

HERR STEINHARDT'S NEMESIS

BY J. MACLAREN COBBAN.

CHAPTER X—Continued.

"Mannuel," said he, "is a double-dyed villain, if he does aught to harm Paul's girl! I can see what he's up to, though; he has given no account of Paul's affairs yet, and if he can get Louise to marry Frank he needn't. He may want all the money he can get hold of soon; the plaintiffs in that patent case have appealed, and he'll have to appear again and fight at the next sitting of the court. But he shan't plunder the lass. I must find if she's with my sister, and if he's frightening her—and if he be, by the Lord! I must get a writ of mandamus or summat, and tak' th' lass whom wi' me. I'm guardian as well as him, and if the lass would rather bide wi' me he can't take her. Yer; I shall set about it."

I drew his attention back to the urgent necessity of doing something in her father's case; had he anything to suggest? "Well, now, let me think," said he, "I'll suppose Paul came home that night—late, you think, very late—wi' his little portmanteau carried in his hand; he pulls out his handkerchief to blow his nose, or his repeater watch to know the time, as he comes down the lane, and so he drops that ticket. It's near one o'clock, may be, and there's not a light anywhere burning; yes, by the Lord! but there is!" he exclaimed, turning and catching hold of my arm. "Right in the road, as it were, as he comes by the pond, he sees th' light that burns all night in old Jacques's cottage! (Birley always pronounced the name 'Jacques'). Th' old chap seldom is put to bed; he usually sits or lies up in that chair of his all night and in that chair he finds o' th' old chap; now does he lift latch or go in, just to say 'how-de-do,' or does he think it is too late, and he'd best go on and see what Steinhardt's up to? If we could only get th' old chap to speak and tell us!"

CHAPTER XI.

It is not necessary to detail how we finally succeeded, after five days of hard labor, under the direction of a physician, in getting old Jacques to understand what we wanted to know, namely, whether his nephew, Paul Lacroix, had visited him on the night of the 16th of March, 1882. We did succeed, however, in not only getting him to understand, but in obtaining indisputable evidence. Mr. Lacroix had stopped at the cottage that night and had left for the Jacques a package of Paris papers bearing dates from the 10th to the 16th of the month and a statement to this effect was signed by the old man, who had sufficiently recovered the use of his right arm to sign his name legibly.

The anxiety and excitement of those five days had been so great for me that for some little time I was almost prostrated. I need scarce say that I was much encouraged by our success with Jacques: I had the papers with his signed declaration, witnessed, of course, by Birley and myself, securely locked away in my desk. This should have stimulated me to immediate further action, and, I have no doubt, would have, had I not been still eaten up with anxiety about Louise. What if the hope I cherished as the end of all this—the hope of taking her from the fears and dangers that hung about her, of having her as my very own, my wife!—what if this hope was being balked while I was thus busy? The mere thought of such a contingency was enough to bring my fabric of careful evidence regarding the Lacroix mystery to naught. If I could only discover where she was—and that she still thought of me, as I fondly believed she had done a little while she was yet in Timperley!—still refused to yield to the cajoleries and threats of Steinhardt, and hoped I would deliver her! But I had no news, and I was devoured with anxiety.

No news—except the confirmation from Birley that she was not with Mrs. Steinhardt. He had written to his sister inquiring about Louise, and she had answered to that effect; Mrs. Steinhardt had reason for supposing she was in Blackpool, but at what address she could not say.

I treated Birley to go to Blackpool to endeavor to find out, if he could spare the time. But he needed no entreaty, for he himself was also becoming anxious about her.

"I must spare the time," said he; "and I must go and find her. It's, of course, no use asking 'Mannuel' where she is."

But before he had arranged to set out, something occurred which obviated the necessity of going, and produced results of a more remarkable sort; and this I must proceed to relate.

As I have already indicated, my experience of the way in which such evidence as I had regarding Lacroix's fate had rather come to me than been found by me tending to make me what I may call "a water upon Providence." I conceived—I may say, I was convinced—I should best attain further result, by keeping myself open to evidence more than by ransacking about and racking my brain in search of it. All fear being at rest that our experiment upon old Jacques might have fatal or untoward results (he was now more alert than ever, and frequently asked, in writing, for "the girl"), I had betaken myself to a former habit, and every day almost went into town to the free library to read. Sometimes I read a book, and sometimes the newspapers.

I was thus occupied one afternoon with the Times. I turned with a curiosity which was half listless to the "agony column," and my attention was at once arrested by this—

land, but surely no other to whom the implication, which I read between the lines of this advertisement, of broken faith with a woman would so well apply. And she seemed in urgent distress; she begged him to go to her. It was scarcely probable, I thought, that Steinhardt would see it; he read little of newspaper literature, I knew, and his usual paper was the local daily. What, then? In spite of my abhorrence of him, and my wish to avoid his name, I found it in the woman's case, inform him of this? I pondered this idea all the rest of the day, until the evening, when I took it to Birley.

"Certainly," said he; "the scamp! Let him know of it. I suppose he only married my sister because she had a bit of brass."

So I called on Steinhardt that very evening. "Thank you, Mr. Unwin," said he, when I had told him my errand; "but some kind friend has already sent me the paper" (taking up a copy of the Times). "Yes," he continued, reading it over and chuckling at its composition. "I suppose she thought she must write English for an English paper." (He laid the paper down.) "Poor Emilie, she wants me; but I can't go, you know. I must go to London about my lawsuit again. I might send Frank, but I really want him here."

He paused and looked at me, meditatively. "You are doing nothing, Mr. Unwin. Would you go for me? You would, really and truly, do better than I should. She thinks she would like to see me and speak to me, but she wouldn't. She seems to be very ill—dying, I suppose she thinks herself, poor woman—and to speak to people sick and dying is more in your way than mine. She will like to hear you; she always liked clergymen; she liked me a little when we thought I was going to be a clergyman."

He turned slowly to the fire, took up the poker, and carefully raked out the ashes from the bottom of the grate. Was memory leading him back reluctantly to those days of his youth, and compelling him to ask himself whether for all he had gained since then he had not paid too great a price?

"Well," said he, manifestly shaking something off, and turning to me, "what do you say, Mr. Unwin? I will, of course, pay your expenses, and you will take Emilie a letter from me, and money—I darsay she means she needs it."

"I am much obliged to you, Mr. Steinhardt," said I, "but—"

"Oh," said he, "it is I will be obliged, but of course that does not matter."

"It is so unexpected," I continued; "I might have added, 'and extraordinary.'"

"Well, yes; I darsay it is. But you know what the Frenchman says about the unexpected."

"Let me consider it for a day; and if I decide to go I shall be ready to set out at once."

"Oh, yes; consider it, and consult your friends. But if you do not go, nobody will go."

I went immediately from him to Birley, and stated at once the extraordinary offer I had received.

"Go, lad," said he; "it will be a pleasant holiday for you, and the poor woman, of course, would rather see somebody from 'Mannuel' than only get a letter from him."

I hesitated; I did not desire a holiday then, even on the Continent where I had never been, but at the same time some change was becoming necessary considering the low condition to which my finances had sunk.

"But," said I, "I believe he has asked me only to get me out of the way for some purpose. I think he suspects I have been finding out something more."

"And what does that matter?" asked Birley. "Look here, my lad; I know you're in a way about Louise. Now it strikes me if you go away for a little while (and you may as well go at 'Mannuel's' expense), things will turn out better for you than you may think. You see, at the same time as you are away, he is away, too. Frank must come back to the works, and there will be no reason for keeping Louise at Blackpool. Take my word for it, he'll bring her home; I shall manage to see her, and if she claims my protection as her other guardian, I shall tak' her home with me, and when he comes back he can't tak' her from me. Don't you see, lad?"

I admitted the force of the reasons he urged, and all next day (which was Sunday) turned them over. My going might certainly be to Louise's advantage and to my own. Even if Steinhardt brought her back to Timperley only for a visit of a few days, there would be sufficient opportunity for Birley to take her home to himself. On the other hand, my refusal to go would bring no advantage nor prospect of advantage. And might not, indeed, Steinhardt's offer be a suggestion of Providence?

So on Monday morning I called on Steinhardt and said I was ready to set out at once, and in the afternoon I was whirling through beautiful Derbyshire on my way to London and the Continent. I could not forbear feeling something like delight at the change from terrible Timperley to these bright scenes—although I scarcely knew where I was journeying, or for what. Could I then have guessed what strange things I would hear when I reached the to me unknown city of Basel on the Rhine, could I have guessed that I was being hurried along by the Divine Vengeance, that I was not so much duped by Steinhardt to see Emilie Haas as by that Overruling Power who was impelling that man on to his doom, what I have often wondered since, would my feelings have been as I was borne along with rush and roar in the railway train?

The first night of my journey I rested in London. I went to that hotel (Bacon's) in Great Queen Street, where Mr. Lacroix had commonly stayed on his visits to London, but I found nothing of consequence.

I was wretched, cold and hungry, when, about 7 o'clock in the morning of the third day, I left the train at

Basel. I permitted myself to be taken to a hotel, where I ordered breakfast. After partaking of which I revived, and began to think of the errand on which I had come.

Since my arrival I had been uncertainly using French and German, and I had been answered in either language (I found later that in the hotel, at least, I might as well use my native English); but on inquiring my way from the Ludwigsstrasse to the obscure street I sought, I had to draw exclusively upon my stock of German. I discovered that Fraulein Emilie Haas lived in one of a row of old tall houses (not unlike some of those in the city of Edinburgh), with little windows in the steep grey roofs, which gave the impression of eyes with sleepy, heavy lids. Up and up the bare stairs of the house I stepped, till I think I was on the fourth floor—at any rate, I was as high as I could climb. I knocked at the door of a humble "apartment" of two rooms, and an old wrinkled woman appeared. I inquired in German for Fraulein Haas, and was informed she was from home, "giving her daily lessons." She was not, then, ill? Oh, no, she was not ill—she was well. I asked when she would be at home, and was told "at five o'clock in the afternoon."

So I departed till then, with about six hours in which to tax my ingenuity in guessing why Fraulein Haas's demand to see Steinhardt had been so urgent, since she was not dying, nor even ill.

At five o'clock I called again, and found Fraulein Haas at home. I was asked to come in. I looked curiously at the Fraulein. She was a middle-aged woman, of the thin, nervous type of German (or, perhaps, Swiss), with bright, keen, grey eyes. She rose, smiling, but perplexed, to receive me, and waited for me to state my business.

"I come from England," I said in German. "Then you do not want me to give lessons," said she, pushing away a "prospectus" evidently laid ready for presentation; "my mother thought you had come for that."

"No," said I—"I come from England to see you, and then to go back again."

She looked bewildered. I took from my pocket a copy of the Times advertisement, and handed it to her. At once the expression of her face changed; pale before, it became paler now, and her eyes seemed to dilate, as with fear.

"But you," said she, "are not Emmanuel Steinhardt? Perhaps, however, she made haste to add, "you are his son? He married, I know." I shook my head.

"I am no relation at all to Herr Steinhardt. Very likely that will explain who I am"—and I gave her Steinhardt's letter.

She was moved when she saw the handwriting. She read the letter through eagerly. It was short, I could see.

"He thinks I am ill, and in want of money—of his money! Ah! This will not do! You must go away sir!"

(To be continued.)

Naming the Child.
Now, necessarily, when the new girl baby arrived there was much discussion among the members of the family as to what her name should be.

"We will call her 'Geraldina,'" said the fond mother.

"Why not call her 'Emilie,'" asked the first grandmother. "I saw that name in a story once, and always wanted to try it on a baby."

"Oh," murmured the second grandmother, that "would never do. Let us call her 'Fanchon.'"

"But don't you think 'Emilie' is a pretty name, and so odd, too?" put in one of the aunts.

"Excuse me, ladies," ventured the poor father, who sat near by, but you seem to forget that we are trying to find a name for a human being, and not for a 5-cent cigar."

Wireless Telegraphy.
It seems that as yet the speed at which the Hertzian currents of wireless telegraphy move has not been determined. Marconi says he thinks they travel about the same speed as light, 186,000 miles a second. Therefore, should Marconi be able, as he professes to believe he will be, to send a message around the world, it would occupy in transmission approximately one-eighth of a second, and the clicks of the sending and receiving instruments would be almost simultaneous.

Knew How to Take Froude.
The late historian, Samuel Rawson Gardiner, used to say of Froude: "Whenever I find myself particularly perplexed on any point I look to see what Froude has to say about it. I always find his help invaluable, for I can trust implicitly in his unfeeling instinct at arriving at false conclusions; and the more positive he becomes the safer I feel in adopting a diametrically opposite view."

About "Max O'Rell."
That most genial of philosophers, "Max O'Rell," celebrated his 54th birthday on March 2. This year is an interesting one in his life, for it is the 30th anniversary of his going to England as the correspondent of certain French papers. It is an interesting characteristic of his career that all his works, which were first published in France, have been translated into English by his wife.

Tolstoi Not Afloat of Death.
A Russian journal relates regarding Tolstoi and his recent illness that when the doctor told him that he was out of danger, he replied: "It is a pity to give up the resignation at the thought of death." What troubled him particularly during his illness was that his physician would not allow the windows to be kept open.

For Coronation Presents.
King Edward has ordered the execution of 100 medallion portraits of himself. These, richly mounted, are intended for presentation to distinguished guests at the coronation, including the leading representatives of the colonies and India. His majesty is being specially photographed for the purpose.

Area Occupied by Indians.
In 1890 the area of the national domain occupied by Indians aggregated 116,000,000 acres; today it aggregates 85,000,000 acres, which is about as much land as we have in the states of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois.

COVER THEM OVER WITH FLOWERS.

Cover them over with beautiful flowers, Deck them with garlands, these brothers of ours, Lying silent by night and by day, Sleeping the years of their manhood away, Give them the meed they have won in the past, Give them the honor their futures forecast, Give them the chaplets they won in the strife, Give them the laurels they lost with their life.

Cover the hearts that have beaten so high— Beaten with hopes that were doomed but to die; Once they were glowing with friendship Now those great spirits are soaring above, Bravely their blood to the nation they gave, Then in her bosom they found them a grave.

Cover the thousands who sleep far away— Sleep where their friends cannot find them to-day; They who on mountain and hillside and dell Rest where they wanted and lie where softly the grass blade creeps 'round their repose.

Sweetly above them the wild flowerset blows; Zephyrs of freedom fly gently o'erhead, Whispering prayers for the patriot dead.

When the long years have rolled slowly away, Even to the dawn of earth's funeral day; When at the angels' loud trumpet and tread Rise up the faces and forms of the dead; When the great world its last judgment awaits, Then the blue sky shall fling open its gates And the long columns march solemnly through.

Blessings for garlands shall cover them over, Father, husband, brother and lover; Cover them over, these brothers of ours, Cover them all with beautiful flowers.

Mark's Substitute.

"I'm drafted, Kit." "Oh, Mark!" "And with the exclamation pretty Mrs. Weidman fell into her husband's arms, shivering with terror."

"There," he blurted it out in the worst way, after all this last hour spent in thinking how I could break it the easiest."

"But it will kill me, Mark. What shall I do; what can I do? I can't stand it, and I won't let you go; they may shoot you here first."

"There, there, Kittle, dear, you do not know what you are saying; you must try and be patient and submissive. There'll be some way provided, though I don't see how I can save you just now in the beginning of winter."

Poor Kit wept until completely exhausted, entirely deaf to her husband's weak attempts at consolation.

It was a sad home, but not the only one in the land that dreaded November of 1863.

The fatal "draft" put out the light forever on many a hearthstone.

"So you drafted, be ye, Nell?" remarked the postmaster at The Forks, eyeing the stalwart young man addressed with a look which plainly said, "and I'm glad of it."

"I'm a poor fellow," said the young man, looking down ready to work for Uncle Sam he'll let him know by enlisting; until then he'd have his Majesty know he ain't a goin'."

"Not very patriotic," sneered a bystander. "Now, I'd a been that long ago if I hadn't a been for this here game leg o' mine."

"Small loss to the country," growled Nell.

"'Spose Mark'll not go, neither?" interposed the postmaster.

"Mark?" "Nell turned a face suddenly grown green and white."

"He ain't on the draft?" "But he is."

"Yes, and told me he'd have to go," added the bystander.

Without another word the young man turned on his heel, involuntarily loosening the scarf about his neck that he might breathe more easily. Swiftly he passed out into the dull November day, looking neither to right nor left.

On, on he walked, like a man in a terrible hurry, until three miles lay between himself and the garrison little town at The Forks. He was turning in at his own gateway, but, changing his mind, he passed on, still at the high rate of speed. Two more miles were paced off in this mad fashion; then he wheeled about and faced toward home again.

When once more he found himself there he felt weak and spent. Slowly then he passed in and up the rude stairs into the little loft denominated "Nell's room."

"What's up now?" his sister remarked.

"Ain't that draft business all settled?"

"I 'spose it's all right; he sent on the money," returned her husband, who had vainly tried to enlist, but had been rejected on account of deafness.

"I bet if I was him I'd enlist first chance now 'd get my money back," he continued.

"'Everybody ain't so fond of a dollar, nor so itchen for a fight as you be," he responded his wife, in the shrill treble she always used in addressing him.

"I ain't no coward, none of the Moses-lys be," he retorted.

"Neither be the Weidman, Dick Moses-lys, but they've got sense enough to look out for number one. They ain't dirt poor."

Nell, lying at full length on his couch in the loft, smiled grimly at his altercation.

"I don't ain't fit to manage here, but I don't care," he muttered; then turning his face to the wall, he slept through his mental and physical fatigue.

When he awoke it was growing dusk and Mollie was calling to know if he were sick, or why he did not go out to attend to his part of the "chores" as usual.

No sooner was breakfast over the following morning than he buttoned his coat about him and started off.

"Some way, Nell acts awful queer," shrieked Mollie to her husband.

"Does he?"

"Does he?" she muttered, turning away in disgust. "How stupid men are, anyway. Mark ain't, though, and Nell didn't use to be."

It had been a terrible night at Mark Weidman's.

Kit's mother had been summoned, but vainly she tried to think of something comforting to say. The outlook was dark.

Kit might, in fact, would have to stay there in his little cabin home with her little ones. There was no room for her at her father's, for already a widowed daughter had come back there with four children.

A younger brother would have to come and stay with her—it was the only way. She might go and stay at Mollie's—only—there was Nell.

It was about 10 o'clock when Nell Weidman rapped at his brother's door.

Mark's face showed something of what he was suffering when he opened it.

"Nell. Come in."

WHEN THOUGHTS TURN BACKWARD.



"Can't; I'm in a hurry. I was on the draft, but had the cash all ready, so sent it in yesterday. I hear you are on, too."

"I am; and heaven knows how I can be spared, but I could not raise fifty dollars, much less three hundred." His voice broke a little.

"Well, I came to tell you I will go in your place. Good-by."

Mark sprang forward, grasping his brother by the arm and fairly dragging him inside.

"There, don't make any fuss about it," muttered the young man. "You can't be spared—I can. It will make no difference to any one whether I live or die."

Mark had bowed his head on his hands and was shaking with emotion. Kit's voice from the other room called feebly to know what the matter was. Mrs. Bell, his mother, had gone home for a few hours, taking the little boys with her.

Springing up again, Mark opened wide the middle door, saying: "It is Nell, Kittle, and he offers to be my substitute. Come in here, brother, do."

"Haven't time this morning, Mark. Give my respects to Mrs. Weidman. I may be in again before leaving." His hand was on the latch.

"Please, Nell, come here."

"It was Kit's pleading tones, and before he realized what he was doing the young man stood by the bedside looking down into the face of the little boy who had loved."

It was five years since she had told him she was going to marry Mark, and in all that time they had never spoken—had rarely met.

"Oh, Nell, you are too good—you cannot mean it."

"I mean it," he said, coldly. "Through it all he had never suffered as he did now, to see how willing she was to have him sacrifice himself for Mark."

It was a moment of supreme bitterness, in spite of himself he lingered to gaze for perhaps the last time into the sweet face.

Her eyes were full of tears, and catching his hand she passed it to her lips, sobbing:

"You are so good, so noble! If it were not for the children we could not consent to your going."

"If only we could raise the money, but we have little to sell and there is no one to buy what we have."

"I have made up my mind and should go anyway, now. There is nothing to keep me."

"But, Nell, this is too much," said Mark, who had so sufficiently recovered himself to comprehend the situation. "I cannot let you go, but if you could look after things here some and see that Kit did not suffer, I could go easier. There is only Joe to do anything."

"No use talking, Mark, I am going; and now, good-by all."

He almost snatched his hand from Kit's clasp, and was gone.

"Mollie, I am going to the war."

"Goin' to the war, Nell? Why, I thought you'd sent on the money."

"Yes, so I did; but Mark was on the draft, too, and we couldn't nohow raise another three hundred, 'nd he can't be spared from home at this time o' year; so I'm going in—"

"In his place?" interrupted Mollie, excitedly.

Nell nodded.

"Well, if I ever 'sposed I'd live to see you give your life for Mark, after he cut you out—"

"There, there, Mollie! Now, about things here on the place."

"Why, I am sure I don't know; I 'spose Dick can manage, though I shall have the most of it to do. If Dick is my husband, I must say as I've said before, the Moses-lys are mighty poor managers; but, Nell, I hate awfully to have you go."

They talked a long while, but Mollie never dreamed of the terrible battle her brother fought out with himself that dull November day.

She never knew how tempted he had been to let his brother—the man who had robbed him of his life's happiness—look out for himself.

The tempter whispered, "Let him go, and if anything happens you are not to blame; then Kit will be a—"

But, of course, he turned his back at this juncture each time; but the struggle had been a desperate one.

He was with Grant in the Wilderness and all through the disastrous overland campaign. He was with him until sent under Sheridan to Five Forks, where he was severely wounded, but to him there was never such another battle as the one fought with himself during that mad walk under the gray November skies.

"Nell is wounded and I must go to him," Mark exclaimed in deepest anguish as he read the name. "Oh, Kittle, what if he dies! I never can stand it."

Before the sun went down that day he had kissed his wife, boys and infant daughter Nellie good-by and was on his way to his brother's side.

The meeting between them was affecting in the extreme, but Nell was by far most composed of the two.

"I've got to go, Mark, but it is no matter. I am so glad that it is not you."

Before the end came, he seemed to realize that he was not unloved and that his heroic sacrifice had been appreciated.

Toward the last the wounded soldier

THE INSATIATE SEA.

Cruel Tribute Exacted from Fisher Folk of Gloucester, Mass.

Every year in Gloucester, Mass., a memorial service for fishermen lost at sea is held in McClure Chapel, in "Angel Alley." "During the services," the chaplain and manager of the Fishermen's Institute recently said to a writer in the Boston Herald, "a list of those who have been drowned is read, month by month. Sometimes it is a whole crew, again a man swept overboard, often a single fisherman lost in a dory which drifted away in a fog and was never seen again. The graves are scattered over the Iceland fishing grounds, Norway, the Grand Banks, the Isles of Shoals, the Georges, even down to Eastern Point itself. It is the saddest day of the year. I know nothing I dread so much."

While the chaplain was speaking a little woman in rusty black, with thin, white hair and the patient, suffering face of a fisherman's widow, came in to see the minister on business. She carried a package of crocheted rings for pulling in the trawl lines, which the widows and orphans make and sell to the stores.

"Yes," she said, in reply to a question, "the chaplain's been mighty good to me, he and his wife. They've stood by me in all my trouble, and I've seen a sight of it. I've lost five men folks on the sea—my father and my husband and three sons."

"Four times I've seen the ship come in with the flag at half-mast, and once it never came at all. I've had five funerals in my parlor—not like you land folks' funerals, but the kind we fishing folks have, where there isn't any coffin or any funeral procession. And there are five slabs in my lot in the cemetery that say, 'Born at Gloucester; died on the Grand Banks.'"

"I tried to keep my last boy at home," the trembling voice went on. "I got him a place in a lawyer's office, but he was just wild for the sea. He'd lay awake listening to it and longing to be gone, and I just had to let him go. The sea's a terrible thing, a terrible thing! It draws you to it, and then it kills you."

Many another has watched for the ships that never have come, or has seen them come in with lowered colors at the mast, for Gloucester alone loses, on an average, one hundred fishermen a year.

INDIAN CONJURERS' TRICKS.

Some of Them Probably Worked by Hypnotizing Observers.

The conjurer threw a woman, almost nude, into a kind of cataleptic state of rigidity. Four of our officers' swords were then fixed, points upward, in the ground. The woman was laid with her elbows on two sword points, her heels on the other two. Three swords were then removed, and she lay, horizontal and rigid, supported by one elbow, on one sword point. My friend and the surgeon of the regiment examined her carefully, feeling all around her body, but they could discover no supports.