WINNING HER WAY

CHAPTER IX.

Two weeks had flown when one morning Aunt Lott descended the stairs hastily, and asked for Moritz.

"He is with mistress," said the servant; the old lady passed through the blue drawing-room and stopping at the boudoir door she asked: "Am I disturbing you, children?"

"Come in, Aunt Lott," cried Moritz. Frieda sat at her writing desk.

"One moment, aunt," said she reading a letter written upon a dainty crested sheet of paper. The contents ran as follows:

"My Dearest Lili:—Only a few words in haste that you may be au fait with only ball-dress for Berlin, as we shall no doubt be much together. I have ordered at Gerson's a white satin costume trimmed with silver embroidery; the bodice of drap d'argent, and I shall wear my diamonds with it instead of flowers. I think it will look very distingue.

"Mamma and Moritz insist that Elsie, who at present is pining, on account of Lieutenant Bernardi, go with us. I have had enough of that "Elizabeth-worship" and shall tell Moritz what I think of it.

"I implore you, Lili, never to take into your house a young girl, who has so-called equal rights with the family; it is more than unpleasant, especially when the master of the house feels in duty bound to play the role at once of father and knight, as Moritz does. My patience will not last much longer. Remember me to our parents. Auf. Wiedersehen.

"Your sister, Frieda."

"N.B. Hegebach comes remarkably often now; I do not trust my mother-in-law on that point—she says it is on account of Elsie's father. There is an old proverb, which, however, I will not repeat here. F."

"Now, aunt, what is it?" she asked, after she had addressed and sealed the envelope. She stepped to a magnificent piece of furniture, opened her drawers and began to look over her finery.

She wore a light-blue dressing-gown and upon her luxuriant dark tresses was perched a lace rosette with a blue ribbon.

"Oh, heavens"! began Aunt Lott, turning to Moritz, who sat motionless at the fire-place in a gray pilot-coat and high boots, just as he had come in from the fields, "Oh, heavens, Moritz, my heart will break for Elsie; she says nothing, she does not murmur, but she is growing so thin; will you not send the doctor up when he comes? I am afraid she will make herself ill about that Bernardi."

"Is that farce not ended yet?" asked Frieda. "Elsie seems to be very content. That she is somewhat timid yet is only natural, for she was the talk of the town for a week."

"Yes, she has wonderful self-control, Frieda," said the old lady gravely, shaking her head, "but—"

"Well, you all do everything in order to console her," continued Frieda angrily, "no one asks if anything suits me, it is always Elsie. It is so with mamma, the children and Moritz; I cannot even speak as I will and how I will, and very soon at meals I shall not even utter a word."

Aunt Lott glanced in terror at Moritz who leaned back in his chair so indifferently.

"You see, aunt, Frieda knows that it is becoming for her to pout a little. But, child, you must not take that disagreeable mood with you to Berlin, for—"

"If you insist that Elsie is to go with us, I shall remain at home with my disagreeable mood," she interrupted.

"You must settle that with mamma," he replied calmly; "she wanted Elsie to accompany us."

"I cannot go, then, on account of the children," persisted his wife. "I do not see what I have a governess for if I cannot leave home occasionally with comfort."

"Up to this time, nurse has always been sufficient. But, please yourself, Frieda; I have never quarelled with you when it pleased you to be contrary, you know. This is the last day that Elsie will fill the position of governess; I will take steps at once to obtain another."

Frieda did not reply, but slowly closed one drawer after the other.

"I only ask one favor, Frieda," he began once more: "do not let Elsie suspect why this arrangement was made. The rest will be arranged."

He rose, took his cap and riding-whip from the chair and strode out of the room. His wife buried her face in her hands and burst into tears.

"Oh dear! Aunt Lott, I am very miserable."

"For God's sake, Frieda, what ails you?"

"He loves me no longer," sobbed the pretty woman sinking into the nearest chair; "I know it only too well, he loves me no longer!"

"Lord, you are not jeal—" The word did not pass her lips.

"And now he is going to mamma who always treats me like an unreasonable child."

She suddenly started up, the blue curtains were thrust aside and Frau von Ratenow crossed the threshold.

"Well, Frieda, Moritz tells me that you are not very well," she began, seating herself beside her weeping daughter-in-law. Frieda stammered something about a headache.

"Of course!" The old lady took her hand. "It is too much for you to hear the children's noise all day. I know that nerves are fashionable. I will make you a proposition: Send the girl to school then the house will be delightfully quiet, my daughter, and you need not worry about a governess any more."

Frieda rose quickly from her reclining position, but she did not reply.

"Elsie von Hegebach shall be my companion, dear child," said Frau von Ratenow, raising her voice, "and as such, I shall protect her against all indignity, Frieda."

Frieda turned pale.

"I did not mean it that way," said she, tearfully.

"Where is Elsie?" asked her mother-in-law.

"In the nursery; she is teaching the children to cipher," was the answer given in a low voice.

"I hope to see you this evening at tea," continued Frau von Ratenow, "Aunt Lott, pray be punctual. Herr von Hegebach is coming."

"The third time in two weeks," said Frieda, rising. "Formerly he never came, or rather he came very seldom."

"That is so! For years he had a delicate wife, and lately he has been in deep mourning. Shall I have the pleasur of seeing you this evening?" she aske once more.

"I am very sorry, mamma, but we ar invited to tea at Frau von Z—'s."

"Elsie, too?"

"She was invited, but she declined."

The old lady nodded pleasantly to he daughter-in-law, saying: "Adieu, m sweet child; send the little ones to m awhile if you like."

"You see, aunt, that is the way mam mn always is!" complained Frieda. "Anyone would say that I was right If Elsie once undertook to teach th children, she should do it thoroughly I am the last one to be exacting. I lost patience it would be no wonder I think the girls are learning whe Moritz comes and says: "Elsie, we ar going to the subscription ball at Berlin. Mother will give you a dress.' How can she be expected to be serious?"

"I do not believe Elsie wanted to accept the position at first," thus the anxious old lady defended her protege.

But she was forced to listen to more lamentations. Frieda was so terribly injured in all her rights.

She even kept her promise and at the table did not utter a word!

All at once the storm which had been threatening so long, gathered on Moritz's sky! A sultry, atmosphere pervaded the house, notwithstanding the clear frosty air without. Elsie did not notice it; she had one of the children on each side of her and she was kept busy answering their questions.

Yes, indeed, the girl looked miserable and she was very quiet, that was caused by the constant struggling of a proud wounded heart, with the mute question: Why should it have been I? That was caused by sleepless nights and the yearning for the golden days which were past! She seemed to herself like a pariah among the others: comfortless rejected despised—all because she was poor! She could not even weep. There was still much which made life worth living. Hundreds and hundreds took what Fate decreed them, and were contented without happiness! But they had all passed along a road of nettles and thorns in order to get so far; a youthful bruised heart, thirsting for love, could not, however, cradle itself in the sleep of oblivion—that required long years of experience!

In the evening old Frau von Ratenow's room was the coziest in the house a fire glowed in the stove, the heavy curtains were drawn at the windows, shutting out every draught, and falling in folds upon the thick, soft carpet and the lamp-light played on the snow-white damask table-cloth covered with silver and crystal.

Aunt Lott and the hostess sat upon the sofa, the latter with her knitting in her hand. Elsie, who was bending over a piece of fine embroidery, wore a dark house-dress and an embroidered apron. The owner of Bennewitz was expected. The hours spent in his company were almost repulsive to Elsie. Since her father had addressed his first kind words to her, her childish sympathy was all his. She knew that he was not treating his cousin justly, but he had said he was doing it for her sake and that exalted his caprices, his obstinacy in the girl's eyes.

After that one outburst he remained as unapproachable as ever; but she had obtained one glimpse of the bitterness of his soul and no word was too harsh, no mood too glomy, the drss of sorrow and loneliness lay over the gold in the man's heart; he was her father, the only person upon whom she had a claim, a sacred claim. Meetings with the owner of Bennewitz were, therefore, painful to her; it was true that during his visits to the castle, he had never up to that time mentioned her father, but, nevertheless—she knew what he thought of him and what Aunt Ratenow thought of him, and it grieved her deeply.

Bernardi's name never passed the old lady's lips that matter was settled once for all—the least said about it, the better!

"Elsie," said Frau von Ratenow, pushing back her spectacles and putting down the newspaper, "you may read that aloud to me; my eyes are daily growing worse. I do not know, Lott, how you have retained your sight so well with your everlasting reading. It is a great comfort to me that Moritz acceded to my request and relieved you Elsie, of the charge of the children. I am really not able to read the morning paper nor to write a letter."

Elsie took up the newspaper and said

"If I only had the comfort of knowing dear aunt, that Moritz and Frieda were not dissatisfied with my efficiency."

"Ah, people always talk that way when they want compliments pai them," returned the old lady. "No, no, I asked Moritz to do it. What terribl things are liable to happen if one cannot see well! There, however, comes Hegebach," she cried.

A carriage rattled through the court and drew up at the door; steps were heard in the hall and Frau von Ratenow rose with a certain solemnity.

"Good evening, my dear Hegebach," she exclaimed, shaking hands with him cordially. "I am glad that you are going to help us three solitary women while away a few hours."

He gallantly kissed her extended hand, and bowe dto Aunt Lott and Elsie. The latter he handed a white, paper parcel.

"The only one that was in blossom in the conservatory," said he.

It was a fine Marechal Neil.

"Thank you very much, Herr von Hegebach!" She puts the rose in a vase and busied herself about the tea-table.

"Nothing new, dear Hegebach?" asked Frau von Ratenow. Then the conversational ball was set rolling. They both were familiar with the entire surrounding country and its inhabitants; from those of that day, they turned to those of olden days.

"Pardon me, Hegebach, I am ten years older than you—just the same age as your cousin; I know that positively."

"You are mistaken, madame," said Hegebach calmly, "you are at the most eight years older than I; when I married I was thirty-six, and eighteen years have passed since then."

"Indeed! How time flies!"

"Yes, yes, Elsie will be nineteen in the spring!" said Aunt Lott.

"Well there are older folks than we are, Hegebach! You are still a young man," said Frau von Ratenow.

Aunt Lott glanced at him; he was handsome and dignified—but was he still young? It was a long time since she had been young, and she was not many years his senior.

Elsie sat by silently, her thoughts wandered. What cared she for those stories of long ago? They lay so far back in the past. A nervous unrest possessed her; she would have liked to have sought her own little room, to have seated herself at the window, to have meditated and dreamed—it was so difficult not to yield to sad, longing thoughts.

"How is your father?" Hegebach asked Elsie.

"Thank you, he is tolerably well," she replied.

"Is he in a gentler mood?" He muttered those words more softly, and his dark eyes gazed into hers with an imploring expression.

She blushed.

"Papa does not change his opinion over night," said she abruptly.

Frau von Ratenow's face darkened.

"Elsie," said she, "will you please see that tea is served?"

The young girl rose, crossed the soft carpet noiselessly, and disappeared in the adjoining room.

Herr von Hegebach's eyes followed her; he slowly stroked his dark beard. Frau von Ratenow changed the subject; she evidently wished to blot out the remembrance of that rude reply.

When Elsie reappeared, conversation was again flowing freely.

Herr von Hegebach was excellent company; he had traveled extensively and he was acquainted with a host of people of note. He was a man who knew life, who knew it from its best side. And over there in that gloomy house sat a miserable old man, who had not once had money sufficient to pay his fare to a resort at which he might have obtained relief from his sufferings. The sum that his cousin had spent at Cairo for one costly dagger would have sufficed for a several weeks' stay at Toplitz.

Bitter, disagreeable thoughts filled Elsie's brain. Everything in which, up to that time, she had believed—love, faith, honor, were all as nothing. The only thing which engendered happiness and strength was wealth.

"To a speedy future friendship, cousin," Hegebach raised his glass. Elsie took up hers

"Look me in the face," said he gravely. Again the blood rushed to her cheeks; she was vexed with herself, but those eyes were so peculiar.

"Remain, Elsie," said Frau von Ratenow when at eleven o'clock, Hegebach drove away, taking with him the promise that the ladies would soon visit him at Bennewitz.

Elsie returned and sat down. Aunt Lott had excused herself on the stroke of ten.

Frau von Ratenow was vexed, yet she did not know what to say to Elsie.

"You have a remarkable way of treating Hegebach, dear child," said she at length; "it is absurd to bear him a grudge on account of your father's nonsensical notions. You should at least be neutral."

"I know that Herr von Hegebach is right, aunt," replied Elsie, looking full in the old lady's face. "I bear him no malice—that would be ridiculous."

"That is well. But why are you so abrupt with him?"

"I beg your pardon, aunt," she stammered.

Frau von Ratenow rose and took her hands.

"I do not know if you are different from other girls—but good night, Elsie."

As if hunted, the girl flew upstairs to her room. No, it was not possible possible that aunt had intended to say that which at that moment occurred to her. But what had she meant? She laughed almost contemptuously. She paused at the mirror and gazed at her pale face. Certainly it was absurd; only an excited fancy could sugest such folly. No, aunt had not meant anything; it was simply her way of speaking.

"Aunt Lott!" cried she softly. She seemed to fear her own thoughts and entered the old lady's room.

"What is it, my pet?" asked the latter drowsily.

"I am afraid, auntie."

Aunt Lott, fully aroused, sat up in bed.

"I was reminded so vividly of your mother this evening child," she began; "we always sat just that way in Cousin Ratenow's sitting-room when your father was courting her. You look so much like her, Elsie, and Hegebach reminds me of your father somewhat; his voice and gestures are the same."

The girl stood there motionlessly; inexplicable anguish contracted her throat.

"That was twenty years ago and it seems only yesterday to me, Elsie," continued the old lady in her tearful tones, "only Ratenow has grown much stouter and my hair is gray. How vividly the past recurs to us sometimes! Lieschen, your mother, often came to my bedside thus, and once, I remember, she said to me: 'Oh, Lott, Lott! I am afraid!'"

"Aunt, please, I am afraid!" Elsie's slender, girlish form pressed closer to the bedside and trembled nervously.

"You are not well, Elsie!"

"No, I think I am going to be ill, aunt!"

"Poor child! That is caused by grief."

"I am not grieving, aunt."

"I know, child, you fancy you are not; but one can grieve unconsciously. When the doctor comes to-morrow he must give you something to make you sleep. I have told Moritz. Do you think I do not know when you enter my room at night? I hear every leaf rustle. Good night, darling, go to sleep. Once I could stay up late, but now——"

(To Be Continued.)

PRIVY COUNCILLORSHIP.

THE HONOR CONFERRED BECAUSE OF SERVICE RENDERED.

Dignity of the Office—Its Origin and Functions—Canada Represented in England's Final Court.

Marquise de Fontenoy writes in the Chicago Record this interesting description of the English Privy Council, especially interesting now that Canada has membership in it:

In order to appreciate the compliment paid by Queen Victoria to all of those Colonial Prime Ministers attending her Jubilee in making them members of the Privy Council, it is necessary to explain that to the vast majority of her subjects the dignity of a Privy Councillorship appears superior to any order of knighthood, baronetcy, or even peerage.

True, it is not a hereditary distinction, nor does it entitle its holder to coronets or to any other increase of adornment to the coat of arms. But, on the other hand, it is far more rarely conferred than a mere order or title. The latter is generally a reward for political service, a return for contributions to campaign funds.—in one word, a party sop. At least half of the peerages created during the present reign have been practically purchased by huge subscriptions to either the Conservative or Liberal electoral treasury, among the most notable cases being those of Lords Wandsworth, Brassey, Iveagh, Burton, Hindlip, Wimborne, etc.

OATH OF A COUNCILLOR.

But a Privy Councillorship is only conferred either upon a Cabinet Minister, or upon some person, who, having rendered conspicuous service either to the Crown or to the nation at large, is considered on that ground worthy of forming part of the particular council of the sovereign.

A Privy Councillor is bound to the monarch by a special oath of office, consisting of the following seven articles. 1. To advice the Queen according to the best of his cunning and discretion. 2. To advise for the Queen's honour, and good of the public without partiality. 3. To keep the Queen's counsel secret. 4. To avoid corruption. 5. To help and strengthen the execution of what shall be resolved. 6. To withstand all purposes to attempt the contrary. 7. To observe, keep and do all that a good and true councillor ought to do to his sovereign lady.

ORIGIN AND FUNCTIONS.

The Privy Council is the most ancient administrative institution in Great Britain. In the old Norman days it was the only form of Parliament, its members being chosen by the sovereign to advise him in governing the nation. Of course, with the constitution of Parliament in its present form the duties and prerogatives of the Council have become much modified. But it would require a more learned pen than mine to define the line where the authority of Parliament ends and that of the Privy Council begins.

Thus, the Lord-President of the Council and a committee of its members are at the head of the entire educational system of the empire, all matters pertaining thereto being directed and controlled by this committee. It is also a committee of the Privy Council that administers the affairs of the Channel Islands, those of the Isle of Man, curiously enough, belonging to the attributes of the Secretary of State for the Home Department.

THEIR UNIFORM AND RANK.

All Admiralty business, quarantine, lighthouse, ecclesiastical and charitable affairs of the State are subject to the Privy Council, the meetings of which are usually held at Windsor or at Osborne, in the presence of the sovereign, whose commands, when issued in the form known as "in council," have in a number of cases the same value in the eyes of the tribunals of the land as statutes duly enacted by the National Parliament.

Privy Councillors have the right of prefixing the words "right honourable," to their names, and of receiving invitations for themselves for their wives and their unmarried daughters, after presentation, to all State balls, State concerts, and analogous functions. A Privy Councillor likewise wears a very smart diplomatic uniform of blue and gold, with a cocked haf, and has a right ex-officio to serve as magistrate in any county, whether or not he is qualified by residence or possession of land.

Privy Councillors rank after Knights of the Garter, and before baronets, and the President of the Privy Council ranks fourth among the great dignitaries of the realm, and before the Prime Minister, the first after the princes of the blood being the Archbishop of Canterbury, the second the Lord High Chancellor, the third the Archbishop of York, and the fourth the Lord President of the Council.

TO STRENGTHEN THE BONDS.

One of the principal aims which both the Queen and her Ministers had in view in connection with the Jubilee was to strengthen the bonds of union, and above all the feeling of kinsmanship and loyalty between the colonies and the mother country. It is with this object that the Colonial Premiers have been overwhelmed with so many attentions, being accorded just as much honour as if they had been the full-fledged ambassadors extraordinary of some independent monarchical great power.

Officers-in-waiting, royal carriages, and royal servants were placed at their disposal, and they were conceded the front rank after royalty at all state functions.

Encouraged to give expression to their wishes, they one and all gave utterance to the desire on the part of their respective colonies that the latter should in some way or other be represented in what might be described as the governing councils of the entire empire. This, they declared, would be the first and principal step toward federation, and would encourage them to do their share toward maintaining the defences of the empire and toward the defraying of what may be described as Imperial expenses.

THE DISTINGUISHED HONOR.

Now, it was out of the question to accord to them a seat in the Lower House of Parliament without the complete reconstruction of the latter. It was likewise injudicious to confer upon them seats in the House of Lords, since that would have involved the creation of new peerages each time there was a change of Premiers in any colonial capital.

So the Queen, acting on the advice of her Secretary of State for the Colonies, made each one of the colonial Prime Ministers a member of her own Privy Council, a seat in which, as stated above, is in importance and in prestige superior to any place in either House of Parliament.

Until now the only Colonial statesmen who have ever been admitted to the Privy Council, were the late Sir John A. Macdonald, for so many years the Prime Minister of the Dominion of Canada, and Cecil Rhodes, the latter having chosen this honour in preference to the peerage or to the grand cross, these having been offered to him by the Crown as a reward for adding so immense a piece of Africa to the British Empire.

But henceforth it is understood that each colonial Premiership will carry with it a seat in the Privy Council in London, a fact which is likely considerably to enhance the value of political honours in the dependencies of Great Britain.

FREAKS OF A TORNADO.

Opened a Pocketbook, Uncoupled Cars and Scooped Up Cattle.

A tornado which swept over the Lyle Minn., district a week or so ago, and did $30 000 damage was one of the most freakish on record.

There were several remarkable escapes, among them were those of the Peter Hanson family, living in Lyle. He was building a house and with his family of six and three visitors was eating supper in the barn, which stood just west of the new house. The storm blew the barn, family and house across the prairie. All were carried over fifty feet, while the ruins of the buildings were carried a quarter of a mile.

After striking the Peter Hanson house the storm dodged around Dr. Frazier's residence, breaking a few windows there and totally demolished the new house of Charles Christianson. Dr. Frazier's barn, however, went across the prairie in small pieces. A cow weighing 1,100 pounds was carried a hundred feet and so badly injured that she had to be killed. A cow that stood beside it and was also carried away, escaped without a scratch.

Willis E. Bryan saw the storm coming and took his family to the cellar and had them stand against the west wall. Every stick of timber of the house was blown away and all escaped unhurt, except Mr. Bryan, who had a big rock blown against his foot as he stood in the cellar.

At Henry Hanson's house was a tightly closed pocketbook, containing $190. The pocketbook was afterward found open and lying beside it was a $10 bill. The $180 had been blown away.

The rotation of the funnel split six freight cars into two divisions, sending three down the track and the other three up; while it broke the coupling the cars were uninjured.

The tornado travelled like a bouncing rubber ball, striking in one place, then rising and descending again. After striking Christianson's place it rose up and dropped again half a mile east, when it struck two barns, then rose again and came down, taking a barn and granary two miles east of Lyle. From there on the storm seems have broken and simply blown as a heavy wind, having lost its rotation.

ONE POINT WANTED CLEARING UP.

Teachers have a good deal to put up with. The professor of mechanics at an English college records that he once gave a lecture upon the locomotive, and was particularly struck by the absorption of one juvenile listener. He spoke to this student after the lecture and asked him; "Well, I suppose you understand all about the locomotive now?"

"Yes," was the reply, "all but one thing?"

"And what is that?" said the professor kindly.

"I can't make out what makes the locomotive move without horses."

UPS AND DOWNS.

Erring Eaton—Yes, pard, der old sayin' dat he who lives by de sword shall die by it is too true—too true!

Barley Bilcook—Wotter yer mean?

Erring Eaton—Dat we wuz brought up frum infancy to kidhood by a bottle, an' frum kidhood to der present date we've been brought down by one.

IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

The Summer Girl—Oh! I love nature so!

The Farmer—Well, Miss, things is jest as nacheral around here as they are anywhere.

THE STORMY BALTIC SEA.

In the Baltic sea there are more wrecks than in any other place in the world. The average throughout the year is the one each day.