

WINNING HER WAY.

CHAPTER XVI.

Elsie was being whirled over the same road she had taken once before. Then it was autumn and evening; her heart was filled with expectation; now it was a spring morning; the sun shone so brightly upon the carriage cushions and showed every tear and threadbare place; the tiny mirror in a gilt frame reflected a pale face with an expression of weariness, about the mouth. Elsie leaned languidly back among the cushions, her eyes fixed upon the landscape. She had broken the link which bound her to the castle; she had no one, no heart which beat in sympathy with hers. Even Aunt Lott had written her a delighted, half-sentimental letter relative to the good fortune which had befallen her. Good fortune! People called that good fortune? What was it?

To bear the name of a man, to share his wealth, not to have to worry about the manifold material needs—that was "good fortune" to them! And in the return for that she was to give everything—her freedom, her hopes, herself, body and soul.

She shuddered and closed her eyes. "Never!" she said, so loudly that she was startled by her own voice, and that the old lady opposite her looked up in surprise. Her eyes were cast down; she did not notice it; she saw before her a dark-complexioned man, with sorrowful eyes; in her ears rang the sleigh-bells and the perfume of violets hovered around her. And yet he had turned from her, had deserted her—because she was a poor girl! She started up suddenly.

"Dear child, are you ill?" asked a sympathetic voice, and the old lady bent over her.

"No, no!" said she hastily, blushing deeply. "I did not sleep in the night, and—"

"Pardon me, my dear young lady!" The lady resumed her seat. Then she took up a box, in it lay a number of bunches of violets. "My grandchildren picked them for me; may I offer you one?" And she held the fragrant purple flowers toward the girl.

Her tiny hand received them, but no word of thanks passed her lips. The donor only saw her draw back her black veil hastily over her face and press the flowers to her lips beneath it. After a while she fancied she heard sobs, but they had a tearless sound.

"She has sorrow too, and she is still so young," she murmured, looking out of the window.

At the stations all was animation; the coupe was occasionally filled for a short distance and then was vacant again. The old lady left the coupe. She stood upon the platform and watched the train as it slowly steamed out; she would like to have seen that said, child-like face once more, but her wish was vain. Elsie sat as motionlessly as ever, in her corner.

At length she too reached her destination and stepped upon the platform of the, to her, familiar station; it seemed to her as if she were dreaming. There was the Thüringen Wald as she had seen it a hundred times, and before her stretched the street with its neat, old-fashioned houses, in the windows of which flowers bloomed in profusion; further on was the tiny church with its shady green church-yard. All so unchanged, while she was not herself.

Rapidly she proceeded down the street and passed through the school-garden. Not a soul to be seen—thank God! All were still at work and in the school-room.

The canary was warbling clearly in his gilded cage in Sister Beate's room. She knocked, and slowly crossed the threshold of the little room, in her mourning garb, her veil over her pale face!

"Elizabeth!" said a deep, calm voice, "is it really you, Elizabeth?" An old lady advanced toward her, and a pair of kindly eyes looked into her sorrowful face.

"Sister Beate," she tried to say, but she could utter no sound. She threw both arms around the woman's neck and her pent-up grief dissolved into an almost convulsive fit of weeping.

"You are in mourning, poor child!" "My father," she stammered.

Sister Beate kissed her hand sympathetically and led her to the old-fashioned sofa. "Calm yourself first, Elizabeth; we will talk afterward. Come take a cup of coffee. I knew that you were coming—a dispatch is here."

"From whom?" Elsie glanced at the speaker in terror. "What is it? What does the telegram say?" she asked quickly.

"I am to keep you from writing any letters, child, for your aunt will arrive here this evening."

Elsie trembled and at first did not speak. At length she sobbed: "Sister Beate, keep me that I may not sin as deeply as woman could ever sin—help me that I may not be ruined!"

"Elizabeth, you are beside yourself!" said the sister in her calm, warning voice.

Elsie's clasped hands fell into her lap. She looked moodily and searchingly into the face of the woman before her.

"Sister Beate," she continued, in a changed voice, "you told me when I left here that I could always find shelter with you, that you would give me a position in the school; I have come to-day to ask of you; I have come—"

"You have come at an opportune time, dear Elizabeth. Sister Ange-

lica's position in the fourth form is vacant." The speaker held toward the girl, as she spoke, a plate of cake. She refused it.

"Where is Sister Angelica?" "She has gone to Africa. You should eat, you look so fatigued."

"To Africa? As a missionary?" "Yes, she is going to help her husband who has a school at Natal. The lot fell to her, and she left three weeks ago."

These words were uttered as simply as if Sister Angelica had merely gone to church at some neighboring place.

Elsie knew the girl, and she knew too, that that particular order married its daughters by lot. She had never thought of it before; it struck her as something unworthy of humanity.

"Did she go willingly, Sister Beate?" she asked, putting her hand to her aching head.

"Willingly? That God alone knows. But she knew He willed it so, and she went."

A pause ensued. The atmosphere indoors seemed to the girl suffocatingly heavy. Sister Beate was seated at a table correcting exercises.

"You should have rested awhile, Elizabeth; you look so pale and weary," said she.

The girl shook her head and approaching her laid her hand upon the sister's shoulder.

"Sister Beate," she began in an unsteady voice, "you told me once—not very long since—that truth was the only thing that would rescue one from difficulties and distress—that truth was the greatest of all virtues."

The old lady nodded assent without looking up.

"What I am about to ask you, Sister Beate, may sound strange; Angelica had never loved, had she? she did not go to the altar with a lie upon her lips and in her heart?"

The sister raised her eyes at that question.

"No, Elizabeth, her heart was like a blank page; we live such a secluded, peaceful life here that the passions never cross our threshold—the passions which grieve and wound human hearts in the world; we scarcely know them, Elizabeth. Why that question?"

Suddenly the girl fell upon her knees before Sister Beate and buried her face in the folds of her dress.

"I wish I had never left here—I wish I had never seen him," she sobbed.

"Elsie, Elizabeth, and compose yourself. The woman compassionately stroked Elsie's hair.

"Help me, Sister Beate," besought Elsie once more, raising her tearful eyes, "to keep from lying. Tell my aunt that I must write to him and tell him the truth at any price."

"To him, Elizabeth?" "Yes, to him, whom they have called my betrothed for three days."

At first Sister Beate made no reply, then she said: "You were always my favorite, Elizabeth; but will you like it here? It is not so easy after having been in the gay world to settle down as a teacher with nothing but the duty and the hands of the clock which indicate the time before one's eyes. Years ago a beloved pupil came back tired of the world and discouraged, and she implored me to keep her forever. At first I went well; she worked in order to drown her sad thoughts; the rest and regularity benefited her unstrung nerves. But time healed her wound, health returned and beckoned her to the gay life without our circle; her eyes grew daily more yearning and Beate, I must go; here one creeps and I do not know what became of her. I am only telling you this to show you that this is no place in which to heal permanently the wounds inflicted by the world; if you accept the position you bid yourself for two years at least, Elsie, consider it well."

She was still upon her knees; she saw pink roses and fluttering ribbons, laughter and song—the sweetest music, was youth! And like a colorless picture, suddenly rose before her the school-room with its bare walls—and words troubled her.

"Hark! From the next room came a clear, vibrating tone! Someone was playing the violin! Elsie burst into tears and bowed her head upon her folded arms which still rested upon the old lady's knee.

"I have nothing more to live for in the world, nothing more, Sister Beate," she murmured. "I will remain with you."

CHAPTER XVII.

There were spare rooms in the institute. The large inn was very primitive, and parents often stopped over rooms had been placed at Elsie's disposal, and the best of those modest chambers was prepared for the reception of Frau von Ratenow.

The train was to arrive at nine o'clock, and the principal had gone to the station in person to receive the stern aunt.

In the meanwhile, Elsie sat in her little room and anxiously watched the scoured clouds which occasionally obdured the moon. What was to be done? Sister Beate knew all the details and she knew Frau von Ratenow would be a struggle.

According to Elsie's opinion they must have arrived from the station some time since. Probably the two women were both in the cozy sitting-room at that moment weaving the thread of her destiny.

hind at Halle, had it not been for me, Moritz anticipated that, or he would certainly have spared me this journey. The coupe was filled with mothers, nurses, and babies, and among them, erect as an Indian pagoda, sat Aunt Ratenow—while I—oh, Elsie, why did you do this? To-night there is a supper party at Cramm's, and I am so fond of crab-ragout with asparagus!"

Elsie did not reply; she seated herself in silence beside the bed upon which Lili lay, and looked anxiously in her face, while Lili's large eyes sparkled merrily, notwithstanding her plaintive lamentation.

"See here, Elsie, you are furnishing an abundance of matter for gossip," continued the girl. "I must confess that when Moritz gave the alarm this morning and at the same time bade me to prepare to accompany Aunt Ratenow on her search for the fugitive, I was just crazy to dine at the officers' cafe! I am convinced that the proprietor will be busy; in their excitement they will drink one glass of wine after another. And Rost will draw a vivid picture of you as a nun standing behind the lattice, and Hedgebach kneeling before it with clasped hands and doublet and sword."

Elsie returned to the window.

"I do not understand you, sweet child," continued the little chatterbox. "I think Hedgebach wonderfully nice. I assure you if he had asked me—I would have accepted him on the spot, although I have so-called 'lover' too! One must have lovers you know, Elsie, otherwise of whom should one think when one reads poems? They are highly necessary; but, notwithstanding charming for him to see us bound to one another eternally lost love! But one need not be miserable forever; it is only so in poetry, but it is interesting, highly interesting! Elsie, do not be vexed with me, suddenly said a gentle voice behind her, and two soft arms stole around her neck. "I am not as bad as I seem to be, and if you will promise not to cry any more I will tell you something that will please you immensely."

"Nothing gives me pleasure any more Lili," she murmured.

"I have seen him, Elsie," she whispered, "in the flesh!"

"Who—my cousin?" asked the anxious girl. She dreaded hearing how he had received the blow she had prepared for him. She saw him before her so plainly as he stood beside her at her father's grave, and looked at her so kindly, so compassionately. At that time she had tried to explain to him, but lacked the strength to do so.

"Hedgebach? No! I do not mean him," continued Lili. "We girls would call him the one, the only one! Elsie, come, do not be so childish, you are nineteen years old and you have been to boarding-school. Ah, yes," she laughed, "at a sisterhood. I always forget that; one does not learn such things there; at eighteen, girls are veritable angels of innocence. I was at G—, and from our school-room I could look down upon the court-yard of the barracks, and each of us had a 'him.' Well, I saw him at Halle; Elsie, do you understand? He had his civilian dress—well, Elsie, what do you say to that?"

Elsie did not stir.

"And I spoke to him—do not start Elsie, aunt did not see me; she was talking to a porter on the other side of the platform. I was getting the tickets and he was standing among the crowd; he is really handsome. Elsie, I was not well enough acquainted to address him, but I know how to help myself under such circumstances. As I passed him my umbrella fell at his feet; of course he picked it up. 'Oh, thank you very much, Lieutenant Bernardi,' said I. He started. 'My name is Lili Teesfeld; I am going to D— with Aunt Ratenow to fetch Elsie von Hedgebach who wishes to enter a convent.' You should have seen his face. 'Because she does not want to marry her cousin. Good-bye, Lieutenant Bernardi.' I left him and bravely pushed my way through the crowd; I was about to enter the ladies' coupe, he entered the next coach. It was fortunate that aunt was at the other window. I had to have air very especially occasionally called across the nurses and babies: 'Did you speak Lili?' In answer to which remark I assumed a very astonished expression. 'Now, Elsie, he knows all, and charged me to be very kind to you. He said that to me when I left the train; he went farther. And when I have told you that he sent a wreath to your father's grave and that he is going home on leave-of-absence, I have told you all!'"

Elsie had ceased weeping. She opened the window, leaned out and looked into the garden flooded with moonlight; a nightingale was singing sweetly in a linden tree, and her heart throbbled violently.

He thought of her! He had spoken of her on the most wretched day of her life. Oh, joy!

She drew back, closed the window, and bursting into tears buried her face in her hands. What did it avail her? She was only a poor girl!

(To Be Continued.)

HIS CONFESSION.

Baldwin—I suppose you took your piece of smoked glass and looked at the eclipse of the sun the other morning? Rambo—No. The fact is, I—aw—forgot all about it. I looked through too many unsmoked glasses the night before.

SIZING HIM UP.

First Tramp—Yer say dat the woman give yer de grub didn't believe ye sizance.

Second Tramp—Dat's what I said, First Tramp—Did she tell yer so?

Second Tramp—No, she brought me a knife ter eat der pie wid.

WORSHIPPED THEIR WHEELS.

When the bicycle was first introduced in India it was not at all uncommon thing for natives to fall down and worship it. Calcutta can probably claim more women cyclists than any other city in India.

About the House.

THE OLD PEOPLE.

In many homes where there are old people they are looked upon and treated as if they were in the way. When people become old and helpless, and as is often the case, dependent upon their children, it is very pathetic to see them subjected to cruel indifference and often ill-treatment. Parents sometimes hear their children speak saucily and disrespectfully to old people without making an effort to correct them. There is too much of that very unkind attitude of "letting them know their place." It has caused many tears to flow from the dimmed old eyes of mothers and fathers, who have struggled and worked all their lives that their children may have better advantages than were afforded them. In old age they are grudgingly given a corner in those children's homes, and in every action are shown that they make trouble for someone. Very often, too, the very homes in which they live are those which they unselfishly gave up for their children's greater happiness.

It seems very strange that people will forget they are hastening on in age, and will sometime be old and possibly helpless. It is no more than natural that they will anticipate. A very old lady was recently left almost penniless and alone by her shiftless and selfish son—her only child. She owned a modest little house, and was contented and happy until her son married and brought his wife home to live, and from that time the old mother was one too many. To satisfy her son she mortgaged her little property in order to raise money for him to build a larger house, and through pure indolence he squandered it all. Now the young family has moved away and left the poor old mother alone. This son does not seem to care how near he and his wife have made her feel she was a great burden to them.

For the short time these dear ones are here why not make them comfortable and happy? Give them warm, sunny rooms, with as many of the comforts of life as can be afforded. Let them with love and respect. Surely this is not asking too much in return for the care and devotion of so many years.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

When perfumes are not disagreeable to a patient it is well to use them freely in a sick room, as they are a protection against contagion. It is said that lavender water is sprayed through the living rooms of houses situated in a malarial locality. It will prevent the occupants from contracting the disease.

The back and arms of an old chair that seem to be of no use will make an excellent bed rest for an invalid. The rest is made by cutting away the seat and legs and padding the back and arms with pieces of an old comfortable covering with some delicate colored chintz or satin, or when the rest is in use, one may fill the back and sides with pillows.

When hanging sash curtains in the summer cottage windows and rods are not at hand, take picture wire. It can be fastened securely from brass-headed nails, the curtains can be readily drawn upon it, and it will not sag as a piece of twine will.

Do not forget in packing away silver for the summer to put a few pieces of camphor in the box with it. This will help to keep the silver from becoming discolored, as it oftentimes will when in use.

Mothers in the country with children will do well to visit the barn and secure a box of oats to keep at hand. Wet the feet as soon as they are removed from the left and right perfectly dry. The oats absorb the moisture in the leather and preserve the shape of the shoe.

A zinc bathtub may be polished very satisfactorily with kerosene. Have the tub perfectly dry before using the oil. Cover one small place at a time with the oil, rubbing it well with a brush and then a cloth. When all parts have been cleaned, wash the tub with boiling water.

Figs that have become dried may be freshened by laying them upon a plate and placing the plate in a steamer until the fruit is softened and full. Roll the figs in confectioner's sugar and let them stand in a warm room a while.

Now that the berry season has come around the convenient little article for hulling strawberries will be doubly appreciated. With a cherry stoner and something for removing hulls on berries, the housewife does not look upon this preserving season with such dread, and stains upon dainty pink finger nails are a thing of the past.

OIL STOVES FOR SUMMER.

Oil and gasoline stoves are almost absolute necessities during the summer, and there are very few kitchens where one or the other is not found, unless gas stoves are provided. They do not require much care, but should be attended to daily in order to be free from odor. Proper location for either an oil or gasoline stove is a corner away from doors and windows, where no draughts can reach them. Unless such a place is provided they will smoke, and nothing makes them dirtier. For the sake of convenience they should be set on a low table or box. This may be just large enough to hold the stove, but, if larger, there will be room for pots, pans, etc., which are to be used.

Kerosene stoves should be filled every morning, as they give better heat when the tank is full. The dust should be carefully wiped from every part, and the perforated piece of metal for the circulation of air should also be kept

clean and the holes open, in order to secure strong and steady heat. The charred part of the wick should be wiped off daily, so the wick will be straight and burn brightly. If every part of the stove is cleaned before lighting are required, and there will be no smoke or disagreeable odor. The same cleanliness is also necessary about a gas stove. A small brush and a soft cloth kept near at hand are the only tools required.

SLEEPING ALONE.

Give the baby and each child a bed to himself. Two single beds take but little, if any, more room than one large bed. Have the sleeping room furnished with only necessary furniture, says a writer in Pacific Health Journal. See that the clothing of the little sleeper is loose at the neck, waist and arms, and keep the head uncovered. If there is anything young animals cannot do without, it is fresh air.

Through the pores of the skin the body is continually throwing off poisonous vapors. If the head is covered with the bed clothing, the unfortunate infant will be breathing bad air. The average child suffers from over-feeding and over-dressing. Let him learn to be a trifle hungry. Do not take him for an oyster or a clam, and keep him in a stew all the time. Half the time the child cries he wants fresh air or fresh water—wiping the lips of a crying baby with cool water will often soothe and refresh him.

ELECTRICITY FOR SINGERS.

Restores the Pristine Qualities and Vigor of the Singing Voice.

If you have ever had a voice and lost it there is hope for you in the discovery of a physician in Paris, Dr. Montier, with the assistance of M. Granier, of the French Academy of Music, has devised a process of applying electricity to the vocal chords that restores the pristine qualities and vigor of the singing voice. It is even hinted that such is the effect upon the vocal organs that an agreeable singing voice can actually be created or built up.

That the electric current is capable of strengthening and vitalizing the vocal as well as other organs has been known for some years, but it has remained for Dr. Montier to discover that by applying the negative pole of the battery to a person's throat the quality or timbre of the normal voice may be changed and improved.

The method of treatment is quite simple. The patient takes a seat in a chair insulated by glass feet, and the negative pole of the battery is applied to the throat. The process is by no means unpleasant and the effect is said to be truly remarkable. Instantly the old musical resonance returns, the voice slips over the register with ease, and power, and after a few applications the change becomes fixed and permanent. Satisfactory results are only obtained where the failure of the voice is due to relaxation of the chords and nerves. In cases of lesions or disease the application has no effect. In Paris this method of treating the voice has become quite general and is regarded as the natural adjunct of a vocal career.

PROOF AGAINST POISONS.

A Girl WhoLaughs at Cobra and Rattlesnake Bites and Doesn't Know Pain.

Miss Evatima Tardo, aged 26, of St. Paul, Minn., has all her life been absolutely free from pain and has no idea what it is except by word of mouth from others. She is also free from the poisonous effects that follow the bite of certain reptiles and insects. Not only that, but she can swallow the deadliest poison known to science, while all stimulants, narcotics, anaesthetics and sedatives have no effect upon her.

When she was 5 years old, living with her parents on the Island of Trinidad in the West Indies, a cobra threw itself upon her and bit her terribly. Her parents laid her out to die, but she went to sleep for thirty hours and awoke as fresh as a rose. Now a cobra can bite her a dozen times a day and the best he can do will be to make her a little sleepy and kill himself.

She stood up in a doctor's office recently and made punctures in herself as though she were playing with a paper bag. While explaining to the little audience that her case had been the wonder of the surgical and medical men of all parts of the world, and that the only explanation was that she had been born with a defective nervous system in so far as the sensory nerves are concerned, she was jabbing pins into her face. The doctor ran a long needle into her repeatedly and a rattlesnake was allowed to bite her in the presence of the witnesses, and no effect was observable.

ECHOES IN CAVES.

In a cave in the Pantheon at Rome, the guide, by striking the flap of his coat, makes a noise equal to a twelve-pound cannon's report. The singularity is noticed, in a lesser degree, in the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky. In the cave of Smellin, near Viborg, in Finland, a cat or dog thrown in will make a screaming echo, lasting some minutes. Fingal's Cave, on the Isle of Staffa, has also an abnormally developed echo.

AN AWFUL TRIAL.

A curious custom prevails in Bulgaria. All newly married women are obliged to remain dumb for a month after marriage, except when addressed by their husbands. When it is desired to remove this restriction permanently the husband presents her with a gift and then she can chatter to her heart's content.

PRACTICAL F.

MULCHING THE...

There is scarcely any service by which the fruit is so greatly benefited, and of a generous kind. All fruit trees are except by it; all the small seedlings of the grape, then through the green summers; some of them is satisfactory cultivated. It. The strawberry assisted not only to full to a long-continued or vice for conserving of the soil, highly desirable to when ripening, at an "sanded" by shows practically worthless for strawberries which flavor as well as they washed. The same try less needful to the those who raise this, know how rapidly they diminish in size, dry days; how, such a dressing shower. It is understood, therefore, several inches of some material will greatly help quality and size of the der the hottest summer.

The current and course, appreciate it helps to remain them soil conditions. What for this purpose is of whatever is most easily generally do, except berries, which grow so it should be of clear other like umbrageous Bedding from a stable the garden, lawn clip, excellent—the fine chaff the woodpile, waste of packing—are all useful. Even coal ashes, apple rinds and gooseberries good in this way. It places a good deal of thus to very excellent annually wheeled away the expense of much plant dump—the raking in early spring, the and vines, chips and all kinds, which if they in some odd corner to would be timely and a refuse slowly decomposes shrubs and trees, and the richness to the s previously taken from at the same time to pre- tion of moisture. An about it, let us not of match for the reces- garden will appreciably or give a more pri-

NECESSITY FOR...

Water is directly at blood with whatever it contained in it. It is strained or filtered of of solid matter not dis- whatever is held in sol- of what it may have- solved to some extent blood with it. Thus poisons the very foun- American Sheep Breed into an animal what is injurious to the head- however, some injuried- ing in water which are deserving of notice on- tary deleterious effects, or germs of organic vegetable or animal, various minute plants, of the most deadly pa- Of these may be men- of epidemic diseases du- in the blood of minuts- from these germs, and- sites such as the liver, f- intestinal worms and- tape worms. All these- into sheep in water dr- or springs or most s- stagnant ponds. One- quent sources of inf- flowing of pastures i- which a large extent o- may have been drain- the wastes of lawns of- been discharged. On- shepherd cannot exerci- estimate too highly th- able localities where t- down uncleaned moun- the primeval forests, sparse population has- soil with fish and an- the germs of disease- mate too highly the pu- tank flowing from far- sources of impurity, the flocks with whole- in the choice of a fil- for the rearing of a r- to be considered first- ing of the most para-

WATERING HORSES...

Some of the pleasur- my boyhood on the around "the old oak- hang in the well," as- farm lay on both sis- with much of the ara- the house that it w- sary to carry water- Then when plowing or- summer fallow I w- headland nearest to- the horses were rest- to the well. How i- my fill from the dri- But what of my dum- now, after an interv- it is not without so- I remember how litt- given to their warr- of my horses and w- have let them suffer- thought of offering b- that the regular hours-