness and misunderstanding and neglect. They drifted together—and the man was very, very sorry for her, and seemed all at once to be the one being who could understand all that she had missed.

Poor Olive Varney could remember a night when a familiar figure was gone from the house, and from her life; a night when her father stood, like a thing turned to stone, and read a letter in which his wife bade him farewell for the last time. Olive was fifteen then; she was frightened, and did not understand. Unhappy as her life had been, she had always turned instinctively towards the young and pretty mother who had been the brightest thing she had known. That mother was gone, without even a word to herself; and she had gone in such a fashion that her name was never again to be mentioned.

(To be Continued.)

## BITS OF INFORMATION.

### Interesting Items of Knowledge About "Most Everything."

There are about 600,000 people employed in Italy rearing silkworms.

An express engine consumes on an average ten gallons of water per mile. In Chicago loaves of bread must bear the weight and the name of the baker. Lake Huron is dotted with over 3,000 islands. This is more than any other lake has in the world.

According to bakers, people eat 25 per cent. more bread when the weather is cold than when it is mild.

Every year the sacred shrine of Mecca, the "Caaba," is re-covered with a costly carpet sent by the Sultan. A single one of these coverings has cost \$75,000.

Santa Rosa, California, has a church capable of seating 200, all built out of the timber sawn from a single redwood tree.

## Embroidered Belts

NEW belts of white scrim are heavily embroidered in padded roses of embroidery cotton. They are quite a novel fashion, and the loosely woven scrim is such an excellent material for the purpose.

Beltting may also be embroidered in the same way, though for the latter, flatter flowers—forget-me-nots, primroses, daisies—are more satisfactory. Belts are so small and narrow that it takes very little time to ornament them in most elaborate designs, and they may be carried around so easily that no time need be wasted for the work may always be on hand.

## VERSE ADVICE.

A gentle word, gently spoken,  
O' saves your face from being broken.

Alaska babies do not cry. They try it and then give up the bad habit from choice. To this desirable end they are gently persuaded by their mothers. When a baby begins to cry the mother takes a pot of water, fills her mouth with the liquid, and squirts it into the face of the weeping infant. If the cry increases in force, so does the stream of water. No word is spoken, no blow is struck, but the victory is sure. Very soon the infant begins to connect weeping with the squirting of water in its face. Becoming firmly convinced that the two things are connected, the