

HERR STEINHARDT'S NEMESIS

BY J. MACLAREN COBBAN.

CHAPTER XII.

I was so taken aback I could for the moment neither stir nor speak, while a new feeling, a feeling of shame, arose in me for appearing in that woman's presence as Steinhardt's representative.

After her outbreak of surprise she looked at the letter again, and at me. I rose, uncertain.

"Fraulein," I said, "I do not know what to say. I did not seek to come this journey myself; Herr Steinhardt asked me to undertake it. He thought, and I thought, too, that your advertisement, in which, of course, you could not use many words, signified that you were very ill, and alone perhaps, and that you needed—(I did not quite know how to put it; I added hurriedly)—a friendly hand."

"He did not think that I could wish to see him for his own sake,—I mean for the sake of his own peace?"

Her gaze was becoming too rapid for me to follow without an effort; I was not sure I understood her.

"He has business," I said, "which prevented him from coming himself."

"I suppose," said she, with some touch of bitterness, I thought, "he is still always very busy making more and more money in your rich England."

"It is now," I answered, "a lawsuit that keeps him in England."

"A lawsuit? A trial?" she exclaimed, with a strange anxiety. "Is he in danger?"

"Indeed, Fraulein, I do not know. The other party to the trial thinks himself in danger from Herr Steinhardt; he accuses Herr Steinhardt of using, and making much money by using, his patent for chemical dyes."

"I think," said she, simply, "you are not Emmanuel's friend."

To this I had nothing to say for a moment. I took refuge in an evasion.

"Herr Steinhardt," I said, "has sent me to act as his representative. But it appears there is nothing for me to do."

"I was standing uncertain, but ready to go." "What shall I say to him when I return?"

"I wonder," said she, more than half to herself, "if you are the person I have seen lately?"

I was startled; I stared in blank bewilderment. Was the woman a maniac? The pupils of her keen eyes seemed to rapidly dilate and contract, while she gazed into vacancy, and at the same time kept a referring glance on me.

"A man," she continued, "who goes about and about, and evidently causes Emmanuel great anxiety about something."

Conceive the sudden turmoil of thought and feeling, of imagination and hope into which I was thus thrown! The Lacroix mystery was until then almost absent from my mind; I seemed to have left it in England, and though I certainly thought of it sometimes, it was as of something waiting in the distance for my return.

Now here was I presented with an allusion of it—a vague and uncertain allusion, perhaps, but still unmistakably for me an allusion—here in an attic of an old house in Basel! What strange coincidence was this? Who was this woman that brought it before me again? I was afraid to speak or to stir, lest I should break or dispel that filmy something her fancy or her vision had got touch of.

"You are a pastor," she continued, looking at me with more natural eyes; "Emmanuel calls you 'Reverend Mr. Unwin.' It is surely, sir, a pastor's duty to bring repentance and forgiveness and peace to the hearts of men, and not pride, and fear, and condemnation!"

"You say very strange things, Fraulein," I answered; "I think—I hope I understand what you mean. Perhaps I deserve your rebuke. But are you sure you altogether know the terrible mystery?"

"Ach!" she cried. "There is then a mystery—and part of the burden of it is with me! Ach! mein Gott! mein Gott!"

"If you know"—I impulsively began, in ill-suppressed excitement.

"I do not know anything!" she cried, suddenly interrupting me, and springing up and down the room, her fingers wildly playing with each other, or about her arms and her head. She stopped and looked at me, trembling in every limb and nerve. "You must go away, sir!"

I lingered uncertainly.

"Please go away, sir," she urged. I cannot bear more now. Come again tomorrow. It may be that my God has sent you to me!"

I withdrew without a word, somewhat awed by the emotion of the strange woman. As I closed the door I caught a glimpse of her with hands clasped and face raised, as if in ecstasy or thankfulness.

After leaving the house I walked for a long time, without knowing whither I went, about the streets of Basel and along the Rhine bank.

In spite of my excitement I slept well that night. I spent the next day until evening wandering about the town, examining the windows of its sleepy shops, wondering at the contented, bi-lingual shopkeepers, and gazing at the glorious Swiss mountains which I was so near, yet which I must not think of visiting.

I was again at the old house with the watchful, but heavy eyes soon after five o'clock. Poor Fraulein Haas seemed to have passed both a sleepless night and a weary day. She was evidently ill at ease and anxious, and I pitied her.

"I fear, Fraulein," I said, "the thought of me and my presence gives you pain. What you may have to say to me I do not know, I am not able to guess, but it seems saying it will give you great pain."

"We must not care if we give ourselves pain to do right,—must we, Herr Pastor?" said she with a smile of singular sweetness.

"No," I answered, "but I would wish to lighten your pain, Fraulein, if I can."

"I thank you," she said; "it may be that you can. But first I must say this one thing—Emmanuel Steinhardt

of Birsach was very much to me many years ago. He went away to England, but you will understand, Herr Pastor, I have never forgotten him. For the first time I knew he was in a very great danger and anxiety about a year and a half ago." (I am almost "tired from my seat; that was the very time of Lacroix's disappearance.") "I learned it in a dream, indeed, dreams, which the Almighty God sends oftener and clearer to his chosen ones than to other persons." (She was then a Pietist, if not a maniac.) "His danger and anxiety then, I suppose passed away, for soon I saw no more of them. But now for some weeks I see him and feel him more and more anxious than before, and I am made to feel there is always now another man near him making him anxious and afraid, and the other man seems to be you, I think, Herr Pastor."

I sat silently marvelling.

"I tell you all this plainly, Herr Pastor," she added, "because you are not one of those who laugh at dreams; for you know that the Sacred Scriptures say that the great God reveals to those who are ready to see, many strange things in dreams and visions of the night."

"You have, indeed," I said, "seen strange things."

"Will you now," she continued, "be plain with me? Tell me, if you know, exactly what is the thing,—the serious matter,—he is anxious and afraid about."

"I can tell you, Fraulein," I said, "a very serious matter, about the discovery of which I suspect he is very anxious. A little more than a year and a half ago Herr Steinhardt's partner in business went to London for Lancashire, and it was thought he never returned; no trace of him could be found. So his fate remained altogether a mystery for a year, until I went to be cure in the village. Why the mystery should have been left so long, I cannot say, because it was no great cleverness in me that after that made it less of a mystery; perhaps the Almighty left it so long to give Emmanuel Steinhardt time to repent. Soon after I came to the village certain things made me suspect that Herr Steinhardt's partner did not stay in London, but came home and then disappeared. I now know, from evidence that I have got, that he did; but what became of him I cannot tell. I suspect that Herr Steinhardt put him out of the way, but I do not yet know that he did. I am sure, however, that the Divine Vengeance, which has thus far revealed it to me bit by bit, will yet make clear the whole horrible crime."

She heard me through in silence, gazing intently at me the while; but when I came to the end, she drew back and looked at me in anger and astonishment.

"But," said she, "who are you, Herr Pastor, to make yourself the minister of Divine Vengeance?"

I was dumb for a moment under this warm rebuke.

"I think, Fraulein," I said a length, "you mistake me. I do not put myself forward as the agent of Divine Vengeance. I first began to look into the mystery at the request of the missing man's orphan daughter, who longs to know what has become of her father; since then all I have learned concerning his fate has been revealed to me with little or no effort on my part."

"Ach! Mein Gott!" she exclaimed. "The poor man has left a daughter?"

"Yes," I replied; "and Herr Steinhardt, who is her guardian, uses her very cruelly. If it were not for that, I think I should let the whole matter rest, and take no more part at all in bringing the crime home to the guilty man. But so long as she is in danger I must do what I can,—I must let the Divine Power use me. God has sent me to you, Fraulein; if you then have had anything more revealed to you than I yet know, I beg you will tell it me."

"Ach, Herr Pastor!" she cried, "you know not what you ask! You ask me to condemn Emmanuel Steinhardt!—me to condemn him! Ach! Gott! mein Gott! why hast thou laid this on me?" She clasped her hands in her lap, and looked fixedly before her.

"Fraulein, I ventured to urge, 'I only wish to hinder Steinhardt from going on his cruel, unscrupulous way.'"

"What you may wish, Herr Pastor," she said, with her look still fixed on vacancy, "will not matter very much. The great God, I know, is a God of justice as well as a God of mercy, and he will work his own will with both you and me! I have prayed for Emmanuel, as a mother might for her only son! Surely my God will hear me! If he only had time and warning to repent! Oh, was not that why I wished him to come!"

"What can I say, Fraulein, to lessen your pain?"

"You can say nothing, Herr Pastor. Leave me for tonight—leave me, if you please! I cannot speak to you more now!"

Here was such distress and emotion as could only be calmed by her being left alone—alone, or only with that Unseen Presence in whom she was doubtless wont to seek strength and peace. I therefore sent away without another word, and accompanied for a time by the painful doubt whether it were well to pursue my inquiry, since it caused her such pain; whether there was not even something vindictive in following up evidence which would lead to the incrimination of even such a villain as Steinhardt.

But all doubt was dispelled by a letter I received next morning from Birsach.

"Thou must come back, my lad, at once," he wrote. "I was mistaken in my notion that Manuel would bring you know who, back home. Frank came home the same day you left; and his father went off to London next morning. I managed to get to see Frank. He is in very low spirits, poor lad. His father has almost scared him into marrying the girl; but I don't quite think he can bring that about without asking me, at any rate. I shall not be at all surprised if he does ask me one of these days, for he has not yet come down near so hard on me

—you know what I mean—as I expected. I fancy he wants to reserve the chance for a last big squeeze. But don't thou be afraid, lad; I'll stand by the lass and thee. Well, I prevailed on Frank to tell me the Black-pool address, though I had to promise much his father shouldn't get to know he had told me; and she was main glad to see me, poor thing. I told her what I had come for; and the end of it was she packed up her little traps, and came back with me—and here she is with me now. But I've not come to the den yet. Manuel has only gone to London for the week, I find. He will be home on Saturday; and then I expect he will want me to square up with him. So I say you had better come back at once."

Here, surely, was matter for the gravest anxiety and apprehension, though it did not appear what there was to fear exactly, except that Steinhardt might somehow reclaim Louise from Birsach's charge, and again hide her away. But the fact is, my dread and suspicion of Steinhardt were such that I was prepared for his committing the greatest and vaguest enormities. It was now Friday morning, and there was only another day during which I could think of Louise as at rest in Birsach's house. I could leave Basel that night by the mail train, and probably reach Timperley late on Saturday night. Greater speed could not be made. But was I, after all, going to leave without knowing what was that damning something concerning Steinhardt which Fraulein Haas's "dream, or dreams," might reveal or suggest? I must endeavor to win it from her.

I called that morning, but was told, as on the first occasion, she would not be home till five o'clock in the afternoon. I got everything ready at my hotel for a prompt departure, and called again soon after the hour named.

"So you have come again," she said, wearily, when she saw me.

"Yes, Fraulein," I answered, "and I have come in haste."

"To urge me, I know. But why is it necessary? It is a terrible law that quick death should be brought upon one man because he brought quick death on another—a terrible law. I am not sure it is God's law. Think you it is, Herr Pastor?"

"Fraulein!" I exclaimed, alarmed at her continued disposition to consider too curiously and abstractly, "I am sorry I cannot linger to discuss such things with you. I must travel back to England in a very few hours, on most anxious business, and I entreat you to resolve to tell me what you say has been revealed to you concerning this crime. I have said it already, Fraulein, and I say it again: what the great God may have in store for Herr Steinhardt for all his wickedness, I cannot judge, and I do not seek to put out my hand to force; I say I do not desire to bring punishment on him, I only wish to be able to make him withdraw his hand from the perpetration of more cruelly and oppression."

"Is he so wicked, then?" she cried in an accent of the keenest pain.

(To be continued)

Muskets Ten Feet Long.

Gen. F. C. Ainsworth, chief of the record and pension division of the army, is in receipt of several interesting relics from friends in the Philippines and China, comprising a collection of arms of different varieties, modern and antique, used by the Chinese. In the collection are two jujus, which look a good deal like overgrown muskets. They are too heavy for soldiers to carry about the field, and are usually rested upon a parapet. One of these weapons is more than 10 feet long, with an iron barrel of one inch caliber.

Both guns are in good working order, and Gen. Ainsworth has had them polished and added to the ornaments of his office in the war department.

A Versatile Genius.

A Laredo, Texas, business man has issued a circular in the form of a typewritten letter which shows him to be a versatile man and a humorist. He advertises himself as proprietor of a "hotel, annex, sample-room, restaurant, fish hatchery, gas plant, chicken farm, saloon, lunch room, billiard hall," etc. At the head of the sheet appears the line, "Me-an-the-Old-Woman, Sole Proprietors." On either side of this line are pictures; under one is printed, "This is Me," and under the other, "This is the Old Woman."

Making Artificial Diamonds.

The Chemiker Zeitung describes some experiments in the making of artificial diamonds. Carbon was heated in an atmosphere of inert gas in an iron flask raised to a high temperature by the electric arc. Bits the size of a pea were obtained having the hardness and crystalline form of a diamond. The crystals have a gray tint that makes them worthless for jewelry, but their use in drills seems promising. A French chemist has made minute diamonds by heating pure carbon under pressure.

English Princesses Lack Beauty.

All the English princesses (save Victoria's side of the house) show uniform lack of good looks, though Queen Alexandra was a remarkably attractive woman in her youth and is even now quite good looking. Princess Victoria, the only unmarried daughter of King Edward, is understood to love where she may not wed, and will therefore probably end her days in spinsterhood.

Increase of Cancer.

The German imperial council of health has issued tables referring to cancer. They show that the number of cases has materially increased since 1892, the proportion of increase surpassing that of the population. The age of the subjects average younger than in former years. Women are more frequently affected than men but do not succumb to the cancer in as large a proportion.

Sermons to Order.

A pastor in central Pennsylvania sends out a slip to his parishioners asking them to name any subject or text upon which a sermon would be especially helpful to them, and deposit it in a box prepared for the purpose. He hopes in this way "to be of more service to his congregation, whose confidence in this matter will give him sincere pleasure."

MT. PELEE, THE DEATH-DEALING VOLCANO.



ISLAND OF MARTINIQUE,

Desolated by Slave Wars, Earthquakes and Volcanic Eruptions.

The island of Martinique, the scene of one of the most awful catastrophes known in human annals, was discovered by Columbus on his fourth voyage, in 1492, and still bears the name, slightly modified, which his Carib natives then called it. In 1635 the French began to colonize it and the same year the city of St. Pierre was founded. Its early growth was rapid, for in 1657 we find that it had a population of 5,900, exclusive of the aborigines. Early in the 18th century slave labor was introduced on the coffee and sugar plantations and by 1736 there were 72,000 negroes on the island. On four different occasions during the wars between England and France the island was seized by the British, being finally restored to France by the treaty of Paris in 1814. In 1822 and again in 1833 and 1839 the island was distracted by uprisings among the negro slaves; but the abolition of slavery, in 1848, forever put an end to these disturbances.

The negroes rapidly increased and at the time of the last census they numbered 150,000 out of a total population of 175,000. Of the remainder 15,000 were Asiatics and 10,000 pure whites. Martinique, which has an area of 280 square miles, is a beautiful island. It has, however, its drawbacks. Among the latter are the deadly snake, the ferocious spider, the ant, the tropical plagues, the hurricane, the earthquake and volcano. So active have been the earthquake and volcano in ancient times that the very island is composed almost entirely of volcanic material. In modern times seismic disturbances have been numerous. In 1727 the island was shaken by an earthquake and in 1707 another seismic convulsion is said to have caused the deaths of 16,000 people. In 1772 the island's fortifications were thrown down by an earthquake.

The most serious volcanic eruptions recorded in Martinique's history occurred in 1813, 1817, 1823, 1830 and 1851. In the latter year Mount Pelee belched forth huge volumes of smoke and ashes and the city of St. Pierre and the surrounding country were covered with a deep layer of ashes. Vegetation, wherever these hot ashes fell, was destroyed. New hot springs gushed out of the sides of the mountain and the air was heavy with sulphur fumes. The agitation ceased, however, without precipitating a tragedy.

Of the chief cities of Martinique St. Pierre was the largest and wealthiest, its population exceeding 25,000, while the population of Fort de France, the capital, is less than 20,000.

SCARRED BY VOLCANOES.

Island of St. Vincent Bears Evidence of Past Convulsions.

The island of St. Vincent, which lies to the south of Martinique, in the Windward group, bears all over its face the evidence of the volcanic eruptions which marked its history in past centuries. It has two volcanoes, Morne Garou and La Soufriere, the latter of which is now in active and disastrous eruption and the former of which manifested its energy with terrible destructiveness in 1812. From these volcanoes, extend great "dry rivers," as they are called, being the beds of lava streams which at different times spread over the island.

In 1718 La Soufriere was in a state of eruption and covered the whole island with ashes. The whole upper part of the cone was blown away. Years afterward the crater filled up and became a lake.

In 1812 the volcano of Morne Garou exploded with terrific noise and energy. At the same time an earthquake, probably in sympathetic relation, occurred at Caracas, Venezuela, and killed 10,000 people. The volcano belched forth torrents of mud and cinders and the surrounding country was covered with a deposit under which all vegetation perished. For three days, so deep was the darkness, the sun appeared to be in a total eclipse. At the end of the third day flames sprang pyramidally from the crater, accompanied by terrific thunder and lightning. Eruptive matter poured down the sides of the crater, destroying plantations and houses, while showers of cinders and stones at times bombarded the earth, killing negroes and Carib natives.

St. Vincent is a small but very fertile island, its area being 121 square miles. Its present population exceeds 50,000, very few of whom are white. Originally the island belonged to France, but in 1763 it was ceded to England. In 1778 there began a ten years' war with the fierce Caribs, ending with the ban-

ishment of nearly all the aborigines to the island of Roatan on the Honduras coast.

The planters became very wealthy growing sugar with slave labor, but after the emancipation their wealth was lost, and now most of the owners of the soil are the descendants of the old slaves, who, with little patches of land, live a happy, contented life.

Sugar, rum, cocoa and spices are produced, but the chief product is arrowroot, which has finer qualities and more exquisite flavor here than anywhere else.

A LEISURE-LOVING PEOPLE.

Such Were the Inhabitants of the City of St. Pierre.

The inhabitants of St. Pierre took little ease. In the hurricane months, June, July, August and September, they left the hot and low-lying city and made their abode on Mount Pelee, where cool breezes made life tolerable. French manners and customs dominated. The morning breakfast lasting three hours and attended by men and women wearing full dress, was one of the features of the living of the rich and well-to-do.

The Garden of Plants, a park of immense size, afforded all classes a shady and beautiful retreat from the sun's blazing rays, while it also contained an element of danger—the iron lance, a name given to a venomous serpent, whose bite was fatal unless prompt measures were resorted to. In St. Pierre about 1,000 persons were attacked yearly, of whom 100 lost their lives. These reptiles sought shady spots in the parks and on lawns, and any one sitting in the grass was liable to be bitten. All over the island of Martinique the iron lance was in evidence and dreaded.

The color line exists in Martinique, though it is not drawn with the tightness that it is in the United States. The blacks prevail in the ratio of nine to one, and many of its men and women are cultured and good-looking. The island has been noted for thirty years for its excellent school system. Perhaps one in ten of the whites, nearly all French, marry negroes. It is extremely rare, however, for a white woman to take a colored husband. Where one so acts, there are a hundred white men who marry colored women.

MAY BURN FOR AGES.

Like Vesuvius, Mt. Pelee May Continue to Belch Forth Fire.

Some people are of the opinion that Mount Pelee will cool off rapidly and again become quiescent, but the best judges believe that it will go on throwing off fire and lava for a long time. While the violence of the first eruption will, it is thought, subside, the mountain from a spectacular point of view is stated as likely to continue in active eruption for months, possibly for centuries. Vesuvius was regarded as extinct, until it suddenly broke out and destroyed Pompeii in A. D. 79, blowing its top off as was done by Mount Pelee, and yet it has continued in more or less active eruption ever since. Sometimes it subsides until nothing but a thin cloud of smoke surrounds the summit, but with the exception of a period of 131 years, between 1500 and 1631, it has never been quite dead since the destruction of Pompeii, which was the first eruption of the mountain of which there is any authentic record. Its periods of notable activity have been extended over

years and months. The great eruption of 1808 attracted visitors from all over Europe, and excursions were made up of large parties in England, who traveled to Naples to witness the sight, which was one of surpassing grandeur and magnificence.

Similarly, it is believed by some scientists that now that a new volcano has opened up with a great tragedy, it may become one of the sights of the world, attracting visitors and scientists from New York and from Europe. Seismic experts and geologists, with college professors and naturalists, would be naturally attracted to such a place from the very beginning, to study on the spot and place on record their observations of an event that will go down in the history of the world's

greatest catastrophes. The spectacular aspects of the volcanic eruptions in the Antilles will bring about a rush of visitors to Martinique and St. Vincent.

GREAT DISASTERS IN HISTORY.

Date	Event	Lives Lost
Feb. 24, 70	Pompeii destroyed by eruption of Mount Vesuvius	30,000
1137	Catania, in Sicily, overturned by earthquake	15,000
1208	Cllicia destroyed by earthquake	60,000
Dec. 5, 1456	Earthquake at Naples	40,000
Feb. 26, 1631	Earthquake at Lisbon	30,000
September, 1603	Earthquake in Sicily buried fifty-four cities and towns and 300 villages; of Catania and its 18,000 inhabitants not traces remained	100,000
Feb. 2, 1703	Jeddo, Japan, destroyed	200,000
Nov. 30, 1731	Earthquake at Peking	100,000
Oct. 28, 1746	Lima and Callao demolished	18,000
September, 1754	Grand Cairo destroyed	40,000
June 7, 1755	Kascham, Persia, swallowed up	40,000
Nov. 1, 1755	Great earthquake in Spain and Portugal; in eight minutes 50,000 inhabitants of Lisbon perished; cities of Coimbra, Oporto, Braga and St. Ubes wholly overturned. In Spain Malaga reduced to ruins. One-half of Pes. Marocco destroyed; more than 12,000 Arabs killed; 2,000 houses in island of Madeira destroyed	100,000
Feb. 4, 1797	Whole country between Santa Fe and Panama destroyed, including City of Quito	40,000
Aug. 10, 1822	Aleppo destroyed	20,000
May 20, 1820	Canton, China, shaken	6,000
May 7, 1842	Cape Haytien destroyed	5,000
March 2, 1856	Earthquake in Molucca Islands	3,000
Dec. 16, 1867	Catania, Naples, destroyed	10,000
July 2, 1863	Earthquake partly destroyed Manila	1,000
Aug. 31, 1868	Earthquake in Peru and Ecuador	25,000

greatest catastrophes. The spectacular aspects of the volcanic eruptions in the Antilles will bring about a rush of visitors to Martinique and St. Vincent.

KRAKATOA.

The Greatest Volcanic Explosion in the History of the World.

The greatest volcanic explosion in the history of the world, so far as energy is concerned, and one of the most destructive of human life was that of Krakatoa, on the island in the strait of Sunda, between Java and Sumatra. During the month of May, 1883, the volcano of Krakatoa burst into activity, but the great explosion did not come until Aug. 26. Then flames, which were visible at a distance of forty miles, shot from the crater. The crashing explosion which followed these flames set in motion air waves that traveled around the earth four times one way and three times the other. Every self-recording barometer in the world was disturbed seven times by that blow-up. These waves traveled at the rate of 700 miles an hour.

At Borneo, 1,116 miles distant, the noise of this eruption was heard. The shock was felt in Burnah, 1,478 miles distant, and at Perth, West Australia, 1,902 miles distant. The Krakatoa explosion was heard over a sound zone covering one-thirteenth of the earth's surface.

Sea waves were created by the explosion which destroyed two lighthouses in the strait of Sunda, all the towns and villages on the shores of Java and Sumatra bordering the strait, all vessels and shipping there, and 36,380 lives in that vicinity. The explosion raised a tidal wave at Morak 135 feet high; covered 500,000 square miles of ocean with lava dust several inches thick; submerged an island six miles square and 700 feet high in a depth of water of 150 fathoms and created two new islands.

Prodigious Force of a Cyclone. Careful estimates of the force of a cyclone and the energy required to keep the full-fledged hurricane in active operation reveal the presence of a power that makes the mightiest efforts of man appear as nothing in comparison. A force fully equal to over 400,000,000 horse power was estimated as developed in a West Indian cyclone. This is about fifteen times the power that can be developed by all the means within the range of man's capabilities during the same time.

A Doubtful Compliment. Old lady, describing a cycling accident: "E'elped me hup an' brushed the dust off on me an' put five shillins in my 'arf, an' so I says, 'Well, sir, I'm sure you're hactin' like a gentleman,' I says, 'though I don't suppose you are one,' I says."—Punch.

English Novels. One thousand five hundred and thirteen novels were published in England last year.

Great opportunities come to those who make good use of small ones.

MAP SHOWING PROXIMITY OF WINDWARD ISLANDS TO CUBA AND UNITED STATES.



From	Miles
New York to Martinique	1,820
New York to St. Thomas	1,428
New York to Havana	1,227
New Orleans to Havana	507
Porto Rico to Martinique	420
New York to Panama	1,324