The Sacrifice;

—or—

FOR HER FAMILY'S SAKE.

CHAP. XXX.—(Continued.)

He did not mention the quarrel in which he was involved, that sort of thing is not to be written about; that would take care of itself. The doctor would, of course, choose swords. By the way, he was an officer in the reserve corps. Wegstedt got out the arm. List. Right. Well so much the better.

At last he threw himself down on the bed with a book and a lamp, and drank off the contents of the carafe, but his fevered blood would not be calmed, and he did not close his eyes.

The next morning there was a heavy thunder-shower, after which the skies did not clear, but continued to send down a gentle rain on the thirsty earth, which returned its thanks to the beneficent clouds in the form of wonderful fragrance.

It pattered and dripped in all the spouts and gutters, and in all the houses the doors and windows were spread wide open to let in the much desired coolness.

Hans von Wegstedt came back from the morning's exercise wet through, and hardly took time to change his clothes before admitting the young referendary who had already been waiting for him a quarter of an hour.

Of course he knew what he had come for.

The referendary was standing before the splendid collection of arms, when Hans entered his sitting room and came up to him.

"I have come on behalf of Doctor Schonberg, Wegstedt."

"Sit down, Roder. I have been expecting this."

The gentleman sat down.

"Schonberg expects satisfaction from you; he says he will be satisfied if you will express your regret in my presence and in that of one of your comrades, for having used such—such offensive expressions, last evening. You were probably out of temper, Wegstedt, or you did not take in the full significance of Schonberg's words."

"I am sorry but I cannot take back a single word I said. I think now just as I thought last night," replied Wegstedt coldly.

"Then I am authorized to deliver a challenge to you."

"I accept it readily. Pistols, of course," said Wegstedt, rising. "My second will be with you in an hour."

"Good-morning, Wegstedt."

"Good-morning," said the latter, ringing the bell. He was obliged to ring twice before the servant appeared.

"Confound it! where have you been?" he cried, when the poor fellow appeared quite out of breath. "You are as wet as a drowned rat, still."

"Yes, I went for the doctor for the gracious lady upstairs."

"What?"

"The young lady was taken very ill last night." Hans Wegstedt was very pale. He dashed upstairs without a moment's delay.

Helen was standing in the hall with a face of dismay.

"Fräulein Helen—she is not very ill?" he asked.

"The doctor says he cannot tell what is the matter, but she is certainly very ill. We found her speaseless on her bed this morning, still in the clothes she had on yesterday."

He stood for awhile as if stunned, and then went slowly downstairs. In half an hour he bethought himself that he had important business dressed and went to a restaurant, where he asked a comrade to act as his second in the meeting with Doctor Schonberg.

In the deepest anxiety about Katie's illness he drank his beer, and went home again to inquire once more how Katie was. Then he sat in his room the whole day, writing and burning papers, going upstairs every little while to enquire, and every time coming back more unhappy, for Katie was, indeed, very ill.

Ernest Schonberg came, too. He too, saw Helen. "Tell me, for Heaven's sake, Fraulein Helen," he said, when he had expressed his sorrow, "has Katie ever given Lieutenant von Wegstedt reason to think she liked him particularly?"

"Why, doctor, you really are jealous without any cause," replied the sister, with tears in her eyes. "She has played with him as she would with a brother."

"Are you sure?"

"For shame, Schonberg! She cannot defend herself now, poor thing."

He went away again. There was absolutely nothing to be done as matters stood. Even if Katie were well, if he could show the announcement of betrothal printed in black and white to Wegstedt, who was undeniably over head and ears in love with Katie, the duel could not now be avoided.

That evening all Westenberg knew that Katie von Tollen was very ill. Aunt Melitta sat in the parlor like the uncanniest of the Parcae, and shook her head over the new misfortune that had fallen upon the family. Frau von Tollen was at her daughter's bedside about which that noiseless bustle was going on which always centres round a sick-bed. Helen was receiving the Frau Pastorin in her little room, and a few minutes after Gussie came in.

"What can be the use of it?" said Frau Schonberg. "She probably got too much heated in riding. Why should she go about on a horse like a man?"

Gussie drew down her lips. "If there is anything good for the health, it is riding," she replied, and soon took leave, with a promise to come again to inquire the next morning.

The pastorin, too, went away, with an anxious look, under her immense umbrella, which had once been spread over a couple of happy mortals. How much had happened since that time!

The Frau Pastorin felt oppressed with a curious restlessness. "Something is going to happen," she said to herself. "I had a bad dream, I saw so much water—yellow, muddy water."

She met her son on the way. They stopped and spoke a few words together.

"The doctor says it is inflammation of the brain," his mother told him. "It looks badly, my dear boy but keep up your courage."

He nodded gravely and went on.

The old lady looked after him, as he walked away so quickly and firmly. Goodness knows she was not proud, but truth was truth, and everyone knew he was the handsomest man in all Westenberg, and he was everything to her. God preserve him from all harm!

And at that moment a soldier went past her who was carrying an elegant case containing a pair of pistols, which Wegstedt's second had borrowed from an officer for the next morning.

And the old lady never dreamed what significance this soldier with the pistols could have for her; she only felt vexed that the great hulking fellow had shut out her view of her son for a moment with his broad back.

And as she tripped on through the wet street in her black hat, whose white transparent tulle ruche made a frame of her nice old face with the three-cornered black shawl which she had worn since her husband's death, and her umbrella on which the rain pattered, there went through her mind an old verse, which she had often repeated at sick-beds, when her husband was ill, and the people sent word, "If the Herr Pastor hasn't time, ask his wife to come."

"In pain and grief and sad unrest,
The Great Physician is the best."

Just as she had finished it she stood before her own door.

CHAPTER XXXI.

The following evening the Frau Pastorin was sitting by her son's bedside, but her hymn was powerless to give her comfort.

The old lady could not understand how it came about that her "boy" who only yesterday was so strong and upright, now lay here like a fallen tree cut down by the storm.

About eight o'clock this morning they had taken him out of the carriage, which had appeared like a sceptre at the garden gate, and brought him in here. A "duel," they had told her. What did she know of duels? All she had ever heard of them had only filled her with horror and contempt. "Blasphemous" they had seemed to her; and now here was her only son! Why had he done it? God alone knew. She had stood by and looked on uncomprehendingly, while the two doctors—the old city physician and the young doctor of the regiment—had examined the wound and bound it up. She had brought water and old linen with trembling hands, but she could not speak. Not until the old doctor turned to her and gave her directions about the nursing did she murmur, "Must he die?"

"No, no, Frau Pastorin. God forbid!" was the reply. But she knew the old doctor, and she saw him turn red as he uttered the lie.

"Now I know all about it," she replied, as she seated herself beside the bed where he lay unconscious and white as the linen on his pillow.

"Oh, the Tollens, the Tollens!" he murmured.

"Yes, yes," she said with a nod, with her eyes still fixed on him, "that has made all the trouble; but you would not listen to me; you always laughed at your old mother, my poor boy."

She did everything that was necessary for the sick man, but very quietly and mechanically.

The patient became restless toward evening; she called the servant and told her to go for the doctor.

The rosy little maid stood at the door, with her eyes red with crying.

"Ah, Frau Pastorin, do you know who did this to our young master?"

"It makes no difference," was the reply.

"It was Lieutenant Wegstedt, but he got something too—and, Frau Pastorin, our Fraulein Katie, the Lord bless her, she has got to die."

"Go and fetch the doctor," said the old lady.

(To be Continued.)

DOES THIS INTEREST YOU?

A prominent physician, famous for his success in the treatment of kidney and bladder diseases, attributes a great deal of his success to the following simple vegetable prescription:—

One ounce Fluid Extract Dandelion;

One ounce Compound Salatone;

Four ounces Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla;

Mix, shake well, and take in teaspoonful doses after each meal and again at bedtime.

Your druggist can supply the ingredients, and the mixture can be prepared at home at very little expense.

This, the doctor says, acts directly on the kidneys, assisting them to filter the poisons from the blood and expel same in the urine, at the same time restoring the kidneys to healthy, normal action.

We feel that a great many readers will be pleased to learn of this simple prescription, and knowing the ability of the physician whose formula it is, we do not hesitate to recommend it to any sufferer.

RIVERDALE

(Too late for last week.)

La Grippe is going its annual rounds.

Miss Josephine Ellis returned from B. C. on Tuesday last.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lee visited friends in this vicinity last week, previous to their departure for their home in Wadena, Sask.

Miss Martha Lomas, Markdale, is the guest of Mrs. J. Boales for a few days.

Mr. John Johnston, of Sligo, gave us a delightful call on Monday.

Mr. Robert Quinton, Blantyre, visited Mr. Wm. Irwin last week.

Mr. Secrett moved to this locality some weeks ago. We wish them much success.

Mr., Mrs. and Miss Annie Boales and Miss Martha Lomas visited friends in St. Vincent on the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Lee were the guests of their daughter, Mrs. W Dillon, of Rocklyn, recently.

Mr. Tom Harvey, of Cherry Grove, passed through our burg recently. We presume on another of those hunting expeditions.

We are informed that a real live wild cat has been prowling around the swamps in this vicinity for several months. It has been seen several times and is said to be an exceptionally large and savage-looking specimen.

Mr. John Faulkner experienced a rather exciting adventure with a wild pig recently. It appears Mr. Faulkner was on his way to the barn with a pailful of feed for his hens when he accidently encountered the foreign grunter, who, scenting the delicious preparation in the pail, employed strategic means of obtaining it by quickly conveying Mr. Faulkner to a distance of several rods on its back, and before Mr. Faulkner could regain his former equilibrium and hasten to the rescue, the voracious animal had went the limit with the hen feed similarly as it did with John.

A number of the Riverdaleites spent a very enjoyable evening at the home of Mr. Wm. Dickie, of Cherry Grove, recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gibson entertained a number of their friends on Tuesday evening, to a social quadrille.

(This week.)

The glorious Spring is here again, and we feel assured it is as welcome as the flowers in May.

Mr. James Gould has engaged with Mr. Fred Johnston for a few days last week.

Mr. Lawrence Lee, of Minnie Hill, is visiting his sister, Mrs. Sanford Ward.

Pleased to report Mr. Ralph Johnston recuperating favorably, after his recent illness.

Miss Letitia Irwin had a rugging bee one evening recently.

Mr. Everton Erskine returned to his home in Grand Valley on Saturday, after spending the winter with friends here.

We are informed that Mr. Geo. Sewell is indisposed at present, owing to an attack of pleurisy. Hope he may soon be convalescent.

On Saturday, March 28, Norman, the second son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Neely, passed peacefully away.

A number of the young people assembled at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Erskine on Friday evening previous to their departure for their new residence in Beaverdale. The hours were pleasantly whiled away in games and various other amusements until a late hour. The removal of Mr. Erskine and family from Riverdale is much to be regretted, as they are highly respected citizens and excellent neighbors. The whole family carry with them the heartiest good wishes of a wide circle of friends and acquaintances to their new home.

Joseph Boyd spent a very enjoyable and profitable time with the Markdale Standard Printing Company on Wednesday afternoon of last week. During our little visit we were deeply impressed by the dexterous achievements of the Monoline type setting machine. It is truly marvelous. We heartily congratulate Mr. Rutledge and Mr. Tucker on the systematic and up-to-date appearance of the establishment, and wish the company a continuance of the success they have achieved in the past.

Mr. J. E. Boales' sale on Monday was a splendid success, in fact there was something doing every minute from start to finish. This, however, is always the case when auctioneer Mathews wields the hammer. Mr. Boales purposes moving to Markdale this week, having accepted a lucrative position with McFarland & Company, of that place. We deeply regret losing so many of our best neighbors by death and removal as has taken place during the last few weeks. Mr. Boales and family are held in the highest esteem in Riverdale, and they will indeed be much missed by an immense number of friends and well-wishers in this community. Your cor. joins in wishing them success and prosperity in their new home.

PUNY CHILDREN NEED VINOL

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Rapid growth, overstudy, insufficent nourishment, convalescence after children's diseases, and run-down conditions make children delicate and stops development.

Because Vinol contains all the medical, bone, tissue and body-building elements of cod liver oil, actually taken from fresh cod's liver's, the useless oil eliminated and peptonate of iron added, it quickly restores robust health and children love it.

Mrs. C. W. Stump, of Canton, Ohio, writes: "I wish I could induce every mother who has a weak, sickly child to try that delicious cod liver preparation, Vinol, as it restored health and strength to our daughter after all else had failed."

We have never sold a medicine in our store equal to Vinol for delicate, ailing children, weak old people, or sickly women and children, and we return money if it fails to benefit. W. Turner & Co., druggists, Markdale.

NO CONSOLATION.

The Suitor—"Sir, I love your daughter."

The Father—"Well, don't come to me with your troubles."

A Doctor's Statement

Bute St. Paul, C.C., Que. March 27th, 1907.

"Dr. T. A. Slocum, Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Gentlemen:—

My many thanks for Psychine and Oxomulsion. I have used them with very great satisfaction both in my own case and in that of my friends. It affords me much pleasure to recommend a remedy which is really good in cases for which it is intended. I am, yours very truly,"

DR. ERNEST A. ALLARD.

Doctors recognize that Psychine is one of the very best remedies for all throat, loung and stomach troubles and all run down conditions, from whatever cause. It is the prescription of one of the world's greatest specialists in diseases of the throat, lungs and stomach, and all wasting diseases. Ask your druggist for it, at 50c and 1.00, or T. A. Slocum, Limited, Toronto.

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 Eborddale, 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. J. McFarland, T. H. Wilson.

Clerk—A. Macpherson.

Treasurer—Wm. Lucas.

Roundkeeper—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

J. G. Matthews, 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—R. J. Ball, Hanover.

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 Bell.
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. Greenawey, 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—L. H. Norman, Badgeros.
Deputy-Reeve—W. J. Taylor.
Councillors—Thos. Stephens, A. B. 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. J. Savage, 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. J. S. 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. Pickel Pres. A. Littlejohns, Sec'y.
Ladies Aid Society—Mrs. W. A. Armstrong, President.
Pew Steward—J. E. Trefford.

ANGLICAN

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 Rector.
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.

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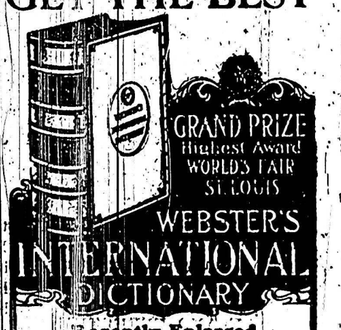

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