

HERR STEINHARDT'S NEMESIS

BY J. MACLAREN COBBAN.

CHAPTER IV—Continued.

I cannot but confess that the interest Miss Lacroix thus manifested in what touched me awoke in me sensations, I may even say vague hopes, of a very pleasant and consoling kind. I dreamed bright dreams that night, which hung about me during the next day, but in the evening they were dispelled somewhat rudely by a note from the bishop requesting me to call upon him, and by a message from the rector desiring me to call on him.

I went first to the bishop. My interview with him was more agreeable than I had anticipated and I went with a tolerably light heart to the rector. He was still in bed. My short interview with him was not pleasant. The words we exchanged were warm; but they do not concern this story except in their result. He wished, he urged, he almost ordered me to cease all recognition in any way of the existence of the man Freeman; I refused to give any pledge to that effect—and so I was given to understand that I would not be wanted in the parish after the six months for which I had been at first engaged.

It was only then when my departure from Timperley seemed imminent (I had already been almost four months in the place) that I began to suspect how very much my hopes and affections had entangled themselves with the handsome, the unconscious grace and beauty of Miss Lacroix. What likelihood was there now, if there ever had been any, of a poor curate who had already done something to discount his chances of preferment—of my being more than an agreeable and tolerably sympathetic acquaintance of a month or two, of my hearing her say more than "so very sorry, indeed, that you are going," and of thus finding the episode closed? No likelihood at all there seemed. And yet so much may happen in two short months. I have to admit that, even in the midst of serious work (of writing a sermon, for instance), vain, wild thoughts would arise in me of commending myself to the young lady by some great service—by, perchance, discovering her father, or at least finding out for certain what had become of him (although I had yet had no word from the two friends whom I had asked to make inquiries in London). But these foolish, fruitless longings were soon crushed aside by the excitement of events.

A strange thing happened which was a direct result of my hitherto luckless adventure with Mr. Freeman. I found that affair had commended me to the favorable attention of all types of dissenters in the village; one mark of this I especially appreciated, as all clergymen would—the increased congregations I had at church, on Sunday evenings particularly.

"I almost regret, for my own sake, you know," Freeman said to me one day, with a laugh, "that I asked you to be my chairman at that dreadful lecture. I find you are taking many of my congregation from me—not all together, though, I must say that for myself. But they do their duty by me in the morning, and then come to take their pleasure with you in the evening."

Of those who thus forewent Mr. Freeman I noticed a remarkable group of working folk, whom he had pointed out to me as the most closely cohering, and the most curiously inter-related congeries of families in the village (where there is an excess of cousinship). They were steady, stolid, shrewd people, very comfortably off, yet all of whom, male and female, worked at the loom or the chemical vat. My attention was first attracted to them by their taking up a good seat well forward, and refusing to budge when the butcher's family, who paid for it, came in, and by their evidently being quite unused to the order of service in church. The prayer book was a maze to them, and the rising up and sitting down constantly took them by surprise. The family, I learned, had rigorously dissented for generations.

A special flower service (for which few flowers could be gathered in Timperley) they were not in their accustomed pew. The church was densely crowded—more crowded, I think, because the fact and the reason of my speedy departure from Timperley had somehow got abroad. At the end of the week, however, (on Friday night, I think), a message came to me when I was in bed, requesting me to visit at once a man who was dying—one of the sons of this interesting family. I dressed, and went.

I heard sounds of wailing and lamentation from the house before I entered. I passed into the kitchen, a clean, bright room, in which the men of the family sat smoking in various absorbed attitudes, oppressed with silence and sleep. One of the women stooped over a pan on the fire, while the old mother in a firm, clear voice, directed her operations. She turned to me, saying merely:

"He's upstairs. He wants had to see you, but at present he's let it th' day." (light in the head).

Upstairs I found the dying man in the smaller of the two bedrooms—for warmth. That sick room, as it then appeared to me, will not easily be forgotten. At that dead hour of the night, when "the very houses seemed asleep," and even the tall chimney of the chemical works had ceased to emit its tinted vapors, the gas flared full in the little room, and six persons, men and women, were round the bed where the poor fellow lay in the last extremity of delicious helplessness, soaked in perspiration. Near him stood my friend Freeman.

I learned in a few words from Freeman that the poor fellow had been employed for years at the chemical works, where he had contracted ulceration of the lungs; on Sunday night he had stood in the doorway of the crowded church, had caught cold and had come home to the bed from which he would never rise again.

kept moistening his dry, cracked lips with a rag soaked in brandy and water, he gazed around him, and at last fixed his eyes on me, and essayed to speak—but no words came. This prostration and silence continued for some time. Now and again the head of the family would ascend from the kitchen (in his stockings, lest he should make a noise), and stand in solemn silence with inquiring eyes on his son; he would stand so still and retired that his presence was forgotten till the gulp of a big sob was heard, and the loose back of his large waistcoat was seen disappearing round the door. At length the son found speech.

"Father," he said, when the old man was about to withdraw, "hide."

He then signified that all the others should leave the room except Freeman and myself. When they were gone he motioned his father to his pillow. The old man went.

"Ha! you summat to say, Dick?" He nodded. "Mun I raise you up?" He was raised and propped up with pillows. He asked for a drink, and was given some whiskey and milk.

"I'm a dying mon," he began; "I know I am." His eyes, glazed with disease and want of sleep, turned wildly about; his head drooped; and his damp thin fingers (still discolored with dye) clawed at the bed clothes. He resumed fixing his eyes on me—"I must confess summat; I hope God'll forgive me. I had nought to do wi' it; what for should I? He was aye, good to me. I had nought to do wi' it, I tell you!"

"No, lad," said his father to soothe him; "thoo hadna." "Weel," said he, "dunnot say I had, because I hadna. Wasna I on night shift? That was all. I took Jim's place; he wanted to go whoam to wife—in bed wi' his babby. That was it. He muttered on some other phrases, while he turned his eyes about as if lost; his recollection was wandering. He resumed with energy, "They came right in, speaking loud and angry. He walks up to thing, and lifts lid. I knowed it," says he. "But yo' needna let a th' world know it," says th' other. "This shan't be!" says he.

The poor fellow was growing terribly excited; every word was uttered with force and emphasis and wild gesture; his eyes were fixed on vacancy, and, in my reflex excitement, I fancied I saw the interior of the color shed, with its vague tinted vapors, through which loomed the figures of two quarreling men, whom I tremblingly watched in imagination by the side of this dyed demon of the vat. The man grew so excited, and we were so engrossed, that we could not stir a hand to restrain him. He looked like a weird corpse suddenly raised from the dead to a grotesque, galvanic life. What chiefly seized my attention was the black shadow on the wall of this delirious figure thus stooping with his head and hands outstretched. The incident lasted but a moment, and then the poor man fell back on his pillow with distracted cries.

"Murder! Oh, my God! murder! An' I couldna speak! Nay, I couldna! But I'd nought to do wi' it—nought!" Again he lay exhausted, and his relatives and neighbors came back hurriedly to his bedside to wait over him. He looked sadly but calmly on them, gasping in the last faint struggle of nature against dissolution. And so he died, and the wailing broke out redoubled.

Before Freeman and I left the house together to go out into the cool summer morning air, the old man said quietly to us—"I've seen for long he had summat on his mind, but what he means, I canna tell; so we'd best be'd our tongues, I think."

CHAPTER V.

I left Freeman at his own door, and wandered away in search of some spot, in which distraction and calm might come. But the search was vain, and I returned to the village to my lodgings.

The tall chimneys had begun to pour forth their volumes of black smoke to be befoiled and poisoned the air, which had cleared itself somewhat in the night. When I entered the village its pavements resounded with the clatter of clogs; the daily contingent of toil, which almost emptied the village of men and women, young and old, was drowsily marching out to its various stations. The men and lads on their way to Lacroix and Steinhardt's Chemical Works attracted most of my attention. They were of fearful and wonderful aspect; they were of brilliant colors, curiously blent, or were wholly blue or green, or a fine Mephistophelean red; they were, indeed, quite "subdued to what they work in"—died even to the roots of beard and eyebrows. As I looked, I wondered whether the constant wearing of this engrained, weary paint were not of itself enough to keep over alive in these men, peaceful as they looked, fierce passions, which in other men usually slumbered. An outbreak of savage nature among them in the mephitic vapor in which they worked might be no very unusual thing: was it some such outbreak, ending in a fearful death for one of them, of which the dead man lying in that house, with the white blind drawn, had been a terror-stricken witness? Or had his confession been merely the raving of delirium?—delirium, which seemed in some measure to have been communicated to me, tired as I was with the excitement, and with want of sleep.

When I reached my lodgings, I went to bed, and slept for some hours. I awoke more myself, disposed to take a clearer and soberer view of things. Over my late breakfast I resolved what I would do. I, for my part, would say nothing of the confession heard in the night, until I could be sure it had come

foundation in fact. This I would that morning try to discover. In the village I knew that any of the shopkeepers would be only too ready to welcome a gossip; for except at meal times, and in the evening, the village is nearly empty of customers.

I found the draper, a little middle aged man, who bore the evidences of hard work in the mills from his earliest youth. He was the very man I would have chosen for my purpose; he had a feminine fondness for gossip, and he knew the affairs of every one in the village, and all that had happened for a generation or two. I had no difficulty in arriving quickly at the end I had in view. He already knew that I had been called up in the night to visit the dying victim of applied chemistry, and that Freeman and I had been with him till he died.

"Very delicious," said the draper, "I hear say he was—jabbered and rambled away about a kind o' stuff, and then slumbered (slumbered) off again, I suppose? Yea; that's the way they do. Eh, dear! It's a bad business for the wife and the family."

"Are diseases like his," I asked, "often got at the chemical works?" "Nay," said he, "I think not; the smells seem to agree wi' most folk pretty well."

"But the work is very dangerous, is it not? Don't accidents often happen?" "Yea; it is risky. When they work over the vats, and the retorts, and things, they mun tie up their mouths and noses wi' a cloth, and even wi' that they may sometimes get choked and overcome dwalmlike all at wanst wi' th' smell, or sommat, and then they're a goner."

"Accidents often happen, then?" "Weel, mon, they do and they don't. Mates, you see, are aye at hand. The lads often get an eye burnt, but they don't reckon much to that. See; there's a lad over there by th' beer shop door."

I looked and saw a sturdy fellow all red, with a white handkerchief tied round his head under his cap.

"He's been two or three times like that—wi' his eye burnt. Oh, yea; it's risky; but we don't often ha' a grit accident. The worst I remember was a lad on th' night shift that fell in and was smothered; he was found in thing next mornin'. That was a bad business; a' th' hair was off, an' th' skin and flesh was—but it mak's you feel queer; yea, can see it do. It was a bad business."

"Very horrible," said I, while my heart thumped almost audibly. "How long was that ago?" "Let me see. It's a matter, I do believe, o' 15 year ago."

"I hope," said I, "a death of that sort don't often occur."

"Nay; or our folk, quiet as they are, moostly, might pull the whole menagerie down."

I was surprised to see the vindictive glitter that passed from the little man's eyes.

"Has there really," I asked with some constraint, "been any other death like that since the one you mention?" "Nay; I canna remember one."

(To be continued.)

SHE LOST NOTHING.

Omission in the Wedding Service that Didn't Count.

A distinguished naval officer was telling this story on himself the other evening to a gathering of his friends.

At the time of his marriage he had been through the Civil war and had had many harrowing experiences aboard ship, through all of which he kept his courage and remained as calm as a brave man should. As the time for the ceremony came on, however, his calmness gradually gave away. At the altar, amid the blaze of brass buttons and gold lace marking the full naval wedding, the officer was all but stampeded, and what went on there seemed very much mixed to him. Fearing the excitement of the moment would temporarily take him off his feet, the officer had learned the marriage ceremony letter perfect, as he thought, and he remembered repeating the words after the minister in a mechanical sort of way.

After the ceremony was all over and all was serene again, including the officer's state of mind, the kindly clergyman came up and touched him on the shoulder.

"Look here, old man," he said, "you didn't endow your wife with any worldly goods."

"What's that?" asked the bridegroom with something of astonishment in his voice.

"Why, I repeated the sentence 'With all my worldly goods I thee endow' several times, and, despite my efforts, you would not say it after me."

The bridegroom seemed perturbed for a moment and then a beaming light came into his face.

"Never mind, sir," he said, "she didn't lose a blessed thing by my failure."—Washington Star.

Solving It.

Patrick, a thrifty tradesman in the neighborhood of the Dublin docks, was the story goes in Tit-Bits, a man who never spent a penny more than he needed to spend; but he was, nevertheless, as good a man at the making of an Irish bull as any who lived between Bantry and Ballycastle.

Having one day occasion to read a letter to a place at some distance, Patrick called a messenger and asked him his price for going such a distance.

"It'll be a shillin'," said the man. "Twice too much!" said Patrick. Let it be expensive.

"Niver," answered the messenger. "The way is that lonely that I'd niver go it under a shillin'."

"Lonely, is it?" said Patrick, scratching his head. "Faith, an' ye're right. Now, man, I'll tell ye what we'll do; make it sixpence, and I'll go wid ye to kape ye company!"

The Prefect Baby in an Omnibus.

A correspondent of the London Pall Mall Gazette writes for this incident: A young woman with a fretful baby in a full omnibus (aloud): "Poor little nipper, I suppose I shall end by 'aving to take 'im to the 'ospital." (Raising the child's veil and looking around for sympathy.) "Don't get no rest. 'E is sufferin' so with small-pox."

Oh, Sephi.

Mrs. Browne—I didn't know your son was at college.

Mrs. Malapropose—Oh, yea; he's been there two years. He's in the steamers class now.

FRIENDS THOUGH FOES.



LORD METHUEN AND GEN. DELAREY.

During Lord Methuen's stay in the Boer camp Gen. Delarey was unremitting in his courtesy, and personally expressed his great sympathy with his distinguished prisoner.

BRAKE ON THE STEAMER.

Many a serious accident on the water might be avoided if vessels were fitted with a device for bringing them to a stop as quickly as possible when the danger appears. Louis Lacoste of Montreal, Que., has designed an apparatus for this special purpose, which is illustrated herewith, the picture showing the central part of a steamer with the brake mechanism attached in operating position.

The brake proper consists of a hinged gate of considerable width, attached to the side of the ship to extend verti-



RETARDS PASSAGE THROUGH WATER.

cally downward from the water line. Normally this gate lies close against the side of the vessel and offers no resistance to the progress through the water, but when the proper signal is given from the pilot house the engineer starts the mechanism which released the clamp securing the forward edge of the gate, the latter immediately flying open, until it is at right angles to the course of the ship, where it is sustained by the braces at the rear.

The brakes are arranged in pairs and two or more sets may be applied to one ship. They offer no hindrance to the movement of the ship through the water as long as they remain closed, but afford a valuable addition to the reversed propeller in bringing the ship to a quick stop in times of danger.

A SLOW PROCESS.

Cooling of the Earth as Relating to the Length of the Day.

Professor Woodward, in the Popular Science Monthly, has lately given an account of his researches on the progressive cooling of the earth and its relation to the length of the day. Does the length of the day vary? Was it formerly shorter than now? Will it, in the future, be lengthened? The answer depends upon the mass of the earth, which varies, since meteoric dust perpetually falls upon the surface and thus increases the quantity of matter; and on its volume, which becomes smaller as the mass is progressively cooled. Laplace concluded from the data at his disposition that there had been no sensible change in the length of the day for 2,000 years.

Woodward has repeated his calculation with new data, and concludes that the duration of the day has not changed as much as half a second during the first 10,000,000 years after the beginning of solidification of the earth's material. When the cooling of the earth finally reaches its term the change will be marked. Professor Woodward's result is that the ratio of the change of the day to its initial length is two-thirds of the product of the loss of temperature multiplied by its cubical contraction. For example, if the primitive temperature of the earth was 3,000 deg. C. and if its cubical contraction was that of iron, the day will be finally reduced about 6 per cent—that is to say, by about an hour and a half. The lapse of time necessary to bring this about is enormous.

Three hundred thousand millions of years are required, according to Woodward, for 95 per cent of the total contraction to take place. The length of the day will not be sensibly affected, on the other hand, after the expiration of 1,000,000 of millions of years. The fall of meteoric dust tends to increase the mass of the earth, and thus to change the length of the day, but the effect due to this cause is not above one-two-hundred-thousandth of the effect of secular cooling. Twenty million of small meteors, weighing on

the average one gramme each, fall on the earth daily, but in 1,000,000 of millions of years the length of day will not be increased a quarter of a second on this account. Taking everything together the day will shorten, not lengthen, but the process will go on with extreme slowness.

SALMON P. CHASE'S CARRIAGE.

Still Preserved in the Shop of a Washington Dealer.

The carriage which was in 1862 the handsomest equipage in Washington, and which transported through its streets the reigning society queen of that day—the daughter of Salmon P. Chase, or, as she is now remembered, Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague—has for the last eighteen years occupied an inconspicuous place in the salesroom of Thomas E. Young's carriage house in that city.

The huge vehicle is now quaint and out of date in many ways, though traces of its departed elegance are not lacking. A well-worn footboard in the rear gives evidence of the military appearance of two liveried footmen who gripped with tenacity at the black strap handles in order to maintain their equilibrium. In front is a box seat for the driver, draped somewhat in the fashion of a hearse of the present day.

The interior of the carriage, with its ample seating capacity for six persons, is lined with heavy lilac satin, while the handles and door latches are of silver and ivory. The carriage is jet black and its heavy running gear, together with its ponderous body and substantial trappings, gives the impression that it is looking with haughty disdain on the glossy traps which surround it in the salesroom, never admitting for a moment that its former glory has been lessened a whit by the vagaries of fashion.

Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague gave the carriage in trade for a more modern vehicle about eighteen years ago. Its value now is simply that of a relic, but in the estimation of Mr. Young this value is increasing each year. Mr. Young also has stored away in his lofts the Seward carriage, which is an exact counterpart of the carriage shown at Buffalo as the equipage of Abraham Lincoln. This, with the carriage of Gen. Tecumseh Sherman, says the Washington Star, he purchased about twenty years ago.

His Explanation.

A group of men were sitting in the smoking room when the talk turned upon the war in South Africa. Several of the men, had seen service, and, although some of them were strangers, conversation was brisk and entertaining.

"Well," began a soldierly looking fellow, "I've been in South Africa myself, and had a very interesting time." "Ever get very close to the Boers?" some one asked. "Rather! I once took two of their officers." "Unaided?" "Certainly. And the very next day I took eight men with their horses." "All wounded, I expect?" remarked a listener, with a suspicion of a sneer. "You didn't get hurt, of course?" "Just a scratch, that's all! And the day after I took a lot of transport wagons, and followed that up by taking a Boer kraal and a big gun." "Mister," said the disagreeable man of the audience, "I have seen some of the finest specimens of anything you can call to mind, but frankly you are the only legitimate successor of Baron Mynheer that I've ever met!" "Oh, no, I'm not that," said the story-teller modestly with a good-natured smile—"I'm only a photographer!"

Aged Dog Commits Suicide.

"There's old Tige; he's 15 years old, really blind, and a nuisance," said the proprietor of the hotel at Alford, Pa., the other day. "I haven't the heart to kill him, but if some fellow will shoot him and bury him up on the hill, I will give him a dollar."

A barroom lounge immediately accepted the offer, and left for his home to get a gun. Old Tige arose from the floor near the stove, gave a pitiful whine, and went out of doors. In half an hour the man returned with a gun, but the dog was nowhere to be found. A persistent search all the afternoon failed to reveal his presence, and the barroom crowd gave up the chase at nightfall.

Next morning the milkman discovered the mangled body of old Tige on the railroad tracks. He had committed suicide to escape being shot to death—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Some men think twice before marrying—then regret that they didn't get a third think.

SUPPOSE WE SMILE.

HUMOROUS PARAGRAPHS FROM THE COMIC PAPERS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that Everybody Will Enjoy.

"I want a piece of blue ribbon that will tie nicely into a hanger's knot," said the sad-looking man, addressing the saleslady.

"This piece will answer your purpose, I think," replied the young lady. "How much do you require?" "It is to adorn the neck of my wife's pet dog," replied the s. l. m., with a sickly smile, "so please cut it accordingly."

Saved by the Signal Service. Longleigh—Then you didn't propose to Miss Grotz, after all? Shortleigh—No. My knowledge of the signal service code saved me from making a fool of myself. Longleigh—Well, put me on. Shortleigh—Just as I was about to commit myself she hoisted the cold-wave flag.

In A. D. 1905. First Automobile Girl—Why do they have a wooden Indian outside of a cigar store? Second Automobile Girl—I give it up! Why do they have a wooden horse outside a leather goods store?—Puck.

No After Results.



"Did the typhoid fever leave you with anything?"

"No; the doctor got it all."

Was Overweight.

"I wish I knew of a good way to raise bread," remarked the wife as she tackled one of her biscuits at the breakfast table.

"Why not try a derrier, my dear?" suggested the brutal other half of the combination.

Her Opinion.

Mr. Quinn—I never gazed upon such beautiful bric-a-brac as the Harwoods have in their parlor. And they've had it for years.

Mrs. Quinn (contemptuously)—Oh, it just shows that they can't afford to keep a servant. If they had a maid that bric-a-brac would never be there so long.—Chicago News.

The Octopus.

"What!" ejaculated the man. "Four hundred dollars for that dress?"

"Yes," answered the wife, soothingly. "It is the train that makes it so expensive."

"Ah-h-h!" groaned the husband, "that cursed railroad trust again!"

The Reverence for Obscurity.

"What do you think of the new minister's sermon?" inquired Mr. Cumrox's wife.

"Well," he replied, "I guess it wasn't very good."

"Upon what do you base your opinion?"

"I understood every word of it and got really interested."—Washington Star.

John! Didn't you swear off swearing the first of the year?

John (who has just stepped on a tack)—I did, and I'm swearing off again now!

It Must Have Been.

Miss Fisher—Now, what would you say my age was?

Mr. Sharpe—Eighteen.

Miss Fisher (coolly)—How prompt you are. You speak as if you had certain knowledge.

Mr. Sharpe—Of course, I knew it was that—at one time.—Philadelphia Press.

Where His Genius Shone.

"I tell you that poet is a genius."

"A genius? Why, his stuff is the worst I ever read."

"But why do you call him a genius?" "Because he succeeds in selling it!"—Philadelphia Record.

At the Play.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"

"To the play, kind sir," she said.

"What do you there, my pretty maid?" "Slender my neighbors, sir," she said.

Awful Possibility.

"Neither the wide ocean nor iron bars will keep me from you, my love!" he cried, fervently.

"But, Reginald," whispered the Judge's daughter, as she trembled with apprehension, "what if papa should issue an injunction?"

Behind the Scenes.

"Dear me!" exclaimed the soubrette, "I've broken one of my earrings. What shall I do?"

"Telephone for a glazier," suggested the low comedian.—Chicago News.

Up Against It.

Smith—What's the trouble, old man? You look as if a squall had struck you.

Jones—Worse than that, my boy. I've been struck by two squalls.

Smith—Why, how's that?

Jones—Got twins at our house.

As It Should Be.

Biggs—A cousin of mine was married on the west side yesterday.

Diggs—That's queer.

Biggs—What's queer about it?

Diggs—Why didn't he get married on all sides while he was about it?

It Never Came Back.

"Take my advice. Don't lend Burns roughs any money."

"I never did."

"Why, you used to, I'm sure, because—"

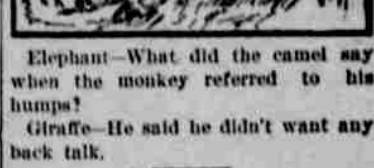
"No; I used to think I was lending it to him, but I soon discovered it was purely a gift."

Somewhat Different.

Hix—Windig evidently is not a man who hides his light under a bushel.

Dix—You bet he isn't. On the contrary, he considers himself the whole electric power house and imagines the town would be in total darkness if he happened to break down.

The Retort Courteous.



Elephant—What did the camel say when the monkey referred to his humps?

Giraffe—He said he didn't want any back talk.

None the Best of Him.

Blobs—Bjones has a suit of clothes for every day in the week.

Stobbs—So have I. I've got it on now.—Philadelphia Record.

More Important.

"Yes," said the old doctor, you should try to have your own carriage, by all means. Because when you want to get to a patient quickly—"

"O!" interrupted the young M. D., "I don't think any