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SACRIFICE:

OR-

FOR HER FAMILY'S SAKE.

lips.

CHAPTER X.

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Frau Pustorin Schonberg went uneasily to her window. It had struck twelve a little while before. Outside, a dazzling white coveriet was spread over the gardens and the street. It was the third of December, and a clear winter sky smiled down on the cily, as if it had put on an extra touch of blue kecause it was the wedding-day of the keveliest girl in Westenberg. The iron gates of the Becher Park stood wide ooen, and from the two towers of the villa two flags fluttered gayly in the wind.

At this mement a closed landau rolled cot of the gateway, the coachman and footman in violet livery with silver temmings. In it sat Adalbert Becher, the bridegroom, still buttoning his gloves. The church-bells of St. Mary's and just begun to ring.

"I wish he were at home," sighed the Frank Pastorin. At this mement, at the wind the head of the gateway, the coachman and footman in violet livery with silver temmings. In it sat Adalbert Becher, the bridegroom, still buttoning his gloves. The church-bells of St. Mary's and just begun to ring.

"That is the only one who refused an invitation to our wedding, Lora; and invitation to our wedding.

"I wish he were at home," sighed the Frau Pastorin. At that moment Dr Schonberg opened the garden-gate and walked straight into the house. But instead of coming to speak to his mo-ther, as usual, he went upstairs.
"O heavens, if the day were only

Were only were only were only were sighed the old mother.

He immediately shut the window, updairs, the east wind brought such a teafening clash of church-bells into the content of the characteristics.

deafening clash of church-bels into his lonely room; then he sat down at his writing-table.
"I should have done better if I had gone to Busow," he muttered. After awhile his mother looked in at

stairs. "Well, my boy, won't you

"Yes. certainly; immediately."
"But if you have no appetite, don't force yourself to eat," she continued, with a glance at his agitated face; "and just see how dazzling the sun is; just let me draw the curtains. There—so," and she hencevolently shull care. and she benevolently shut out the view of the street. "You ought to go and take a long walk. Do you hear?"
"You mean well, mother—but oh, do let me alone!" he entreated.

Lora was standing in the small, overheated salon of her parents, in her bridal dress. They had all gone to the church; only Katie and a single friend waiting here with her for the troom. Katie had never taken her cyes off her sister, all day; Lora looked so strange under the white tulle veil and the green wreath. She had grown so frightfully thin, and her face had become so small during the few weeks since her engagement. She stood there like a statute, gazing at the little weeks since her engagement. She slood there like a statute, gazing at the little slove, as if she could read there something that deeply interested her. "If miracles could only happen!" she thought, and her fingers suddenly closeful convulsively on the stems of her bound on the stems of her bound convulsively on the stems of her bound on the stems of the ed convulsively on the stems of her bouquet of orange-flowers. "God in heaven forgive me for the sin, that I cannot forget that other; that my heart is stronger than my wilf!" This was her lidal mayer.

The will was there-for many a night she had wept over it—she had honestly struggled with herself. She had prayed did not belong to him, but to that other; that she had only consented to become his wife out of bitter necessity.

So bought of the evening when and extending the charge of the control of the charge drive within the charge of the

fall in and crush her, for daring to lie

invitation to our wedding, Lora; and we can't blame him, can we? He would have felt uncomfortably de trop to-day, eh? "Who?" she asked with quivering

He smilingly pinched the little ear, which shone rosy beneath the bridal veil, and as she turned her head impatiently acide, his eyes began to change; there was a malicious expression in them that was in strange contrast to his still smiling face. "Little hypocrite," he whispered, holding her hand in a tight grip, "do you think your little secrets are not known?"

The flush which still tinged her cheeks gave place to a deep pallor, and her eyes looked at him in horror. What! He knew her secret, and yet sat here beside her? "What do you mean?" she stammered, while her heart seemed almost to stop bating.

"Nay, nay, my pet—a girl's fancy!" He smilingly pinched the little ear,

"Nay, nay, my pet—a girl's fancy!
They usually have a dozen on a string.
But pray don't make yourself ridiculous; you must make up your mind to be a little more familiar in your manner to me, and, moreover, don't put on to-day that cold, haughly air, which as pleased you to wear while we were engaged, or else people may think we ere not happy in our marriage."

He laughed loudly at his own wit, and offered his hand to help her out. And this was his greeting to her as er husband! She felt ashamed, as if

she had received a blow in the face.

A few minutes later she was standing to receive the congratulations of the guests. She sat at dinner as if she the guests. She sat at dinner as if she were stunned; she scarcely heard the conversation, the toasts, the general upfouched upon as soul; she knew now what she had long susjected, that this man beside her was of a low nature. And she had read something else in his grance which overpowered her with indescribable dread, that he would torture her, in his petty desire for revenge, through all her life, because he had discovered—cost alone knew how—that her heart

wedding might be put off; she had prayed for death; but no illness had come and she still lived—lived to see this day—and the church bells were ring for her wedding!

At this moment the bridegroom's carning drove up and belying the the property of the pr

Afternoon school was just out, and the twilight of the November day filled the cloisters as she went up the steps, and there, in the middle of the narrow stairshe had suddenly found herself

opposite him.
It seemed to her as if the earth shook under her as he went past her, had in hand, without letting his eyes rest upon her. She was chilged to hold fast to the balustrade with both hands, and when she got into the young Frau Director's house, she had sat there withcut speaking a word, wretched in body and mind.

She knew now, that the man whom she had betrayed whom she had been forced to betray, despised her.

At this moment her eyes sought her father, as if she would renew her strength and courage by a sight of him. He sat opposite, beside the laughing and challening Franching the sat Courage by a sight of him. He sat opposite, beside the laughing and chattering Frau Elfrieda. There was an expression of suffering on his face, as if it was with difficulty he kept up, and he did not speak; he was rolling bits of bread between his nervous, trembling fingers, and now and then he hastily carried a glass to his lips.

Could he be ill—worse than—usual?

A sudden fear came over the young thought which which the limited he was a sudden fear came over the young the world which which was a sudden fear came over the young the y

wife, which weighted heavily upon her heart. What if she were to see her fatner for the last time to-day? What heart. What if she were to a father for the last time to-day? if he were to die while she was far away from him in Italy? She anxiously

sought her mother's eyes, but the old lady did not look at her.

The pastor had just proposed a toast to the young couple, the music fell clashing among the sound of the voices, and the ground state of the process. and the guests crowded round Herr and Frau Becher, with their cham-pagne-glasses. This name, her new name, which some one spoke in jest, sounded like a warning in her cars. O God! she had thought she had more strength!

Pastor said?" asked her husband.
"Don't you think he means also the faith which the wife owes her husband?"
And he laughed as he touched his glass to hers.
She details "Did you hear, Lora, what the Herr

She did not look at him; she felt like a traitor at this moment. Not one of her thoughts was for him!

At last when the dinner was over, she was led to her room by her mother, to change her bridal dress for her travelling costume. The rooms which she was to occupy were handsome and magnificently fitted up; they looked on the park and the cost.

epposite, and rested on the man who was wandering restlessly up and down there.

Frau von Tollen did not speak a word as she took the wreath and veil off her deughter's head, and helped her on with the dress of dark green cloth, trimmed with beaver, in which she was to travel. The mother was thinking of her own wedding-day, and how different she had places, and then pushed them impati-

been as a bride, quite different from this pale, apathetic being before her.

"There, my darling; here are your gloves and your muff; and now, Lora, or meaning here." come and kiss me.

The lovely, apathetic face bent down to her mother.

"Write soon, and write me that you are happy," sobled Frau von Tollen, throwing her arms around her daugh-"I shall think of you, and pray for your happiness—"

Lora shook her head gently, as if she meant to say, "Don't take the trouble;

is in vain."
Her husband's voice now sounded out-

of the day, and fell against the wall. His son-in-law had just been in time to catch him.

"Apoplexy," said the doctor, at length.
"Is it dangerous? Must he die?" ask-ed Frau von Tollen, who looked as if

"My dear madam, Herr von Tollen is an old man, and not very strong; but he may possibly recover." The lieutenant followed the doctor,

who went out to give some orders.
"Herr Doctor, how can my father live?"
"Perhaps an hour—perhaps till tomorrow noon, Herr Lieutenant." "Can he possibly regain his consci-

'It is possible-yes.'

'It is possible—yes."

The young officer thanked him, and got his hat and coat in the hall. He knew that Lora would never forgive him if he did not send her word.

Three hours afterward a carriage drove slowly up to the major's house, and the dying man was carried up to his room. He had recovered conscious. ns room. He had recovered conse ness once more, and had asked for

A carriage had been sent to the station for the six o'clock train; it was thought that the young couple must return, for the lieutenant had sent the return, for the lieutenant had sent the despatch to the nearest station, at which the train would stop for a few minutes. If it reached Becher, as it undoubtedly would, they could return at once by the train which crossed the other one at that point.

The carriage came back empty.

The eyes of the dying man had rested continually on the door opposite his bed. But she whom he sought came not to kiss him once more.

The sons and daughters of the house were sitting together in the little parin the major's house, and even Frau Clotilda's eyes were bright with tears. The mother was upstairs, kneeling be-Side her head husband, holding his hand. She could not comprehend even new how it had all happened. "Where is Katie?" suddenly inquired Helen, checking her sobs.

No one had seen her as yet. she not there when papa died?" No one knew.

"Good heaven's! she does not know

"When dinner was over I saw her in the yellow boudoir," remarked the lieu-tenant. "She looked pale; perhaps she

was not well,"

Helen went up to Katie's room; she magnificently fitted up; they looked on the park, and the sun was just going down in a splendor of crimson and scarlet behind the trees, and filled the cosey boudoir of the young wife with a warm, rich light, and cast a rosy glow over her bridal white.

It was the same sun which stole through the curtains in the little study coposite, and rested on the man who was wandering restlessly up and down once, put on an apron, and set to work at once in great haste. She carried all her possessions, great and small, her books and her clothes, upstairs into Lora's describe room. Her cheeks burned in her cagerness, and her burned in her eagerness, and her thoughts must have been far away, for she put various things in the wrong

ently away.

How stupid it was that Lora should have insisted upon taking the nice lit-tle old writing-table with her to her new home! Katie would have found it so bome! Katie would have found it so convenient. But one thing at any rate she could not take with her, and that was the view from the little window. And Katie went toward it and looked out at the snow-covered roof of the old gymnasium, which towered high up against the evening sky, and a smile of triumph parted her full lips. She had now what she had so long envice her sister the possesssion of, and she threw against the evening sky, and triumph parted her full lips. She had now what she had so long envied her sister the possession of, and she threw herself on Lora's bed, pulled the coverlid over her, and fell to dreaming the same dreams that Lora had once taken delight in here, only fhat Katie's were wilder and less restrained. And she laughed and cried as she lay there; she was so wrapped up in her thoughts that she did not hear the tread of men's list and fro, nor the outery of the little and fro, ror the outer of many of concrete and the cement fills the voids between the grains of sand. The total amount of concrete will be but slightly more than the amount of concrete o

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************ CEMENT ON THE FARM.

With the wonderful development of the Portland coment industry during the past fificen years, comes the most ideal building material ever produced. This is the beginning of the "Cement Age."

The price of lumber is advancing to almost prohibitive figures; it is, therefore, natural that a substitute material with the advantages of moderate cost, durability, and beauty, should be developed and looked upon with favor.

To-day cement can be successfully used on the farm in the place of wood in the construction of floors, irougus, gutters, tanks, ditches, drains, walks posts, building blocks, etc.

Prof. II. M. Bainer, of the chair of farm mechanics, at the Colorado Agricultural College, makes the following valuable suggestions:

Cement—Use nothing but the best seed to be a support to the construction of the chair of farm mechanics, at the Colorado Agricultural College, makes the following valuable suggestions: CEMENT ON THE FARM.

cultural College, makes the following valuable suggestions:

Cement—Use nothing but the best of ment that can be obtained. It should in a fine, powdery condition and contain o lumps. Cement should be stored a dry place, as dampneds is an element of great danger.

a dry place, as dampness is an ethem, of great danger.

Sand—The sand should be clean, sharp, and not too fine. It should be free from loam or clay, as these will tend to destroy the adhesive quality and to retard the setting of the cement. Clay mixed with the sand may be removed.

to retard the setting of the cement. Clay mixed with the sand may be removed by washing.

By sharp sand we mean that the edges of the grains must be sharp and rot round or worn off, as will often be the case with sand found in the bed of a stream. Coarse sand is better than fine sand. Fine sand, even if clean, makes a peoper mortar or concrete and requiresmore cement to thoroughly coat the grains. A large proportion of the grains should measure from 1-32 to 1-16 of an inca in diameter. Some fine sand is necessary to help fill the spaces between the larger grains, thus saving cement.

Water—The water used should beciean and free from acids or alkalis. For making the best concrete, add just enough water so that when all the concrete in the form acids or alkalis.

ciean and free from acids or alkalis. For making the best concrete, add just enough water so that when all the concrete is in the form and is well tamped, moisture will show on the surface. The tamping is a very important operation and the quality of the work is dependent upon how well this is done. Unless this is thoroughly accomplished the concrete is likely to be honeycombed and imperfect, especially near the forms. Proportions—For ordinary farm construction, as the making of floors, walls, walks, gutters, etc., the following proportion is to be recommended: I part cement, 2½ parts clean loose sand and 5 parts loose gravel or broken stone. For floors this should be tamped in to a depth of from 5 to 8 inches. This should be finished with a surface coat I to 1½ inches in thickness, composed of I part cement and 1½ to 2 parts of

should be linished with a surface con-1 to 1½ inches in thickness, composed of 1 part cement and 1½ to 2 parts of clean, coarse sand, mixed. Nearly all clean, coarse sand, mixed. Nearly all constructions which come in contact with water should be covered with a

constructions which come in contact with water should be covered with a mortar at least as rich as the proportion last named. For engine foundation, 1 part cement, 2 parts sand and 4 parts broken stone is best.

In estimating the amount of material necessary for a certain construction, do not make the mistake of thinking that a mixture of 1 barrel of cement. 2½ barrels of loose sand and 5 barrels of gravel or broken stone will make 8½ barvel or broken stone will make 8½ bar-

The young girl started up suddenly. "I have been moving into my new room," she replied carelessly: 'then I went to sleep." And she put out the remnant of the candle, so her sister should not see her burning cheeks, "It was so horribly stupid at that wretched wedding," she added.
"Come downstairs, Katie." said Helen.
"You don't know what has happened to us—our father—" she sobbed about and leaned against the post of the door—our father is—dead!"

(To be Continued.)

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