

THE SACRIFICE;

OR
FOR HER FAMILY'S SAKE.

CHAPTER XXIV.—(Continued).

The old lady disappeared in the house after a lecture to the maid. Katie and the doctor walked slowly on toward the lower part of the garden. Neither spoke. Beside the river which separated the garden from the city wall, there was a simple wooden bench, under the tall lindens. Katie sat down upon it. It was a quiet place, invisible from the house and from the wall outside. For awhile he stood before her, and she looked up at him with her wonderful eyes. Then he sat down beside her. There was something bewildering between longing and sadness, in the expression of the young girl's eyes. "Katie," he said a little unsteadily, "is anything troubling you?" She had her hands folded in her lap, and she turned her face toward him. "Yes," she said.

"What is it? We are good friends, Katie; tell me what it is."

"I am afraid," she murmured.

"Of what?—of the examination?"

"No—of life."

A smile flitted over his face, but it died away before her anxious eyes.

"Child," he said gently, "why are you afraid?"

She suddenly began to sob bitterly and passionately.

He took her hand, uncertain what he should say; her whole slender figure shook convulsively. He himself hardly knew how it happened that he put his arm round her waist and drew her toward him.

"Katie, why Katie, control yourself," he entreated. Her head lay on his breast, her hat had fallen back, and in the spring twilight he could see the thousand threads of the perfumed brown hair, and the rosy cheeks streaming with tears of this young girl who was afraid of life.

A whole flood of thoughts, the memories, the hopes, the grief of the past, rushed over him with bewildering force.

"Katie," he whispered.

She nestled closer against him and cried still more.

"Katie, would you fear life—with—"

He stopped. His mother's voice sounded through the garden like a warning cry: "Ernest, Ernest!"

The young girl raised her head. An eager, imploring expression was in these eyes, that seemed to pierce his own.

"Speak!" the eyes seemed to say. "Go on!"

"Would you be afraid of life with me?" he concluded, almost unintelligently.

"Ernest!" she cried, and lay on his breast, trembling and weeping.

"Ernest, Ernest! Katie!" came the mother's voice again. Then she darted away, and flew like a deer along the path. He was left alone. The rosy light in the sky had suddenly departed, and a colorless gray twilight had spread itself over the sky.

He leaned against the trunk of the old linden, and looked at a white bunch of snowdrops on the ground, which Katie had dropped there. He stooped down to pick them up; as he did so he felt as if all his limbs were paralyzed.

He went into the house some time afterward and entered the sitting-room, his face as white as death, his hair wet with dew, his features drawn as if by some terrible emotion.

Katie was sitting at tea with his mother; she, too, was pale to the lips. She looked at him with a deep, expressive look.

When the Frau Pastorin left the room after tea to attend to something in the kitchen, Katie hung down her head with a deep blush.

He went up to her and gave her his hand.

"Katie," he said, "you know how it is with me; my first ardent love was betrayed. You know, too, through whom. You have been the Samaritan who came to bind up my wounds. You will do even more—you will replace her whom I lost—or am I mistaken, Katie?"

"No," she gasped.

"And is it not too hard for you?"

"No, no."

"Do you love me then, Katie?" he asked gently.

"Yes," she said passionately; and as she saw his astonished, doubting look, she threw her arms impulsively about him. "Yes, yes," she whispered; "oh, how could you help knowing it long ago?"

He stroked her hair in some confusion. "You are so young," he said in a low tone; "will you be contented with the poor home that I can offer you, and with—"

He stopped.

"Don't ask me such things," she said impatiently, "or I shall run away."

"No, no; stay. It is so strange, Katie." And after awhile he added, "I am afraid you are mistaken, Katie; you only feel sorry for me."

She laughed aloud.

"Oh, you foolish fellow!" she said. Then he folded her close in his arms. "I thank you, Katie."

That evening he went home with her over the same road he had walked with Lora, when he had become engaged to her. But how different it was from that time. He stood for awhile, as he had done then, after the door in the wall had closed behind her whom he could now call his own, and, as before, a lovely figure came back to him—and yet how different it was!

"I must see you once more, Ernest, only once more," whispered Katie, as she threw herself on his breast. "Say that you love me, Ernest, say that you have forgotten every one else for me—say so, I entreat you."

"Forgotten?" he said slowly. "Can a man forget a thing like that?"

"Ernest! the tone was absolutely threatening.

"Yes, Katie, I am fond of you. For you will be my good angel, my faithful friend."

"Come soon to mamma, and tell her of it," she said.

"Yes, Katie, to-morrow."

"To-morrow," she repeated in a whisper, and offered him her mouth to kiss and flung her arms round his neck; "to-morrow and every day, always and always. But, Ernest—"

"My love?"

"I shall not try for the examination now."

"Ah, Katie, that would be a pity, when you have been working so hard all this time."

"But I am going to marry you?" she said wonderingly; "and the examination is so dreadful."

"Katie, you are a child—"

She laughed merrily, and pressed her lips to his hand so hard that it absolutely hurt him. "Good-night," she whispered; "good-night. It is beginning to rain. Do you feel the drops?"

She only looked into the parlor, where her mother and aunt were sitting, Aunt Melitta with the cards spread out before her on the table. Then she ran straight upstairs to her room, threw the school-books off the table to the floor, and got out her blotter.

"Lora, dear Lora," she wrote, "you may hear your old room again when you come. I shall not be with you long, for Lora—you must not be angry—Ernest Schonberg loves me, and wants me for his wife. I feel so bewildered that I cannot write much to-day; it has all come so quickly. Take care of yourself, Lora, and come home safe."

"Ever your loving sister,
"KATIE."

She addressed it, sealed it, and carried it downstairs.

"Aunt Melitta, will you please put this letter to Lora in the box on your way home?"

Fraukein Melitta put the little note in her knitting-bag, which lay beside her on the sofa.

"Katie," she said, "this is you," pointing to the queen of hearts. "Do you hear? You are going to marry a very rich man. Here is the gold."

Katie threw herself with a smile into the old arm-chair by the stove.

"Then I needn't go up for the examination," she cried in a jubilant tone.

"Oh, you must do that in case of emergency," said her aunt. "If the rich man should be inconstant—"

"No," she laughed, "I will not. I will marry. I am going to marry Doctor Schonberg."

The old ladies looked at the girl in amazement.

"We have just got engaged, mamma. To-morrow he is coming to you, and—I am awfully happy, mamma."

Frau von Tollen could not find a word to say. She left all the wonderings, exclamations, and questions to Aunt Melitta. She went quietly out of the room into the dark garden.

"Poor Lora," she said, folding her hands, as if by prayer she could avert this blow from her daughter's head. She knew well that Lora had loved him with all her soul—knew it, although she had never spoken a word to her on the subject. When she came back again she heard Aunt Melitta saying, "I never should have thought you would be content with such a poor marriage, Katie."

"Why?"

"I don't know. I always thought you would wait for a baron, and one with a big estate."

Frau von Tollen broke in upon her daughter's laugh. "I will not refuse to give you to Doctor Schonberg," she said, standing by the table; "but—"

"Mamma!" cried Katie threateningly, as she sprang up.

"But I will not consent to a public engagement to-morrow. You must both wait and be sure of yourselves."

Katie looked at her with a smile and left the room.

"Wait! Bah! It will not cost much labor to bring mamma round."

CHAPTER XXV.

Katie had at last attained her heart's desire. It was strange, but at this mo-

ment she felt nothing but an extraordinary weariness. She pushed away her books, which she had got secretly from the circulating library. She had experienced the reality now; the sweetest phase of a maiden's life; but was it really so sweet as it was made out to be in books?

Katie did not know what to say. All at once she yawned, and in less than a quarter of an hour she was in bed and asleep.

As for him, things went a little harder. As soon as he came back he went to his mother.

She was sitting near the lamp with a neighbor, the Frau Burgermeisterin, who had come to make an evening visit, as the custom was in Westenberg.

Ernest sat down, out of politeness, and listened to the great piece of news, that, on the first of April, the long-looked-for squadron of an Uhlan regiment would be quartered in Westenberg.

"And only think, dear Frau Schonberg, the city has bought the Becher villa; they are going to put up barracks, the ground next to the street will be made into a parade-ground, and the villa itself—the colonel is to have the first floor, and the major the rest."

"You don't say so?" was the laconic reply of the Pastorin.

"Yes, there won't be much quiet here in the future," continued the pretty, plump little woman, with pleasure beaming in her eyes at the distinction her native town had attained to. "And what an advantage it will be. Quite a different life, and a great increase in trade."

"That is very true," assented the doctor.

"It may be so," said his mother, regarding him uneasily. What did she care for soldiers and barracks, or trade, and all that? She saw that something was on her boy's mind, and she couldn't ask him what it was.

At last the visitor went home, and when the Frau Pastorin returned from the garden gate, to which she had respectfully accompanied her visitor, Ernest had already said good-night, and gone upstairs. She went panting up the stairs, and appeared at his door.

He had not lighted the lamp, but it was light, nevertheless; the moonlight shone brilliantly through the window, and was lying in broad, silver strips on the white floor. He was sitting on the sofa, and did not move.

She crossed the room and sat down beside him.

"Ernest, something has happened; is it anything to do with Katie?"

"Yes."

"Did she tell you any bad news about Lora? Was it anything that hurt you? You must not believe everything people say; why not put the whole affair out of your head?"

"No, mother, it is something quite different—I am engaged to Katie."

It was out now. He sprang up and began to walk up and down the room.

The old lady was struck dumb.

"Mother, say something," he said at length, in a tone of constraint. "You like the little one, don't you?"

"Like her? I like the nightingale, too, that sings in the garden, but—"

He made no reply.

"But I never wanted to catch and bring it into the house," she added. "Is it all settled between you?" she inquired.

"Yes, mother."

"Then I need not say anything. May God bless you, Ernest, and grant you happiness."

She took his hand and pressed it, and then left him alone. But he could not sleep. He saw Katie's wonderful, ardent eyes continually before him, and the passion in them that she did not care to conceal. The room felt hot and close, and he opened the window. Opposite, the empty white house, in which Lora had so lately lived, gleamed through the leafless trees. Strange, that he should still always feel that pain at a sudden remembrance of her, who had so shamefully broken her faith with him. What would Lora say to his engagement to Katie? Probably nothing at all. She was going about Rome, with her uncle, swelling the numbers of those ladies who, after having suffered shipwreck in their married life, have such a wonderfully interesting halo about them. Ah, so young, so lovely, and yet so unhappy. He was perhaps the only person in all separation of this young couple. In spite of everything, Lora's nature was too noble to be able to endure his coarseness—the separation must come, of necessity. But that she should ever have tried to endure it—that surprised him more and more, and made him shudder at the mysterious possibilities of a woman's heart. But what, of all things in the world, had he to do with Lora? He, who was engaged to her sister!

A softened feeling came over him as he thought of Katie.

"She is a child, a trusting child, the little one," he said; "she shall be happy."

(To be Continued.)

GENEROUS BUILDING SOCIETY.

A building society which has been started in Paris promises to sweep all the chimneys of the members' houses, provide medical attendance free of charge to all tenants, and to give every tenant a chance by lottery once a month of getting three months' rent returned to him. Whenever a baby is born the parents will, if they have lived in the house for a year or more, receive three months' rent as the baby's birthday present.

The Farm

CARE OF COWS IN WINTER.

In order to make winter dairying profitable the cows must have good comfortable quarters. The old way of keeping them in the back yard, on the ice side of the straw stack to endure the storms and blizzards will not answer. It is too expensive. Even with an open shed to go under when it storms they will consume more food and yield less milk than when housed in warm, well-ventilated stables. I am sure of this, for my father kept his cows in the barn yard and I followed his example until I learned better, says Mr. J. W. Ingham. I know from personal experience that cows kept out of doors in cold weather will eat nearly twice as much as the same cows would if kept in warm stables, and will not give as much milk. In this case, "mercy to the beast" pays for the mercy, in dollars and cents. A cow suffering from the cold, with her back humped up like a camel is not in the proper shape of body, or frame of mind, to secrete much milk. It requires nearly all the food she can consume to keep the fires of life burning, and she has but little surplus to be spared for making milk.

I know that the farmers in the west do not winter their cows out of doors, for I have been in some of their warm, well-kept stables and seen them milking their comfortable cows. Our stables in the basement of the barn are so warm that it seldom freezes in them.

It is a pleasure to the humane man to see his cattle comfortable, and when he comes into the warm sitting-room at night, takes off his boots, and puts on his slippers, it is a satisfaction to know that his animals are enjoying themselves. "The righteous man regardeth the life of his beast," says the Scripture.

Some of our neighbors keep their cows, young cattle and hogs, in the basement of their barns without tying. They are well bedded with straw, and the fodder is thrown down from above through holes in the barn floor into boxes from which the cattle eat, and when meal, or bran is fed, it is put into the boxes. They claim that this arrangement saves labor in taking care of their stock, and that the abundant exercise it gives is a benefit to the cattle. Some writers on dairy topics have recently advocated this arrangement, but I do not approve of it. Herding all the animals together without any restraint encourages their natural greediness, and the propensity of the "bosses" to drive those they can master, and of the driven ones to drive others from their boxes, and this extensive driving is pernicious, especially at milking time.

Hasty eating and imperfect mastication are not good for man or beast. It is true that cattle have the power to raise their "cud" and re-chew the coarse portions, but an examination of their dung shows that they do not always do it and we sometimes hear about cattle "losing their cud."

Cows are not all of the same natural temperament. Some are nervous, quick, impatient and restless, others cold-blooded, contented and slow. The best cow I ever owned was a slow deliberate eater, good natured, patient, and never in a hurry. Do you suppose I would have had that cow run with a dozen greedy, fighting cows, grabbing for the best fodder, breathing on it, slobbering on it, and getting the worst because she was slow? Then again cows, like folks, do not always feel well, and from that cause do not devour a full ration. I want to know when this is the case, and favor them with a change of food or a little better diet. I want all my animals fastened in their stalls, so I can see how much they eat, and how much they leave, and so I can feed some more meal than others, because they pay for it better. Each of my cows has a stall 4½ feet wide, with a partition between each cow and her neighbor, and a separate manger, and feed-box for each cow. This arrangement enables me to insure to each cow her just rights, and to favor some, if need be.

KEEP YOUR BEST STOCK.

Many farmers are in the habit of selling their best animals, as they will bring the highest price. A difference of ten or even twenty-five per cent. in the price of a single animal is a small affair as compared with this difference in a whole herd. By keeping the very best to propagate from, the whole may be made of equal excellence, and in the course of a few years numerous animals might be produced having the excellent properties that now distinguish some very few of the best.

What would you say of a farmer who had several highly valuable varieties of potatoes and other kinds that are inferior, and in consequence of this imprudent measure, his next crop will fall short twenty-five per cent. Everyone will condemn this course, and few, if any, are so wanting in discretion as to pursue it. Yet many take a similar course in selling their best animals and propagating the poor. Not only is this true for animals but also for the inferior, in his own experience, of farmers who sell their best work horses and keep the poorer. Well, the consequence is the poorer one costs a great deal more to keep each year and does less work, and in the end is the most expensive animal. The policy should have been to keep the better and to have sold the inferior. This is true in every case.

And doubly so, we believe, when the farmer has animals for breeding purposes. There is a vast difference in our cattle in sections where much attention

has been given to improvements by selecting the best, when contrasted with those where little or no attention has been paid to the subject, and, as a matter of course, the best have been sold, or eaten up, because they were the fattest. Every man that raises stock has it in his power to make improvements, and he should avail himself of all the advantages around him to turn his power to the benefit of himself and posterity.

EVENNESS OF SIZE.

The man who feeds hogs should have them as near even as possible. To do this it is necessary that they should be about the same age. This, of course, is arranged by properly breeding the sows to bring the litters as near together as possible. They feed better when they are of the same size, they look better and they sell better to the dealer for the pork market. It adds value to the bunch to have them of uniform size and soundness.

In fact, there are parties engaged at the stock yards in buying up bunches of mingled sizes, sorting them out into even-sized lots and making a profit by so doing. They make this their business. A man who wants to buy a bunch of shippers always selects the smooth, even-sized hogs or pigs.

GIVEN UP FOR DEAD.

Chaplain Kane's Strange Story—How He Feels to Die.

A remarkable story was told in the London Daily Mail by Mr. James J. Kane, who for thirty years was a chaplain in the United States Navy, from which he only recently retired. Mr. Kane pays occasional visits to London.

"I have been no fewer than eight times at the point of death," said Mr. Kane, "and on three occasions I was pronounced dead by physicians. On one of those occasions I rested in my coffin for twenty-four hours."

"During the third year of the American Civil War I was attached as an executive officer to a gunboat of the West Gulf Blockading Squadron, which was under the command of the late Admiral Farragut. Yellow fever was virulent, and ultimately I contracted the disease. I struggled hard against the disease, which was deeply rooted in the system. I gradually grew worse and began to welcome the approach of death."

"All this time I was perfectly conscious, and as the body grew weaker the mental powers grew stronger. I recognized the peculiar distinction between the soul and the body, and made the startling discovery that I was possessed of wonderful faculties belonging to the soul, which were gradually developing as the separation from the body was taking place. I am unable to describe them. Their power was marvelous. For each faculty I had in the body I had ten in the spirit form."

"Weaker and yet still weaker I grew; my breathing became difficult; pulsation almost ceased. Without losing consciousness I at last passed through the final stage. In an instant the spirit was freed, and I stood beside my body, pronounced dead by the doctors and the nurses. 'All is over; he is gone,' said they, as they closed my eyes."

"I claim that the act of dying is one of the most delightful and exciting episodes of my life, filled with pleasurable emotions, not only at the thought of meeting long-parted friends, but the increase of knowledge and freedom from earthly elements. When I awoke, a colored preacher, who was very much attached to me, and who was weeping at my bedside, said: 'Thank God, you are once more alive,' and there was rejoicing at my restoration. My vision haunted me. I mourned over my return. I soon fell into a deep sleep, and the next morning felt increased vitalization."

"I once had a cataleptic seizure in London, when Dr. George W. Callender was in attendance upon me. He afterwards stated that I was the only man in his varied experience who had recovered after being so far gone in the throes of death. Two other medical men were also called, and they concurred with Dr. Callender."

HAS CRUSOE'S OWN GUN.

Lady is Proud Possessor of Gun Which Figures in Robinson Crusoe.

The very gun with which Alexander Selkirk hunted wild beasts on his lonely island, and with which he used to impress his dusky servant Friday, is in the possession of Miss Hulda White, of No. 291 North Thirty-fourth Street, Philadelphia.

The publication of the fact that this Crusoe relic is in the hands of Miss White seems to have worried the wealthy descendants of Selkirk in Scotland, as some of the British magazines and papers have printed statements to the effect that the old weapon is "rusting, uncared for and alone in the attic of some unappreciative Yankee." Many offers to purchase the relic have been submitted to Miss White, and all have been declined.

The gun occupies a place of honor in Miss White's handsome home, and the documents which prove that it is authentic are locked in the vaults of a Philadelphia trust company. Miss White has had the weapon for some years, it having been presented to her by a cousin who picked it up in Largo, the Fifeshire town in which Selkirk was born, and, knowing his relative's fondness for such curios, forwarded it to Philadelphia. It cost him only \$160, including the papers which prove that it is genuine. Before he got out of town a rich Selkirk descendant offered him \$320 for it, but failed to keep an appointment and did not get it. Intrinsically the gun is worth nothing. It is of the ancient fire-lock pattern invented in 1676.

Beware of the man who is forever harping on his honesty.

The more rights a woman has the less she talks about them.