

THE SACRIFICE;

—OR—
FOR HER FAMILY'S SAKE.

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

"Go now, mamma," he said, "I want to get up; it is late."
She went away and stole into a little room where all manner of rubbish was stored, in order to cry unseen. There was the little chair, which had belonged to her children, one after another. She gazed at the worn-out piece of furniture, and it suddenly seemed to her as if her little Rud's brown, curly head appeared above it. He had been a sweet little child, her great delight, and now he was to go from her loaded with shame and disgrace, and she would never see him more! For long before he could come back, she would have grieved herself to death.

She tried to blame him, but she could not. His frivolous nature was inherited from her family; two brothers of her own had been ruined by similar extravagance. She ceased sobbing, and gazed at the little chair with wide-open eyes. Ah! the youngest had shot himself. She groaned heavily. "May God have mercy!"

She lost her self-control utterly. She sprang up, and with trembling fingers tightened the string of her apron. The action was quite mechanical. If her son should make her suffer that! She had no more strength to bear it now. No more! And her sick husband—her poor girl—"God in heaven, if Lora would only be reasonable!"

She untied her apron again, and the color came into her face. "Reasonable? Who was the reasonable one here?"—"If Lora would sacrifice herself!" said an honest voice within her. "No, no persuasion. I will not say a word for anything. God will find us a way out of it. God must have mercy!"

The door-bell rang below, and she heard the postman's voice. The weak woman flew out of the room and down the stairs with youthful lightness. Her trembling hand took a letter. She concealed it hastily in her pocket, without looking at it, and then came upstairs again with the Kreuzzeitung, to carry it to her husband.

"Nothing else?" grumbled the old man as he took the newspaper.

"Nothing," she answered quickly, and began to busy herself with the coffee equipage, which stood before her husband, who was sitting at the window in his arm-chair.

She did not even color as she told her lie, she was so accustomed to concealments, to uttering necessary falsehoods. She had learned such guilelessness in lying during the last few years of her married life, that she was sometimes shocked at herself; but there was no other way for her to keep the peace in the house. The major was wrathful over every bill that came in; he scolded, as if his wife only burnt coal for the sake of tormenting him; as if she bought their simple dresses out of pure extravagance, and for a long time now she had not permitted him to hear anything of the sort. He was terrible to her, in his anger. He must have been aware that there were debts, but he never asked about them; it was so hard for him to part with the few gold pieces which he had hoarded up for an emergency; he never yielded any of them without a storm, and so it suited him very well that "the women" should not come to him for every trifle; he always heard about it, quite soon enough, when he had to pay out money. And sometimes he hadn't any at all, and so it happened that the tradespeople often had to wait for months for their pay, and that the Tollens did not stand very high in the estimation of the Westenberg shopkeepers.

Frau von Tollen carried out the coffee-pot, put it on a table in the hall, and mounted the narrow staircase to Lora's attic room.

The young girl was standing at the window; she did not hear her mother come in, and the latter did not perceive that a greeting was waved to someone in the courtyard of the gymnasium.

"Lora," she began, "it is from your uncle—I think it is from your uncle," and she drew the letter out of her pocket. "Read it, please; I cannot, my eyes are so dim."

Lora quietly took the letter out of her mother's hand, cut the envelope, and read it.

"It is nothing, mamma," she said; "he will not do anything. Uncle writes: 'Let him bear the consequences of his folly, and learn to work on the other side of the big pond. Work, iron necessity alone, will cure natures like his of their folly.'"

Frau von Tollen again nervously twisted the strings of her apron round her finger, and looked anxiously at Lora.

"I can think of nothing more," she murmured.

"Perhaps Benberg may still succeed in getting the money, mamma."

But the old lady made no answer. She rose and quickly left the room. Lora looked sadly after her.

CHAPTER VI.

The widowed Frau Pastorin Schonberg was sitting at the window in her parlor, knitting on a gray, woollen stocking for her son. The old lady at first sight had a remarkably peevish face, as if she had had nothing but care and trouble all her life long. But when one looked into her forget-me-not eyes,

which looked wonderfully young from under the spotless fresh tulle cap, one would say at once: "Good temper has always carried the day here, though times were ever so hard." And then one would try to fancy this old woman a young girl, and would say to oneself, "She must have been a merry little creature." It was too dull when the Frau Pastorin assured her acquaintances that her son occasioned her a great deal of anxiety; he was too extravagant; he was always thinking of the few thousand thalers he would inherit after her death; it was a great pity when children knew that there was something to be got out of their old parents. And her eyes laughed as she spoke, for she did not in the least believe what she said.

The servant-maid came in and asked for the key to the cupboard; it was time to make the tea for the Herr Doctor. "Isn't it early for the tea?" she remarked, as she took the bunch of keys off her chapeau.

"The Herr Doctor will be here in a minute; it is a quarter past five," replied the girl, looking at the clock as she went out.

The Frau Pastorin murmured something; then she stopped and listened. The door-bell rang and a manly step approached. "With a 'Good evening, mother,'" the young doctor entered the room.

"Good evening," was the reply. "It is raining, isn't it?"

"It is only mist, mother. It is October, you know. How do you do? Have you read your paper yet?"

"Yes, there is a description of the Bechers' ball. They will be horribly unlofted if all the Westenbergers treat them as if they were crowned heads, and there—look! There is the Becher herself, driving out in her coupe, and calling for the old doll-woman! Well, it must be true what Frau Lange says, that that is going to be a match."

The doctor had taken off his hat and made himself comfortable on the sofa, before the table, where he usually drank his tea, when he came back from his classes, in the afternoon. He looked up as his mother spoke. "What did you say, mother? Pray tell Frau Lange to attend to her own affairs."

"Well, it can make no difference to us, my boy. There they go. Really, Fraulein Melitta has got on her violet bonnet with the yellow roses. She is a figure!"

Her son went to the window and watched the carriage go by. It was an elegant coupe. It was true; there, behind the shining windows, was the well-known shabby hat of Fraulein Melitta von Tollen, which had been displayed every Sunday for years in the free pew, at St. Martin's Church. A slight smile of malice was visible on the doctor's intelligent face, which was surrounded by a full blonde beard.

"Do you want to wager," he asked, "that they are going to make a call at the major's?"

"How penetrating you are!" remarked the pastorin; "an elegant carriage like that will make quite a show before the house. That will enlighten Fraulein Lora."

He looked down with a merry smile at the grumbling little woman.

"Do you think so?" he said.

"Boy, don't be so stupid! The Tollens can neither fly nor walk; and if an even greater idiot than that Adalbert were to come along."

At this he laughed aloud.

"How severely you women always judge one another!" he said. "But here is my tea."

He sat down at the table, which the maid had covered with a brilliantly white cloth, and began to drink his tea. "The dear knows!" murmured the old lady. "Necessity knows no law; many a girl has married to escape from misery."

"But her name is not Lora von Tollen," he replied earnestly.

His mother turned her head quickly, and pushed her glasses up on her forehead, in order to see her son better.

"My goodness! You don't mean that you want to marry her yourself?"

He pushed his cup aside and crossed over to her.

"Why not?" he asked, pulling the broad, stiffly-starched strings of her cap.

"You are not in earnest?"

"Wouldn't you like such a sweet girl for your daughter-in-law?"

"For Heaven's sake, boy, stop, stop!" cried the old lady.

"Don't you like, Lora, mother?"

"You needn't be playing your jokes on me, for I don't believe a word of it," she grumbled. "That would be a pretty affair."

He was silent, but he smiled still.

"I would disinherited you!" she declared suddenly, with perfect seriousness. "Disinherited you!"

"Really?" he asked, while his mouth twitched. "And to whom would you leave your vast fortune?"

"I would found an idiot asylum with it, you saucy boy," she cried; "and you and your aristocratic bride would both be admitted."

"If we were the only fools there, I should accept with thanks. Good-evening, mother. I am going to take a walk."

He took his books, his hat and cane, and a minute after he left the room.

The old lady heard him whistle a gay song on the stairs, and shook her head. "No," she said at length, "he is not so foolish as that—a pretty face and nothing more—not!"

And she carefully put away her knitting work, leaned back in her chair with folded hands, and repeated again: "He is not so foolish as that."

All at once he was standing outside, and knocked on the pane. She pushed aside the bolt and opened the window. "I say, mother," he said, "before Lora becomes my wife, we must build on the gable-room upstairs; there isn't room enough in the house."

She flushed crimson, and banged the window to; but he pressed his face against the glass and laughed at her with merry eyes, as he used to do when he was a boy.

Then she opened the window again. "Enst, you rascal, will you make a fool of your old mother?" And before he knew what she was about, she took off his hat and left him standing bareheaded, the wind blowing through his thick brown hair. "You want to go to walk? Go then, my boy; I wish you a pleasant walk. You can go and propose to Lora just as you are."

She was about to shut the window, when he pushed aside her hand, and the next moment he had sprung with a bound through the low window, and was standing in the room.

His old mother leaned back in her chair and laughed. "Aren't you ashamed of yourself?" she cried. "What would your scholars say if they should see you going on like that? Do you think they would have any respect for you? If I only knew what makes you so wild!"

Then he suddenly drew up a chair beside her, and looked earnestly at her.

"You may know it, mother," he said softly; "it is happiness that makes it, pure, sweet happiness. She loves me—Lora, and will be my wife."

"Merciful heavens!" stammered the pastorin, pale as death. "Boy, what a work you are making for yourself!" His eyes wore an appealing expression.

"Mother, don't try to persuade me, it would be all in vain."

"O heavens! she is not the sort of a wife for you!" began the pastorin; "one of the Tollens, who know nothing and care nothing but be haughty, whose aristocratic ideas peep out of every fold in their dresses. Boy, what have you done that you should be so afflicted?"

"You do not know Lora," he replied, seizing her hand. "She is so good and simple, and she loves me with all her heart."

"I must see it first with my own eyes. I won't believe it till then. Now misery will come upon us, it is beginning."

"Will you see her once, mother? May I bring her here?" he asked, without heeding her last words. "I think I shall meet her out walking, and I will beg her to come in for a moment."

He got up and took his hat, which had dropped, unheeded, from his mother's lap.

She made no reply.

"I will bring her to you, mother; then you will love her, I am sure," and Lora ran, rather than walked, out of the room into the darkening October afternoon.

In the park he fairly ran through all the paths, but they were all vacant. A feeling of disappointment came over him. He had been so sure that Lora would go to walk with her sister. He sat down in the pavilion for a moment and wrote Lora's name in the damp, dark earth with his cane; he was so deeply engaged that he did not perceive that a couple of his scholars passed, bowed to him, and concealed their forbidden cigars. It was nearly night, and he was cold; so he went slowly back to the city, and stood for awhile outside the garden door of his little place, considering whether he had better go in and work. Then he concluded that it would be impossible, and he walked away toward the city gate.

From under the archway Katie von Tollen came toward him, swinging her arms. Her brown woollen dress was decidedly short; the rubber strips in her congress boots had stretched, and her felt cap was thrust on one side of her saucy, bored face. He could not give a very queer shape to her foot, help smiling; what a difference between the two sisters!

"Good-evening, Fraulein Katie," he began, approaching her; "are you taking a walk, and all alone?"

The young girl's face turned scarlet. She made an awkward gesture.

"Lora couldn't come; she had to stay at home and make coffee for old Frau Becher."

"Indeed! Then I will go a little way with you. Where were you going?"

Katie was amazed. Dr. Schonberg go with her! He, the secret idol of all the school-girls, go to walk with her, with Katie von Tollen! She looked at him in consternation, and then she thought herself; in town they would be likely to meet some of the school-girls, and what a future that would make!

"I was just going to turn back," she said; "I must go to the market-place again; I have something to get there—at—"

"Very well," he interrupted, "I will go with you to—wherever you want to go. How are you getting on with your theme, Fraulein Katie, on—"

"Oh, I gave that in long ago."

"Oh, yes; so you did. So your mother has visitors?"

"They have been there for two hours, cackling about the ball," replied Katie.

"It was very fine, wasn't it?"

"I don't know. Lora hasn't spoken a word all day; she came home long before the others did, anyway. I can't blame her."

"Why so?" asked the young man.

"Oh, everybody knows that Adalbert Becher wants to marry our Lora."

He did not speak at once. "That must be very unpleasant for Fraulein Lora," he managed to say.

"Possibly, yes," replied Katie. "At any rate, I wouldn't have stayed there, if Frau Elfrida Becher had been ten times sweeter and more anxious about my health."

He had stopped just before a jeweller's shop. As if lost in thought he gazed at the modest display, and his eyes were fixed on an etui, lined with velvet, on which a mass of plain gold rings shone in the light of a petroleum lamp.

"Those are wedding-rings," said Katie, who had followed the direction of his eyes.

"Would do me a favor, Fraulein Katie," he asked, without moving his eyes from the case.

"What is it?" she asked. Any one else would have received for answer, "I have no time." To him she could only bring out a reluctant "What is it?"

"To give a book to Fraulein Lora, which I promised her."

"Oh, yes; give it here," was the indifferent reply.

"But I must go home and get it first."

"That's nothing. I will come with you as far as your house, and while you are getting the book, I will walk up and down."

He had already turned, and they walked on quickly together. There were no great distances in Westenberg; in about ten minutes the doctor was hurrying through the little garden into his house, while Katie remained standing by the gate.

It was quite dark under the tall elms. She leaned against one of the trees and looked up at the gable window, where his room was. She breathed quickly, and her heart beat as though it would burst. Now a light flashed out from above; she saw a shadow moving, and then he must have gone further back into the room for the shadow disappeared.

(To be Continued.)



CATTLE OF MANY LANDS.

Some extremely interesting facts regarding the care and breeding of cattle in Europe have recently been amassed by a government specialist. We give some of the facts herewith:

One prominent feature in the feeding of both dairy and beef cattle in all European countries is the employment of large amounts of succulent feeds. Root crops are used for this purpose more than any other farm crop. In England mangels, turnips and rutabagas are the roots principally employed. Turnips and rutabagas are fed during fall and early winter, while mangels, which are better keepers, are usually fed during late winter and early spring. In France and Germany sugar beets and sugar beet pulp are extensively employed as succulent feeds and both are giving most excellent results.

It appears that generally speaking English breeders of pure-bred stock realize fully the disadvantage of keeping breeding stock in a too fleshy condition and the best breeders in the country do not keep their breeding stock which they retain on their farms in an overfed condition. They are, however, according to a number of prominent breeders, obliged to fatten stock sold at public sale for the reason that it is practically impossible to sell cattle or live stock of any kind, a fact which our breeders realize fully as well—unless they are well fattened.

For fattening purposes, corn meal, bean meal, pea meal and concentrated foods of that character are used extensively in England, but roots are also fed liberally. In fact, it seems difficult for the English feeder to realize that cattle can be fattened without more or less roots or grass. Corn is seldom if ever fed to breeding stock. Crushed oats, wheat bran, oil cake and foods of that character being substituted for the reason that they are better bone and muscle builders, and they are not heating as is the case with corn.

FOR BREEDING ANIMALS

As much as 125 pounds of roots per day are fed in some instances, although the average is stated by Prof. Kennedy to be from 50 to 80 pounds per head per day. A great deal of oil cake and cottonseed cake is fed. It is never fed ground, however, but is generally fed in small lumps. What is called undecordicated cake, and which is manufactured from Egyptian and Sea Island cotton, is used extensively, especially during the summer season. Undecordicated cake is cake made from cotton seed from which the hulls have not been removed, previous to the extraction of the oil. The hull contains a substance with astringent properties, and hence this undecordicated cake is considered an excellent food in that it prevents cattle from scouring when on grass. The practice of grinding or crushing grains is universal. Cutting or chaffing of hay, straw and all kinds of roughage is often practiced. Roots are usually pulped or sliced, and the grain ration is ordinarily mixed with cut roughage or pulpy roots, it being considered that the grain is more fully digested when fed in that manner. In southern and central portions of England the cattle are mostly fed out of doors, while in the more northern latitudes they are stabled during the winter months, but are always turned out during the day time whenever the weather permits.

In Scotland from whence we have obtained so many excellent Shorthorn cattle during recent years, intensive

farming is practised. This is absolutely necessary, for the reason that much of the land in that country rents for \$15 an acre. Scotland has special purpose beef as well as special purpose dairy breeds, and the Scottish farmers as a rule do not attempt to breed dual-purpose types. They are great believers in roots, turnips and swedes being

THE MAIN CROPS USED.
They feed from 250 to 300 pounds of roots to three-year-old and fattening steers. They also cut their roughage and prefer to mix the grain ration with roots or roughage. Quite a number of farmers in that country steam the food for their cattle, although the practice is not so general as it was a few years ago. Farmers are beginning to feel that no special advantage accrues from steaming cattle feeds and that the practice is rather an expensive one.

Ireland has more cattle per acre of land than any other country in the world. Taking the country as a whole, there is one head of cattle for every 4.36 acres of land. Ireland is a country of pastures and meadows. In fact 80 per cent. of all the land in Ireland is either in grass or in meadow. The bulk of the land under cultivation is used for the production of potatoes and root crops, consequently but little is left for grain culture. Dairying is carried on quite extensively. The winters are mild and the rainfall evenly distributed through the seasons, so that cattle may be pastured throughout the entire year.

France has no distinct breeds of cattle, and the cattle industry in that country, as compared with that in England, is rather of a primitive nature. The cows are generally lethargic, and soiling crops are extensively raised. Corn is grown in the southern portion of France. With the exception of sugar beets, comparatively few roots are raised. Clover and alfalfa silage, however, is used to quite an extent and is prized as one of the most nutritious feeds grown. Most of the roughage is fed without being cut or chaffed.

Austria-Hungary has a breed of native cattle, silver gray in color. They are not pure bred in any sense of the word; they are neither, strictly speaking, dairy nor beef cattle, although they lean more to the dairy than beef type. The Simmenthal breed of cattle native to Switzerland has been introduced to some extent. This breed has a tendency to beefiness and is not generally considered a good dairy breed, although it can be classed as

A FIRST-CLASS BEEF BREED.

In Germany comparatively few cattle are pastured. They are stabled throughout the entire year, and soiling crops are raised for feed. Land being so high-priced, the German farmer considers it extravagant to pasture cattle, as he can raise much more green food upon an acre under cultivation than on an acre in pasture. Sugar beets are grown extensively, and they are largely used as cattle food, as is also beet pulp, a by-product of the sugar beet factories. Clover grows everywhere in Germany, while the growth of alfalfa is restricted to the central and southern portions.

The Swiss farmer raises what might be called a tri-purpose cow. He not only wants a cow to be a good dairy animal but she must also produce beef and in addition to that perform labor on the farm. Cows, bulls and oxen are used extensively as beasts of burden in that country. The two principal breeds of cattle in Switzerland, native to that country, are Brown Swiss and Simmenthal, both of which breeds are also found in this country. The calves are usually allowed to suck the cows in Switzerland and are weaned at the age of six months, although in a few instances the more progressive farmers raise them on skim milk. At another time we hope to give more detailed information with regard to specific methods of feeding in the different countries.

HOW NATIONS ADVERTISE.

Belgium, like many Continental countries, has its National Board of Advertising. The State, owning, as it does, the railways, must do everything in its power to increase the passenger traffic, and so England and the adjacent countries are extensively placarded with posters, showing Belgium's beauty and pleasure spots. The principal attraction is Ostend and its casino, and the pictorial records of this resort have adorned the boardings of England for many years past. King Leopold takes a deep interest in this aspect of Continental rivalry, and never misses an opportunity for proclaiming the superiority of his little country as a pleasure-provider. Few persons are aware of the fact that Austria goes in for the gentle art of advertising, but here, again, we have the reason that the State owns the railways. Austria is ambitious, and though at present the revenue from tourist traffic is comparatively small, the authorities hope that in time their country will be a serious rival to Germany and France.

THERE SHE BLOWS!

The Norwegian whale fisheries are well known to be the most extensive that exist. They extend over nearly the whole of the Arctic Sea, from the north of Norway towards Spitzbergen, and even to the Shetland Islands. The whales are shot from small steamers, the implement used being the so-called bomb-harpoon, an arrow-shaped iron spear furnished with a line which is discharged from a small cannon. The monster often drags the vessel a long distance, until it becomes exhausted and expires. It is then towed to the anchorage, where it is tripped of the blubber. At first only the blubber was utilized for train oil; now the bones are crushed for manure, and the flesh used for the food of certain of the lower lens's. Not so very long ago, whale-fishing was largely carried on by vessels belonging to Scotch ports, but the industry has now practically disappeared so far as Britain is concerned.