

# THE SACRIFICE;

OR  
FOR HER FAMILY'S SAKE.

## CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued).

Frau von Tollen had just been speaking, and a man's voice was replying. Katie sank down involuntarily on the threshold, and remained there on her knees, leaning her aching head on the stone door-post. He, too, Boia of them! Good God! What did it mean? Her head felt frightfully confused. A horrible dread seemed to paralyze her; for the first time there came over her a feeling of bitter shame of her wrongdoing, a deadly fear of what might be the result of passions that she had so carelessly called into play.

The gentlemen were now speaking exclusively. The voice of the one and of the other alternated in her ears—once even she heard her own name.

"Where is Fraulein Katie?"

"I think she must be with my mother," replied Ernest.

"I imagine she is sitting with Fraulein Gussie, talking about horses," said Wegstedt. "By the way, this is the night for the bowling club. Why are you not there, Herr Doctor?"

"And why are you not, Herr Lieutenant?"

"I think it is not too pleasant to go and smell kerosene and cigar-smoke in that close place, and it isn't any great fun, either."

"That was exactly my opinion," remarked the doctor.

"Curious," replied Wegstedt carelessly; "and yet you are one of the best players."

Frau von Tollen's low voice was now heard joining in the conversation, and Helen asked if it were not too cool for her mother.

Then Wegstedt spoke again.

"Auntie Tollen, I am going to write to mamma to-night. Have you any message? I have promised Fraulein Katie a side-saddle."

"But that is nonsense, Hans," said Frau von Tollen, in a tone of vexation.

"It is not nonsense at all—I beg your pardon. Why should you think so?" This was said very impatiently. "If you could have seen her on horseback, I wish she would come in, so she—"

He broke off suddenly.

"I don't believe she will come home before ten o'clock," said Helen.

"And does she come home so late alone?" asked the young officer. "Auntie, you ought not to allow that." He got up suddenly as he spoke.

"Perhaps I may go to the club after all," Katie started up and fled upstairs.

She sat down on the top step. She could hear his spurs clinking as he walked across the hall, and then he was gone. "Thank Heaven, he will not see mamma to-night. But Ernest—"

She went back and crouched down again at her post of listener.

She was right. Ernest was speaking. It would be better, he thought, under the existing circumstances, that the engagement should be made public.

"I came here to say this, Frau von Tollen, but I could not speak while Hans von Wegstedt was here. I will not keep you for long, for it is getting damp; but I must entreat you to consider what I have said."

"My dear Ernest, I will think about it. You may be right," was the sorrowful reply.

"Indeed, mamma, it would be the best thing for Katie," said Helen; "it is the only right thing to do. She is getting obstinate and perverse under the constraint of this secrecy. She is very fond of the doctor; and you know, mamma, when we Tollen girls like any one we like him very much, even though we have to wait ten years for him." So do put the poor child out of misery."

For the second time Katie took flight. The doctor's pleasant "Good-night," to her mother and sister, reached her ears. This time she fled into the garden and took refuge among the raspberry bushes. She did not come out till they had all left the garden, and then she sat down again on the threshold. She would wait for Hans Wegstedt. God grant that he should come before ten o'clock, for he must not speak to mamma to-morrow. The other one must hear first, must hear first—she clasped her hands tight together—she thought she had made a mistake when she thought she loved him; that she had only learned now what real love was.

And she waited there in the soft fragrant night, almost desperate with fear, and yet blissful in her conquest of Hans Wegstedt's heart; revelling in the brilliant future that was opening before her, and with it all in a feverish and half-unconscious condition. The clock in the academy struck ten; she counted the strokes in a low voice. "Only a quarter of an hour more to wait," she said. It was strange how chilly she felt all at once, in spite of the heat; her teeth chattered, and her forehead was damp.

There was a movement in the old kitchen, which was now a servants' room. The young soldier went whistling across the hall to light the lamp in the lieutenant's room. Then he came back with a carafe of water, passed

close by Katie, and disappeared in the dark garden. Katie could hear the pump going, and the soldier whistling:

"Poses are blooming in the vale. Soldiers are marching to the field."

The conversation yesterday about this song came back to her, and she felt as if her heart would stand still for fear. At this moment a window was opened upstairs.

"Katie, are you there?" cried her sister's voice.

She went into the house and ran upstairs. She felt as if she had leaden weights on her feet; it was so hard to climb the few steps, and she was obliged to stop half way up, for the shivering fit came over her again, and her head began to ache horribly.

"Good gracious, where have you been?" asked Helen. "You know mamma is always anxious about you when you do not come home in good season. Have you been with the Frau Pastorin?"

"No, at Aunt Melitta's. Good-night." She sat up for an hour writing. Occasionally she would cry, and then a proud smile would flit over her face.

Sometimes she was obliged to stop, for she felt so utterly wretched, and her head ached so. At last she got it done. She wound it up with "Keep a kind thought for your Katie von Tollen." She could not bring herself to read it through again, this stammering entreaty for pardon, and confession of guilt.

She put the closely-written pages into an envelope and addressed it. When she was about to seal the letter with green wax, and drew off the seal-ring with her coat of arms, a confirmation gift from her parents for that purpose, she happened to look up, and caught sight of herself in the little glass that hung over the table. A pale, startled face looked out at her with a pair of hidden under a mass of tangled hair. It was a startling picture. And there, in the corner of the glass, stood out the Tollen arms, beneath which she had painted "Faithful and True." She stared at the glass as though under a spell, and a feeling of horror came over her. It seemed as if she saw her father's face over her shoulder, angry and threatening.

"What have you done, Katie?" a voice seemed to say. "You have stepped aside from the honorable path of the Tollens. You are a traitor!"

She sprang up like one demented, and hid the letter in her pocket, and then hurried into bed and drew the clothes over her. Again she was shaken by that deadly chill, which was followed by a burning heat.

"Oh, God, help me this once!" she prayed. She thought she was sitting on the horse, and it ran round and round with her in a circle till she grew dizzy, and everything whirled round with her.

Then she caught herself speaking, and that frightened her. How happened it that she called Lora? Lora was not here; Lora was in the hospital at Berlin, and her calm face was, perhaps, bending over some dying patient.

"Stay with me, Lora," she said, for she could see her sister distinctly before her. "Stay with me. I will be different, Lora; I will be reasonable; I will tell Ernest anything you want me to—only don't be angry and leave me, Hans. Oh, my head, my head!" And she stretched her arms toward the door and sat up in bed, overcome by deadly fear. "I will not die now. I will make up for what I did; only don't sing that horrible song any more." And as she fell back among the pillows, she whispered: "It's a rare fine thing, a rare fine thing, Gussie, but he must not shoot him."

## CHAPTER XXX.

In the meantime Wegstedt and the doctor had met in the street. The little officer had gone in all haste to his colonel's house, and had found out that Katie was not there, and now he was on his way home in a state of indignation. Why in the world was Katie forever going to see that doctor's mother? And just this evening, too. Then suddenly the two gentlemen met in the dark, badly-lighted street on the sidewalk, which was too narrow for more than one person.

The officer was about to pass with a hasty bow when the other spoke: "How did the bowling go this evening, Herr Wegstedt?"

"Don't know," growled the other. "Oh! I beg your pardon, I thought you were—by the way, Herr Lieutenant, allow me to ask a favor of you—no, I will not keep you, I will walk back a little way with you." And the doctor took his hat off on account of the heat, and holding it in his hand, walked along the bridge with Wegstedt.

"I dare say you will think it strange," he continued, "but I want to ask you not to encourage Fraulein von Tollen in riding horseback."

Wegstedt stopped.

"What is it to you?" was the haughty reply.

"It does concern me, Herr von Weg-

stedt, you may rely upon that. How? In what way? That I cannot tell you now, but I hope to do so very soon, but—"

"I ask what are Fraulein von Tollen's likes or dislikes to you?" reiterated Wegstedt, still more angrily.

"Well, Herr Lieutenant, I could put the same question to you. Will you have the kindness to wait a little? I am not in a position to-day to prove to you that Fraulein von Tollen's likes and dislikes certainly do concern me."

"Sir, you are a miserable boaster," shrilled the little officer.

"Herr von Wegstedt!" was the reply in a threatening tone.

"Sir, you lie if you say that you have the slightest connection with this family."

"And you, sir, are not at present in a condition to listen to reason. I will therefore send you a reply to-morrow."

"I shall be glad to receive it."

The doctor turned instantly, and Wegstedt clattered away.

"Confound it!" he muttered to himself; "such a damned—"

He banged the door behind him with a crash that startled Frau von Tollen out of her first sleep. The lamp was burning in his room. The blinds were closed. He threw his cap on the table and his gloves on top of it, and he leaned his sword up in the corner so carelessly that it toppled over and fell clanging along the wall to the floor.

Confound it! Every one knew he was not arrogant; he was not a haughty aristocrat; he respected every one who did his duty, no matter what his position was; but that this schoolmaster should dare to raise a thought to her whom he, Levin Hans von Wegstedt, intended to make his wife, that was too much, confound it!

While he was thus thinking half aloud, he had been walking rapidly up and down the room, and at length with a countenance full of disgust and indignation, he threw himself into one of Frau von Tollen's red plush arm-chairs. He was really madly in love with this slender creature, with her piquant face and her magnificent eyes. And he was so grateful to her for liking him, little Hans von Wegstedt; he could have had his choice of many girls, but what were they all when compared to this girl? For weeks he had not been able to think of his home without picturing her moving about in the stately rooms. Confounded nonsense. The fellow must be crazy.

Then he sat down and wrote to his mother, who had been his friend all his life, and begged her to invite Katie von Tollen to visit her. "In a miserable place like Westenberg, dearest mamma, society is too mixed; and as the Tollens have always been in straitened circumstances, the consequence is that the so-called upper ten of the middle class look on them as belonging to their set, and my Katie is subjected to the serious attentions of a young doctor in the gymnasium here, otherwise a very charming man. I am not charmed with this, even though there is not the least danger. Pray come yourself, if you can, and carry off your future daughter-in-law. Break it to my father."

He did not mention the quarrel in which he was involved; that sort of thing is not to be written about; that would take care of itself. The doctor would, of course, choose swords. By the way, he was an officer in the reserve corps. Wegstedt got out the Army List. Right. Well, so much the better.

At last he threw himself down on the bed with a book and a lamp, and drank off the contents of the carafe, but his fevered blood would not be calmed, and he did not close his eyes.

The next morning there was a heavy thunder-shower, after which the skies did not clear, but continued to send down a gentle rain on the thirsty earth, which returned its thanks to the beneficent clouds in the form of wonderful fragrance.

It pattered and dripped in all the spouts and gutters, and in all the houses the doors and windows were spread wide open to let in the much-desired coolness.

Hans von Wegstedt came back from the morning's exercise wet through, and hardly took time to change his clothes before admitting the young referendary, who had already been waiting for him a quarter of an hour.

Of course he knew what he had come for.

The referendary was standing before the splendid collection of arms, when Hans entered his sitting-room and came up to him.

"I have come on behalf of Doctor Schonberg, Wegstedt."

"Sit down, Roder; I have been expecting this."

The gentleman sat down.

"Schonberg expects satisfaction from you; he says he will be satisfied if you will express your regret in my presence and in that of one of your comrades, for having used such—such offensive expressions, last evening. You were probably out of temper, Wegstedt, or you did not take in the full significance of Schonberg's words."

"I am very sorry, but I cannot take back a single word I said. I think now just as I thought last night," replied Wegstedt coldly.

"Then I am authorized to deliver a challenge to you."

"I accept it readily. Pistols, of course," said Wegstedt, rising. "My second will be with you in an hour."

"Good-morning, Wegstedt."

"Good-morning," said the latter, ringing the bell. He was obliged to ring twice before the servant appeared.

"Confound it! where have you been?"

he cried, when the poor fellow appeared quite out of breath. "You are as wet as a drowned rat, still."

"Yes, I went for the doctor for the gracious lady upstairs."

"What?"

"The young lady was taken very ill last night." Hans Wegstedt was very pale. He dashed upstairs without a moment's delay.

Helen was standing in the hall with a face of dismay.

"Fraulein Helen—she is not very ill!" he asked.

"The doctor says he cannot tell what is the matter, but she is certainly very ill. We found her senseless on her bed this morning, still in the clothes she had on yesterday."

He stood for awhile as if stunned, and then went slowly downstairs. In half an hour he bethought himself that he had important business, dressed and went to a restaurant, where he asked a comrade to act as his second in the meeting with Doctor Schonberg.

In the deepest anxiety about Katie's illness he drank his beer, and went home again to inquire once more how Katie was. Then he sat in his room the whole day, writing and burning papers, going upstairs every little while to inquire, and every time coming back more unhappy, for Katie was, indeed, very ill.

Ernest Schonberg came, too. He, too, saw Helen. "Tell me, for Heaven's sake, Fraulein Helen," he said, when he had expressed his sorrow, "has Katie ever given Lieutenant von Wegstedt reason to think she liked him particularly?"

"Why, doctor, you really are jealous without any cause," replied the sister, with tears in her eyes. "She has played with him as she would with a brother."

"Are you sure?"

"For shame, Schonberg! She cannot defend herself now, poor thing."

He went away again. There was absolutely nothing to be done as matters stood. Even if Katie were well, if he could show the announcement of betrothal printed in black and white to Wegstedt, who was undeniably over head and ears in love with Katie, the duel could not now be avoided.

That evening all Westenberg knew that Katie von Tollen was very ill. Aunt Melitta sat in the parlor like the uncontented of the Parca, and shook her head over the new misfortune that had fallen upon the family. Frau von Tollen was at her daughter's bedside about which always centres round a sick-bed. Helen was receiving the Frau Pastorin in her little room, and a few minutes after Gussie came in.

"What can be the cause of it?" said Frau Schonberg. "She probably got too much heated in riding. Why should she go riding about on a horse like a man?"

Gussie drew down her lips. "If there is anything good for the health, it is riding," she replied, and soon took leave, with a promise to come again to inquire the next morning.

The pastorin, too, went away, with an anxious look, under her immense umbrella, which had once been spread over a couple of happy mortals. How much had happened since that time!

The Frau Pastorin felt oppressed with a curious restlessness. "Something is going to happen, something is going to happen," she said to herself. "I had a bad dream, I saw so much water—yellow, muddy water."

She met her son on the way. They stopped and spoke a few words together.

"The doctor says it is inflammation of the brain," his mother told him. "It looks badly, my dear boy, but keep up your courage."

He nodded gravely and went on.

The old lady looked after him, as he walked away so quickly and firmly. Goodness knows she was not proud, but truth was truth, and every one knew he was the handsomest man in all Westenberg, and he was everything to her. God preserve him from all harm!

And at that moment a soldier went past her who was carrying an elegant case containing a pair of pistols, which Wegstedt's second had borrowed from an officer for the next morning.

And the old lady never dreamed what significance this soldier with the pistols could have for her; she only felt vexed that the great hulking fellow had shut out her view of her son for a moment with his broad back.

And as she tripped on through the wet street in her black hat, whose white transparent tulle ruche made a frame for her nice old face, with the three-cornered black shawl which she had worn since her husband's death, and her umbrella on which the rain pattered, there went through her mind an old verse, which she had often repeated at sick-beds, when her husband was ill, and the people sent word. "If the Herr Pastor hasn't time, ask his wife to come."

"In pain and grief and sad unrest, The Great Physician is the best."

Just as she had finished it she stood before her own door.

(To be Continued.)

THE DIFFERENCE.

A teacher in a certain school said to a dull pupil:

"When I was your age I could answer any question in arithmetic."

"Yes," said the small child, "but you forget that you had a different teacher to what I have."

# The Farm

## FARM HINTS.

The stables are filled with animals dependent on the caretakers now for daily subsistence and comfort, and the wise farmer has been preparing during the busy growing season for these long winter months. Everything is, or should be, in comfortable condition, and the daily task of caring for the animals made as convenient as possible.

The up-to-date farmer, the one who has his own real interests at stake, will not contrive how little work he can get along with, but rather how much it will pay him to do and do it well. The animals will be well fed and cared for in every respect and their thrifty appearance and good looks will add to their value and give satisfaction in return that will be difficult to estimate in dollars and cents. With such methods steadily followed, there will be compensating gains during the winter and increased usefulness another season.

## WHEN, HOW AND WHAT TO FEED.

First there should be method. Have some definite plan—a good one—and then follow it up persistently and faithfully.

A considerable portion of the farmers feed only twice a day, morning and evening. This will answer very well if it is properly done. But instead of giving all of the morning's meal at one time it may be divided into two feeds. In this case the fodder will be eaten up cleaner, and more time occupied. If possible, have at least two kinds of fodder, both morning and evening.

If the cows are not giving milk, alternate the poorer kinds of fodder with the good. The poor kinds should not be fed altogether unless sufficient grain is added to make a fair nutritive ratio. Some will feed three times a day and use the straw or poor hay at noon. Enough fodder and grain should be given to keep the cows from losing in condition and the younger animals thrifty and growing. Too much straw or poor hay should not be fed. Where much grain is raised it is a good plan to make a portion into hay when it will answer a good purpose. And it will pay on all farms to use considerable of the straw for bedding.

## KEEP THE MANURE WELL DRAWN OUT.

Where manure is kept in the stable, as is so largely the case, it should be often drawn out. In more modern barn construction there are generally receptacles outside of the stables, but under cover, for the manure. This is the better way where it can be done.

The practice of winter drawing and spreading continues to be largely followed. This allows the work being done at a good time of year and saves just so much work in the spring besides the winter application appears to produce better results than that of spring. Where the manure is very coarse, containing much bedding, it should be plowed under or put in piles to decay.

## GETTING THE YEAR'S SUPPLY OF FUEL.

When the ground becomes frozen and there is sufficient snow for sledging then is the best time to attend to this work. As the wood and timber supply is becoming scarcer each year it follows that proper care should be exercised in its preservation. With a fair sized wood lot there is usually enough trees that are commencing to die out or have attained their best growth and care should be taken to select these and remove them.

This will require care so as not to injure the young growing trees that should be saved. In this way, rightly managed, the wood lot may be kept in good domestic use. Sometimes it may be best to cut off clean an old growth and allow another to take its place. In such cases the land should be fenced from stock. If a farmer has a growth of timber trees of both hard and soft varieties it will be well to keep enough sawed into different kinds of lumber that may be wanted for use about the building or upon the farm. A supply of fuel for sugar-house should not be neglected as this is one of the necessities where sugar orchards have a place upon many farms.

## SUM IT ALL UP.

This is the time of year to take account of stock. It takes but a few moments of time each night to keep all straight and the knowledge gained by this authentic accounting for everything is worth much to refer to. It will often surprise one when the account is balanced at end of the year to end of the year to see the difference between the actual figures and what one had guessed at in former years. It is one of the greatest mistakes or omissions made by farmers that so few of them keep accounts. Keep a dairy account, a poultry account, a potato field account, a garden account. If one has a good garden, the profit side of this is often surprising. Keep a general expense account. These things are educative and very interesting also.