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The Sacrifice;

—or—

FOR HER FAMILY'S SAKE.

CHAPTAR XXXIV.—(Continued).

It was dusk when he left her at her own door. "Good-night, Lora, and thank you," he said.

She started at the familiar tone.

"Good-night," she replied.

"Auf wiedersehen?" he asked.

"Yes."

"To-morrow?"

"Yes."

Upstairs her uncle was sitting and grumbling at her absence.

"By Jove, child, you have stayed out long enough!"

She stood before him and looked at him, and the look silenced him. Her eyes were so full of tears.

"Eh, what has happened to you?" he asked. "You look like——"

He did not know exactly what to say.

"Nothing particular uncle. I have been taking a walk with my good friend from home."

"With the doctor, then?"

"Yes, uncle."

"Eh, no doubt you find it livelier than with your old uncle," said the general playfully. "A man like that has all the classics at his fingers' ends, and can tell you where Nero had his shoes soled, and where the lovely Agrippina bought her head dresses."

"Ah, uncle, we were not thinking about imperial Rome," she replied.

"So much the worse! What were you talking about? Is that the way you improve your minds by travel?"

A few days went by, which the doctor spent chiefly with them.

They went out together and took their meals together, but they did not mention old times again. At length he came one evening to say good-bye.

The general had taken cold during an excursion to Tivoli the day before, and was in bed with rheumatism. Lora was sitting in the dusty salotto, into which the moon sent a broad strip of silvery blue light through the window, opposite her was the doctor.

"Greet them all at home for me, she said, putting her hand in his. "Give my love to my mother, and also to yours—if she cares to hear anything about me now."

"Ah, Lora," he said gently, "she forgave you your——"

"Broken faith—" she finished for him, and she added hastily, and in a low tone, "and yet I was true to you, Earnest, in every fibre of my heart."

It was the first time she had addressed him by his first name.

"Lora!" he said, almost breathless.

She got up and went to the window and he followed her.

"Iwas true to you, she repeated. "A thousand times I have prayed to God to grant me the opportunity of telling you so."

He seized both her hands and drew her toward him, and by the clear light of the moon he looked into her eyes with an anxious, questioning look, and she felt how his hands trembled, but her wide eyes looked up at him clear and pure as a child's.

"And I was true to you, Lora," he murmured.

But she broke away from him.

"No", she said, "don't speak of it, for Katie is dead, and—I have no right either to reproach you for that, for you knew I was lost to you."

"Perhaps you will believe Katie, if you will not believe me, Lora," he said, taking a letter from his pocket and handing it to her. "Read it, read it, I insist upon it, and then be lenient, and let the secret remain with us."

The moonlight was so clear that she could decipher the well-known characters without difficulty; she went to the window and read it. At length the hand which held the letter fell, and she laid her head against the pane and cried quietly.

He stood behind her, waiting till she should turn around, to draw her to him, never to let her go. But as she did not move he said gently, "Lora!"

Then she turned her tearful face toward him. "No, no; not yet, Ernest." And she kept the letter clasped tight in both hands, which looked dazzlingly white against the deep black of her mourning dress, for she still wore mourning.

He stepped back.

"Good-bye, Lora; auf wiedersehn. Come soon."

"Auf wiedersehen," she murmured.

"Soon! Never to leave me!"

She bent her head silently in assent and motioned him to go at once.

And he went obediently. He knew it was their last separation—their last renunciation.

CHARTER XXXV.

It was autumn again; it was foggy and rainy, a genuine November day. The Frau Pastorin had coffee visitors in her cosy little parlor; the Frau Majorin and Aunt Melitta von Tollen were sitting about the family news, of course. there in the twilight and chatting His excellency was expected; the old gentleman wished to see Lora as the young Frau Doctorin in her new establishment.

Helen had also written that she was very happy in her little home, and Rudolph, at the wish of his young wife, had exchanged into the cavalry.

The Frau Pastorin looked impatiently at the clock. "They are running about down there in the fog, and will forget where they are, she said with impatience, going to the window to peer out into the growing darkness. They were coming up the garden path arm in arm, under a gigantic old-fashioned umbrella.

The old lady tripped to the door.

"Come in here first, before you go upstairs," "and I really must forbid your taking my umbrella on all occasions. I gave the boy a brand new one of silk for a wedding present." And her eyes sparkled as she spoke.

Lora kissed her mother-in-law on the forehead.

"Let us be," she said simply; "we got engaged under the old umbrella."

"Where have you been?" asked Frau von Tollen.

"To the church-yard, mamma; we had not been there together before."

The majorin nodded silently.

They had been walking a long time—for the first walk together since their marriage. A week before, they had been married in Berlin, in the church of St. Matthew, by a friend of Lora's uncle.

"He was bound to have a Tollen anyway," said aunt Melitta to herself, when she heard of Lora's engagement.

The old lady was quite nervous and broken; she was suffering from ungratified curiosity. How it happened that Lora's first marriage was dissolved, how it happened that a man who had fought a duel for Katie should be marrying Lora in so short a time, was a mystery to her as well as to many others.

The evening before, as they were coming back from Berlin, Lora told her husband the story of her short married life. They were sitting close together in the second-class carriage, with her hand in his, and when she stopped, choked by anger and sorrow, he kissed her and said, "Don't, don't; it is all over now."

And to-day they had gone at once to Katie's grave, carrying a wreath to her, a mute sign of hearty forgiveness.

First they had to drink coffee with the old ladies, and Lora sat beside her mother and stroked her white hair and her thin cheeks. "You must come to see us very often, mamma."

"Yes, child; it is my only comfort that you are happy after all."

A little later, they were alone in their own cosy little home.

Lora's parlor is next to Ernest's study. A hanging lamp is suspended from the ceiling, casting its light on the table below. A book lies on the table, with a piece of work beside it. A dark carpet is spread out over the bare floor, the fire is cracking pleasantly in the olive-green porcelain stove, and the simple red curtains are closely drawn.

They are sitting by the table and the young husband picks up a book it is a work on Rome—and begins to read aloud.

"Do you remember," she asks quickly, "how we ate our dinner together in Gemma's salotto?"

"Oh," he says, looking grave and thoughtful, "what is Rome and all its salons, large and small, to our Westenberg and our little home?"

She laughs out gayly. It is the first time he has heard that laugh lately, and he looks delighted. With that smile she is his charming Lora of old.

And the rain beats against the pane, and the wind howls round the house and through the branches of the trees, sweeping away the last of the leaves.

But what matters it? Here within it is cosy and pleasant, for love dwells here, and with it is happiness.

THE END.

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"I have not been without a bottle of Coltsfoote Expectorant in the house for over nine years. At that time I procured it for a bad cold I had. It worked such wonders then that it has been a household remedy ever since, and we will have no other for coughs and colds—it is so pleasant to take, and all of my children look for it as soon as they get a cold at all. Nearly all of them have been subject to croup, and that's when I find Coltsfoote Expectorant useful. You are welcome to use this testimonial as you wish."

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Free Sample of Coltsfoote Expectorant will be sent to any person sending their name and address and naming this paper. It has established a wonderful record as a successful cure for coughs, colds, sore throat, croup, whooping cough, bronchitis and all irritated conditions of the throat and chest. It is the prescription of a great specialist in medicine. At all good druggists, 25c. Dr. T. A. Slocum, Limited, Toronto.

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CHILD BURNED TO DEATH.

Sad Accident at Hepworth—Little One Upset Lamp.

Hepworth, May 2—On Friday evening Mr. and Mrs. McGovern were absent from the house for a few moments, leaving the little sixteen months old child playing in the house. An incubator in an adjoining room attracted the little one, and she upset the lamp used in heating it. The child was so badly burned that she died in a few hours.

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So positive are the good effects following the use of Mi-o-na that the remedy is sold by W. Turner & Co. under an absolute guarantee to refund the money if it fails to cure. A 50c box of Mi-o-na will do the good the stomach needs which is simply to make it do its own work.

EDISON'S CONCRETE HOUSE

WILL COST $1,000, HE SAYS—CAN BE ERECTED IN ONE NIGHT—$7.50 A MONTH FOR RENT.

Thomas A. Edison, the indefatigable, will accomplish in 1908 a feat that will be more nearly a miracle than any that has thus far made him famous. Mr. Edison promises to mould, with concrete, three-story, two-family dwellings, everything but the kitchen ranges, with the same case that a pound cake is shaped. It will take only twelve hours to "pour" such a house. A thousand dollars will cover the cost, and $7.50 a month rent, per family, will pay the owner a profit on his investment.

This achievement, it is hoped, will sound the death knell of squalid tenements. With the aid of ever extending trolley lines the man of a small income will be able to live in a veritable suburban mansion at less expense than the rent of two miserable rooms in a crowded, noisy city.

THEY WILL BE TRIED.

Henry Phipps, the philanthropist and architects and builders employed by him to give an unbiased opinion, have examined Mr. Edison's invention, and have pronounced it pratical. It is Mr. Phipps intention to build colonies of, say, 1,500 houses each, near New York or Philadelphia.

Building homes will be little more than the expressing of a wish. The owner selects a park on which to build them. They are to be in large numbers, and he must pick out the kind of houses he wants poured from the models he will be shown. The builder has the houses up by next morning, if he cares to work at night. Some bolting of iron frames, later to be removed, some mixing of concrete with sand taken from the cellar excavation, and the pouring of it into the mould is necessary. Then the house is left to dry.

PROCESS OF BUILDING.

Edison explains it as follows; "I have constructed a model for a Queen Anne cottage, and next spring I intend to build a house of this pattern. I'm going to put her up in twelve hours, or try to do it—don't forget that! The expensive part of concrete construction today is the erection of wooden frames that can't be used again. With the aid of moulds, it is possible for any contractor to build a house of solid concrete, 25 feet wide, 45 feet deep, three storeys high, capable of housing two families, for $1,000, with plenty of room.

"The most important feature lies in the moulds, which are of iron, for the concrete is anybody's. Wooden framed concrete structures are built section upon section, after each section has been allowed time to solidify. This takes an annoying lot of time, varying according to the size of the building. Concrete in the iron frame can be stripped in six days, and the forms erected on another lot.

SET IN TWELVE HOURS.

"By pouring in concrete, which is to be hoisted to the top of the house and dumped in from there, until the mixture fills the mould, it will be possible to complete the structure in twelve hours. Are you on?

"The forms are of cast iron, and for $1,000 the entire house can be built. This includes heating pipes of concrete, staircase of concrete, mantels of the same, roofs of concrete that wont leak, plumbing, wire conduits, and even bath tubs of concrete," he said, speaking vigorously.

"Such a house will stand forever. The houses which withstood the San Franciso disaster were of concrete. Fire insurance will be a thing of the past with the new dwellings. Children may play with axes, but chop as much as they like, they can't injure the structure. There will be no need for repairs.

THE MODEL.

"But here I must show you the model—you haven't seen the model" the inventor broke off suddenly.

Sure enough, ther was the cottage, and a beauty, too. It stood in the middle of the room with a background of several crude wooden phonographs horns, a grand piano, some batteries, a dust-covered automatic piano player, and stacks of phonograph record boxes.

Mr. Edison smiled, and said, "Isn't she a dandy?"

"It surely is," was the answer—and my honest opinion."

"I worked this out with the man in mind who gets a dollar and a half a day," continued Mr. Edison, his face still animated. "In New York, Chicago, or any of the big cities, a man isn't able to get much of a flat, for nine dollars a month, say, and at that price he is usually in a pretty disagreeable neighborhood. Deduct ten cents a day car fare that he'd have to pay if he lived in the suburbs—it leaves roughly, seven dollars and a half. I'm aiming to build the new house so cheaply that it will be possible for it to be rented at that price.

"The man formerly cooped up in the city can, without paying more, have a delightful country home, with plenty of fresh air, light, a garden, and lots of room for his children to romp in.

MOULDS COST MOST.

"It will cost the contractor $25,000 to get the moulds with which to build the house, but he will be able to build an unlimited number of houses with the one set of moulds. These eventually will be of all sorts and shapes. We will aim to make them more and more artistic. This, of course, is a detail to be worked out. For instance in the present model we have arranged that, if it is so desired, there will be no upper balcony. That part may be detached before the dwelling is "poured," in case it is to be a one-family house. You see in this house each family is to have access to a verandah."—Success Magazine.

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People everywhere take pleasure in testifying to the good qualities of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Mrs. Edward Phillips, of Barclay, Md., writes: "I wish to tell you that I can recommend Chamberlain Cough Remedy. My little girl, Catherine, who is two years old, has been taking this remedy whenever she had a cold since she was two months old. About a month ago I contracted an awful cold myself, but I took Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and was soon as well as ever." This remedy is for sale by R. L. Stephen.

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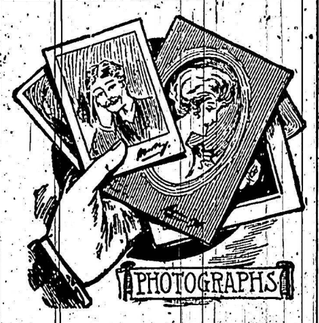

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