

# WINNING HER WAY

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

Papa was lost in thought; he did not even know that he had a daughter! The hand played and the young couple chatted of nothing in particular; still to them it seemed a great deal.

"My Christian name is Bernhard," he said carefully arranging the robe about the slender, girlish form.

"Bernhard Bernardi; that sounds very pretty."

"Your cousin provides for our entertainment," he continued. "We are to have a dance at the castle to-night. They are charming people, indeed!"

"Where is Annie Cramm? Who is her escort?" asked Elsie.

He laughed and his white teeth glistened beneath his black mustache.

"Ensign Hartart was commissioned to look after her."

"What a shame! Annie is so good!"

"Good! Is that all? That is very little!"

his parents, of how kind and good his mother was, and how she loved to hear him play upon his violin. His father too had played in his days, how, when remembered very distinctly how, when a child, he had sat upon his mother's knee at dusk, listening attentively as his father paced the room and drew music from his bow and crossed the room to kiss mother and child. Ah, yes, the little violin had witnessed much happiness, therefore it sang so sweetly.

"Happiness! This very moment is happiness to me!" Suddenly their hands met and Elsie wept; but through her tears her innocent young heart rejoiced; above their heads stretched the heavens bright with stars.

"Elsie, come I beseech you," implored Aunt Lott; "I believe we are the last ones."

Elsie followed the old lady as if in a dream; she dreaded meeting him again in the glare of the candle-light, and her heart throbbed violently.

The brightly-lighted ball-room and the adjoining saloon were filled with people; card-tables had been set up in Moritz's room, and Frau von Ratenow had a pack of cards in her hand.

She was conversing with an elderly gentleman when Elsie approached to her an instant in surprise; she was so lovely that evening; almost timidly she patted her cheek, and her eyes followed her as she made her way through the throng, her head somewhat bowed, her perfect form clad in the well-fitting white gown.

She paused beside Annie Cramm. That young lady in her lilac dress, beflowered with lace and ornamented with flowers, looked as if a modiste had dressed a wax figure and stood it in the window on exhibition. Everything was exquisite, from the pale lilac satin slippers to the costly point-lace fan and the prettily on the young lady's slender throat.

"What a rigging the fashions of to-day are," murmured Frau von Ratenow. "I am surprised that such tight skirts, Great heavens! how they look!"

"The first measures of a waltz floated through the apartment; electrically, so it seemed, couples sprang up, and her anywhere," said the old lady.

"These are not my views," she continued. "I have seen too much misery arise from such cases. I will cite an example." She finished dealing the cards and laid her folded hands upon them. It seemed to Bernardi that she spoke so loudly because she perceived him at the door. Involuntarily he listened.

"She was my friend, colonel! You surely knew Major von Welsleben and when he was a stripling and she was a mere child. At that age one does not think of the pros and cons of life, you were it our duty to awaken the dream of love in a cottage, and to represent to them that one cannot live upon love and the perfume of roses alone. Well, engagement and they were finally married. Children came; their means grew more and more limited; duns came from all sides, there was no happiness in the home, and whenever the bell rang she started in affright, for she feared it might be one of those often-presented sickly and settled accounts. She grew pleasure in frequenting the ale-houses than was good for him. Now, let me ask you, sir, where—"

Bernhardi heard no more; he approached Frieda and asked for an "extra."

"My dear Bernardi, take pity on Fraulein Cramm."

He made her a low bow and left the room.

Elsie's brown eyes seemed to be seeking something. Lieutenant Rost knew for the girl, he would have liked to have charmed up a few thousand dollars for Bernardi in order that those in the path of life for upon his honor, he thought, she was charming.

Bernardi, in the meantime, was pacing up and down the garden path. "If His brain reeled; it seemed to him as if there were those words in a tangled web of confusion, and that was the worst of it! He would not break his word, for here he had spoken understanding. And times in his eyes, as he had read in her clear, brown, child-like ones, that she loved him and he loved her. But what a prospect! The old lady's example was so horribly comfortable, so horribly true—a miserable perspective."

He pushed his hair from his brow, and before he had seen a short while weeping maiden assumed the form of Frau von Hegebach. No, he could not live if Elsie von Hegebach were to be his faithful! He held love and expedient things came to the worst, he would set out. Hastily he returned to the ball-room.

"Madame," he said, bowing to old Frau von Ratenow, "may I have a few words with you? He spoke softly and looked calmly into the shrewd face which turned toward him in surprise. She laid down her cards, but she followed you, my sitting-room; I will follow you," she said after a pause.

impossibility; neither your parents nor Elsie's father, neither my son nor I would be pleased with it. I shall get honor and so forth—you know I esteem you as a gentleman, Bernardi; do not make the child's life miserable. I mean well for you and for her."

"I have no promise to break with me to wish to cause her unhappiness. He bowed ceremoniously, and was about to leave the room, when Frau von Ratenow turned suddenly and exclaimed: "Stay, Bernardi; I can not let you go until you have promised me not to approach the child again!"

"I shall leave here as soon as possible, madame!"

"When you, dear Bernardi!"

When the door closed behind him, she remained in the same spot a moment hand over her brow as if to exercise unpleasant thoughts. On entering the card-room later she said: "I am again at your disposal, my friends."

Lieutenant Bernardi danced one more the young ladies thought, the men cleared he had drunk more champagne than was good for him.

During the dance he picked up and put in his pocket a pink bow which once he had clasped her trembling hand tightly in his and then withdrew glancing into her tearful, yearning eyes.

"When in the street, he thrust his arm through that of Lieutenant Rost. "For heaven's sake, do not let us go home yet," he said in a loud voice, and usually frequenting their "set."

"Well, Dolling," asked Lieutenant von Rost, pointing to Bernardi, who was talking loudly with an older officer as if to silence an inner voice, "what has happened?"

## LARGELY DUE TO HABIT.

DR. STEPHENS BELIEVES THAT ONE MAY LIVE INDEFINITELY.

A Scientist Who Has Made a Study of Immortality—Explains How Thought May Determine Human Existence.

Dr. C. A. Stephens, a New England man, a graduate of the Boston University medical school and a member of many learned bodies, built a laboratory several years ago at Norway Lake, near Norway, Me., and he spends almost all his time there in investigating the causes of old age and death, with the object of their alleviation and removal. Dr. Stephens published from his laboratory the close connection of all the cells in the brain by nerve fibers, enabling them to feel and act together, about a year and a half before the same discovery was announced by the great Spanish physiologist, Ramon y Cajal, of Madrid.

Dr. Stephens says he is confident that the progress of brain science will enable mankind successfully to overcome decay and its climax, death. He points out that matter is indestructible and that the law of the universe is immortality. He believes that death at three score and ten, or thereabouts, is largely a matter of belief and habit. Generation after generation is born into the world expecting to die at a certain time, and they die then. He very forcibly points out that if children were brought up with the idea of living forever this altered expectation would gradually but surely extend the life limit in the course of SEVERAL GENERATIONS.

To prove that life length is largely a child of habit and environment, he instances the elephant and the swan, whose ages run into the centuries, as compared with infusoria and moths, whose heyday of existence is but the fleeting moment. His studies have been particularly directed toward the microscopic examination of the brain cells of the old and infirm. He finds their nuclei dark and shrunken, just like the brain cells of the fatigued pigeons and of the honey bees.

Dr. Stephens raises the serious inquiry as to whether the universal presence of microscopic "dirt" may not be a potent factor of old age and decay. He has found large quantities of foreign inorganic matter in old brain cells. He shows how this "dirt" is brought into the system by the inspired air, enclosures, through the cells of the lungs into the blood, and finds its final refuge heap in the cells themselves, where it increases in amount hourly and escapes in the metabolism, constantly occurring in the minute tissue, the rejuvenation of organic material and the constant birth of fresh physiological structures.

The vastly superior power of brain cells to resist decay suggests to Dr. Stephens the inimitability of thought life in its final victory over death's detail. This very suggestive experimental habit induces soon after each individual has reached the "prime of life." Up in all the issues there is energy and hope in the biological structures of the body lose heart, and make effort to stem the tide which sets for "the downward path to death."

## AGRICULTURE

BOW TO PICK APPLES

These are three ways of selecting the apple crop; by shaking the tree, by gathering it by then dropping the apples into the tree, which may be hanging under two or three feet below and the third way of gathering by hand and carefully picking the apple in the basket. The crop of last season, says Mr. Maffett, affords the opportunity for comparative merits of each plan, when carried out. The argument of those who favor the first named plan was that apples were so plenty, and so cheap, that it would not pay to pick them, and the shaking on the second crop or grass, meant the trees would be small per cent, of the first crop. The great Spanish physiologist, Ramon y Cajal, of Madrid.

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## KEEPING THE WOLF FROM THE DOOR

Apparently a Pretty Lively Struggle This, but It Had a Happy Termination.

"In the course of my efforts to keep the wolf from the door," said a man who once had to make quite a little struggle to pull through, "the wolf and I got pretty well acquainted. I used to find him nights, when I went home, slouching around the yard, and sometimes, when I had been very late, I have found him sitting up on the doorstep close by the door; not trying to get in, but when I went in he'd stretch his neck and look in. The idea seemed to be that as long as we had anything he wouldn't try to get in. What he was waiting for was for me to come home some day without anything; busted, beat. He knew that after one or two days of that sort of business I'd be too weak to stand him off, and then he'd get in without even the trouble of making a fight for it."

"I knew what would happen then, the weakest first, the children, and it became me and the wolf. It was a long, silent fight, and very close, though, as a matter of fact, I had a little the better of it, just a shade. Sometimes I've come home very late, or so nearly empty handed that what I had wasn't heavy enough to weigh down anything but a man's spirits; but never once did the wolf actually get his nose or three times when he camped on the door for two days at a time. But we kept him out and drove him off again each time, and at last as far away as the yard, and finally something happened that drove him off altogether."

"I don't believe in luck; I believe a man is sure to get all he's entitled to if he works hard enough for it, but I find as I grow older, that I believe a little more in circumstances; and the wolf, I met a circumstance of large proportions and of a beaming countenance."

"Straggle, my boy," said Circumstance, "we've been looking for you a long time. Where have you been?"

"The wolf knew what was up the moment I struck the fence, but I'm fact, I think he was rather pleased, we'd known each other so long, and he was pretty jolly, anyway, for a wolf."

"He hung around for a day or two, I know how; but just up as the best I made sure that we were all right he lit seems queer, seems as though he'd been all the more certain to stay right here, where he was sure to good stuff to eat and plenty of it, but the fact is that that wolf never feels at home except with misery, or a reasonably close approximation to it. Cheerfulness and plenty he simply can't abide."

## GOOD FOR CONSUMPTION.

Another class of men who watch sheep are those who do it for their health. Dozens of men claim to have been cured of consumption simply by putting in several months at watching sheep. The work gives what is most required in the deadly disease—plenty of fresh air, moderate exercise, and employment that is not wearing on the brain, but prevent nervousness. Of course, if a man has plenty of money, he can get these things without herding sheep, but there are many men who need them and who have no money, and all who have taken advantage of this knowledge have surely been benefited. A number of men who have taken up sheep herding have become so fascinated with it that they have stuck to it long after they got over the trouble.

## HARD ENOUGH.

Summer Boarder—Oh, Mrs. Farrow! Will you let me have four of your biggest doughnuts?

Mrs. Farrow, highly flattered—Certainly. You kin have a dozen of 'em.

Summer Boarder—Four will be enough. I want to use them for my wife's dinner.

## THE ONLY CHINESE TYPEWRITING MACHINE.

Probably the only Chinese typewriter machine in the world is one at Tungchow, the invention and property of Dr. Sheffield, President of the North China College. In concentric circles on the lower face of an electrolytically metal wheel about nine feet in circumference are arranged some 4,000 characters, and on the upper face printed characters are arranged in corresponding positions. By combined rotary and right and left movements and the use of a "finder," any character on the lower face may be quickly brought over works from below. A number of ingenious mechanical devices are brought to bear in the machine, which is, however, simple both in use and construction.

## OUTDONE.

Prof. Brainstank—Newton was a great philosopher. By observing the mere fall of an apple he discovered the law of gravity.

Smithers—That's a thing. By simply biting an apple I've discovered the law of law.