

THE SACRIFICE ; The Farm

OR
FOR HER FAMILY'S SAKE.

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued).

He looked reproachfully at her, and drew his chair nearer. As he opened his lips to speak, she turned to her other neighbor and asked for a glass of water.

"Fraulein von Tollen," a passionate voice whispered in her ear, "why do you treat me so? If you only knew, Lora—if you knew—"

Fraulein von Tollen, if you please," she replied, leaning back in her chair.

"I entreat you, Fraulein von Tollen, give me some hope. You cannot really be so cold toward me as you pretend. You must know that ever since I first saw you—"

The little wooden fan in her hand snapped in two at this moment, and she involuntarily made a movement as if to rise.

"For Heaven's sake," he implored her, "I beg of you stay! After supper, one single word—"

Trembling with agitation, she laid the fan on the table; the break was in the middle of the coat of arms.

Adalbert Becher beckoned for some more champagne. When he had filled his glass he called down to the other end of the table, "Tollen! Tollen! you know," and lifted his glass.

Lora looked at her brother with horrified eyes. What! They were already so intimate.

In the confusion that would ensue at the end of the supper, she hoped to be able to escape. She must go home, that was her one thought; but she soon found it impossible. She was carried along with the throng that pressed toward the cool salon and the ball-room; the music of a waltz caught the ears of the company excited by the wine, and several couples began to dance with more ardor than dignity.

"Rudolph, I must speak to you," whispered Lora, as she stood by a pedestal of black marble which held a Terpsichorean; behind her stood Adalbert Becher, excited and angry because she had repeatedly refused to dance with him. She held her brother tightly by the arm, as he tried to pass her with his partner.

"In a moment," he replied, disappearing in the whirl.

"One word, only one word, Fraulein von Tollen," whispered a voice behind her. "I love you with all my heart—"

She stood there with her lips pressed close together, white as the wall of the room, and pretended not to hear.

"You are such a beautiful girl, Lora. I must—I you drive me mad with your coldness."

She felt his hot breath on her cheek, a warm touch on her ear; she ran suddenly across the hall and stood before Rudolph, who had just finished his dance. "Take me home," she demanded with trembling lips, "at once. I am ill."

She looked at him in such terror, with eyes blazing with indignation and face so pale, that he sprang up, excused himself to his partner, and giving Lora his arm, led her to the cloak-room. When Lora was dressed in her cloak and hood, Aunt Melitta came up wringing her hands, which still held her whisk cards.

"For Heaven's sake what is the matter, my angel?"

Rudolph muttered about "whims," as he put on his overcoat.

"Don't leave your game of whisk Auntie," entreated Lora. "I am not well. My head aches. You know I have not been able to sleep much lately."

She kissed the small, troubled face under the pansies, and slipped down the stairs into the hall. Once there she fled out into the open air along the garden-path; she heard Adalbert Becher's voice behind her, hoarse and excited. Not until she reached the gate of the park did her brother overtake her.

"Very delightful to have to take an unexpected promenade like this," he said angrily; and as she still remained silent, "what possessed you to run away like that?"

"I am very sorry that I was obliged to trouble you, Rudi, but to whom can I go if not to you?" she said in a trembling voice.

"I should like to know why you ran away," growled Rudolph. "I am sure you didn't lack for attention. Do give some reason, at least, so I can give some explanation to Adalbert, poor fellow; he is beside himself."

"I will not listen to insolence from a drunken man," replied Lora, throwing the end of her long cloak, which was made of an old cashmere shawl of her mother's, over her shoulder, to protect herself from the cold wind.

"Drunk! Insolent!" exclaimed the lieutenant, who was also excited by the champagne. "It is true he spoke to you of his liking for you, but you don't call that an insult! You girls are marvelous, upon my word!"

Lora walked on faster.

"Let us drop the subject," she said. "No, by Jove! I am sorry for the poor fellow. He is in love with you, Lora. I should think you would be glad to escape at last from all the toiling and moiling at home. And yet—what on earth can you expect? He is—"

He stopped suddenly. Lora, who was walking in front, on her narrow side-walk, turned, and the flickering light of the single lamp, which always burned during the night on the corner of the

Rathhaus, shone directly on her beautiful, angry face, and displayed her gleaming eyes. "What more do I want?" she exclaimed; "and do you ask that, you, who only a short time ago designated this man as a parvenu of the commonest kind?"

"I have learned to know him since then, and he really is not so bad," replied her brother crossly. "But go on, do—there is a devilish draught here."

But she did not stir.

"You call him 'thou,'" she continued, "and you seem to be his friend. Well, then, you can take my answer for him: I cannot endure him; he is to me the most antagonistic person I ever met, and he had better take care never to speak like that to me again,—he had better take care!"

Her cloak blew off her shoulder in the wind; she looked angry and threatening at this moment.

"Don't be tragical," said the lieutenant, dryly. "He is a good fellow and has a good position, though he isn't highly educated. If you had any knowledge of life, you would not mount on your high horse so readily."

She wrapped her cloak about her again and walked on through the dark, lonely street.

"What is it to us," continued the lieutenant, striding along beside her, "how he got his money? He might have been a dog-shearer for aught I should care, provided he didn't steal his money. And what do we care what people may say about Frau Elfrida's origin? It is all the same to us whether she comes from New York or from Westenberg, as the people say, and it is a matter of equal indifference what her parents may have been. A man cares little for the prejudices of rank, when he sees what a poor creature he is without the all-desirable tin."

"You sit here in this hole, perched on your coat of arms as on a throne; and you, especially, you will wait a long time, my dear, before a baron of the empire comes along, even though you were much prettier than you are. Do you want to be a sour old maid? And what is going to become of you when the governor goes off? I should think you would consider it your duty to jump at such a splendid match, if only for your parents' sake, who are in constant anxiety as to what is to become of you girls. Katie would have a support, too, then. The devil! It is no small thing that a girl in your position should have such an offer! Eh! Did you say anything, Lora?"

She was just turning the corner of the street, at the end of which was her father's house.

"No!" was the reply, half blown away by the wind, which swept toward them here with full force. He could not see the contemptuous smile that rested on her lips.

"Don't then," he muttered.

A few minutes later the young girl stood breathless, before the low house-door, and turned the key gently in the lock.

"Well?" he inquired, standing behind her.

"What?" was her answer.

"I am going back again, Lora, and—"

"A pleasant evening," she replied in differently.

"Then listen to me," he returned in a low, angry tone, holding her by the cloak. "I shall tell him that you will think of it, Lora?"

"What interest have you in this courtship?" she asked, her usual soft voice full of cutting contempt. "You are afraid, perhaps, that your two poor sisters may be a burden to you, by-and-by? You may rest easy on that score—"

"But, Lora—by Jove, it is not that!" he declared, in confusion. "I only meant it for your good."

"But I will not!" she cried aloud, quite beside herself with anger, "do you hear? I will not."

And the door escaped from her descending hand, and shut with a bang; at the same moment a gust of wind blew open the opposite window, and suddenly extinguished the poor little kerosene lamp, that had been placed on the stairs, to light her into her room when she returned. She crept upstairs in the darkness, with gentle steps and beating heart; had she awakened her father? She listened on the upper floor—all was still; but then she heard her mother's voice: "Lora! Lora!"

She went to her mother's bed and knelt down.

"Did I frighten you, mamma?" she said tenderly.

"No, no; but why are you at home now, Lora? Is it all over already? Did you enjoy it? I am sure it must have been very fine."

By the faint light of the night-lamp, her mother's eyes seemed full of love and mildness.

"Ah, if I could only tell her all!" thought the young girl, as she laid her head on her mother's shoulder and began hesitatingly to describe Adalbert Becher's persistent attentions. A shudder of horror and indignation ran over her slender figure, and at length her voice died away in a flood of tears.

Frau von Tollen lay quite still, her hand on her child's head.

"But why do you cry so dreadfully?" she inquired at length. "Is it an in-

HANDLING THE MANURE.

the big jobs on a dairy farm is the manure. On a farm with cows, it requires from three to five in the year. On our farm over 450 loads of manure were hauled to the field and spread every day, so for us, for a man and a horse, it meant 45 days' work. By every day and spreading it, the manure is mainly done in winter, when there was a clean barnyard all the time. Some farmers have a fear manure will wash away in the spring. We have found no trouble in this. The loss is much less when rain comes, we want the manure where it will dissolve and be soil.

ing of time in hauling, leaving it clear for other and more pressing work. In these days of labor, the farmer must use the most economical ways of doing farm work. It is an error to waste labor. Indeed, we do business where labor is not economically handled than it is on a farm. The farmer is suffering in many ways, yet for lack of it is often wasted.

LCH VS. CULTIVATION.

had the straw mulch a fine thing to do down the weeds, and to conserve moisture for maintaining growth of fruits and vegetables. cs, melons, cabbage, in fact, all everything grown in the garden, better with good mulching than do average cultivation given on farms.

thor has raised potatoes in this many ears. The potatoes are shallow and covered with several of clean straw, and that is the it until digging time. They do not to be plowed or hoed. When it has been gathered this mulch turned under and will add humus to soil, which is lacking in many of gardens.

an keep down the weeds and produce a fair crop of vegetables and berries the mulch. For the berry work can be done at any and the result is a nice clean and an increased insurance against

THE STOCK NOTES.

have access at all times to water, and small sheds for them and rain

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