

HERR STEINHARDT'S NEMESIS

BY J. MACLAREN COBBAN.

CHAPTER XII—Continued.

"It is not for me, Fraulein," I answered, "to say how wicked he is. But I have told you he is behaving very harshly to the dead man's daughter—more than harshly, for he has even hid her away in a strange town, to try every means to make her marry his son, in order that he may not have to give an account of the dead man's property. And here is a letter which I have received this morning from her other guardian, who was Herr Steinhardt's best friend when he first came to England, and whom he has almost ruined. He has found the young lady, and taken her to his own house, but he fears he cannot keep her, for Herr Steinhardt may now ruin him outright. I must therefore return; and this, Fraulein, is my only hope of effectually hindering Herr Steinhardt from doing what he will—by frightening him with my knowledge. But I do not yet know enough to do that."

It will thus be seen that I told Fraulein Haas just enough of the case to convince her of its urgency; but she guessed something I had not told her. "I understand now, Herr Pastor," she said, "why you are so interested in Emmanuel Steinhardt's crime; it is more love than vengeance that pushes you on. And that, too, Herr Pastor, will make you better understand why I am interested in Emmanuel Steinhardt," she said, simply, looking not at me, but at her thin clasped hands. "He was many years ago not the Herr Steinhardt he seems to be now; he was good and gentle, though his heart and mind were set on being rich. But I detain you," she added, glancing up suddenly. Her hands tightened their clasp on each other. "If," she said, with rapidly growing vehemence, "I tell you what I have seen, in order that you may be able to deliver the distressed young Fraulein, promise me, Herr Pastor, for the sake of my past, and as you hope to be happy and peaceful in the future—promise me that you will use what I tell you only for the purpose you say, and that you will keep it so far as ever you can, from becoming public!"

I gave the promise at once without reserve. "And," she said, "you will leave Emmanuel Steinhardt's punishment in the hands of Almighty God?" I answered I would—though it was a strange question to have to answer. She then turned almost away from me, partly, I thought, that she might be less conscious of my presence, but more that she might concentrate her attention on her recollections. Her hands clasped and unclasped several times before they settled, the one in the other, and she began:

"It was, I think, in the March month of a year ago. I had slept a long time very soundly, for I had been very tired, when suddenly I felt as if I were taken up and carried away—far away; and I was made to look at Emmanuel Steinhardt. He looked at me as if he wished me to help him; at his feet was a large wooden box, the lid of which, I was made to understand, would not close. From the opening protruded a human hand, strangely discolored. I awoke all trembling. I put out my own hand to make sure I was in my own bed; my mother was sleeping quietly beside me. I tried to dismiss the vision from my mind—foolish dream, I thought it. But I could sleep no more. In two or three hours it was daylight, and I arose. I went about my duties all the day as usual; I was busy, and had the impression of the vision much worn away when I went to bed in the evening—rather early, because I was very tired. I had slept not very long, when again I was as if seized up and whirled away, again to see Emmanuel Steinhardt, with something at his feet again—not a wooden box, which was aside, but three packages of canvas. Again Emmanuel Steinhardt looked at me, as if he wished me to go to him, and again I awoke, all trembling."

She paused in her story of the visions, took her handkerchief and wiped her damp brow with trembling hand. I watched her intently, a sensation of creeping excitement and mystery held me bound to her quiet but intense recital. She resumed suddenly, without looking at me.

"I slept no more that night for thinking of what I had seen, and so I saw Emmanuel Steinhardt no more; but I could not. A terrible night to me it was. But next night I was sleeping a light, disturbed sleep, when I was taken away again to Emmanuel Steinhardt; this time I knew I was not in a room; there was no light. He looked at me across a rawly dug spot of ground, and then turned away. I did not really wake, though I felt conscious I was in my own bed at the same time as I was held where he had left me, close to a wall. After some time, how long I cannot tell, he came back with a rope. I knew at once what he was going to do before he had done it—fasten the rope in an iron something on the other side of the wall and pull it over. I do not know why I did not think it impossible for a single man to pull a wall down with a rope, but I did not. In a little while he pulled, and the wall fell flat, and, curiously, unbroken, covering over the newly dug spot and all around it. Then I awoke, as with the noise, and slept no more. After that night I saw him again for several nights, for a dim moment or two, at the same place. They were but glimpses, which, as the nights passed on, became dimmer and dimmer, and then ceased altogether—until some weeks ago, when again I was summoned to face him at that same place with the fallen wall. He looked at me earnestly, and then over his shoulder at some one whom I did not see, but who I knew he feared was watching him. This happened three, four times, and then no more. There has been no more yet, but what may be, God only knows. It is all, I think, as I said, a sign of relief, turning to me. And now, Herr Pastor, you know what I have had to tell, and you will not forget your promise to me—you will not set yourself to bring pun-

ishment on Emmanuel Steinhardt." "I shall hold my promise to you, Fraulein," said I, "as sacred."

As I was with the exciting thought engendered by her story, I was almost forgetting that I had no result of my mission which I could show or tell to Steinhardt, and the time at my disposal must be very short. I looked at my watch; I had half an hour to spare. There was no time for the expression of wonder, or of any kind of fitting comment upon what I had heard. Seeing me look at my watch, she rose.

"And now," she said, "you must go quickly, I suppose, to your hotel, and then to the station."

"Yes," I said. "But there is one thing, Fraulein, I had almost forgotten; not of a painful sort," I made haste to add, for she had reassumed her expression of close endurance and resignation. "I came as Herr Steinhardt's messenger, and I have no message I can carry back to him."

She sat down again, took a sheet of paper from a drawer, and wrote in the middle of the page, in a small German hand, a few words, which she signed. When she had written she handed the paper to me, saying, "You may read."

I read (the words were in German)—"Repent, and turn away from your evil, before it is too late."

This, enclosed in an envelope, and addressed, I put in my pocket for Steinhardt. There remained now but one thing for me to do—to say farewell to Fraulein Haas, the poor, lonely lady, who still with fond regret cherished her memory of a man who was to me the greatest villain on earth. How I longed I could do something to cheer her life, say even some proper word of comfort and hope! But I felt her spirit dwell on heights too great for any commonplace words of consolation from me to reach. I therefore made her a silent farewell. She held my hand a moment.

"If anything happens to him," she said, "you will send me word?" I answered I would, and the next moment she was turned away from me, and the next I was out of the room, and had seen my last of Fraulein Haas.

When I was in the train, rushing back toward England, I unexpectedly found that I was bearing away with me a pathetic memento of her, and that I had left her a memento of myself. I put my hand into my pocket to find Birley's letter, but could find only the following lithographed to me, instead. I suppose I had taken it from her table when I meant to take up the letter which I had laid down. The poor lady might have been looking at it before I entered her room. This was the form:

"Meine Verlobung mit Fraulein Emilie Haas von Liestal zeig ich hiermit ergebene an. Basel, November, 1854. Emmanuel Steinhardt."

(My engagement with Fraulein Emilie Haas of Liestal I herewith make public in Basel.)

CHAPTER XIII.

In what a fever of excitement, anxiety, and hope I made the journey home, I need not stay to describe. The story of Lacroix's fate I could now fill in to its last detail; I knew where his mutilated remains lay buried, or at least I knew a spot which coincided with that described by Fraulein Haas, so what remained for me to do was to bring the fact of my knowledge home to Steinhardt in a manner so forcible that he could not refuse to make terms to me—no more than this I could not accomplish, even if I would, considering my promise to Fraulein Haas. But in the sequel I had my conviction re-impressed that I was in this business but the agent of a Higher Power.

I reached Timperley very late on Saturday night, but in spite of the lateness of the hour and my weariness I went at once to Birley's; I had warned him of my coming by telegram from London. I found him waiting for me, and with him, as I had hoped, but scarcely expected, his ward Louise. I fear his cheerful greeting passed for almost nothing with me in comparison with hers. Her manner was undemonstrative, but there was, I felt, a cordial sincerity in it which came from her true heart, and I was flattered with hope. There were, however, things more serious and immediate to be talked of than matters of love could then be considered.

I inquired concerning Steinhardt, and was told that they had not yet seen him. What, I asked Birley, did he propose to do if Steinhardt came and demanded the surrender of his ward—would he admit him?

confident, expression of hope, so I was not asked awkward questions. Now that my anxiety concerning Louise was for the time allayed, I felt exceedingly tired. I promised to call next day to tell them about my journey, and rose to go to my lodgings, where my landlady, I knew, or her husband, would still be sitting up for me.

Birley accompanied me to the door, talking according to his wont. He put on a cap which hung in the hall, and, leaving the door ajar, walked with me to the gate. The air refreshed me, and, full as I was of Fraulein Haas's revelation, I felt impelled to tell Birley something of it. Thus, almost unconsciously, we walked away from the gate down the lane leading to the high road, and I was led into telling him all, the more so that he did not seem sceptical of the value of her visions. We had thus left the house some minutes, how many I cannot tell, when several sounds like screams in rapid succession rose behind us into the still night. We stopped together and looked at each other.

"By the L—d!" exclaimed Birley. "I left the door open!"

We were hurried back by a common impulse. We found the door ajar, apparently as we had left it, but when we entered and approached the room in which we had been sitting we heard Steinhardt's voice.

"Well, Manuel," said Birley, when we were in the room, "so you've come; I expected you wouldn't be long."

Steinhardt turned (Louise watched him from the other side of the table with fear in her eyes); he did not answer his brother-in-law, but stared at me.

"What is the meaning of this?" he asked. "Were you come from?"

"From Basel," I answered, "where I was not wanted. Fraulein Haas sided to see you, she is anxious, not for herself. She sent you a line by me." I handed him the letter.

He impatiently tore the envelope, and read with a frown. I knew the words; I tried to read from his face how they affected him. Their point, he evidently viewed; he looked on the floor, on this side and on that, as if for once he were made to pause and consider. But this was only for a moment; he looked up at me and then at Birley, the same insistent, masterful Steinhardt as before.

(To be continued.)

SIGNIFICANT NUMBER SEVEN.

Woven into the History of the World in Many Peculiar Ways.

The number seven is not only considered a lucky number by the superstitious, but it is a symbolical number in the Bible, as well as among nations of antiquity. In the Old Testament we note that the Creator took seven days, and on the seventh was a sacred day of rest. Every seventh year was sacred, and the seventh time-seventh year ushered in a year of jubilee. There are seven principal virtues—faith, hope, charity, prudence, temperance, chastity and fortitude—and there are also seven deadly sins—pride, covetousness, lust, anger, gluttony, envy and sloth. There were seven champions of Christendom—St. George, England; St. Andrew, Scotland; St. Patrick, Ireland; St. David, Wales; St. Denis, France; St. James, Spain, and St. Anthony, Italy. There were seven ages of man, also seven wise men of Greece. Christ spoke seven times on the cross. Rome was built on seven hills, and there are innumerable other traditions which go to prove that seven was a number to cling to. In these modern times it is wonderful how often the number prevails. For instance, vaccination must take place every seven years, in order to escape small pox; fashions change every seven years, and seven years is always a milestone in a person's age.

He Was in Need of Piv.

A pious lady of Portsmouth had a husband who was a seaman. He was about to start on a protracted voyage, and as his wife was anxious as to his welfare, she sent the following notice to the village preacher:

"Mr. Blank, who is going to sea, his wife desires the prayers of his congregation."

Characteristics of Gold. Many people suppose that all gold is alike when refined, but this is not so. An experienced man can tell at a glance from what part of the world a gold piece comes, and in some cases from what particular gold district the metal has been obtained. Australian gold, for instance, is distinctly redder than that from California. The Ural gold is the reddest found anywhere.

George Washington's Map. The original map made by George Washington in 1775 of the land on the Great Kanawha river, West Virginia, granted to him by the British government in 1763, for his services in the Braddock expedition, is now in possession of the Library of Congress. The map is about two by five feet, and is entirely in the handwriting of Washington.

No Hurry in Turkey. As an instance of the leisurely manner in which the military authorities of Turkey move in time of peace it is said that a committee appointed in 1900 to prepare plans for the construction of fortifications for the defense of the strategically most important points on the Turkish shores of the Persian gulf has just completed its labors.

Happy Recollections. Visitor—Well, my man, what are you in for? Convict—Oh, I'm in for a good time, lady.

Visitor—I don't understand you. Convict—I'm in for lickin' my mother-in-law, lady.—Judge.

Blessed. "They say," began Miss Twitters, "that there is a fool in every family." "Well, er—I hardly know," stammered poor little Sanders. "I am the only member of our family."

THEY LIVE IN THE SEA

PEARL DIVERS OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN.

Thursday Island, Between Australia and New Guinea, is the Center of the Richest Pearl Fisheries in the World—A Dangerous Calling.

A large proportion of the pearls that deck the fair throats of the gentle sea are found in the Pacific ocean, and one of the richest of the pearl fisheries is near the rocky shores of Thursday Island. This island is one of the most curious and interesting bits of land on the globe. It is the commercial center of a race of people who live practically in the sea. They are the pearl divers of the Pacific ocean.

Thursday Island is one of the little group of coral formations lying between Australia and New Guinea. Taken together the largest of these islands constitute a calendar, with an island for every day of the week, beginning with Sunday Island. Thursday Island commands Torres Strait. Representatives of nearly all the nations of the far East may be seen any day along its shores, sporting themselves in the water—Filipinos, Japanese, Chinese, East Indians, Fijians, Papuans. To the right of the island, running for 1,200 miles down the Australian coast, is a stretch of waving green vegetation, apparently absent upon the surface of the placid ocean. This is the top of the Great Barrier Reef, the most notable coral reef in the world. Throughout its length its banks are lined with pearl oysters.

Thursday Island forms the great market for these oysters. About 2,500,000 worth of shells are raised annually along the reef and on the western coast of Australia. The business of pearl fishing is conducted on the basis of the profit from the oyster shells. The pearls are clear gain, the value varying a great deal. One pearl found in 1890 and for 12,000 another for 11,500. Pearls worth £20 are quite common.

The shells of pearl oysters are of enormous size, measuring frequently eighteen inches across. The oysters lie in the sea fastened to rocks, especially coral reefs, and quite away from sand and dirt. They hang by thread-like filaments, about a dozen in a bunch.

The business of the diver is to cut this thread and bring up the oysters. The shells are worth from £100 to £200 a ton for the best; the poorest from 15 to 600 a ton. The natives trade them for merchandise, and realize about 115 a ton on the average.

Fishing is done in small boats or jergers. Each boat has a pumping apparatus to force air to the divers under water. The smallest boat, with apparatus, is worth 5000.

The business is very dangerous. Poisonous fish, sharks and squid abound. Sharks rarely attack divers, but contribute immensely to their nervousness. Squid exude a quantity of lanky black liquid, which dangerously clouds the water.

Japanese are the best divers. They stay under water longer, dare more, and can be relied upon better than the divers of the other types. Among the Malay natives women are successful divers. They go down without diving suits, fastening stones to their feet to help them to sink. Natives and divers are not allowed to open the oysters. A careful watch is kept to prevent the theft of gems under the eye of an experienced foreman. A good operator can open a ton of shells in one day.

RESCUING A CAT.

St. Louis Man Climbed a High Pole to Save an Animal.

At the risk of his life William Clynnes, of St. Louis, climbed a flagpole seventy-five feet high to rescue a helpless cat. This piece of heroism, reported among the lesser events in the daily news columns, had no motive but sympathy with a dumb animal in distress. Three days before, the cat had run up the tall flagstaff in Carr Park in her pursuit of a sparrow. When she was within three feet of him, the sparrow flew away. Then the cat, instead of turning back, continued to climb until she reached the golden ball at the top of the pole, and this, too, she surmounted.

After a brief rest she tried to descend. Then her feet slipped, and she made the discovery that her claws, although excellent for climbing, had no use when she put her weight upon them. The rotundity of the ball or fright at the elevation seemed to deprive her of the power to descend backward; so she sat clutching the ball at the top of the swaying pole, and cried piteously.

Through all of one night of misery, through the following day, and then through another night she clung, cold and hungry, to her narrow perch. On the third day a park-keeper and a policeman tried to reach her. The policeman climbed forty feet and was then obliged to give up. "Can't some one save the poor creature?" he asked, sympathetically, as he slid down.

Then William Clynnes, a tinner in a stove factory, pulled off his coat and started up the pole. Foot by foot he went, until he had reached the point, forty feet above the ground, where the light topmast was applied on. Up this thin, swaying stem, which to the people below looked like a reed, and which bent and trembled under Clynnes' weight, he slowly worked his way.

Once, when near the top, he slipped about a foot. The crowd gathered below shivered, and many of the spectators called to him to come down. But he only gripped the pole the harder with his shins, and slowly worked his way up, until he was only ten feet from the cat. Five feet, two feet. A moment later he had gained the top, and wrapping his legs and one hand firmly about the slender staff, he reached the other hand over the gilt ball, and gently picked the cat from her place of danger. Then he slid down the pole to the ground, where he stood a moment for the crowd to inspect the cat before he took her off to get her some milk.

MOLD PLANTS.

Scientists of the Fungus that Gathers on Jelly and Preserved Fruits.

Mold over jelly or preserved fruit is justly regarded as a pest, yet scientists who have studied it under the micro-

TOMAS ESTRADA PALMA, FIRST PRESIDENT OF CUBA



Tomas Estrada Palma is a little, old man. He wears rusty black clothes. He moves nervously and quickly, winking his blue eyes as he talks. He is lavishly polite, after the manner of the old Spanish school. His chin is more than strong and aggressive, being what country people call jumper-jawed, which means that his chin betrays strength and aggression raised to the highest power.

The President of the republic of Cuba is 67 years old. He was born at Bayamo, in the province of Santiago. His mother tried to keep him out of the revolutionary movements which were brewing in the island during his youth. She even went so far as to restrict him to the boundaries of the Bayamo estate.

Associates he knew he must have, but his boy friends had to come to see him; he was not allowed to visit them. The father had died when Tomas was very young. When he was 15 years old he broke from his mother's leading strings and went to Havana to study. Soon after that the death of his mother left him in sole control of a great estate. He went back to Bayamo to manage it.

By this time rebellion had broken out actively and Palma cast his lot with the island party. Years of agitation and organization followed, in which

scope, declare that the mold plant is a most lovely creation. Indeed, a writer in the Kitchen Magazine says that nothing in nature is more beautiful. These plants are associated in our minds with death and decay, and so an unreasoning prejudice has developed against them. In many cases they do accompany decay, but as the fly rises above the foulest pond, so a mold may develop its frost-like daintiness and cleanliness, its exquisite coloring, in the midst of putrefaction. Still they also thrive in the cleanest soil, and are wholly harmless in their growth.

The most common of the molds is the Penicillium glaucum, well known to housekeepers as the fungus, against which a light is made at canning time. It first forms a grayish-green mat, and if removed, gives forth a fine, powdery dust. Under the microscope it is a wonderful thing, but housewives are probably less interested in its form than in methods of combating it.

In their struggle for existence the plants are very hardy and obstinate, and nature has provided them with a way of upsetting the most careful plans for their undoing. The spores, which take the place of seeds, sometimes, for a reason thus far unknown to science, pass into a resting stage. Instead of sprouting at once, they lie dormant for an indefinite period, and germinate apparently at their own sweet will. A German scientist has discovered that a spore may lie quiescent for two years, and then under favorable conditions of heat and moisture, develop into a sturdy growth.

This is probably the reason why fruit may exhibit no mold for months, and then suddenly make the housekeeper's heart to faint by a thick green growth. Here, as everywhere, "eternal vigilance" only may expect to win the day.

MANILA AS IT IS TO-DAY.

War Ends! So Far as City Is Concerned—Embracing American Ideas.

The following letter, written lately by an American business man now in Manila, gives an interesting description of the situation in that city as it is to-day. It reads as follows:

"I wish you could get out here and see this country. You would have one of the greatest surprises of your life and matter for thought for a long time to come. The country is beautiful, the climate delicious, though warm to one accustomed to the temperate zone. The sun is hot at noon, but shade is always near and somewhere a breeze is always to be found. The nights are comfortable all the year round.

"The war seems as far off here as it did in Chicago. It affects Manila and the other principal cities just as much as the war against the Sioux or Apaches used to interrupt the business in New York, Boston or Philadelphia. There are a few skirmishes in outlying districts, of course, but they are of little or no importance. No one ever speaks of any war here. It is all finished from a local point of view, and every man is straining each nerve to solve the mighty problems of peace.

"The rapidity with which these problems are being mastered surprises one. In ten years a new civilization will have permeated all the islands. In five years I believe we will see a new Manila. Already the Filipinos of rank and means are feeling the contagion of American optimism and are looking to the future with glowing hopes. Eminent generals are taking posts under the government on all sides, and those who have been always loyal have

SHE LEARNED HER FATE.

Maiden Took a Peep Behind Future's Mystic Veil and Found It Rossy.

A young woman in the throng in 6th avenue passed before a show window, but not to inspect the goods therein, as indicated by her actions. Her eyes wandered to a quaint figure of foreign outline—a man in the romantic garb of Italy. He was standing in patient attitude beside a high tripod on which rested a birdcage with many feathered occupants of gaudy colors.

Suddenly the young woman gathered her skirts about her and passed on, keeping her face turned resolutely away from the Italian. She crossed the street and hurried into a neighboring store as though fleeing from some invisible pursuer. Directly she reappeared, plainly under the strange domination of the Italian, who stood stolidly beside his birdcage. Her eyes rested upon him wistfully while her teeth were sunk into her lips. She moved toward the crossing slowly and with heightened color. Her mind was not made up. She imagined the gaze of the public consuming her with curiosity, perhaps reading her purpose, for all she knew. Abruptly, as she stood upon the curb, she frowned at the passing populace defiantly and with resentment. Determination seized her. She stepped from the curb and swiftly approached the spot where stood the Italian.

Just then a party of shoppers greeted her by name, and she gasped as though struck; but the consciousness that she had not committed herself enabled her to face them and smile. She passed on, not daring to look at the Italian.

At the first side street she left the thick of the crowd and her pace slackened gradually. She watched the vehicles speeding across the rift of 5th avenue in the distance, still thinking of the Italian, though she had turned her back upon him. By turns she stood still or forged ahead until she had reached the middle of the block. There she wheeled and retraced her steps to 6th avenue with her head down and her step firm. Once more her eyes were upon the Italian, steadily but furtively, fearing perhaps to encounter the gaze of others. In her glove she clutched a small coin, which she produced in silence, handing it to the foreigner beside whom she stopped. He smiled like a graven image coming to life. Without a word he opened the cage. A bird from its perch flew down to the tray of printed cards before the door. One of these cards the bird seized in its bill and the Italian signified to his fair client she should take it. She took it and fled—not even stopping to read, says the New York Times, but, nevertheless, convinced that the story of her future was in her grasp. Turning into 5th avenue she smoothed out the crumpled card and scanned it eagerly. Then she flushed with anger. The legend on the card as follows:

"Your Future Is Bright. You Will Be the Father OF A GREAT POET."

Shelard's shortest night is five hours, but her longest is over eighteen hours. The greyhound, which can cover a mile in 1m. 28s., is the fastest of quadrupeds. In both the provinces of Ontario and Quebec the birth rate is steadily decreasing. The Chinese have the idea that milk revives the youthful powers, and that it has special virtue as winter food for old people. The first salt was produced in this country prior to 1620, and in the various reports of the federal census mention is made of not less than thirty-two States in which salt has at some period been produced in considerable quantities. In 1890 Utah produced 233,871 barrels of salt, equivalent to 1,178,355 bushels, nearly all of which was made by solar evaporation. There is a railway over the Egyptian desert which runs for forty-five miles in a straight line, but this is easily beaten in Australia. The railway from Nyngan to Bourke, in New South Wales, runs over a plain, which is as level as a billiard table, for 120 miles in a mathematically straight line. There is hardly an embankment, nowhere a curve, and only three very slight elevations. A bet was recently made by a man who asserted that the Tremont building in Boston covered more ground than is included in the Granary burying ground, next adjacent. The business' books show that the Tremont building stands upon 25,400 square feet of land valued at \$1,104,000, while the Granary burying ground contains 87,900 square feet, assessed at \$2,725,000. The King's Chapel cemetery has 19,200 feet of land worth \$200,000, and the lot upon which King's Chapel is situated has a value of nearly \$1,000,000.

Marriage brokers are a regular institution in Italy. In Genoa there are several marriage brokers, who have pocketbooks filled with the names of marriageable girls of the different classes, with notes of their figures, personal attractions, fortune and other circumstances. These brokers go about endeavoring to arrange matrimonial alliances in the same offhand mercantile manner which they would bring to bear upon a purely business transaction, and when they succeed they get a commission of two or three per cent upon the dowry, with such extras of bonuses as may be voluntarily bestowed by the party.

Changed His Mind in a Hurry.

The army department telegraphed to an officer in San Francisco who had been ordered to the Philippines: "You can go to New York and sail on transport that goes by Suez if you choose." The answer was sent back: "Would prefer to cross the Pacific direct."

Then the department wired him: "Transport will make good time. Has sixty women school teachers aboard." The young lieutenant answered: "Save me a berth on transport."

QUEER STORIES

Irving Bachelier, the scene of whose stories is laid in the north country around the St. Lawrence River, gave, at a meeting not long ago, a humorous and pathetic sketch of the degeneration of a once prosperous country. The Bookman quotes the dialogue which Mr. Bachelier described himself as holding with a seedy man sitting on a dilapidated doorstep.

"Glad to see ye," said he. "Thanks," said I. "We've heard about you," said he, "and they say you done noble."

"Well, and how are you?" said I. "Porely," said he. "How's that?" said I. "Jest makin' a bare livin'," said he. "Why don't you go away?" said I. "Can't," said he. "Why not?" said I. "Mortgaged," said he. "That's bad," said I. "Tis," said he. "You don't seem to have much to live for," said I. "Don't want to live," said he. "You might die," said I. "Can't," said he. "Why not?" said I. "Mortgaged," said he.

Bearing Reverses. As a rule, women bear fortune's reverses better than men. A woman performs little acts of self-denial as a matter of course; she gives up her own personal luxuries, or even necessities without comment or complaint; therefore her deeds of unselfishness often escape notice. The average man cannot do this. He may relinquish some big thing without a growl; his conduct in a great renunciation may be characterized by the same exemplary patience which marks women at a time, but should the string of unaccustomed poverty be so severe as to take from him any of the trifles which he treats as a matter of course, he becomes morose, and his temper suffers in consequence.

The Welsh Language. At a recent elisteddop at Dolgelly, Wales, one of the principal speakers stated that in 1871 as many as 1,000,000 persons spoke Welsh, but in 1891 the number had fallen to 611,280—a decrease of 38,811, though the population had meanwhile increased.

A week after the funeral, the bereaved husband attracts no more attention than a bridegroom a week after the ceremony.