The Sacrifice;

OR

FOR HER FAMILY'S SAKE.

CHAPTER XXIV.

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 woodden 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 a while 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. "Comfort me."

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

"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 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 a while 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 far 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 everyone 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 her 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 have 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?"

Fraulein 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 Dr. 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 prayer 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 moment she felt nothing but an extraordinary weakness. 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 the 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 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 thru 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, gleamled 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.)

Permanent Results

"I had been suffering for over two months with an obstinate cough, as had also my little girl. We tried several remedies common to any drug store without obtaining any apparent relief, in fact we were growing worse. I got a bottle of Coltsfoote Expectorant from my druggist and inside of two days the cough was stopped, and the results so permanent and rapid that we decided to keep it in our home continually.

ROBERT PALEN.

C. A. R. Station, Ottawa.

Coltsfoote Expectorant is recognized the world over as the best prescription ever used by the medical profession for Coughs, Colds, Croup, Bronchitis and Tightness of the Chest. Children like it. To introduce it into every home we will send a free sample to every person sending their name and address to Dr. T. A. Slocum, Limited, Toronto. Sold by all up-to-date druggists at 25c.

Send for Free Sample To-day.

MARKDALE PEOPLE

With Chronic Coughs Need Vinol. It Stops the Cough and Cures the Cause.

This is the season for coughs and colds, and for the benefit of the people of Markdale a member of the firm of W. Turner & Co, our local druggists, tells them the best means for a cure:

He says: "Take Vinol, our real cod liver preparation without oil. It does not upset the stomach like cough syrups, and is much more effective. Vinol is not a palliative but a curative."

This is because it contains in a highly concentrated form all of the healing, strength-creating and medicinal elements of cod liver oil, actually taken from fresh cods' livers, with all the useless, nauseating oil eliminated and tonic iron added. It tastes fine, and cannot upset the weakest stomach, hence its wonderful power to cure.

We ask every person in Markdale who has a chronic cough or hard cold to try Vinol on our guarantee. W. Turner & Co., druggists, Markdale.

A FANCY WORK FIEND.

"Does your wife do much fancy work?"

"Fancy work? She won't even let a porous plaster come into the house without crocheting a red border round it and running a yellow ribbon through the holes."

DIRECTORY.

Under this heading we publish in brief form notices of Municipal, Educational and Religious Institutions for the convenience of our readers. Such institutions are invited to keep us posted, so that the list may be full and correct.

POST OFFICE DIRECTORY.

MARKDALE

The P.O. will be open from 8 o'clock a.m. to 7 p.m. every working day. Mails close as follows:

C.P.R. going North, 11.40 a.m. and 8.40 p.m.

C.P.R. going South, 7.30 a.m. and 3.50 p.m.

Traverston, Waudby and Eborndale 12.30 noon Tuesday, Thursdays and Saturdays.

Beaverdale and Wodehouse—2.30 Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

For registered letters and money orders, thirty minutes earlier than above. The P.O. will be open on holidays one hour after noon mail arrives.

Angus Plewes, P.M.

MARKDALE OFFICIALS.

Reeve—J. H. Stephenson.
Councillors—L. G. Campbell, J. G. Matthews, W. L. McFarland, T. H. Wilson.
Clerk—A. Macpherson.
Treasurer—Wm. Lucas.
Poundkeeper—Os. Walker.
Village Constable—A. McCutcheon.
Assessor—J. G. McDuff.
Collector—Chas. Reed.
Fenceviewers—John C. Walker, M. J. Duke, Wm. Ritchie.
Medical Health Officer—A. Ego, M. D.
Auditors—J. S. Rowe, J. E. Matson.
Council meets last Monday in the month at 8 p.m.

EDUCATIONAL.

Public School Board.
Chairman—J. E. Trefford.
Sec.-Treas.—Dr. A. Ego.
Rev. A. Shepherd, W. J. Howard and J. W. Ford, jr.

Public School Staff:
J. S. Rowe, Principal; Misses M. Neely, J. Murdoch, M. Mann.

Markdale Public Library
W. Turner, Sec.-Treas.; Miss V. Mann, Librarian. Library open every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings.

DIVISION COURT CLERKS

No. 1—Benj. Allen, Owen Sound.
No. 2—Arch. Davidson, Durham.
No. 3—H. Henning Meaford.
No. 4—W. L. Tyson, Clarksburg.
No. 5—W. J. Bellamy, Flesherton.
No. 6—W. J. Winter, Chatsworth
No. 7—Dunc. Campbell, Hanover.
No. 8—R. L. Stephen, Markdale.

COUNTY COUNCIL.

The County Council consists of the Reeves and Deputy Reeves of the various municipalities.

COUNTY OFFICIALS.

Sheriff—C. H. Moore, O. Sound.
Clerk of Peace—John Armstrong, Owen Sound.
Clerk—John Rutherford, Owen Sound.
Treasurer—S. J. Parker, Owen Sound.
Warden—Hy. Pedwell, Thornbury
Registrar, N.—R. McKnight, Owen Sound.
Registrar, S.—Thos. Lauder, Durham.
M. P., North—W. P. Telford, Owen Sound.
M. P., East—Dr. Sproule, Markdale.
M. P., South—H. H. Miller, Hanover.
M.P.P., North—A. G. Mackay, Owen Sound.
M.P.P., East—I. B. Lucas, K.C., Markdale.
M.P.P., South—Dr. Jamieson, Durham.

NEIGHBORING MUNICIPAL COUNCIL BOARDS.

Artemesia.

Reeve—A. Muir, Ceylon.
Deputy-Reeve—T. R. McKenzie.
Councillors—Alex. Carson, Geo. Wright, Robert Best.
Treasurer—W. A. Armstrong, Flesherton.
Clerk—W. J. Bellamy, Flesherton.

Euphrasia.

Reeve—Jas. Erskine, Goring.
Deputy-Reeve—W. T. Ellis.
Councillors—R. Conn, L. Rennie, R. Johnston.
Treasurer—J. H. Gardner.
Clerk—N. L. Curry, Rocklyn.

Holland.

Reeve—Wm. Hampton, Berkeley.
Councillors—B. Wheildon, S. C. Greenaway, R. J. McIntosh, — Adams.
Clerk—J. P. Hare, Holland C.
Treasurer—John Cameron.

Glenelg.

Reeve—Thos. McFadden.
Deputy-Reeve—E. W. Hunt.
Councillors—Thos. Nichol, John A. McMillan and Wm. Weir.
Treasurer—Daniel Edge.
Clerk—J. S. Black, Pomona.

Osprey.

Reeve—E. H. Norman, Badgeros.
Deputy-Reeve—W. J. Taylor.
Councillors—Thos. Stephens, A. E. McCallum, Henry Downs.
Clerk—Thos. Scott, McIntyre.

Proton.

Reeve—Jas. H. Corbett.
Councillors—John Aldcorn, Rich. Cronin, Robert Armstrong, Wm. Middleton.
Clerk—Thos. Laughlin.

MARKDALE CHURCHES.

St. Joseph's Church.

Rev. A. C. Walter, D.D., Pastor.
Service 2nd and 4th Sundays in the month.

Presbyterian.

Rev. A. Shepherd, Pastor.
Service every Sunday at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.
Prayer Meeting—Thursday, 8 p.m.
Sabbath School—10 a.m. John Chard, Superintendent.
Young People's Guild—Monday evenings at 8 o'clock.

Methodist.

Rev. S. J. Wilson, B.A., B.D., Pastor.
Service every Sunday at 10.30 a.m. and 7 p.m.
Sunday School—2.30 p.m. W. J. Shortill, Superintendent.
Prayer Meeting—Thursday 7.30 p.m.
E. L. of C. E.—Monday, 8 p.m. C. Pickell, Pres. A. Littlejohns, Sec'y.
Ladies Aid Society—Mrs. W. A. Armstrong, President.
Rev. Steward—J. E. Trefford.

Christ Church.

Rev. J. A. Robinson, M.A., Incumbent.
Sunday Services—11 a.m. and 7 p.m.
Sunday School—10 a.m. J. W. Ford, jr., Superintendent.
Bible Class—Friday evenings at 7.30, conducted by the pastor.
The Guild of the Good Shepherd, every Friday afternoon at 4 o'clock.
Holy Communion, the first Sunday in each month, at the close of morning service. On other Sundays and Holy Days, at 8 o'clock a.m.

Now Open

Enter Any Day.

Winter Term in all departments of the

CENTRAL BUSINESS COLLEGE,

Toronto,

offers splendid chances for spending a few months pleasantly and profitably. Twenty-five teachers. Catalogue free. Write for it. W. H. Shaw, Principal; E. R. Shaw, Secretary. Yonge & Gerrard Sts., Toronto.

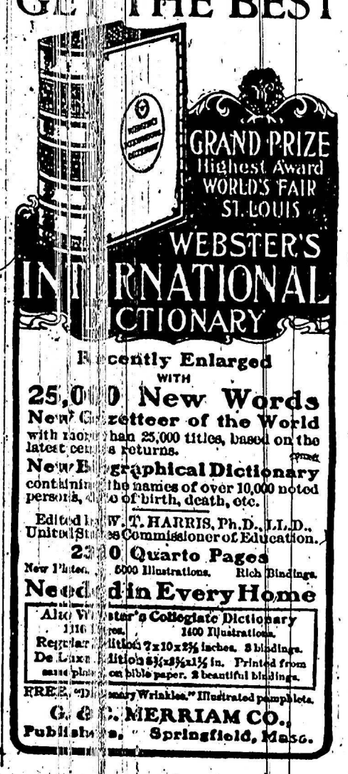
ENTER NOW

and prepare yourself for Business in the

NORTHERN Business College

It is the Most Complete Business College in Canada.

Three Courses: Commercial, Shorthand and Typewriting, and Preparatory, which is for those whose early education has been neglected. Write to

C. A. FLEMING, Principal,
Owen Sound, Ont.

GET THE BEST