

**WHY DID HE NOT DIE?
OR, THE CHILD FROM
THE EBRAERGANG**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649733569

Why Did He Not Die? Or, the Child from the Ebräergang by Ad. von Volckhausen & Mrs. A. L. Wister

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

AD. VON VOLCKHAUSEN & MRS. A. L. WISTER

**WHY DID HE NOT DIE?
OR, THE CHILD FROM
THE EBRAERGANG**

H. Row *87*
WHY DID HE NOT DIE?

OR

1870
THE CHILD FROM THE EBRÄERGANG.

AFTER THE GERMAN OF AD. VON VOLCKHAUSEN.

BY MRS. A. L. WISTER,

TRANSLATOR OF "THE OLD MAN'S BELL'S SECRET," "GOLD ELISE,"
"ONLY A GIRL," ETC.



PHILADELPHIA:
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO. .
1871.

PT
2645
V881K5E

PREFACE.

THE egotism of the translator prompts her to say a word in her own person upon offering to the public this rendering of a German novel. Her aim in these translations has been, and is, to provide entertainment—not too exciting in its nature—for warm summer afternoons, or brains weary with labour or care, resolving that her interest in the very mild amount of work which such translations require shall not be poisoned by the reflection that she has offered for perusal anything that can be considered pernicious to the youngest of her readers. Her past experience induces her to request that there may be no confounding of the translator with the author; where anything worthy the name of an opinion, or a view of any kind, ultra or conservative, profound or otherwise, occurs in the light works she has selected for translation, she begs leave to remind the reader that it is the opinion or view of Miss Marlitt, Madame von Hillern, or Ad. von Volckhausen, and not of

MRS. WISTER.

PHILADELPHIA, March, 1871.

932674

CONTENTS.

PART I.

	PAGE
CHAPTER I.—The Letter.....	9
II.—The Hero of our Story.....	26
III.—Seven Hundred Marks.....	35
IV.—The Little Friend.....	41
V.—The Housekeeper.....	51
VI.—The Adopted Son.....	63
VII.—The Picture of the Ship.....	78
VIII.—The Wolf in Sheep's Clothing.....	88
IX.—The Child from the Ebrüergang.....	95
X.—The Conspiracy.....	101
XI.—The Portuguese Coin.....	112
XII.—Intrigue.....	124
XIII.—The House of Correction.....	133
XIV.—Widower and Housekeeper.....	143
XV.—Returning Home.....	154
XVI.—Netta's Resolution.....	165
XVII.—The Goal Attained.....	178
XVIII.—A Craft beyond Priestcraft.....	187
XIX.—An Old Couple.....	202

PART II.

	PAGE
CHAPTER I.—The Uhlenhorst.—The Water-Lily.....	211
II.—Atonement.....	224
III.—Young Love.....	237
IV.—Foes to the Death.....	246
V.—A Mysterious Remittance.....	256
VI.—The Prodigal Son.—Ancient Allies.....	264
VII.—The Former Playmates.—The Fugitive.....	280
VIII.—Domestic Life.....	297
IX.—Skating.....	309
X.—The Birthday Fête.....	322
XI.—Father and Son.....	340
XII.—Why he did not die.....	361

WHY DID HE NOT DIE?

PART I.

CHAPTER I.

THE LETTER.

"IF a memorial to the inventor of water-proof cloaks should ever be talked of, I certainly will contribute something to it," muttered the letter-carrier Kurten to himself as he carefully buttoned up his garment of that description, "for," he continued, "the thing was invented expressly for people in my line of life,—I am not only comfortable, I rather enjoy rain and snow nowadays,—no storm can harm me." And he walked briskly along the broad pavement not at all annoyed by the fact that his face, hardly protected by the rim of his hat, was exposed to the driving tempest,—it was more than half covered by a thick beard, and his complexion certainly could not be affected by the weather.

"I don't envy the porters," he thought, "for all that they think themselves so grand, driving wagons instead of wheeling barrows as formerly,—walking is far healthier."

He opened the leathern pouch at his side and took from it a letter which he left at the first floor of a very elegant mansion. Another he carried to the counting-room of a large warehouse—a third to the cellar of a beer-saloon, and others to the inhabitants of second,

third, and fourth floors, until at last there remained only one letter, containing money, left to deliver. And its destination was not very distant. Kurten had gradually gone the entire length of the wide but winding street at the end of which appeared a fine old Protestant church. It stood far back from the street and was separated from the noise and tumult by a spacious courtyard, inclosed within tolerably high walls with a richly ornamented iron gate. Thus was secured to the sacred building something of the quiet enjoyed by the village church in the midst of its peaceful graveyard, "where the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep." Kurten entered the ornamented gate and pulled the bell at the door of the parsonage that nestled snugly by the side of the church, and partook of its retirement.

A neatly-dressed maid-servant with a coquettish cap crowning her smooth hair answered his summons.

"Is the Herr Pastor at home?" asked Kurten.

"Yes, but give me your letter, I'll carry it up-stairs to him."

"No, by your leave, my girl, 'tis a money-letter."

"Very well, I can—the Herr Pastor is busy with his sermon."

"No matter for that, my orders with money-letters are strict, I must deliver it into his own hands," replied Kurten.

"Then you must take the risk upon yourself. The second door to the left at the top of the stairs," said the girl, turning back to her warm kitchen.

"I know," Kurten muttered, as he wiped his shoes carefully before mounting the well-carpeted staircase, at the foot and head of which bronze figures held lighted lamps. The house was luxuriously furnished. In the holy man's study there reigned only a dim religious light shed by a single study lamp upon the writing-

table. There was no reflection of its glimmer in the rich dark-green of the carpet, or in the heavy curtains that were closely drawn before the windows. The table was covered with sheets of paper written and unwritten, and a large Bible lay open with which Pastor Siegfried was evidently occupied when his "Come in" admitted Kurten to his sanctum.

The postman is always an interesting visitor. Pastor Siegfried looked up with more of expectation than of annoyance at intrusion in his glance.

"From Mexico," said the carrier, handing the Pastor a large letter with five seals, "containing a draft for seven hundred marks."

"From Mexico?" repeated the Pastor with evident surprise. "Oh, yes," he added with an indifference that caution suggested as he looked at the address which was in a perfectly unfamiliar handwriting. There was no occasion for the postman to know whether a remittance of money from Mexico surprised the Pastor or not.

"Depart and instruct all nations!" he murmured as if to explain why such remittances should naturally be sent to him as the president of the foreign missionary society, and in fact his own idea was that the letter in question was from some pious adherent of the church.

As soon as Kurten had left the room, the Pastor hurriedly broke the seals, first examined the check within the envelope, and then read the following:

"RESPECTED SIR,—Accustomed, as I have been from earliest childhood, to regard you as the most intimate friend of my family, I turn to you for aid in a strictly confidential matter about which I must urgently entreat you to say nothing to my mother. It is of the first importance to me to apply in an affair of such excessive delicacy, to a man upon whose honour and discretion I