

HERR STEINHARDT'S NEMESIS

BY J. MACLAREN COBBAN.

CHAPTER XIV—Continued.

I had much ado to keep quiet, but I did manage to hold my tongue. I had my eyes fixed on him, however; as he again turned to go, his eyes encountered mine, and, I thought, fell before them. In a moment we heard the door slam behind him, and Louise sank sobbing into a chair. It took all Birley's efforts and mine to calm her. I think I must have become very much engrossed with my own efforts, for when at length Louise sat composed and I turned to Birley, Birley was gone.

"You will not leave me," she said, laying her hand on mine, "till he comes back."

That touch precipitated feeling in me, and the confession which I had not intended I should make for some time yet. Considering the highly wrought condition of the nerves of both of us, I do not think it is surprising that we should then have opened our hearts to each other.

"I wish," I said, "that I need never leave your side again."

On an impulse of shyness she tried to withdraw her hand, but I kept it and she let it stay.

"Louise," I said, "do you know what that man meant when he accused me of seeking to marry an heiress?"

"Yes," she said, with hanging head (the beautiful head), "I think I do. He said something of the same to me at Blackpool."

"And do you think," I urged, "that if I told that heiress how I loved her, how I had loved her and thought of her from the first moment I had seen her, before I guessed that she might be an heiress—do you think if I said that, it would only be because I expected she would be rich one day?"

"Oh, I do not think that at all!" But, she said, looking up with a bright, uncertain smile (which was so winning!—so ravishing!) "but I am not an heiress."

"You guess, then, it is you I would say this to?—that it is you I love and have ever thought of?"

She trembled violently (dear fluttered heart!) but I still held her hand.

"I did not guess," she murmured, "until he made me think so."

"What, dear?" I urged.

"Then I—I think," she faltered, "I began to—Do not make me say it!"

"To love me a little!" I asked.

"Do, do say it."

"Yes," she whispered. Her face was hid against my shoulder, and my arms were about her before she added—"but not little—very much!"

It was some moments before either of us spoke again.

"Do you think," she said at length, "it is right that we should have done these things at such a time?—when we do not yet know anything certain about my dear, dear father?"

"Louise," I answered, "darling, I would, you know, save you the smallest pang of pain. But I think I ought to say at once, dear, that you must give up the hope that you have clung to, I know, in secret, that you might after all find your father alive. He does not live, I am sure now—indeed I may say I am as good as know where he lies buried, though I must not tell you more at present. All we can hope to do then, darling, is to give him a decent resting place. Then we shall go away out of this terrible region of money grubbing, of horrible toiling and mulling in smoke and steam and poisonous vapors, where the eye cannot rest upon a single spot of nature un-abused—we shall go away to a place where the people are poorer and milder, where we may see clear skies and pure water, and trees and flowers bright and wholesome. Won't that be a welcome change?—and to get away from the constant talk of 'brass'?"

"Oh, yes," she exclaimed, "that will be sweet. Let us go—do let us go as soon as ever all things are settled, and we have done something for our dear uncle Birley! We shall do something for him—shall we not?"

We were thus talking when "Uncle Birley" came in. He probably unsuspected the understanding we had come to, but, like a kind and discreet old gentleman as he is, he said nothing then.

"Wondered where I've been, have you? Well, lad, I've just walked down to thy lodgings to tell th' old woman she may go to bed, for thour't to stay here the rest of this night—the last night but one, very likely, that I shall be here myself!"

A tear glistened in his eye, and a lump rose in his throat; but, after a momentary pause, he talked on, and these signs of emotion disappeared.

We soon went to bed, but I think no one of the three slept much.

In the course of an intimate talk with Louise which I had that Sunday I learned how near I had been to losing her while she was at Blackpool, where her vigilant duenna had been a hard, faithful old German servant of Steinhardt's. It was only gradually that I got to know all the anxiety, and even terror, of those days of detention and surveillance, but that day I heard to my horror that the poor girl had been so wrought upon by Steinhardt's representations of her duty to her father, of the heinousness of refusing to fulfill what (Steinhardt declared) had been his frequently expressed wish, that she was on the point of accepting Frank for a husband, when he and his father were called away, the one home and the other to London.

CHAPTER XV.

As I recall the final episode of my story so far as they concern the arch-villain Steinhardt, I am so affected with a shuddering horror that I scarce write legibly. Yet they have such a fascination that I am drawn to the description of them, to the risk of omitting one or two matters of quieter interest, which are yet vital to my story. These I must dispose of. Wednesday and Thursday passed away, and the Friday arrived, which to think of even now makes me tremble. It was a daring experiment we were about to attempt, and so very little would make it

ridiculous! I had taken partly to my confidence the big son of the landlady (a staunch Lancashire lad of the old breed). With him I went through the slides of my story several times, and showed him how to manage them with effect.

The evening came and I was almost sinking under excitement. The place of entertainment was that public hall in which Freeman had delivered his famous lecture. The kind of thing was rather new in the village, and there was a crowded attendance of work people, especially of Steinhardt's own. Steinhardt, with his wife and son, sat right in front, where the reflection from the sheet fell full upon him.

When the lights were turned, some out and others low, Freeman and I crept up behind the sheet, where I waited with trembling pulse and sudden creeping chills till the, to me, uninteresting part of the entertainment came to an end. The curate acted as lecturer, and explained with fluency what the views meant, or told something about the places represented. I cannot tell what it was about. At length his series of views and his lecture were finished.

There was a moment's pause—to me a wild throb of anxiety—and then the bass voice of the manager of the lantern boomed forth the announcement: "A Lancashire Mystery." Without another word the first picture came upon the sheet (I crept to its corner to watch Steinhardt). It was two men in an attitude of quarrel, surrounded by colored vapors. The second followed quickly without a word of explanation; the same two men—the one half suffocated, struggling to get out of a vat or bath of vapors, while the other, with mouth muffled, held him down. Still no word of explanation. Rapidly came the third picture—the man one lying dead and dyed before the other, and beside an open box. Awful whis-pers began to stir among the spectators, who were the more impressed no doubt by the silence amid which the pictures appeared. I ventured to peep at Steinhardt; he was gazing fixedly, with parted lips. The fourth picture called forth an instantaneous cry of "Blackpool!"

"What man, who stooped over it. I fancied that at this sight I heard a low moan from the front bench, but on glancing at Steinhardt I saw him sitting as before, as if fixed as much by utter astonishment as by horror. The next picture rapidly blotted out the grotesqueness of the other; the portions of the body lay wrapped in three canvas packages, and the man stood by as if pondering. Quickly came the next; the man digging near a ruined building, with the three packages by him. "Th' owd spinning mill!" some one exclaimed aloud; I had not thought the resemblance was so recognizable. That was almost immediately succeeded by the same view of the mill, with the packages gone, the hole covered in, and the man standing as if pulling a rope which passed over the top of the wall.

"The devil!" exclaimed Steinhardt, starting suddenly to his feet. But he recollected himself, and sat down again.

At once the last picture of all flashed upon the sheet; the wall lay flat on the ground, and the man stood by with the loose rope in his hand!

Up started Steinhardt, and strode down the room, amid an ominous silence, to where the big Dick stood by his apparatus.

"Where the devil," I heard him exclaim, "did those horrible pictures come from? They were not among the lot I bought! Come, no—no nonsense! You must tell me where you got them. Who gave them to you?"

There was now a wild hubbub of talk. Dick, I was sure, had refused to tell him anything about them. In the midst of this the lights flashed forth again, and the people began slowly to disperse, with hushed but earnest speech. Freeman and I slipped out by a side door.

I went straight to Jaques's cottage. There I found Birley. In low, anxious voices we began to discuss what would be (meaning Steinhardt) do now. Louise wished she had been there, and Birley had just said it was as well she had not, when a heavy foot rapidly approached, the latch was noisily raised, the door was dashed open, and Steinhardt stood before us.

"Sob!" he exclaimed, glaring at Birley and me, "I have found you, sneaks and cowards! You think with your fool's tricks and your pictures you will annoy me, and spoil me! Piff! You are nothing!—you are beggars!—you are dirt! I will have you, Sir Parson, arrested for making calumnious charges against me!" How in his fury had he committed himself!

"Herr Steinhardt," said I, at once, "the pictures, so far as I heard, were unaccompanied by a single word of comment, except what they drew from the people, and no one could say that the figures represented were likenesses. But your guilty, black heart has charged you. As it says, I say: 'You are the murderer of your partner, Mr. Lacroix, and his remains will now be found securely locked, whence you can't remove them, under that fallen wall!'"

His jaw dropped, and his great body trembled for a moment, then as with a sudden impulse of fury he made as if he would crunch me with a bearish hug, when Birley came between us.

"Come, 'Manuel, none of that. As I told you, you're not yet done with law and Lancashire. You'd better go home, or go to our experiments."

"Fool!" he cried, still glaring at me. "Idiot! What scrap of proof have you of the ridiculous charge you make?"

"For one thing I have proof that Mr. Lacroix, before he went to you at the works, called here to see his old uncle."

"Sob! Has the old idiot found his tongue at last then?"

We were all amazed, Steinhardt as much as any, at the electrical effect of this upon the old man. I had casually noticed throughout the scene that he had eagerly though painfully listened to what I was saying with fright, as if a dead man rise to his feet, when he now rose at once to his full towering height—a height which I could not have con-

ceived he possessed as he reclined huddled in his chair—and, quivering with excitement, strove to give utterance. This he could not do, but with lightning gesture he pointed with outstretched arm to the door. Steinhardt stood and stared open-eyed, when he made as if he would himself compel him to go.

"Go, 'Manuel; go, man!" urged Birley, holding the door open.

Steinhardt went without a word, and the old man fell back in his chair—and was soon rigid in death.

CHAPTER XVI.

Birley remained that night at the cottage. When I left to return to my lodgings I was surprised, even for the moment terrified, to see lights across the stream, hovering about the spot which I knew was the temporary grave of Mr. Lacroix. In the moving lights I presently saw figures; I heard sounds, too—the sounds of a pickaxe.

"They are breaking into the grave!" I exclaimed to myself, and resolved I would go and see.

Hurriedly picked my way round to the place. About the fallen wall—the gigantic tomb-slab of Lacroix, which a brawny pickman, naked to the waist, was hewing at—there stood, in silent, stolid expectation, a crowd of thirty or forty men and lads, with two or three women with shawls over their heads. Many of the men were in the colored garb of the chemical works.

"Pick on that spot where you see the green," I called to the hewer; I had hastily come to the conclusion that since I could not hinder the operations I ought to help.

When I said this they all turned and looked at me.

"You know summat about this, do not you, parson?" asked one.

"Something," said I.

"I'm thinking, Mr. Unwin," said an old man, whom I recognized as the father of the man to whose death bed I had been summoned months before; "I'm thinking this that you're shown tonight in th' pictures is th' same business as my lad raved about."

So my connection with the pictures had been discovered.

In silence the hewer picked the bricks loose, pausing now and then to let a comrade throw the debris aside. Soon a space was cleared, and he began carefully to pick into and loosen the soil. A shovel was brought into requisition, and the earth and rubbish were thrown aside.

As it were oppressed with the spirit of the scene. "I've struck on summat!" exclaimed the hewer, pausing abruptly and speaking in a hurried whisper.

Several hands were now tearing at the soil, and fearfully sounding it. "I feel a clout," whispered one man, and he began to tug at it.

"Ah," I exclaimed in alarm, "you mustn't disturb them—not tonight, at least!"

"Yes, parson," said the man, "but we mun. We mun see which on us it is his done for like this. There's Jim Riley gone missing, and Job Kershaw."

(To be continued.)

WANTED TO CLIMB THE GATE.

Story of Secretary Moody and Naughty Boston Woman.

They are telling a story in Washington about the new secretary of the navy. Mr. Moody was riding on one of the Boston surface cars, and was standing on the platform on the side next the gate that protected passengers from cars coming on the other track. A lady—a Boston lady—came to the door of the car, and, as it stopped, started to move toward the gate, which was hidden from her by the man standing before it.

"Other side, please, lady," said the conductor. He was ignored as only a born and bred Bostonian can ignore a man. The lady took another step toward the gate.

"You must get off the other side," said the conductor.

"I wish to get off on this side," came the answer, in tones that congealed the official into momentary silence. Before he could either explain or expostulate, Mr. Moody came to his assistance.

"Stand to one side, gentlemen," he remarked quietly. "The lady wants to climb over the gate."—New York Times.

Sent to Conference Committee.

Gen. Grosvenor had just been telling a story. When he reached the climax he paused expectantly, but nobody laughed. They looked at him in a reproachful manner, and the general, with some irritation, tartly explained the point of the joke. They then laughed, but it was an effort, and Senator Payne said:

"Grosvenor, you are deteriorating. Formerly anyone could see your jokes after one application."

"Yes," replied the crestfallen Grosvenor, abjectly, "and now they have to be sent to a conference committee."—New York Times.

England's Mint.

Some striking details of the operations of the mint are given in the estimate for the coming financial year. The profit on silver and bronze coinage is estimated to be the same as last year, namely, 800,000 pounds, while the loss on worn coins withdrawn from circulation, is expected to amount to 52,000 pounds, as against 60,000 pounds last year. The gold coinage represents a loss of 5,000 pounds. The costs of preparing and engraving the king's seals is put at 2,000 pounds.—London Daily News.

Where Bronze Is Weak.

An astonishing decrease in the tensile strength and ductility of bronze at temperatures above 400 degrees Fahrenheit has been reported by Prof. C. Bach of Stuttgart. With an alloy of 91 per cent copper, 4 of zinc and 5 of tin, these properties were reduced about 6 per cent at 400 degrees, but about 50 per cent at 600 degrees. This discovery suggests caution in the use of bronze for engine parts in contact with superheated steam.

Spread of Civilization.

The first Tagalog-English and English-Tagalog dictionary has just been completed. It is the work of Dr. Stompe of New York, who worked on the Tagalog grammar before our war with Spain.

NOW A KING IN FACT.

BUT THERE IS NO GOOD REASON TO ENVY ALFONSO.

Threatening Political Situation Confronts Spain's Young Ruler—His Mother's Struggle in His Behalf—He Is Neither Petted Nor Spoiled.

The scepter to which he was born, but which has been withheld from him, has passed into the hands of Alfonso XIII. of Spain. The lad whom the world has pitied, and into whose future it may well look with deep concern, who was fatherless from birth, and whose courageous mother's regency has been full of troubles within and without, who has himself seen his country lose 100,000 square miles of territory and 12,000,000 of population—this boy is now a full-fledged monarch. He has been described as a physical weakling, with corresponding mental insufficiency. Those familiar with his training and acquainted with his personality say this is not true—that he is strong. For his own and his country's sake, it is to be hoped that this is true. No weakling can master the political situation which confronts Alfonso. The country is barely recovering from the recent war with the United States. Discontent and trouble are rampant in every direction. Political strife of vari-



KING ALFONSO AND HIS MOTHER.

ous sorts threatens the public peace. In certain provinces socialism rears its head, menacing the kingdom with disintegration. In practically all of them, labor and social difficulties have reached a degree of intensity bordering on revolution. Socialists, anarchists, republicans and Carlists are ready to seize the first opportunity to overthrow the reigning dynasty. Darker and more threatening than it has been in over a century is the political atmosphere in Spain today.

To fit the youth for his royal duties has been the work of the Queen Regent during the past sixteen years. It has been a gloomy epoch. During the time that Maria Christina has reigned on behalf of her son Spain has lost the last shreds of her once world-wide empire. Spanish military prestige has been destroyed and the burden of defeat weighs heavily upon the proud spirit of the nation. Yet in the midst of all these adverse circumstances the Queen has never for a moment lost sight of the great duty of educating her son for the grave responsibilities of kingship. Through sorrow and uncertainty and in the midst of cruel vicissitudes, she has never flinched. She has rightfully earned the respect and admiration of the whole world. During the years of early childhood all sorts of rumors of the infant King's weakness were current. He was hardly expected to live, yet constant watchfulness pulled him through the dangerous years and unavoidable illnesses to which children are subject. Little by little the people began to see that, in the struggle, the mother was bound to be triumphant. The boy grew daily stronger, and the fears, and to many the hopes, of his early death began to disappear.

Though born to the purple, King Alfonso XIII. was brought up as the child of middle class parents, mindful of his physical development, and surrounded by all the healthful influences of home life. He was kept in the open air and made to exercise his body as much as his years and his strength would permit. His teachers, as such, had over him the authority that teachers have over the son of any gentleman, and his kingly prerogative did not allow him to neglect his work or his studies. Born to command, he was taught to obey, and this system has been followed.

The King, besides Spanish, speaks French, English and German fluently.

St. Lucia's Sulphur Mountains. The island of St. Lucia, not far from Martinique, has a volcano, until lately supposed to be extinct, that is known as the Sulphur Mountain. It has an elevation of 1,000 feet above sea level, while the crater covers about four acres of surface. The sides of this volcano are barren of trees and herbs, and covered by thick deposits of sulphur.

Formerly it belonged to France, and Louis XIV. built, at great expense, an immense sanitarium around the boiling springs on its northern slope, the ruins of which are still standing. It was at the time believed that the waters had certain curative and medicinal qualities, but afterward this was found to be untrue, and the sanitarium remained unattended, and a monument to misplaced and mistaken judgment.

Minnesota Miners. About 40 per cent of the men employed in the Minnesota mines are Poles, another 40 per cent Hungarians, about 8 per cent Italians, and the rest are divided among Americans, Germans, French, Scotch, Welsh and Cornish.

Watchdogs in Louvre. Watchdogs are to be placed on night duty with the watchmen in the Louvre Museum, Paris.

"I dream my stories," said Hicks, the dream. "How you must dread go to bed!" exclaimed Cynicus.—Tit-Bits.

He has had teachers of military science, and in all departments of human knowledge is as proficient as a boy of his years, subject to a most careful training and gifted with a clear intelligence, may be expected to be. His mother has neither petted nor spoiled him.

There is no coronation in Spain, such a custom being foreign to the institutions of the country. The swearing-in ceremony took place in the Chamber of Deputies, where the young King stood on a throne and altar and took the oath. This simple ceremony was followed by a reception at the palace, and in the evening there was a grand ball.

Embarrassing Accuracy.

A certain Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, who had a grown-up daughter, went to live in California, where they rented a small furnished house and engaged a Chinese man-of-all-work. The house was well situated and tastefully furnished, and Wing Lee proved to be a good cook, clean and respectful. As soon as the Andersons were settled the neighbors began to call, and it was then that the fact was discovered that Wing was absolutely devoid of any ideas as to the ushering in or out of guests. So one morning Mr. Anderson and his daughter determined to instruct him. Providing him with a tray, Miss Anderson went out, rang the bell, was shown into the sitting-room, and waited while

SUPPOSE WE SMILE.

HUMOROUS PARAGRAPHS FROM THE COMIC PAPERS.

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

"I wouldn't marry the best man on earth," said the fair female, who had been up against a game of solitaire for some forty odd summers. "Huh!" growled the old bachelor, "I see no reason why you should have permitted that remark to escape. I didn't ask you to make my life a burden."

A Difficult Case.

First Lawyer—How did you come out in settling up old Gotrox's estate?
Second Lawyer—It was a hard struggle.
First Lawyer—No!
Second Lawyer—Yes; I had hard work to keep the heirs from getting part of the estate.

Not That Kind.



Bobby—You're what they call a lady killer, aren't you, Mr. Sissy?
Mr. Sissy (complacently)—An' d'ye think so, Babby?
"You must be. Sister Ethel said that after you left last night she nearly died a laughing."

Very Useful.

"Yes," remarked the chief of detectives, "I think it is a good thing that there are such things as dime novels and cigarettes."

"You do?" asked the surprised caller.
"Yes, because if it were not for them we would have some trouble in attributing the cause of youthful degeneracy."

Unsettled.

"So the new boarder told the landlady's fortune by a coffee cup. What did he say?"
"Well, he said he could tell by the grounds that she would lose some boarders very shortly."

A Mystery, Indeed.

Stubb—There goes a man who is full of mystery.
Penn—You don't say?
Stubb—Yes, he just ate a bowl of chop suey.

Not Very Encouraging.

Roggy—I just put my last cent on that horse.
Tom—I would have saved one cent, Roggy; you may need some chewing gum going home.

Rare Specimens.

He—It isn't always safe to judge by appearances, you know.
She—Quite true. I once caught a young man who wore a yachting cap and who really owned a boat.

What Did She Mean?

"Ah, Miss Frankleigh," exclaimed the young man with the noisy life as he approached the hammock in which the fair one reclined, "all alone, I see."
"Yes," she answered, briefly.

"Don't you know," continued the addition to the scenery, "that I find my own company an awful bore."
"What a remarkable coincidence," observed the fair contents of the hammock, "so do I."

Still Hunting.



"So you can't find work at your trade. Poor man! What is your trade?"
Wright Bower—I curries horses for automobile companies.

Cruel of Her.

"They tell me that fish is good for the bowels," said Reggy Sapp. "Have you anything to suit me?"
"We have canned lobster," responded the pretty clerk in the grocery department.

Reason Enough.

"What reason is there for the notion that it is especially unlucky to marry in May?"
"I don't know, unless it is that an especially large number of people have been married in May."

The Size of It.

"The principal ingredient in all these patent medicines is the same."
"It must be a powerful drug. What is it?"
"Printer's Ink."—Town and County.

On the Veranda.

"I know why your mouth is so sweet," said the young man, gazing in rapture at her pretty red lips.
"And why?" she whispered.
"Because your teeth are preserved." And for the compliment she gave him an oven dozen kisses.

Dress in the Cup.

First Passenger (on the car to Rice track)—I always enjoy this ride.
Second Passenger—So do I. But, say, don't you dread the long walk back?

As to the Singer.

"So she said my voice went right through her?"
"I guess so; at least she said it bored her."

Between Friends.

Sue—Frank says I am a "bird."
Mayme—Well, all I have to say is, he is a very poor ornithologist.

Barber Resort.

Lawyer—So you want a divorce, eh?
Client—Yes.
Lawyer—But I thought you loved your wife?
Client—I do.
Lawyer—And she loves you?
Client—Certainly.
Lawyer—Then why do you want a divorce?
Client—Her income isn't large enough to support me.

Lucky Escapes.

"There goes a baseball man who has made the most runs this season."
"It'll! What position does he play?"
"Oh, he's umpire. He was running for his life."

Proof Positive.

"I suppose you set a good table?" remarked the man who was looking for board.
"Well," replied the landlady, "three of my regular boarders are laid up with the gout."

Cautious.

Dr. Bill (meeting former patient)—Ah, good morning, Mr. Jones. How are you feeling this morning?
Mr. Jones—Say, doctor, does it cost anything if I tell you?

Easily Arranged.

He—I wouldn't think of marrying a girl who didn't love me.
She—And I wouldn't think of loving a man who didn't marry me.

Not So Much.

Sandy—Dix paper says dat some of de old kids used to sleep in a bed of flowers.
Clinders—Dat's nuthin'. I slept in a flower bed meself last night.

Had the Symptoms.

Biggs—Is Upon a self-made man?
Diggs—Yes; I guess so. His grammar is something fierce.

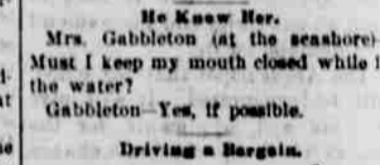
And It's Incurable.

Judge—What is your profession?
Witness—I'm a poet, your Honor.
Judge—Huh! That's not a profession; it's a disease.

He Knew Her.

Mrs. Gableton (at the seashore)—Must I keep my mouth closed while in the water?
Gableton—Yes, if possible.

Driving a Bargain.



More Patience than Patients, eh?
"So you are practicing medicine, eh?" said the person who always thinks it is up to him to say something.
"Not exactly," replied the young M. D., with an ingrown sigh. "I'm practicing patience."

A Scientific Fact.

Doctor—Speaking of your trouble with your husband, do you know that it is a scientific fact that meat causes bad temper?
Mrs. De Jarr—Oh, yes, I have noticed it always does, and especially when it's burnt.

Not Soothing.

"Whenever I'm inclined to lose my temper," said the philosophic man, "I just think to myself, 'Oh, there's no use getting mad.'"
"So do I," replied the excitable person, "and that makes me all the madder."