

HERR STEINHARDT'S NEMESIS

BY J. MACLAREN COBBAN.

CHAPTER X—Continued. "Mannell," said he, "is a double-dyed villain, if he does what he says to Paul's affairs yet, and if he can get Louise to marry Frank he needn't. He may want all the money he can get hold of soon; the plaintiffs in that patent case have appealed, and he'll have to appear again and fight at the next sitting of the court. But he shan't plunder the bank, may be, and if she's with my sister, and if he's frightening her—and if he be, by the L—! I'll mung get a writ of mandamus or summat, and tak' th' lass whom wi' me. I'm guardian as much as him, and if the lass would rather bide wi' me he can not take her. Yea; I shall set about it."

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

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

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

No news—except the confirmation from Birley that she was not with Mrs. Steinhardt. He had written to his sister inquiring about Louise, and had been answered to that effect; Mrs. Steinhardt had reason for supposing she was in Blackpool, but at what address she could not say. I entreated Birley to go to Blackpool to endeavor to find out, if he could spare the time. But he needed no entreaty, for he himself was also becoming anxious about her.

I must spare the time," said he; "and I must go and find her. It's, of course, no use asking 'Mannuel' where she is." But before he had arranged to set out, something occurred which obviated the necessity of going, and produced results of a more remarkable sort; and this I must proceed to relate. As I have already indicated, my experience of the way in which such evidence as I had regarding Lacroix's fate had rather come to me than been found by me tended to make me what I may call "a water upon Providence." I conceived—I may say, I was convinced—I should best attain further result, by keeping myself open to evidence more than by ranging about and racking my brain in search of it. All fear being at rest that our experiment upon old Jacques might have fatal or untoward results (he was now more alert than ever, and frequently asked, in writing, for "the girl"), I had betaken myself to a former habit, and every day almost went into town to the free library to read. Sometimes I read a book, and sometimes the newspapers.

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

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

I was wretched, cold and hungry, when, about 7 o'clock in the morning of the third day, I left the train at Basel. "I permitted myself to be taken to a hotel, where I ordered breakfast. After partaking of which I revived, and I began to think of the errand on which I had come.

Since my arrival I had been uncertainly using French and German, and I had been answered in either language (I found later that in the hotel, at least, I might as well use my native English); but on inquiring my way from the Ludwigsstrasse to the obscure street I sought, I had to draw exclusively upon my stock of German. I discovered that Fraulein Emille Haas lived in one of a row of old tall houses (not unlike some of those in the city of Edinburgh), with little windows in the steep grey roofs, which gave the impression of eyes with sleepy, heavy lids. Up and up the bare stairs of the house I stepped, till I think I was on the fourth floor—at any rate, I was as high as I could climb. I knocked at the door of a humble "apartment" of two rooms, and an old wrinkled woman appeared. I inquired in German for Fraulein Haas, and was informed she was from home, "giving her daily lessons." She was not, then, ill? Oh, no, she was not ill—she was well. I asked when she would be at home, and was told "at five o'clock in the afternoon." So I departed till then, with about six hours in which to try my ingenuity in guessing why Fraulein Haas's demand to see Steinhardt had been so urgent, since she was not dying, nor even ill.

At five o'clock I called again, and found Fraulein Haas at home. I was asked to come in. I looked curiously at the Fraulein. She was a middle-aged woman, of the thin, nervous type of German (or, perhaps, Swiss), with bright, keen, grey eyes. She rose, smiling, but perplexed, to receive me, and waited for me to state my business. "I came from England," I said in German. "Then you do not want me to give lessons," said she, pushing away a "prospectus" evidently laid ready for presentation; "my mother thought you had come for that."

"No," said I—"I come from England to see you, and then to go back again." She looked bewildered. I took from my pocket a copy of the Times advertisement, and handed it to her. At once the expression of her face changed; pale before, it became paler now, and her eyes seemed to dilate, as with fear. "But you," said she, "are not Emmanuel Steinhardt? Perhaps, however," she made haste to add, "you are his son? He married, I know." I shook my head.

"I am no relation at all to Herr Steinhardt. Very likely that will explain who I am"—and I gave her Steinhardt's letter. She was moved when she saw the handwriting. She read the letter through eagerly. It was short, I could see. "He thinks I am ill, and in want of money—of his money! Ah! This will not do! You must go away sir!" (To be continued.)

Naming the Child. Now, necessarily, when the new girl baby arrived there was much discussion among the members of the family as to what her name should be. "We will call her 'Geraldina,'" said the fond mother. "Why not call her 'Esmeralda?'" asked the first grandmother. "I saw that name in a story once, and always wanted to try it on a baby." "Oh," murmured the second grandmother, that "would never do. Let us call her 'Fanchon.'" "But don't you think 'Elitess' is a pretty name, and so odd, too?" put in one of the aunts. "Excuse me, ladies," ventured the poor father, who sat near by, but you seem to forget that we are trying to find a name for a human being, and not for a 5-cent cigar."



A Wonderful Fellow. With newspaper held topsy turvy Bobby reads just the same, ah me! Of kittens and princes and fairies galore, And pirates that sail on the sea.

He's a wonderful apt young artist. He makes remarkable things With pencil and paper for us to see—Bears, camels, and queens and kings.



Sometimes he's a brave young soldier. With a paper cap on his head, With a lath for a sword, a stick for a gun, He goes forth on his mission dread.

But after the foes are banished And all of the strife is o'er He goes to his snug little trundle-cot This wonderful chap who is four—A Youth's Companion.

Boys as Inventors. The man who built the iron bridge at Sunderland, John Ericsson, was a skilled engineer at the age of 12. He was then in charge of a section of one of the great Swedish canals, and 600 men employed upon it looked to him for direction in their daily work. Young Ericsson was one of the very few infant prodigies who have not been failures when they grew up. At the age of 11 he invented a new form of sawmill.

Of the sawmill he constructed a working model. The saw blade he made of an old watch spring, moved by a crank constructed of a broken teaspoon, and his only tools were a knife, a file and a gimlet. It was this same wonderful inventor who later on drove a big ship across the Atlantic by a hot-air engine—a form of mechanism safe, sure and speedy, and only barred from practical use on the score of expense.

The name Brush is inseparably connected with the Brush electric light, and Charles F. Brush, its inventor, is another genius who showed his inventive powers at an early age. Before he was 14 he had constructed a new form of electric motor, and had also invented an electric apparatus for turning on the gas in street lamps, lighting it and turning it off again. Next year he made a microscope, grinding the lens himself.

It is rather curious that Edison's first invention of any importance was caused by a longing to avoid tedious, monotonous work. When, as a boy of 14, he was night telegraph clerk, it was his duty to report himself every half hour to the head office by telegraphing the word "six." This was to prove that he was not asleep. Edison, however, had no idea of sleeping, but preferred to take a little exercise in the open air at night. So he got over the difficulty by cutting suitable notches on a wheel and attaching this to the works of a cheap clock. This primitive apparatus would transmit the signal automatically twelve times at intervals of half an hour.

Edison's very first invention was at the tender age of 12. He erected a toy telegraph line, but could not manage to purchase materials for a battery. So he got a big black cat and endeavored to obtain the necessary current by rubbing the fur of the creature's back and using the wretched animal's four feet as terminals.

All lumps up to near the end of the eighteenth century had solid wicks like pieces of wood and no chimneys. It was not until the year 1783 that a flat wick was made. A year later a Swiss chemist named Aime Argand invented a circular form of burner; but though a vast improvement on the rope wick, the light was still flickering and smoky. One day Argand's small brother wandered into his work room and picked up an empty oil flask, which he began to play. At last he fitted it over the circular wick, by the light of which his elder brother was working. In a moment the flame burned up white and brilliant, and the secret of the lamp chimney was made clear.

Cast iron cement was a boy's invention, though the name of the boy who invented it is not known. One day William Murdoch, the man who first applied coal gas to illuminating purposes, went into a workshop of Boulton and Watt, in which he was employed, and began to hunt for a tool he wanted in his tool chest. He found everything in confusion and a workman told him he had seen one of the boys at it a few days before. Among other upsets, some salt ammoniac had been split on a quantity of iron filings, and the resulting mixture had bitten into the blade of his saw. This compound was the first cast iron cement.

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

To another youth of only 15 we owe the piano in its present form. Young Sebastian Erard was its inventor and maker. His master took the instrument to its purchaser and passed himself off as its maker. But when the buyer asked him about the mechanism he was completely puzzled, and had to send for young Erard to explain. Only a year later, at the age of 18, Erard started into business on his own account in Paris, and so popular were his instruments that within a year he had sold \$125,000 worth of them.

Children and the President. Many stories are told of the affection Theodore Roosevelt entertains for children, and they from the daintiest homes or from the streets. One day when he was Governor a delegation of public men came up to Albany and called upon him. He was not in his office, and no one knew where he was. The business was important and time not to be wasted. A dozen messengers were sent hunting the Governor, and after ten minutes of the precious time had passed they found him curled up in a corner with one or two neighbors' children and a street arab drawing pictures of guns and ponies on the writing table. The children had wailed him and begged him to show them pictures of the guns and mustangs he had in the war. At another time he was found in the executive chamber half buried under children clamoring over his chair, while he tried to show them photographs of scenes of the campaign.

Animal Instinct. Animal instinct often gives a valuable hint to human reason. A case in point is cited by an engineer in a recently written review of the subject of dams. The beaver, he says, does not build his dam straight across the current, his instinct telling him that in this form it will better resist floods and the impact of floating ice. This hint from the little animal has been acted upon in many cases lately, notably in the building of the Great Bear valley dam in California. Engineers, as a rule, build straight across stream, chiefly, perhaps, to save material, but the arched dam is the more economical in the long run.

Beechnuts. There is nothing sweeter than the little three-cornered beechnuts, but very few people have the patience to take them out of their brown leathery jackets, let alone hunt for them and pick them up. They are generally left for the pigs and the squirrels. Many birds are exceedingly fond of them, and it is said that in certain localities the number of red-headed woodpeckers which remain in the winter can be pretty accurately determined by the size of the beechnut crop the preceding autumn.

They Got the Shell. A story from which one might draw several morals was recently printed in the New York Times. It may suggest at least the wisdom of thinking twice before consulting a lawyer when there is little at stake. The two men were ushered into the private office the other day, and stood in silence before the lawyer. "Well?" he said. "You ask him," urged one of the men, in a hoarse whisper. "Wait a minute," counseled the other. "Maybe he'll guess it." "Come, come, gentlemen, my time is valuable," interrupted the lawyer. "We are twin brothers," chorused the two, "and we thought you'd have guessed it."

"Is that all?" asked the lawyer, severely. "No," continued one of the strange pair. "We want to ask you a question. A relative died a short time ago. We were his only heirs. He left a paper saying that his oldest surviving relative was to have all his property; but neither of us is the oldest. So what are we going to do?" "How much did he leave?" asked the lawyer. "Seven dollars," cried both in concert. "Divide it," said the lawyer. "What is your fee?" asked one. "Seven dollars."

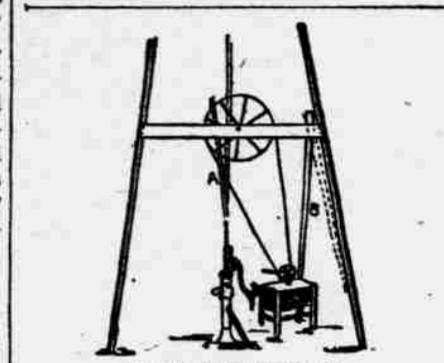
The two men paid the fee, between them, and departed, relieved of a great mental burden. Could Not Be Reformed. "Don't enjoy visiting with folks that want their own way all the time, and I won't stay, not when I find out," said Mrs. Tarbell to her sister, Miss Porter. "I suppose that's why you've come home from Amabel's," said Miss Porter, with a faint smile. She had been enjoying a restful week, and it had seemed all too short.

"Yes, that's the very reason!" said Mrs. Tarbell, with considerable heat. "Amabel's got the notion that her sugar bowl looks better sitting at her left on the table, and the first day I was there I put it at the right, and she moved it back!" "Why don't you have it sit at your right?" I asked her one day, and she just smiled and said she'd got used to it at the left. I moved it three times a day all the week I was there, and last off it got me so provoked and nerved up I just packed my bag and came home. "If her mother'd realized what a headstrong will Amabel's has, she never would have let it go, as a child. But I'm too easy-going to cope with her, and being only a cousin and all, I've just left her to her own devices. But it's an awful pity!"

Bombay's Expensive Depot. The most expensive and the roomiest railway station in the world is that of the Peninsular Railway at Bombay. If the dark public is amused it cares not for the bearing of the critic.

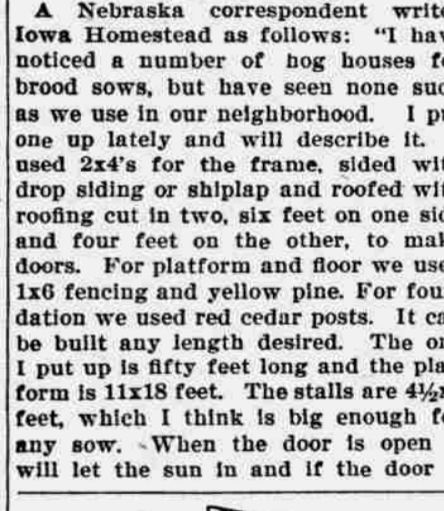


Washing by Wind Power. The illustration shows how to attach an ordinary washing machine to a windmill. Chas. H. Rhode, of Iowa, vouches for the efficiency of the device. It does the hardest part of the work, he says, and while it works the one doing the washing can rinse and hang out. We save a wash house around the mill, also a large stove with a kettle inside. To construct, get an old wheel about two and a half feet in diameter, an old mower wheel being good; place it about eight feet from the platform, as shown. Then connect it by pitman A to a spoke of the wheel and to the plunger of windmill. Regulate the stroke of the



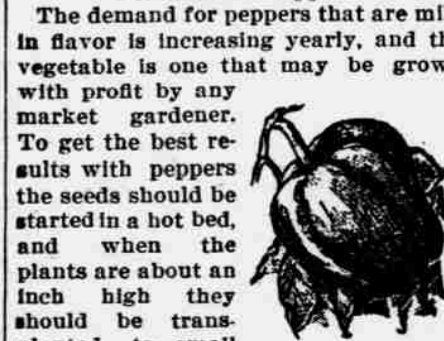
WINDMILL WASHER. wheel by fastening pitman close to the hub for a long stroke and near the rim for a shorter one. Cut a wood pulley and place it between the large wheel of washing machine. On most washing machines a pulley an inch and a quarter thick and eight inches in diameter can be placed there. Belt the two wheels together and fasten the belt to the small pulley by driving in some nails or screws at the opposite side from the lever to the handle to prevent the belt from slipping. Also fasten the belt in the same manner to the large wheel after it is adjusted, so they cannot get out of time. I use a short strap, about six feet long, with a snap in each end, to go around the small pulley, and for the rest I use an old sprocket chain off an old binder and snap the straps to it for belt. In that way one can take up the slack and there isn't so much strap to stretch. B is a board to fit tight on top of machine to hold it down, and when the lid is raised it swings back where dotted lines are, out of the way. This is not a rotary motion, which would be hard to get from a pump plunger.

Good Hog House. A Nebraska correspondent writes Iowa Homestead as follows: "I have noticed a number of hog houses for brood sows, but have seen none such as we use in our neighborhood. I put one up lately and will describe it. I used 2x4's for the frame, sided with drop siding or shiplap and roofed with roofing cut in two, six feet on one side and four feet on the other, to make doors. For platform and floor we used 1x6 flooring and yellow pine. For foundation we used red cedar posts. It can be built any length desired. The one I put up is fifty feet long and the platform is 11x18 feet. The stalls are 4 1/2 x 7 feet, which I think is big enough for any sow. When the door is open it will let the sun in and if the door is



BROOD SOW HOUSE. shut it will keep the rain out. I am in favor of a little sunshine for pigs and I think it is a great help to them. The house must be put up east and west and the doors be put in on the south side. The doors are made to swing back as seen at A. B. shows how to make a door. Where the legs come together or cross each other bore a hole and put a bolt through the legs and fence board. A 1x6 is used to hold the building together every four and a half feet. The small doors 2x2 where sows go in and out are shown also. Little gates are made to pen them up.

Demand for Peppers. The demand for peppers that are mild in flavor is increasing yearly, and the vegetable is one that may be grown with profit by any market gardener. To get the best results with peppers the seeds should be started in a hot bed, and when the plants are about an inch high they should be transplanted to small pots filled with fine and rich soil, and grown in this manner under the protection of a cold frame until June, when they may be transplanted to the open ground. The plants should be set two and one-half feet apart in rich soil and manure should be worked in around the roots frequently during the season of growth. The illustration shows the variety, Sweet Mountain, which is very mild in flavor.



Wonderful Seeds. Beware of the man with wonderful seed. He is a veritable gold-brick artist in plausible disguise. His stock comprises buffalo grass seed, corn

1,000 years old taken from an Aetna tomb and of wonderful productiveness, wheat taken from a Nile pyramid, wonderful forage grass of drought-resisting qualities from the Sahara desert, and other products from distant lands. It won't pay to experiment with him.

Testing Seed Corn. There is no excuse for any planting corn that is low in vitality and if the seed corn has not been well selected either during the growing season or in the fall and well cared for during the winter, it should be tested at any time now before it is time to plant. There are several methods of testing corn, one of them to sprout the kernels between pieces of flannel which are kept saturated with water. A better plan is one that should be familiar to all farmers. Take a large flat dish, a large soup plate is just the thing, and fill it with very fine sand. Over this pour water until the dish is brimming full; allow this to stand until the sand absorbs all it will, then pour off the surplus water. Select fifty or 100 kernels of corn, taking them from the centers of the ears, and place them in the sand, point down. Then sprinkle a little dry sand over the wet cover the plate with another inverted and set in a warm room. Watch closely, and if the sand gets dry moisten with warm water. In a week all of the kernels that will sprout will show the plant. Keep for ten days or two weeks, when the result should show 95 per cent sprouted. If less than this sprout it will not be a safe risk to use the corn for seed for the vitality will be too low to reasonably expect good results. This is a simple test, but a sure one and readily made.

Hints for the Stable. Whitewash the stable once or twice a year; use land plaster in the manure gutters daily. Clean and thoroughly air the stable before milking; in hot weather sprinkle the floor. Use no dry, dusty feed just previous to milking; if fodder is dusty, sprinkle it before it is fed. Keep dairy cattle in a room or building by themselves. It is preferable to have no cellar below and no storage loft above. Stables should be well ventilated, lighted and drained; should have tight floors and walls and be plainly constructed.



Potato Chowder. Pare and cut into dice six good-sized potatoes; chop fine one onion; put a quarter of a pound of fat ham or salt pork through the chopper. Cook the meat and onion slowly until the latter begins to color. Turn in the potatoes, one tablespoon of chopped parsley, half a teaspoon of salt and quarter of a teaspoon of white pepper; mix, then add a pint and a half of boiling water and stew gently until the potatoes are almost done. In the meantime make a sauce of a tablespoon each of butter and flour and one pint of milk. Pour this into the first saucepan, add a little more salt if necessary, and simmer for five minutes longer.

Pork Tenderloins. The tenderloins are usually any other part of the pork in flavor; they may be either fried or broiled, the latter being dryer, require to be well buttered before serving, which should be done on a hot platter before the butter becomes oily; fry them in a little lard, turning them to have them cooked through; when done, remove, and keep hot while making a gravy by dredging a little flour into the hot fat; if not enough, add a little butter or lard, stir until browned, and add a little milk or cream, stir briskly, and pour over the dish. A little Worcestershire sauce may be added to the gravy, if desired.

Brief Hints. If you want your potatoes mealy wrap a baked one, when it is done, in a towel and press until it bursts. The rich cheeses, which have the largest percentage of fat, are those which blend well with bread, in sandwiches or with macaroni or rice. A nice tea dish is a plain blanc mange, flavored with vanilla, stirred in two cupsful of stoned dates, and poured into a mold, which is set on ice to cool.

For date mush, stir in cup of dates (stoned and separated) when your mush a cupful—has been thoroughly cooked. Cook ten minutes and serve with cream or sirup. A good dinner for to-day would consist of cream of corn soup, rolled loin of veal, mashed potatoes, spinach with egg, lettuce salad, cottage pudding, lemon sauce, and coffee. One of the daintiest of salads consists of chopped grape fruit, pineapple, orange, and pecan kernels, and sprinkled with French dressing. Serve in the outer leaves of a green cabbage. A suggestion for what may be designated as a substantial dinner: Cream of celery, boiled leg of mutton, capers sauce, bottled potatoes, young carrots, toast, and coffee. Dates and raisins require cream, together with one cup of sugar and quarter cup of butter. Add two beaten eggs, half cup milk, teaspoonful of baking powder, to make thick batter. Bake in moderate oven in gem pans.