

# WINNING HER WAY

## CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

She passed her hand over her forehead and after a few minutes appeared in the dairy like a somber apparition, and frightened the maid almost out of her senses. She had not expected to see her mistress, but supposed she was drinking coffee with Elsie and Hegebach upstairs.

"Well, why don't you faint," said Frau von Ratenow in her loud voice; "that is fashionable now."

She went from one pan to another and looked in all the butter jars.

When she returned to her room, she was very restless; she could not even knit; she saw Elsie's pale face constantly, and heard Hegebach talking foolishly of her eyes.

It could not be helped, she must tell her kindly. But tell her she must! She rose in order to go upstairs to Elsie's room, when Moritz entered and seated himself in his father's chair, opposite her, for he had all sorts of matters which must be treated of. To his question, "Is Hegebach gone?" she replied briefly: "You see he has!" and he hastily proceeded to talk of farm matters, so that his mother had no opportunity to tell him how the girl had behaved.

"Where is Elsie?" he asked.

"Probably upstairs. But how is it that you allow the young veterinary surgeon to attend to Sultana? I just saw him leave the stable."

"I did not want to let my favorite wait any longer and the other surgeon is ill."

"Is that so?" she said; but she was thinking of something else.

Then Frieda and Lili came in with the children; Lili was so merry and the children so comical; the room was filled with laughter and mirth. When the little ones said "Good night" it was already late, the moonlight lay dazlingly bright upon the house-tops.

"Will you sup with me?" asked Moritz. "Is Elsie coming down?"

"Thank you," replied Frau von Ratenow. "Sophie will serve supper here; Elsie is in no condition to visit, you know."

"Then good night, mother." As Moritz left the room the old lady rose hastily from her chair; she must speak with Elsie. Quickly she mounted the stairs and pushed open the door of the girl's room; it was flooded with moonlight and pervaded with the odor of violets. Silence reigned within that chamber—not a sound was to be heard.

"Elsie!" said she softly, looking around the room.

There lay Elsie upon the bed! The old lady approached and bent over her. She was asleep. In her hand she clasped tightly a faded bunch of violets. At the foot of the bed stood an old trunk; it was open and from it peeped forth a white dress with pink ribbons. Frau von Ratenow knew the dress, and she knew the bunch of violets; she saw Elsie before her as she had seen her that evening with her happy, child-like eyes.

Motionless she stood there; she felt strangely moved; was her emotion caused by the scent of the violets and the song of the nightingale?

At length she stole away, passed down the corridor, entered her dark room and stood there a long time, her hand upon her brow.

"Nonsense!" said she finally, going to the table on which stood thematics.

"Nonsense!" she repeated aloud, as she struck a light. "To-morrow, I will have something to say to her!"

CHAPTER XV.

Early in the morning, rain fell and heavy clouds veiled the rising sun—but the grass was green, very green after the showers. The servants were astir in the out-houses, but all was silent in the main house; through the corridor only soft footsteps glided, descended the stairs, crossed the lower hall, the kitchen and the servant's hall and passed out into the open air.

It was chilly, and Elsie von Hegebach lowered her veil, crossed the court and glided through the gate. The maid who was just entering the dairy looked at her with a shake of her head.

"I believe she is going to the cemetery," said she to the kitchen-maid.

"She had a sachet in her hand," said the other, and the two women went about their work.

In the door of the stable stood a tall, fair man, looking after her with his honest blue eyes and grave face. He knew what she was doing and he made no attempt to follow, to detain her.

"Where can she be going?" he wondered half aloud, and stood there motionless until her form had disappeared.

Then he turned to the sick horse, patted its glossy neck as it looked at him with its intelligent eyes, and when half an hour later he crossed the court and entered the house, he heard the shriek of the locomotive in the distance.

"Farewell, Elsie, my girl," said he softly. "Have you acted wisely? I do not know—but that you are doing right now, I do know." At nine o'clock Frau von Ratenow sent the maid up to come to her room. The old lady sat by the window, as usual, looking out very gravely; she was somewhat pale; she had spent a miserable night; she had been disturbed by annoying dreams and all kinds of diabolical forebodings—the white dress, the faded bunch of violets and Elsie's strange manner were accountable for it all. The old lady was angry with herself; she should have aroused Elsie last night and should have scolded her! Should she think of another when she was affianced and what was that other? A young man, like dozens of others, remarkable for

nothing but a talent for violin-playing. There must be an end to it; it must be done kindly—but there must be an end!

"The young lady is not in her room," said the maid returning.

"Then seek her in the garden," was the command.

"I do not think we will find her there either, madame. The housekeeper says that Fraulein von Hegebach went to the cemetery bright and early this morning."

The old lady arose. "About what time?"

"About four o'clock, madame," said the girl.

"It is now nine. Go into the garden and look for her. Go into the garden and look for her. Go into the garden and look for her."

Frau von Ratenow resumed her seat calmly and gazed out into the court. She was not alarmed, but where could Elsie be? She would come though.

"I cannot find Miss Elsie!" announced the servant.

"Dort, says, too, that she had a sachet in her hand."

"Very well, she will be here soon, I have no doubt."

The servant left the room.

For a while the old lady remained in her chair, then she mounted the stairs and entered Elsie's room. All was as usual, there—nothing was gone but the bed and her prayer book; but that she had not yet discovered. The trunk now raised the lid, she saw within it the crumpled, white dress carefully folded.

"She will soon be here. Heaven knows what she is doing this morning."

She approached the small table under the hanging book-shelf—there lay a letter. A sealed letter! To Frau von Ratenow, she read. "She sat down and broke the seal slowly without any apparent haste, though she was pale to her very lips.

"Dear, Dear Aunt:

"Do not look upon me as very ungrateful for leaving your house in which so much kindness has been shown me during my entire life. No choice was left me. I stood alone and unprotected against you all. I had only strength enough to fly. I could not tell the truth. I wanted to do so yesterday when I stood beside papa's grave with Herr von Hegebach, but I could not utter a word. I do not know if you will understand me, aunt. But I pray to the Almighty that you will not judge me harshly.

"Whence I shall go from D—, I will inform Herr von Hegebach. I know he is too honorable not to give me back a promise which was exacted from me in a moment of weakness and anxiety.

"Farewell, dear aunt, I am and shall always remain,

"Your grateful and loving niece,"

"N. B.—I can at any time obtain position as assistant governess at D—, so do not worry as to my future."

The note fell from Frau von Ratenow's trembling hands. Could it be really for fear she had not read it correctly; then she glanced at the clock, as if oppressed by the weight of her burden, she rose and sought the maid inform her son that she wished to see him.

"The baron has gone out," was the reply.

The old lady went into her bedroom and tried to gather together the things required upon a journey; but she could not find what she wanted; as she packed her satchel she often put her hand to her head, then she took up a time at eleven o'clock.

She rang once more, ordered the carriage and sent John word that he was to take a note to Bennowitz immediately.

"Herr von Hegebach is in town; I saw his carriage this morning," timidly ventured the maid.

Was everything and everyone possible that day? "Very well," said that was her reward for all her love; she had run away as they did in novels; thing that had thoughtfully rejected everything that had fallen to her fortune; she had compromised herself and home.

Whence had the gentle girl with the soft brown eyes obtained her strength? She must not be humored; the letter to Hegebach must not be written at any price. She seated herself at her writing-desk and wrote a letter to D—, asking her to tell Elsie not to write a line until she had seen her; that she was coming on the midnight train. She sent the maid off with the sealed dispatch and then wrote to Hegebach; he sat at either at the hotel at the Tower Hall, or at his lawyer's she thought. He must come to the castle; some excuse must be invented.

How difficult was it for that upright, truthful woman to lie; she destroyed three sheets of paper. Elsie had a headache she wrote at first; but sure-gone out. She had been suddenly compelled to take a short journey. Bah! what should she go? He would die, she could not lie, come what might; she saw no outlet. If Moritz were only at home! Herr von Hegebach's compliments. The servant entered with a bouquet of lilies of the valley for Fraulein von Hegebach and a letter for Frau von Ratenow.

"Carry the bouquet to Miss Elsie's room," said she, breaking the seal of her letter. It ran thus:

"My intention, dear Frau von Ratenow, of dining with you this evening has unfortunately been frustrated; I for the building committee of the M. Railroad are going to survey the strip of land which runs through my estate.

"Excuse haste; I hope to spend a few hours with you and my fiancée to-morrow in your cozy home.

Respectfully,

"Herrmann von Hegebach."

"Thank God for that respite!" Frau von Ratenow's courage revived; she could count on Sister Beata's kind assistance. The girl must not be allowed

to fling aside her happiness thus! She hastily began her preparations. Lord, what one had to go through for such a prevarious creature! How she disliked traveling by rail! Suddenly another plan occurred to her, as she heard the tramp of horse's hoofs, she hastened to the window. Yes, it was he.

"Moritz!" she called.

Her son bowed and replied; "Directly, mother."

When he entered her room, she exclaimed irritably; "How slow you are!" "Were you in a hurry, mother? Pardon me."

"It is now a quarter of eleven, Moritz—will you do me a favor? You know I am not very fond of traveling; Elsie she always cared most for you! You know nothing about it yet—that the child has run away? Or do you?" Moritz, who you know anything?" She looked searchingly at him.

He maintained his composure. "Yes, mother, I saw her go."

"Moritz! and you did not detain her? you did not try to keep her from carrying out her foolish sentimental ideas?"

"No mother. I had no right to do so."

"My God, Moritz!" The old lady was crying with rage.

"No right," he repeated. "Neither you nor I had the right. Thank God, no one in this country has the right to marry against her will."

"This is enough to drive one mad! What fine speeches you make!—What impelled her to that step?"

"Everything! People, circumstances, life and death mother. Her heart cried 'No,' but no one heeded it."

"Why did it cry 'No,' Moritz? Can you tell me why?"

"Yes, but do not inquire into it, mother. Who has fathomed the mysterious bond which draws one person to another, or repels one from another?"

"You talk like a poet, Moritz; look about you in the world, it is day, brood on it—it is a struggle and every-one is striving to obtain a place."

"And that which guides the wheels of love, mother; she will not suffer herself to be banished from the world, if trouble, love and faith are in the German blood mother!" he nodded his head emphatically.

"Love?" The old lady sprang from her chair.

"Love!" she repeated. "You are alluding to the little lieutenant, nothing—he can make gallant bows and fiddle a little—that is all!"

"I think him a very nice fellow," averred Moritz. "If Bernard were Hegebach's son, for example, what then, mother?"

"That would be very different, my boy. But enough of this sentimentalism. Will you go?" she asked. "Will you marry with Elsie? She can surely have found consolation long ago."

"In one thing I agree with you, mother—he cannot marry her. That he has forgotten her, I do not believe, brought a beautiful wreath at Bernard's order for the grave. I will go to Elsie, but, mother, I have told you 'Very well then, I will go!'

"Do not urge her, mother, it is not right!"

"Shall she approach me later on, when she has become a nervous, worried woman?" she asked. "I shall do my duty."

"It will be in vain, mother, especially in her present condition. 'Heaven helps those who help themselves,' she said. 'You are still the old dreamer.'

With these words she passed into her bedroom.

To be Continued.

### WHAT IT COSTS.

\$5,000 Is a Good Working Capital For a Klondyke Miner.

The man who goes from the East to the Klondyke to become a miner should have \$5,000 as a capital to pay his expenses in, and to last him for a time there.

The vast majority of those who go to the new Eldorado are, of course, goldseekers. The proportion is estimated at about 100 to 1 in favor of the would-be miners. Persons who visit the diggings for the purpose of engaging in business should have sufficient cash so that when all expenses in are paid, they will have at least \$250 remaining. These figures are not pessimistic, but are gained from men who have experienced the difficulties that confront those who seek the diggings.

From San Francisco it takes about six weeks to reach the Klondyke, and 3,000 miles must be traversed before that point is gained. First-class passage by steamer costs \$150, and second-class \$25 less. Travelers by these steamers cannot take in a supply of provisions, for the company owning the line itself sells provisions to the miner, and therefore limits the amount of baggage to 150 pounds, effectually carrying off any possibility of the minutest.

Nevertheless, the wise emigrant will choose such a route to go into the Klondyke as will enable him to carry more. He can purchase in Seattle in the Klondyke over and above all his expense of getting his provisions in, at least \$300. The stock of provisions is not elaborate that he needs. Here for with him, and made it last very comfortably for eight months; 125 pounds of flour, 8 pounds of tea and 45 of portneate amount of salt and pepper. The few articles necessary for cooking.

The menu given does not seem particularly attractive to the dainty Easterner, but it is the very fat of the land in the Klondyke, and those who have plenty of it next winter may consider themselves fortunate indeed.

## METHODS OF GOLD MINING EMPLOYED BY THE PLACER MINERS IN THE KLONDYKE.

**What "Placer Miners" Really Are -- The Winter Work Is Greatly Facilitated By Fire—Some of the Difficulties Encountered—What Geologists Say About the Klondyke Mines.**

To only a comparatively small number of the emigrants flocking to the Klondyke are the methods of mining in vogue there known, and if they were to be told it was the placer system many of them would by no means be enlightened. That is just the plan, however, the placer system is the only one generally available where the hand of old winter has so firm a grasp as in the Klondyke region.

By placer mining is meant that system which involves the separation of the virgin gold from the earth by means of water. In other words, it is washed out. It is really panning gold on a large scale. The other system of gold mining is known as quartz mining. In this latter case the gold is found imbedded in quartz, and is taken from the mines to stamp mills, where the quartz is stamped or crushed, and thus put into such a condition that the gold and quartz can be separated by a process which is so technical that it to be thoroughly understood it needs to be seen.

When a Klondyke prospector has staked out his claim, which must be as near water as possible, and generally about 500 feet in length, he makes an experimental panning as a test of the claim. This may show very little at first, but when it is considered that five-cent dirt—that is, ground that washes or pans out five cents' worth of gold to the pan—is paying property, it may be seen that the miner's standard is not so very high. Many a case has lately been reported from the Klondyke where the dirt has washed out

\$50 TO THE PAN.

With a claim of five-cent dirt the miner if he is industrious, may be reasonably sure of \$50 a day. With fifty-dollar dirt he is a millionaire, if his claim is of any considerable extent.

The testing of a claim is, however, only the beginning. After it has been proved to be worth working, it is necessary to prepare for more extensive operations. The first thing is to make the sluice-boxes. In the Klondyke lumber is a scarce and very expensive article, provided it is purchased all ready for sluice purposes. If the miner is industrious he will tell enough trees from the thousands that cover the rugged lands about him to make all the sluice-box number that he will need. It is much more economical for him to put in the time and labor necessary to do this than to buy the lumber ready made.

When the lumber is ready it is converted into sluice-boxes of whatever length the miner may deem advisable. These boxes are then placed in position, and all is in readiness for the washing process. Now comes the necessity for getting the dirt into the boxes. It is always the case that pay dirt containing gold lies next to the surface and the pay dirt. It is a clear away the gravel that lies between the surface and the pay dirt. It is a still more difficult task in winter, when the snow is deep and the ground is so frozen that it is often necessary to dig out the gravel from the pay dirt of his claim.

The statements often made that it is impossible to do any work in the winter season are erroneous. Nearly all the tunneling is accomplished at that time of year. Fire is the agent, by means of which the tunneling is done. There is plenty of wood to be obtained, and so the miner builds a roaring fire next to the gravel through which he wishes to tunnel. Naturally this melts the frost out of the gravel, which is then shoveled out. This method does not prove successful with surface gravel.

Occasionally it happens that a claim cases several fortunes have been made out—that is, rockers have been used. The rocker is just what its name indicates. The dirt is placed within it, and it is rocked until dirt and gold have been separated.

**THOROUGHLY SHAKEN APART.**

This system is used only on rare occasions, for, as a rule, water is sufficient to placet to make the ordinary methods of placer mining available.

A curious fact that the placer mining of the Klondyke region has developed is that these mines are nearer covered on the American continent. The California mines were never traceable, geologists say, but these latest discoveries give distinct evidence of being near the source from which they originally glacial deposits. The ice which formed the glaciers, mixed with great stones, at sometime or another wrenched from the original gold deposits fragments of the riches there located by

nature. These fragments swept along by the huge rivers of ice, have found resting places at various points, forming what we know as placer mines. The geologists who have examined the Klondyke mines say that the original gold fields are not far distant from the Klondyke. It is therefore quite possible that the real Eldorado is by no means reached as yet.

**GENTLE JEAN INGELOW.**

Jean Ingelow, who died recently in London, seemed curiously out of place in the literary life of the day when any writer who has done anything to attract attention lives so much in the public eye. Jean Ingelow's career was quiet and gentle in its course. The greater part of her work, moreover, was done at a period previous to that in which the public interest in celebrity was as fully gratified as it is to-day. For nearly a quarter of a century she had been neglected by the world in spite of the great popularity that her earlier writings had won. But it is certainly notable that a writer who was esteemed the most popular woman poet of her day, whose books in her country ran through twenty-three editions and in the United States were sold to the number of 200,000, should never have been interviewed. But this was one of Miss Ingelow's distinctions. Probably this resulted from the horror of publicity which had always prevented her from appearing in gatherings of notable persons. It is said that she would not even accept invitations to dinners at which the company was likely to be made up too much of well-known persons. There was one series of entertainments in which she indulged herself for many years. Three times a week she invited to dinner at her house the poor people lately discharged from the hospitals in the neighborhood, and it is said that in her own view of the world the dinner table was a place much more adapted to such practical charity than to poetry. Her acquaintance was not limited, however, to persons so distant from her own sphere. Many eminent literary men of the time were among her intimate friends. Ruskin was one of these, and he is said to have taken particular pleasure in her society—Lord Tennyson was another, and her personal set had included Dante Gabriel Rossetti, James Russell Lowell, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and many others of almost equal fame.

Miss Ingelow was born in a small town in Lincolnshire, where her father was a banker, and although she had lived for many years previous to her death in Kensington, it is said that her shy, modest manners never lost the quality that her early life in the country had given her. She was never a beauty, although her face was wonderfully attractive in its sweetness and variability of expression to the persons who knew her. Although as a child of 5 she had shown a wonderful sensitivity to rhythm, her first poems were not published until she was 43 years old. The book was published anonymously at her own expense. When the small edition was exhausted, her publishers advised her that it would not be wise to attempt the experiment of another issue. But the great popularity that her work suddenly achieved proved the fallacy of that counsel. She became suddenly famous, and it was not long before all the eminent writers of the day had made her acquaintance. She and her mother had moved to Kensington, and this sudden extension of her acquaintance was not without its embarrassment to a woman whose previous life had been so quiet.

She had not read a great deal before she began her career as a poet, and she attributed much of the freshness of her verse to this circumstance. The success of her first volume was never repeated. The public would never be attracted to her succeeding works as it had been to the verses, that made their appearance so noisily in 1863. For many years before her death she had known nothing of the letter-press world, but it is said that her gentle, optimistic nature never showed any resentment at the indifference of the public. She was eminently hopeful, contented, and determined to take the sunniest view of life. Her natural disposition luckily made this attitude the easiest for her. So she was never heard to complain of the fickleness of the public taste, which for many years had left her quite out of its thoughts.

**THE WORLD'S WHEAT KING.**

The "Wheat King" of the world belongs to Argentine. He is an Italian emigrant named Gauzone, and his broad acres are situated in the south of the province of Buenos Ayres. His cro occupies an area of 66,270 acres. He numbers his workmen by the thousand and each one receives a certain share of the profits. When his season's crop is harvested he fills over 3,000 railways trucks with the grain.

**GEM PLANTS.**

Among the curiosities of tropical plant life are the pearls found occasionally in the coccolnut palm of the Philippine Islands. These pearls, like those of the ocean, are composed of carbonate of lime. The bamboo also yields another precious product, in the shape of true opals, which are found in its joints.

**MUMMIFIED MONKEYS.**

In several places of Cape Colony have been explored which yielded hundreds of mummified remains of a queer species of six-fingered monkey. All of the full grown specimens of this remarkable race have the tail situated high up on the back, with other distinguishing marks, such as two sets of

## INVULNERABLE

A Story of a Hero of an Old Russian

Let me conjure his imagination once more. Let me see when a child soldier was placed in his hands the "Forward!" as he appeared when I was a General in the army. Never had the Russian soldier so brave a man, never have his like again be praised ere another will make his name for you can think of it. Youth when Muraviev repelled But, hush! nothing. Children, don't murmur. You are enough that he lived, forgotten.

At that time a pestilence throughout the vast Czar, more destructive, more contagious than ever, but fortunately earlier. We, too, were not diseased; we, too, were cured of it. The soldier with a strange condition the blood seems heated and becomes oppressed; it appears in a different light; satisfied with the existing things; longs for impossibilities; singular notions; our disease consisted contented with the country in the Holy Russian wanting all men to be better than his; even protect us from

When it began to spread try it spread through vines in less than a flies more swiftly than a titlene, and had not the country taken it in have swept the whole empire they opposed it with poe. Whoever was too by the disease was cured; others in whom the less deeply seated were solid walls that they met others and those in who had not yet broken out, is the disease I meant special regiments and to Astrachan, even to of Abi, and to cold Kamer they were transferred cold regions their pull to see if they yet fully. In most cases the cases? After years, or it is liable to break out as hydrophobia, may nine days, nine weeks, so this disease is rid of.

I know this by my own. My Paul and I were both the same battalion, and the lead mines, and sold, or in the furious the others complained were, we whispered. "What can it be that hears?" Of course the time ago, and I feel no

It was very hard for have a regiment infected generous an ailment. We could not remain in the city, but were obliged in the open fields beyond barricades were placed camp, which no stranger could pass. We were never write to our relatives or from them. All ordered officers were as from other regiments, a compelled to report morning and evening words and looks to the Captains to the Colonel to the Govern there directly to where they were read and my Paul sighed, the Petersburg: "Peter sweet"

But it is time to speak he belonged to highly rents; his father was the Greek Bishop, who possessed secrets hidden from others. She knew how to cure a cures, to predict fair or to destroy harmful creatures. When this son Paul she never had any other wine which is left in a cup and washed the child with it. This made it a any hostile weapon to was always first in the skirmishes and never scratch. But you all know I should I say more?

After we had served together in the exile I came one day that the G—that was our name—march. We were to march from the far north; a doubly hot there from the sun and from the cannon being waged against Turke. We rejoiced in the fighting; it was far better cold. Perhaps the destin man might change there;—and it did.

Weeks and months elapsed