

HERR STEINHARDT'S NEMESIS

BY J. MACLAREN COBBAN.

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

"What is it?" he demanded; his tone was not loud, but his eyes seemed standing out as with suppressed rage—"what is it you are together for? What can you do? You have nothing!—money, influence, nothing!"

"No, 'Mannel,' said Birley; "you've grabbed them all."

"Is it," said he, glaring at me, "that you—a beggarly creature!—want, expect to marry an heiress, the heiress of an old family? I have said before that she is not an heiress—that she has no money, and that she is not for you, sir!"

"I have reason," I said, "to believe that Herr Steinhardt does not always speak the truth."

"You! You are insolent as well! An insolent beggar is not to be borne! And so you have got, too, this reckless old man to bet you in your tricks and schemes! What for is it," he demanded of Birley, "that you have set yourself to go against me in this?"

"Partly, 'Mannel,' answered Birley, "because I have gradually got convinced you are the biggest villain un-hung, and partly because I like this lad 'Ewin.' As for tricks and schemes—"

"Piff! You are foolish as well as reckless."

"I say, as for tricks and schemes I may have an account to settle with you of that sort, before I have done, but not tonight."

"Not tonight! After tonight you will be more completely nothing than you have been yet! I will destroy you both! You shall be beggars both, without hope, without reputation!"

"These are brave words, 'Mannel,' and I know you will carry them out, if you can; I know you can make me a beggar, but I think 'Ewin' is pretty fit to give an account of himself yet, and of you, too, 'Mannel,' if it comes to that. But, see, you'd better go home, for it's Sunday morning, and you're frightening the poor girl there."

This careless dismissal must have been especially exasperating to a man like Steinhardt. He was almost beside himself, yet he still held his fury down.

"You are beggars, sneaks and cowards both!" he exclaimed.

"Nay, but," said Birley, now roused, and approaching to urge the necessity of a speedy departure, "if we begin calling names we may have the better of it, but not tonight. Come, 'Mannel,' you must go!"

He was reluctantly withdrawing, when he and we also were startled by Louise exclaiming with outstretched hands—

"Where is my father, you wicked man? What have you done with him? Where have you put him?"

He paused a moment to look at her face, and then turned again to look at his.

"The girl is gone mad!" he said.

"Does she think I am her father's keeper? Where have I put him! Have I got him in my pocket do you think?"

The knowledge of this, it may be guessed, did not make me feel any the less bitterly toward Steinhardt.

CHAPTER XIV.

On Monday morning the whole neighborhood was alive with the news that Herr Birley was to be sold. An execution had been put into his house under a bill of sale, and an agent or auctioneer person (acting of course by instruction) had stuck notices announcing a sale of "furniture and effects" on boards in the front-garden. Steinhardt knew there would be no redemption of the bill, but in his haste to be as peremptory with his old friend as possible he had overlooked the fact that by an act which had come in force in the beginning of that year, he was bound to give Birley five days' opportunity to pay off the bill. Birley, therefore, plucked up the notice boards and threw them into the lane, and then went and talked to the man in possession.

But that afternoon I had business of my own on hand: I had determined to settle to my own satisfaction the exact spot indicated by Fraulein Haas's vision as that where Steinhardt's remains were interred. I mentioned the ruined mill in the beginning of this story, which occupied a peninsula formed by a curve of the stream. More than one of its walls had fallen, but I had particularly noticed frequently in passing, and had wondered at one wall which lay as flat as the walls of Jericho; it seemed from the public side of the stream to cohere as completely as when it had been standing, except at its outer edges where the bricks were broken and dislocated. This I suspected was the wall; and I was resolved to visit it to see whether I could make sure my suspicion was correct.

To get to the mill I had to pass round to the head of the peninsula (I wondered whether Steinhardt had taken that route on his journey with his horrible burden, or whether he had boldly forded the stream opposite one of the side gates to the grounds of his works). This led me between two old rattling mills of some sort, past piles of lumber—broken wagons and fragments of old machinery rusted away—past some flourishing pigsties, constructed of old boards and old sacks. I had to pick my way very carefully, for it was beset with gullies and holes worn out by rain torrents, and with encroachments of cinders and "clinkers." At length I came out upon the open space round the mill. I approached the wall with a shuddering but fascinated sense. In the middle of it, toward the edge which had been the top, was a bolted iron plate, answering exactly to the requirements of Fraulein Haas's vision.

My eye was at once attracted to a part of the wall, near its base, which was altogether unlike the rest. Most of the wall was as bare of anything like vegetation as a mill-wall commonly is, but this part was covered with a fine yellowish-green fungus on the bricks, and grass in the mortar of the interstices. This, I was satisfied, was the spot. Under these bricks had lain, for a night or two, the mangled remains of the unfortunate Laocoeus, probably at no great depth; hence the sagacious of Steinhardt to cover them with so widespread a tomb-slab as this fallen wall, and hence, also, probably, this traitorous growth of green. As I looked, I wondered how much Steinhardt would give now to be able to move his Ti-

tanic tombstone and remove his dead! The wall was so secure a covering! It was the grand mistake of a strong, enormous and original criminal!—the enormous blunder of the bold, uncompromising villain, entirely confident in his security against every risk of discovery!

I hurriedly withdrew to consider my course of action. I began to find that I was in an awkward dilemma. My promise to Fraulein Haas forbade a public examination of that spot, yet how could I promise to Louise, that her father's remains should be properly interred—how could that be fulfilled without the discovery becoming public? There was another point which gave me pause—suppose this rude grave broken into, and its contents identified as the remains of Mr. Laocoeus; how could I show that Steinhardt had buried them? How, then, to could I bring the crime home so as to move him as I desired?

I resolved to go to Freeman, and talk the difficulty over with him. I had seen little of my friend since his return from London; he had been much from home on some business of his denomination. He did not even know yet of the successful result of our inquiry upon old Jaques.

I found him in his study, in which he was always most at ease. In accordance with his request I "posted" him "up to date" in my doings and discoveries—from the finding of the French papers in Jacques's cottage, through the revelations at Basel, to the discovery I had made a few minutes before. He was most impressed with my account of the visions of Fraulein Haas. He was something of a mystic, of the pseudo-scientific kind well known in these latter days, and he would turn his attention to no other point till he had found an explanation of the Fraulein's experiences. His explanation at least satisfied himself, and it certainly was very plausible. He described the phenomena as "magnetic clairvoyance." Here, said he, were two people who had at one time been deeply interested in each other, one of whom (the more sympathetic subject) still thought much of the other; the one was highly nervous, the other was strong-willed. An extraordinary difficulty, in which he had to put a resolute strain upon all his resources of mind and body and memory. In his casting about in his excited mood for aid to remove his difficulty, he might well have thought, "If she were here—she who has been of all beings the most devoted to me—O! if I were only with her, rid of this horrible business!" This strong wishing, this "reaching out of spirit" for her, would sink to a mere nothing when the difficulty of the time was once settled, and the bond of attraction would sink loose and lifeless, till it was drawn tense again, and thrilled again with vigor when his need of her returned upon him with a new difficulty. This would account for Fraulein Haas's feeling of being drawn as if away from herself at those times when she had her visions.

This explanation made, he was ready to turn with me to more pressing points. He could not see, however, any more than I could, that I was at present likely to effect any result with Steinhardt by private threats of the disclosure of my knowledge, by anything, indeed, but a public investigation—and even that might do little more than create a public scandal.

"You see," said Freeman, "you have absolutely nothing yet of a reliable kind that can point even circumstantially to Steinhardt as the murderer."

I could not but agree with him, and assent to his advice to "wait." In the meantime Steinhardt must be permitted to pursue his vindictive conduct toward our dear old friend Birley, and his chances of causing further annoyance and anxiety to Miss Laocoeus. Our helplessness in the matter chafed severely both Freeman and myself.

"Is there no way at all," I exclaimed, "but the way of evidence to bring the crime home to him? To really satisfy ourselves that the crime is his, and to make him feel that we know it is?"

"Have you any objection," said he, "to my anticipating I would have none, to take my wife into counsel. She sometimes has a clear idea in her head."

I said I certainly would like Mrs. Freeman to consult with us, and in a few moments she was sitting opposite me. I told her the whole matter, and pointed out the difficulty of the situation.

"So," said she, "you want to get at some way of bringing it home to him, do you say? If so, you could only hit upon something like Hamlet's play to catch the King."

"Ah, yes, Hamlet!" we both exclaimed.

This was our first formative hint, and I need not describe in detail how from that, through aimless-seeming discussion, and wild suggestion of one sort and another, a plan was at length developed. I shall but state the result.

Friday and Saturday of that very week were the days of what are known as Timperley Wakes. They had in the past, I understood, been celebrated with wild orgies of drinking, "mumming," and dancing round and through bonfires. But this "passing through the fire to Moloch" was no longer a pastime of the people; it had become the dull daily occupation of their lives. The only orgies now known were drinking and fighting, and spending small sums at the booths of the fair. The church had for some years exerted itself to provide for some recreation for some at least of the people. In accordance with this usage there was advertised for Friday evening a mild tea entertainment, to be followed by "Grand Dissolving Views," which last Freeman had learned would be shown by a fine new magic lantern Steinhardt had just presented to the Sunday-school. Steinhardt was going to honor the affair with his presence. Our plan then was this: I would contrive through the new curate (whose acquaintance I had already made) to get a sight of the magic lantern and judge of the size of its slides; I would straightway go into the town and buy a certain number of blank slides of that size. On these Mrs. Freeman, who had a knack of such things, would paint the chief scenes of our tragedy. I must then prevail upon the curate, or upon whatever person I could learn was to have the management of the lantern, to introduce them in order at the end of the exhibition.

HUMOR OF THE WEEK

to carry out our plan with success demanded dispatch. I discovered that very evening, by going casually into my landlady's kitchen, that her heroic son was going to have charge of the magic lantern, he was at that moment busily making acquaintance with it. The rest of my task was therefore easy.

(To be continued.)

THERE WAS A MISTAKE.

Why the Colonel Stopped His Score of Chimens at Five.

"I had read," said the colonel, as he was relating some of his experiences in China, "that if a person fell into the water no one could pull him out, holding that his falling in was a decree of Providence that must not be interfered with."

"One day, on one of the canals, I stumbled and went overboard, and, although there were twelve boatmen, not one of them would extend me a hand. After a close shave, as I cannot swim, I got aboard again, and as soon as I recovered my breath I yelled at the boatman:

"You infernal scoundrel, why didn't you help me out?"

"It was your fate to fall in," he calmly replied.

"And it's your fate to take a good licking," I said. "I went for you."

"When I had finished him off I took another, and I was just polishing off my fifth victim when the sixth man halted me to say:

"There seems to be a mistake here. We are taught that if a person falls into the water he must save himself, or drown, but we are not taught that if he brand means a different kind of tobacco. As a matter of fact, 150 is an outside estimate of the different kinds of tobacco that can be procured from all sources, and even experts can't tell some of these apart."

Cigar Brands.

There are between 1,500,000 and 2,000,000 brands of cigars sold in this country, and your average smoker thinks that he is smoking a different kind of tobacco. As a matter of fact, 150 is an outside estimate of the different kinds of tobacco that can be procured from all sources, and even experts can't tell some of these apart.

Advantages of Matrimony.

Friend—Did you lose anything in the Bustall bank?

Depositor—Not a cent.

Friend—Well, if you know the thing was going up why didn't you say so?

"I didn't know. I had to go off on business, so I left my wife to blank checks. She went shopping."—New York Weekly.

Like Master, Like Man.

"A mule," said Mr. Erastus Pinkley, "is sho' one er de meanes' animals dat walks on feet."

"Das so," answered Mr. Cassius Colliflower, "but when you considers some of de human folks he has to work for you can't so much blame de mule."—Washington Star.

Uterior Motive.

Citizen—How do you like your new suburban place? Are the neighbors sociable?

Subj.—They weren't until yesterday, when all the men near by came over and introduced themselves.

Citizen—Called at the house in a body, eh?

Subj.—No, I was just going in the gate carrying my new lawn mower at the time.—Philadelphia Press.

Historical Side Light.

Husband (mildly)—You should remember, my dear, that the most patient person that ever lived was a man.

Wife (impatiently)—Oh, don't talk to me about the patience of that man Job. Just think of the patience poor Mrs. Job must have had to enable her to put up with such a man!—Chicago News.

A Poor Spiel.

"This is a picture hat," said the fond wife, showing her husband the new piece of millinery.

"Picture hat?" murmured the gentle husband, moodily gazing at the bill which had accompanied it. "It must be by one of the old masters."—Baltimore American.

A Winner.

La Montt—Tibbets is original. He was afraid to approach the old miler for his daughter's hand, so he wrote a postal.

La Moyné—Of course he got turned down?

La Montt—Not at all. The old miler said any one as economical as Tibbets deserved his daughter's hand.

He Had a Conscience.

Husband—I think we had better give our pew in church during the summer months, my dear.

Wife—Why should we do that?

Husband—Well, I'm going into the ice business, and if there is one thing I detest more than another it is a hypocrite.

Only Possible.

"It would be a funny trick on J. P. Morgan."

"What would?"

"Why, if by the time he bought every ship on the Atlantic we should start to travel by airship."—Chicago News.

Old Geography of Illinois.

Illinois is always classed as a Northern State, which is proper, for its northern boundary is on the same parallel as Windsor, Canada. In spite of this classification, however, Cairo, at the southern extremity of the State, lies on the thirty-seventh parallel of latitude, and this parallel forms the northern boundary of Texas, Indian Territory, Oklahoma, New Mexico, and Arizona. It runs through the State of Virginia, near Fortress Monroe, and cuts the State of Kentucky forty miles north of Tennessee, and Arkansas, Cairo is seventy-five miles south of Frankfort and Louisville, in Kentucky, and is over a hundred miles south of Covington, in the same State. While Illinois is truly Northern, it extends into the very heart of the South.

By Papa's System.

"How many quarts in a gallon?" asked the teacher.

"Six," answered the little son of the market man.

"No, no, Johnny. Only four."

"Hub, I guess I've seen 'em sell enough strawberries to know."—Baltimore American.

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS

Slow Progress.

His Dog—How is the courtship getting on?

Her Dog—Not very fast. They still talk about books.

The Higher Card.

Edmonia—Eustacia is so irritating; I showed her my grandfather's clock.

Eleanor—Didn't she admire it?

Edmonia—Oh, yes; but she asked me to come out some time and see her great-grandfather's clock.

Their First Winter.

His Wife—Shouldn't we put something in the advertisement about our reason for selling?

The Suburbanite—Why—er—to be truthful, we might say that we wish to sell on account of the weather.—Puck.

Came Anyway.

Miss De Kolley—It was simply dreadful! When I got ready to come this evening I found I had absolutely nothing to wear!

Old Krustie (after a glance)—So you came anyway!—San Francisco Bulletin.

Nothing to Lose.

Mamma—Why, Willie, you'll make yourself sick. Just as sure as you eat another piece of that pie you'll be sick to-morrow.

Willie—Well, I don't care; to-morrow ain't no holiday.—Philadelphia Press.

The Lease Was Signed.

"But the parlor is so awfully small," said the prospective tenant.

"Yes, and the parlors in the adjoining houses are just as small," replied the agent. "That's the beauty of it."

"That's not much comfort for me."

"Oh, yes. You see, neither of your neighbors has room for a piano."—Philadelphia Press.

An Extreme Case.

Richmond—They say Meekleigh is awfully henpecked.

Bronxborough—I should say he is. Why, it's a positive relief to that man when his mother-in-law comes to visit him.—Judge.

What She Feared.

"You look worried to-night, William," said the rural editor's wife. "Anything wrong?"

"Well, rather," replied the local molder of opinions. "An indignant subscriber came into the office this afternoon and nearly punched the life out of our paper."

"My goodness!" exclaimed the power behind the press. "I hope he didn't stop his paper!"

What He Thought.

Erastus—A lubly book fo' yo' birthday, Miss Irene.

Miss Irene—Who is it by?

Erastus—I ain't got mah spectacles, but it looks laik Ella Squealer's Pillow.

Reasonable Signs.

"I'm in court," reads a card on the lawyer's door; "At the hospital," appears on the doctor's slate; "Be back in an hour," say several more, while others invite one to "sit down and wait."

"Gone to the bank," is the broker's sign; "Back soon," is found on the ice dealer's hook; "Sick in bed," is the dentist's—so says his book.

"Was every where thus, so, with nothing to do, I lied me away to the baseball ground; and there, strange to say, yet none the less true, each of the above in the grand stand I found."

Judging by the Price.

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He-I hear Jeems Johnson is doing a shell game down South.

She-How is dat?

He-Why, he's shelling peanuts.

Wanted a Reduction.

An old colored man meandered into the dental parlor, accompanied by his daughter, who was suffering from an aching molar.

"Mawmaw, boss," began the old man. "Ah done fetched dis hyar gal fer ter hab er tooth yanked out, sah."

"All right, uncle," said the dentist. "Shall I give her gas to deaden the pain?"

"What am dat gas gwine ter cost, sah?" queried the venerable African.

"Fifty cents," replied the tooth carpenter.

"Look hyar, boss, dat am a heap ob money fo' to pay out reckless," said the old fellow. "Kain't yo' all gi' her er teetle gasetline fo' er quarant?"

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LETTERS TO A KING.

Mail Usually Brings About Six Hundred Letters Every Twenty-four Hours—How They Are Read, Sorted, and Finally Disposed Of.

Though the King's daily movements are fully chronicled in the newspapers and the "Court Circular," there are many things his majesty does of which the public has little knowledge. "State business," upon which the King is employed every morning, covers a multitude of urgent matters, from the writing of an autograph letter to a neighboring sovereign to the selection of a coronation design; and there are, of course, numbers of official dispatches which require the royal signature.

It is not generally known, however, that his majesty preserves a careful supervision over the answers which are sent to the hundreds of correspondents daily writing to the King. On an average, the King's daily letter bag contains 600 letters, and about half as many newspapers, books, circulars, etc. Needless to say, this gigantic delivery needs the assistance of a body of private clerks, over whom Sir Francis Knollys, the King's private secretary, exercises control.

All letters and parcels, with the exception of those which are quickly recognized as being "personal to his majesty"—i. e., which contain a distinctive private mark, mutually prearranged, on the envelope or cover—are opened by the secretaries, and distributed in boxes, separately labeled, according to their nature and contents. These boxes are then carefully examined and checked by Sir Francis Knollys, and those letters of an urgent character requiring the consideration of his majesty are retained by the private secretary and are laid before the King, who indicates in a few words his pleasure concerning them.

It is surprising—and has often astonished those in receipt of replies—how rapidly an answer is dispatched from the royal residence. Many a time last correspondent whose letter has been received by Sir Francis Knollys by the first morning delivery, obtained a reply the same night, intimating that the first missive has been "laid before the King." Many letters—those emanating from cranks, faddists and notorious beggars, those making impossible requests and those of a purely commercial character—are never submitted to his majesty, but are either ignored or stereotyped replies are sent, according to the subject of the letter.

The greatest courtesy and delicacy always characterized his majesty's public correspondence, and many instances could be quoted where his secretary has gone out of his way to explain at length the King's objection to some application, or his majesty's reluctance at being unable to comply with some request. Since the new reign began the typewriter has been introduced in the palace, and many replies, formal and otherwise, are now typed in violet ink. In the late reign the private secretaries were supposed to, and actually did, write every letter with their own pens, but when Edward VII. ascended the throne a modern change was quickly introduced, saving a large amount of time and labor.

All sorts of conditions of people write to the King. Many of the envelopes bear no stamps, as if Buckingham Palace were a government office, and some are boldly addressed in a pencil scribble.

The East End postmark is a predominant feature; there are many poor people, who, alas! fondly believe the King can redress their grievances and mitigate their woes by a wave of his hand. It is no secret, however, that in several instances, after discreet inquiries have been made, suffering has been relieved in poor districts as the result of a letter to the King of Queen. Usually the channel of relief is one of the philanthropic societies, of which his majesty is either a patron or interested in, to whose office the deserving letter is privately forwarded.—London Express.

BAD FEATURES OF CIVILIZATION.

It Does Not Insure Good Digestion, Which is the Basis of Health.

Some features of civilized life are not wholesome. It does not insure a perfect digestion, which is the basis of good health, to use West Philadelphia city water. It is not healthful to breathe sewer gas in houses the plumbing of which has been passed by an inspector who receives Christmas gifts from the plumber. There are many other conditions which are not favorable to the best physical health. However, in spite of their drawbacks and disadvantages, there is every warrant to affirm that never has the standard of health, strength and agility been as high as it is to-day. Though an indoor life is vicious in its influence, the men and women of to-day—and especially the women—are capable of a greater physical endurance than has ever been known before. The first and best proof of this is that at the age when our grandfathers and their dames took their places in the chimney corner as capable only of a vegetable existence, the men and women of to-day are at their best, and, as Dr. Stevenson complains, the grandmothers are demanding the right to run for public office, instead of being content to knit stockings. A believer in the physical superiority of the savage brought out the great-grandson of a famous Indian sprinter to pit him against the white runners of the colleges. Even after a systematic training he was beaten by amateurs. His celebrated ancestor had defeated every white runner here and in England, but his record has been surpassed long since.

Life in the open air is necessary to the best health, but there is no reason why the modern conveniences should be abandoned. On every hand are proofs of the physical superiority of the men and women of to-day over the people of any other known period. The rules of wholesome living are better understood and are more generally observed. It needs only for men to refrain from business excesses, from dissipating their energies in the pursuit

POSTMAN'S DAILY DELIVERY AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

of wealth, in order that they may find life well worth living. The too frequent suicide of successful business men may be traced to their long and absolute absorption in the work of money-getting and the discovery that it is profitless and unsatisfactory. The realization of the fact that wealth alone does not bring happiness comes only after it is too late to effect a change. The delusion that there is no more satisfying purpose than the accumulation of money is the chief obstacle in the way of man's happiness.

JEWEL OF A DOMESTIC.

She Did Not Stay Long, but Did Not Steal Anything.

"I imagine people must get tired of hearing their neighbors complain about the question of domestic help," remarked a woman in the government service to a friend.

"I guess they do," acquiesced the friend, "but then you know we all have such troubles, and when we hear others relate their experiences we can say, 'I have troubles of my own.'"

The woman who started the conversation told how many domestics she had employed during a short period of time, and how they had not given satisfaction.

"Finally," she said, "I sought relief by doing what I thought was an act of charity, and at the time getting a woman who I thought would be a jewel. She was a white woman, the first woman of my own color I had ever employed."

This woman, she explained, was taken from an institution where a great amount of charity is done. She was given the best room in the house, and in the morning when breakfast was over she banded up the dishes in a hurry and gave the appearance of being a willing and rapid worker. In the afternoon when her employer returned home the dishes were still piled where she had seen them in the morning. The washbowl, boiler and irons had been used by the woman, who had evidently washed and ironed her own garments and departed. On the table was a note which read: "My dear Mrs. —, I found the work was too hard for me. "But she was a jewel, after all," concluded the woman who had been her employer, for so short a time, according to the Washington Star, "for she did not steal anything."

So Sweetly Innocent.

He had been to the boarding school to pay a surprise visit to his daughter, his only child. He had parted from her, proud to be the parent of such a handsome maiden, pleased with the innocence of budding womanhood. The principal accompanied him to the door.

"Madam," he said, with deep feeling, "I owe you much for the manner in which you have reared my child since she has been under your care. When I notice the contrast between that innocent maiden and some of the girls of her age, who have not had the advantage of such strict supervision, I feel that I have indeed done wisely in placing her in your charge."

"And how proud you must be," said the principal, glowing with satisfaction, "to be the father of so large and devoted a family."

"Large—devoted!" gasped the proud parent. "What do you mean?"

"Devoted to each other," said the principal. "No fewer than seven of Clara's brothers have been here during the past three weeks to take her out, and she is expecting another to-morrow."—London Tit-Bits.

Eat Parsley After Onions.

It will be information to a good many readers that by eating parsley after onions one may prevent the offensive breath which otherwise follows indulgence in the fearful vegetable. This information comes from a restaurateur, who says:

"Yes, you may eat a bushel of onions and a little parsley taken afterward will leave you so that Sherlock Holmes himself would be unable to say what you had been feeding on. That is the truth, and I wish more people were aware of it. For onions, which are the most wholesome things in the world, would be as popular as they are wholesome if this matter of the parsley were more widely known. Another thing, old cheese, melted slightly, makes induce pig digestible. You may be a confirmed dyspeptic, but if you will spread on the top crust of your mince pie a thin layer of rich old English cheese, I promise that you may eat the pastry without any afterthought of remorse and pain."—Chicago Chronicle.

Trouble of the Globe.

"My lord," asked Shakespeare, as he and Bacon strolled out of the Globe foyer and sat down in the box office to watch the treasurer count up, "why are my writings known as 'lays,' while yours are called 'works'?"

"Give it up, Will," said Sir Francis, "unless it is, because my writings always fit the case."

"Naw!" snuffed the hard of Avon, "it's because you think they're stem winders."

Annoyed at this sally, Lord Bacon remarked that he didn't like to be hit by a ham, but Shakespeare retorted that a Bacon was always pecked at as a ham, and more streaked, and not caring to hear any more samples of Globe repartee the eminent statesman, to get even, went outside and told people that the show was force.—Portland Oregonian.

Whistling Language Used.

The aborigines of the Malabar Islands employ a perfect whistling language, by means of which they can communicate with each other over long distances. A stranger wandering over the islands is frequently surprised to hear from a hilltop the sound of loud whistling, which is quickly repeated on the next hill, and so is carried from summit to summit until it dies away in the distance.

American Looms Abroad.

American ribbon looms are being imported by Swiss manufacturers. These looms are much more expensive than those made in Switzerland, even leaving freight and duties out of account, but the manufacturers find it profitable to use them because of their great solidity of construction and the much larger amount of work they do.

A boy is usually ready to eat every time he stops playing.

LETTERS TO A KING.

Mail Usually Brings About Six Hundred Letters Every Twenty-four Hours—How They Are Read, Sorted, and Finally Disposed Of.

Though the King's daily movements are fully chronicled in the newspapers and the "Court Circular," there are many things his majesty does of which the public has little knowledge. "State business," upon which the King is employed every morning, covers a multitude of urgent matters, from the writing of an autograph letter to a neighboring sovereign to the selection of a coronation design; and there are, of course, numbers of official dispatches which require the royal signature.

It is not generally known, however, that his majesty preserves a careful supervision over the answers which are sent to the hundreds of correspondents daily writing to the King. On an average, the King's daily letter bag contains 600 letters, and about half as many newspapers, books, circulars, etc. Needless to say, this gigantic delivery needs the assistance of a body of private clerks, over whom Sir Francis Knollys, the King's private secretary, exercises control.

All letters and parcels, with the exception of those which are quickly recognized as being "personal to his majesty"—i. e., which contain a distinctive private mark, mutually prearranged, on the envelope or cover—are opened by the secretaries, and distributed in boxes, separately labeled, according to their nature and contents. These boxes are then carefully examined and checked by Sir Francis Knollys, and those letters of an urgent character requiring the consideration of his majesty are retained by the private secretary and are laid before the King, who indicates in a few words his pleasure concerning them.

It is surprising—and has often astonished those in receipt of replies—how rapidly an answer is dispatched from the royal residence. Many a time last correspondent whose letter has been received by Sir Francis Knollys by the first morning delivery, obtained a reply the same night, intimating that the first missive has been "laid before the King." Many letters—those emanating from cranks, faddists and notorious beggars, those making impossible requests and those of a purely commercial character—are never submitted to his majesty, but are either ignored or stereotyped replies are sent, according to the subject of the letter.

The greatest courtesy and delicacy always characterized his majesty's public correspondence, and many instances could be quoted where his secretary has gone out of his way to explain at length the King's objection to some application, or his majesty's reluctance at being unable to comply with some request. Since the new reign began the typewriter has been introduced in the palace, and many replies, formal and otherwise, are now typed in violet ink. In the late reign the private secretaries were supposed to, and actually did, write every letter with their own pens, but when Edward VII. ascended the throne a modern change was quickly introduced, saving a large amount of time and labor.

All sorts of conditions of people write to the King. Many of the envelopes bear no stamps, as if Buckingham Palace were a government office, and some are boldly addressed in a pencil scribble.

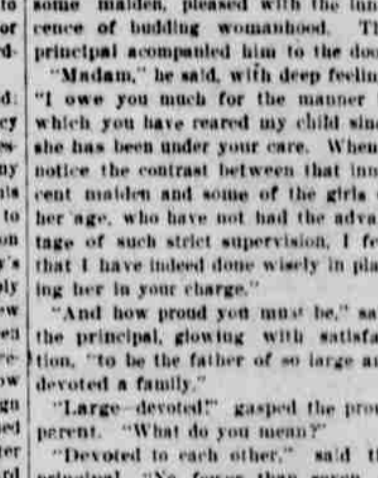
The East End postmark is a predominant feature; there are many poor people, who, alas! fondly believe the King can redress their grievances and mitigate their woes by a wave of his hand. It is no secret, however, that in several instances, after discreet inquiries have been made, suffering has been relieved in poor districts as the result of a letter to the King of Queen. Usually the channel of relief is one of the philanthropic societies, of which his majesty is either a patron or interested in, to whose office the deserving letter is privately forwarded.—London Express.

BAD FEATURES OF CIVILIZATION.

It Does Not Insure Good Digestion, Which is the Basis of Health.

Some features of civilized life are not wholesome. It does not insure a perfect digestion, which is the basis of good health, to use West Philadelphia city water. It is not healthful to breathe sewer gas in houses the plumbing of which has been passed by an inspector who receives Christmas gifts from the plumber. There are many other conditions which are not favorable to the best physical health. However, in spite of their drawbacks and disadvantages, there is every warrant to affirm that never has the standard of health, strength and agility been as high as it is to-day. Though an indoor life is vicious in its influence, the men and women of to-day—and especially the women—are capable of a greater physical endurance than has ever been known before. The first and best proof of this is that at the age when our grandfathers and their dames took their places in the chimney corner as capable only of a vegetable existence, the men and women of to-day are at their best, and, as Dr. Stevenson complains, the grandmothers are demanding the right to run for public office, instead of being content to knit stockings. A believer in the physical superiority of the savage brought out the great-grandson of a famous Indian sprinter to pit him against the white runners of the colleges. Even after a systematic training he was beaten by amateurs. His celebrated ancestor had defeated every white runner here and in England, but his record has been surpassed long since.

Life in the open air is necessary to the best health, but there is no reason why the modern conveniences should be abandoned. On every hand are proofs of the physical superiority of the men and women of to-day over the people of any other known period. The rules of wholesome living are better understood and are more generally observed. It needs only for men to refrain from business excesses, from dissipating their energies in the pursuit



He-I hear Jeems Johnson is doing a shell game down South.

She-How is dat?

He-Why, he's shelling peanuts.

Wanted a Reduction.

An old colored man meandered into the dental parlor, accompanied by his daughter, who was suffering from an aching molar.

"Mawmaw, boss," began the old man. "Ah done fetched dis hyar gal fer ter hab er tooth yanked out, sah."

"All right, uncle," said the dentist. "Shall I give her gas to deaden the pain?"

"What am dat gas gwine ter cost, sah?" queried the venerable African.

"Fifty cents," replied the tooth carpenter.

"Look hyar, boss, dat am a heap ob money fo' to pay out reckless," said the old fellow. "Kain't yo' all gi' her er teetle gasetline fo' er quarant?"

Uterior Motive.

Citizen—How do you like your new suburban place? Are the neighbors sociable?

Subj.—They weren't until yesterday, when all the men near by came over and introduced themselves.

Citizen—Called at the house in a body, eh?

Subj.—No, I was just going in the gate carrying my new lawn mower at the time.—Philadelphia Press.

Historical Side Light.

Husband (mildly)—You should remember, my dear, that the most patient person that ever lived was a man.

Wife (impatiently)—Oh, don't talk to me about the patience of that man Job. Just think of the patience poor Mrs. Job must have had to enable her to put up with such a man!—Chicago News.

A Poor Spiel.

"This is a picture hat," said the fond wife, showing her husband the new piece of millinery.

"Picture hat?" murmured the gentle husband, moodily gazing at the bill which had accompanied it. "It must be by one of the old masters."—Baltimore American.

A Winner.

La Montt—Tibbets is original. He was afraid to approach the old miler for his daughter's hand, so he wrote a postal.

La Moyné—Of course he got turned down?

La Montt—Not at all. The old miler said any one as economical as Tibbets deserved his daughter's hand.

He Had a Conscience.

Husband—I think we had better give our pew in church during the summer months, my dear.

Wife—Why should we do that?

Husband—Well, I'm going into the ice business, and if there is one thing I detest more than another it is a hypocrite.

Only Possible.

"It would be a funny trick on J. P. Morgan."

"What would?"

"Why, if by the time he bought every ship on the Atlantic we should start to travel by airship."—Chicago News.

Old Geography of Illinois.

Illinois is always classed as a Northern State, which is proper, for its northern boundary is on the same parallel as Windsor, Canada. In spite of this classification, however, Cairo, at the southern extremity of the State, lies on the thirty-seventh parallel of latitude, and this parallel forms the northern boundary of Texas, Indian Territory, Oklahoma, New Mexico, and Arizona. It runs through the State of Virginia, near Fortress Monroe, and cuts the State of Kentucky forty miles north of Tennessee, and Arkansas, Cairo is seventy-five miles south of Frankfort and Louisville, in Kentucky, and is over a hundred miles south of Covington, in the same State. While Illinois is truly Northern, it extends into the very heart of the South.

By Papa's System.

"How many quarts in a gallon?" asked the teacher.

"Six," answered the little son of the market man.

"No, no, Johnny. Only four."

"Hub, I guess I