WINNING HER WAY.

CHAPTER I.

The windows were opened noiselessly; the soft, caressing spring breeze played upon a woman's youthful face which lay strangely pale and still upon the snowy pillows of a bed; it fanned the fair curls upon the pallid brow and stirred the delicate draperies of a cradle which had been relegated to the farthest corner of the room, as if it were in everybody's way.

"Rise, Hegebach," said a full voice, "God gives and takes away, and we must be resigned."

With those words a tall, well-developed woman of forty approached the man who kneeled motionless beside the bed, his arms encircling the rigid form in bitterest anguish. He did not stir; the speaker hastily brushed the tears from her bright intelligent eyes.

"Hegebach, you cannot remain here all day without any food. Come," she added, suppressing a sob, "come, Hegebach, you have other duties; think of your child!"

He sighed deeply and rose. He was not a young man, and sorrow made him appear still older. His eyes rested almost wildly upon the sweet, peaceful face so calmly slumbering upon its pillow; then turning abruptly, he left the room, not like a grief-stricken man, but like an angry one.

The woman, who remained behind, gently rearranged the white napkin over the features of the dead; as she did so, she caressingly stroked the child-like face; then she took the cradle from its corner and bore it away.

From the room opposite the one she had just left, issued a wail; she hastily opened the door and entered a small chamber lighted by a single window, to all appearances that of the deceased, infinitely pretty, but almost too simple for a lady of rank. There was no one in the room, but upon the sofa lay a small, white bundle, from which protruded a couple of tiny red fists. The tall, stately lady fell upon her knees beside the sofa and buried her face in the cushions.

"Ah," she murmured, "your prospects are not very bright, you poor thing! No mother! And your father acts as if God had afflicted him because you are a girl. Why were you not a boy? And they have all left you of course! They let you scream here and perish with hunger!

She paused and for a moment gazed reflectively at the wee, red face which was again puckered up into a hundred wrinkles, ready for another cry!

"Wait, just wait," said she, quickly seizing the child, "I will take you with me to the castle. What can he do with such a baby?"

Two days thereafter, Captain Hegebach's young wife was buried. Her short life was the talk of the entire village, and he who was ignorant of the details, soon learned that she was a very poor girl, who had only married the man, who was likewise poor, and many years her senior, in order to have someone to care for her.

No one had looked for his marriage, for he was an old bachelor. It was just a year since he had brought that sunbeam into his house to gladden it—what brief happiness!

Captain von Selchow, however, told his younger comrades, on the way to the house of mourning, that he knew from authentic sources that Hegebach's marriage had been made in sheer desperation. The latter had, fifteen months before, received a letter from his uncle informing him that he did not wish to leave his fortune to a couple of old bachelors, such as his nephews were. Whichever of the two could inform him first of the birth of a legitimate heir should be the preferred one—daughters would not be considered. Hegebach's cousin did not answer the letter, and it was rumoured that he had formed connections which he could not sever at once. Hegebach replied eight days later with the announcement of his engagement.

"That is all. The rest you know. Little Hegebach was a charming woman; it is said," he concluded pathetically.

Frau von Ratenow had nursed the young mother during her illness, and after her death she did the honors in the house of mourning; the two women were distantly related.

Frau von Hegebach had no parents to follow her to the grave, but her husband's brother-officers came to pay their tribute of respect to the dead, and the regimental band preceded the flower-laden coffin, playing, "Jesus, Refuge of my Soul." The widower followed the hearse in full uniform; his set face expressed not grief, but disdain, and a scornful smile played about his lips.

The ceremony was over. The throng had dispersed; a new mound was added to the number in the churchyard and the street in the neighborhood of the house of mourning was almost deserted; only one carriage with two magnificent horses stood at the Hegebachs' door.

In the bedroom which had so recently been occupied by the frail young wife, stood a cradle in which lay the sleeping child; an old servant, her hands lying idly in her lap, sat beside it with eyes swollen from weeping.

Frau von Ratenow entered the captain's dreary sitting-room; she wore her hat and shawl.

"Good-bye Hegebach," said she, "I must go home; they have just sent for me. Moritz has come. That the little girl will be well taken care of, I need not assure you."

He was standing at the window as she spoke. He turned and looked in astonishment at the resolute still handsome woman.

"Yes," she continued, "Hegebach, she is here, and she must have attention. No baby could thrive in these smoky rooms. I shall take her for her mother's sake, for I am no longer accustomed to little ones. Moritz is twenty."

"Thank you, madame," he murmured, "indeed I did not think—"

"Don't mention it, dear Hegebach, I only wished to ask you not to dislike the child because you will not obtain the Bennewitz estate. Man proposes, God disposes! Who knows what good may come of it?"

"My cousin is to be married next month, madame."

"Well, let him marry," was the reply. If he has the wished-for son, the inheritance will be his; we knew that long ago."

"And the child!" he exclaimed with infinite bitterness. "A poor girl!—you know what that is, in our position as well as I!"

"It is bad enough, of course! but she will get on like other girls; she must learn to work; she has two strong little hands and two bright eyes. What shall we call her?" she continued calmly. "Shall we name her 'Elizabeth' after her mother?"

He nodded assent and turned to the window again.

"Good-bye, Hegebach; would you not like to see the baby?"

He pressed his brow against the panes and made a gesture as if to ward her off.

"Well, I hope she will prove a blessing to you, Hegebach; that you will thank God upon your knees for the comfort sent you by Him in your old days. May that be your reward."

With a flush of anger upon her cheeks, she entered the bedroom.

"Take the baby, Siethmann; we are going now." And followed by the woman carrying the infant, she entered her carriage.

The drive was not a long one. The carriage drew up at a fine mansion, and a tall, young man, apparently in traveling-dress, rushed down the steps opened the door and kissed the lady's hands.

"Had I only known it, mother!" he said, "But I could not possibly have gone to the funeral in this dress. Great Heavens! what is that?" he cried, pointing to the woman who had just alighted with the infant in her arms.

"Lisa's child, Moritz. For God's sake! you will let her fall!"

But the young man, with the open countenance, had already taken the tiny bundle in his arms, and bore it into the house, followed by his mother and the nurse.

"Oh, Heavens!" he exclaimed, as he reached the sitting-room and examined the small face tenderly, "how wee it is!—Poor, dear Lisa!" And he turned hastily to the window in order to hide the tears which sprang to his eyes.

"You see, mother," he added, after a pause, "if you had not persuaded Lisa, when that morose old captain proposed to her, she would still be alive."

"For shame, Moritz," returned Frau von Ratenow, taking the child from his arms. "For whom should the girl have waited?"—The young man's eyes filled with tears—"I will hear no reproaches. Lisa fulfilled her duties as a wife; now let the subject rest."

"Will the little one remain with us?"

"Certainly; where should she go?"

"That is kind of you," said he, twining his arms about the stately woman.

"Nonsense, Moritz; you know that I am not sentimental. Your father was inclined to sentimentality, and you have inherited it from him."

She tried to appear contemptuous, but she was unsuccessful; maternal love sparkled in her eyes as she gazed upon her handsome boy.

"Now, my son, we must provide for the babe! What do you think, shall I give her up to Aunt Lott?"

"What?" he cried, in surprise; then he added gayly; "Give me the young lady; I will carry her up! I must be there!"

Aunt Lott was Frau von Ratenow's foster-sister and cousin, and the owner of a small estate at Z—; but, with the exception of eight weeks which she spent at Z—annually, she lived at the castle. She was gentle, quiet, not over-intelligent creature, the exact opposite of Frau von Ratenow, although they had been reared together.

Aunt Lott lived in the world of Poetry—in the higher spheres; she read everything she could lay her hands upon, and the more touching and heart-rending the story, the more beautiful she considered it.

When her practical cousin married Herr von Ratenow, Lott remained at home with the lonely parents; after their demise she repaired to the castle and took possession of two pleasant rooms on the upper floor, which rooms she kept painfully neat.

A purring cat sat upon the window-ledge, on this particular day, and Aunt Lott herself sat by the window reading a psalm; she wore a black dress and black apron, for she had dearly loved young Frau von Hegebach. In that very room, scarcely a year before, the girl had tearfully and timidly placed her hand in that of her middle-aged suitor. And now into that same room Moritz von Ratenow bore her little daughter, and laid her without a word on Aunt Lott's lap.

"There, auntie, now you have something for the cat to be jealous of!"

"Great heavens!" she cried, and her eyes wandered from the child to the pale, grave face of Frau von Ratenow.

"You have the most time, Lott; take the child; I brought her nurse, Siethmann, with me; you shall not have much trouble with her. She could not stay with her father, for she does not smoke cigars, and I, you know, cannot take care of her with all my household duties."

The old maid clasped the tiny bundle tenderly in her arms. She did not speak—she could not; but she nodded energetically and wiped her eyes, and that was sufficient.

Moritz brought the cradle upstairs, and as day was drawing in, they seated themselves beside it—Aunt Lott in a chair with her knitting, young Herr von Ratenow on a footstool—and they talked so earnestly of the dead that they did not hear Frau von Ratenow open the door and look in upon them.

"A strange boy," murmured the mother; "a man with the heart of a child—just like his father; of course he is not like me!"

So the child grew up in the old linden-shaded house. When at two years of age she looked out of its windows, over the roofs and towers, across the village, and when the question: "Who lives over there?" was put to her, she would take her fingers from her mouth, and pointing in the direction of the City Hall, reply with sparkling eyes: "Papa!"

Papa, indeed—a father who scarcely knew his child—who only occasionally paid a visit of duty to the castle, and looked so gloomily at the fair little one who joyfully ran to meet him, and reached longingly for the bright buttons on his uniform. She was a strikingly beautiful child, the pet of the entire household. Of Aunt Ratenow only did she stand in awe; her rosy cheeks would turn as white as marble at a single reproving glance from her.

"She must soon go to school," said Frau von Ratenow one day as she sat by the window, and her eyes followed the child as she flitted across the court; "she will be five years old in April."

"To school?" asked Moritz, who was home for the Easter vacation, as he paced two and fro in a light gray summer suit, an incipient mustache upon his upper lip and his complexion as rosy as ever.

"To school?" he repeated, pausing in front of his mother.

Frau von Ratenow looked at him in astonishment.

"I know, dear mother, that she must learn to read and write, but why not at home? There are plenty of governesses."

Her work dropped into her lap and her bright eyes assumed an astonished expression.

"Moritz, I do not know how you can think of such a thing. If I had daughters of my own, I should, perhaps—I say 'perhaps,' have chosen that exclusive mode of instruction; but the child would only be spoiled by it, and she is unfortunately spoiled enough now!"

"Is the little creature to trudge such a distance in all kinds of weather? Let her, at least in the winter, ride in—"

She replied calmly: "If you can guaranty her a carriage later on, very well; from April on, Elsie will go to school."

"You have the right to decide, mother!"

"Yes, my boy. Now, let us talk of your plans; when you return from Vienna in the autumn shall we keep house here together?"

He laughed and kissed the hand she held toward him.

"Surely you are not thinking of getting married?" she said suddenly, looking sharply at the young man.

"Yes, I am, dear mother," he replied, drawing nearer her side, "I will confess honestly, I have thought of it."

"Whom have you chosen, Moritz?"

"An old flame, little mother; but do not worry; she has just gone to boarding-school."

"Is that so?" What will she learn there? She will grow pale and thin; she will become a nervous puppet: she will never be a healthy wife and mother; and have you thought of what she will unlearn: all love of a peaceful, domestic life will fly out of the window. You should not have let her go away, Moritz, if you want her to remain innocent."

(To Be Continued.)

THE PILOT'S CLOCK.

CHAPTER V.

At another time, Dolly would have enjoyed the rapid drive; but now her only sensation was one of terror at the ordeal before her. At the end of a two hours' drive they began to approach the city. Country seats changed into villa residences, these again gave place to terraces, which in their turn merged into streets. At length they reached the heart of the city, and pulled up at the door of the court-house. Making their way into the close crowded court, Martin, after a good deal of argument with a policeman, succeeded in sending a message to the prisoner's solicitor, which brought that gentleman to them without delay. After a few hurried questions, he desired Dolly to follow him; and in a few minutes she found herself upon the witness table, her limbs trembling so that she could scarcely stand, judge, jury, and barristers being visible only through a mist.

A few skillfully put questions from the prisoner's counsel elicited the whole story. This comparatively easy business, was, however, followed by a searching cross-examination from the council for the Crown, who insisted on sifting her motives for tampering with the clock, and her reasons for concealing the fact until now. The terrible truth, concerning the clock once known, however, she had nothing to hide, and so came successfully through the ordeal, the fact that she had never even seen the prisoner, telling in her favour as a disinterested witness. When at length she was allowed to go down, her uncle, who was waiting for her, took her out of court; and Mrs. Lynch, whom nothing short of the judge's presence could have restrained hitherto, began to give Dolly what she called a piece of her mind.

"Well, Dolly, I wouldn't have believed in such wickedness even from you."

"Don't scold her now, Mrs. Lynch," said Martin authoritatively. "She's very tired, and she has eaten nothing since morning.—Where are you going to dine sir?" turning to old Lynch.

"With the Missus's cousin, Mrs. Burke—her that keeps a grocer shop in the New Street."

"Then you had better take Dolly there at once, sir. I'll wait and bring you word how the trial ends—not that there's much doubt of it now."

Mrs. Burke was a stout, kind-hearted old woman, somewhat higher in the social scale than her cousin, the pilot's wife. Knowing nothing of Dolly's iniquities and perceiving that she was tired and upset, she made a great fuss about her, and insisted on her resting on the sofa in the parlour behind the shop. As Dolly lay there sipping her tea, and watching the elaborate manner in which Mrs. Burke's servant, under the supervision of her mistress, was laying the cloth for dinner, a confused sound of cheering was heard in the srteet outside, and old Lynch went to see what it was about.

"It's the foreign chap," he said, coming back in a few minutes. "They've acquitted him, and the people are following him down the street. I'm glad he's not to be hanged anyway."

Martin came in soon after, bringing particulars of the verdict. "The judge charged in his favour; he told the jury that if they believed Dolly's evidence, they had no choice but to acquit the man; and they brought in a verdict of "Not Guilty" without leaving the box.—He may thank Dolly for that."

"He may thank Dolly for being six weeks in jail. If she had not meddled with the clock that day, me and her uncle would have known that he didn't leave the house till after two, and we'd have said so at the inquest; and he'd have been let off then and there."

'I hardly think he would, Mrs. Lynch. The coroner's jury would have sent him for trial all the same."

"Anyhow, Dolly's had a lesson that she won't forget in a hurry," said her uncle. "She'll never tell a lie again."

"I didn't tell a lie, uncle," exclaimed Dolly.

"You made the clock tell one for you, my lass, and that was just the same, according to my reckoning."

Dolly turned scarlet.

"She didn't think of it in that light, sir," said Martin kindly.

"No; I don't think she did. Whatever her faults may be—and I'm not denying perhaps that she has as many as other people—she always tells the truth.—What became of the poor foreign chap, Martin? He'll be dazed like, getting his liberty all of a sudden."

"He's all right, sir; the Italian consul was in court, and he's looking after him."

On the way home that evening Dolly made an effort to express her gratitude to Martin for the kindness he had shown her.

"Don't think of it, Dolly," was the answer. "Any one would have done the same under the circumstances; and you know well that I'd do ten times as much any day only to give you a moment's pleasure."

"I never knew till to-day how good you were," said Dolly; and Martin went home that night feeling happier than he had done for months.

A fortnight later Dolly came to her unlce to tell him that she had promised to marry Martin.

"I'm right glad to hear it, my girl," said Lynch; "you couldn't have a better or a kinder husband. All I'm afeared of is that you don't really know how to value him."

"I think I do, uncle," said Dolly.

(The End.)

THE USEFUL GIRAFFE.

Employed to Get Down Balls That Had Lodged in the Roof Gutter.

"Good natured?" said the old circus man. "Why! The best in the world. When the ol dman's boy used to get a baseball lodged in a gutter at the eaves of the house—this was when we were off the road in winter quarters—he never used to get out at the scuttle and climb down the roof and take the risk of falling off and breaking his neck to get it. He used to go to the barn and get out the giraffe. The old eighteen-footer would trot along after the boy—he knew what was wanted—till they came to the house and then walk along the side looking down into the gutter as he went along until he came to the ball, and then he would pick it up and bend his head down and give it to the boy.

"One day when the youngster had thrown a ball up on the roof and had seen it roll down into the gutter, he went as usual after the giraife. When the giraffe looked along the gutter that day there was no ball there. He took his nose out of the gutter and looked down at the boy in the yard with a large interrogation mark in each eye as much as to say:

"'Sure it didn't roll off somewhere?'

"And the boy said 'sure,' and then the giraffe looked again, but it wasn't there, and the giraffe so reported with a solemn shake of the head, and was driven back to the barn.

"They wondered about this, for it was the first time the giraffe had ever failed to get the ball, and they knew it must be there, but it was soon explained. A day or two later there came a big rain storm. Instead of running a big noisy stream as usual, the tin water pipe from the roof ran just a little bit of a stream, and the water that should have run off in that way overflowed the gutters and dripped in a thin sheet against the side of the house. Then they knew why the giraffe couldn't find the ball. It had rolled down the water pipe."

WHY HE FELT LONELY.

What's the matter with you? asks the wife of the peculiar man.

I'm feeling lonely, was the reply.

Don't you like this city?

I don't like this earth.

What's the objection to it?

People are too egotistical. If there's anything I hate it's egotism. And when I see kings going ahead confidently and doing things wrong, and diplomatists trying all sorts of insincere tricks with complete affrontery, and lawyers seeking applause for arguing on the wrong side of a case, and everybody displaying utter selfishness without a blush, I am forced to the conviction that I am the only consistently high-toned and moral gentleman on this globe. And it makes me feel lonely.

FISH THAT CLOTHE THEMSELVES.

The ocean contains several fish which clothe and adorn themselves, the most conspicuous of them being the antennarius, a small fish frequenting the Sargasso Sea, which literally clothes itself with seaweed, fastening the pieces together with sticky gelatinous strings, and then, as it were, holding the garment on with its fore fins.

A NICE, CHATTY BURGLAR.

MISS NICHOLS'S TALK WITH THE ROBBER WHO TIED HER.

She Never Thought to Lock the Door When She Heard Him Downstairs, and She Told Him How Much Money Her Father Had and Where It Was—Amenities in Burglary.

The robbery of John B. Nichols, of Nichols village, Bridgeport, Conn., Friday night by masked robbers of over $500 is one of the most peculiar cases with which the authorities of that country have ever had to deal. The stories told by Mr. Nichols and his daughter are most remarkable. Never was such consideration shown to victims in these parts by men desperate enough to enter a house at midnight to rob and plunder the inmates. The authorities say it is almost too good to be true.

Investigation shows that the robbers entered through the cellar door, which was unlocked. From the cellar they went straight to an old bureau in Mr. Nichol's room, in the bottom drawer of which was the money which they took away. It was in bills of large denominations, and was between the leaves of an old book. Mr. Nichols was bound without difficulty or outcry. Miss Nichols's story of her chat with the burglars is even more peculiar. She heard the men downstairs in her father's room, but did not get up and lock the door, nor did she put her head out of the window and call for help. She simply remained quietly in bed. The burglar came upstairs into her room, lit the lamp, pulled down the window shades and began to

SEARCH HER POCKETBOOK.

She was lying as if asleep. When she saw him take her money she said:

"What are you taking my money for? I have to work hard for that."

The burglar looked toward her and said, pleasantly:

"I won't take it, then."

He put it back. Then he walked over and placing his hand on her throat, choked her, not hard, and said:

"Keep quiet or I'll kill you." Then he tied her wrists and made her fast to the bed with a small cord.

"Where's your father's money?" he demanded.

"Downstairs in an old book in the lower bureau drawer in his room," she replied.

The burglar went downstairs, and returning in a minute with the book, sat down upon her bed and began to take the money from between the leaves. He asked how much there was, and she replied that when she counted it a few days before there was about $500. After he had completed the count she asked:

"How much is there?"

"Five hundred and twenty dollars," the burglar answered.

As he turned to go she asked him how she was going to get loose. The burglar replied that her brother would be up to the house in the morning and he would set her free. She said sometimes he did not come there at all during the day.

"Then write a note and I'll take it to the neighbor's," the obliging burglar said. He handed her an old envelope which he took from the book, and also a pencil. Her fingers were free, the cord being tied about her wrists. She wrote:

"Mrs. Derwood: Come immediately, I am tied by burglars."

"Take this to the next house and leave it under the door," she said.

"There are dogs there, and I think I'll pin it on the tree," he said.

"No one would see it there," she continued.

"Then I'll put it on the steps and place a stone on it," the burglar answered.

They had some further conversation in which the man assured her that he

WOULD NOT HURT HER

or her father. He also said that he would not take her watch or any of her trinkets, and he did not. He then departed.

"I waited about five minutes after he had gone," Miss Nichols told a reporter. "I worked at the knots with my teeth, and after a few moments had them untied. After freeing myself, I went downstairs and released my father. Then I went out and across the lots to my brother's house. The rest of the story has been told."

There are very many odd features about the burglary story. A queer one is that the burglars were informed so thoroughly as to the conditions. They knew all the members of the family, they knew just who was in the house and the matches they struck, as shown by the burnst ones which have been picked up by the detectives, were the same as those in the house. They knew that the money was in the old bureau. Not a lock barred their entrance to both rooms, and the girl, hearing the men downstairs, made no attempt to secure the door of her room, and summon aid by shouting out of the window. Miss Nichols's note was not left at the neighbor's by the chatty burglar.

A YOUNG QUEEN'S DEVOTION.

The young Queen of Holland is a very affectionate and devoted girl to her mother. Up to the present time these traits are the most marked in her character. One day she said to her mother, the queen regent.

"I don't want to become queen if it means that I must take the first place and you take the second'.'

"Oh, my dear," replied Queen Emma, "that will be only natural and right. Mothers have always, sooner or later, to stand aside for their children. Besides, it will not be so hard to lose the first place in the State as to lose the first place in my daughter's heart. But that too, will happen some day when a husband comes along."

"No, my dearest mother," exclaimed the girl, "you shall always have the first place in my love. I don't want a husband. I shall reign alone, like Elizabeth of England."