



HERR STEINHARDT'S NEMESIS

BY J. MACLAREN COBBAN.

CHAPTER XVII.

I was so taken aback I could for the moment neither stir nor speak, while a new feeling, a feeling of shame, arose in me for appearing in that woman's presence as Steinhardt's representative. After her outburst of surprise she looked at the letter again, and at me. I rose, uncertain. "Fraulein," I said, "I do not know what to say. I did not seek to come this journey myself; Herr Steinhardt asked me to undertake it. He thought, and I thought, too, that your advertisement, in which, of course, you could not use many words, signified that you were very ill and alone perhaps, and that you needed a—(I did not quite know how to put it; I added hurriedly)—a friendly hand."

Hers was such distress and emotion as could only be calmed by her being let alone—alone, or only with that Unseen Presence in whom she was doubtless wont to seek strength and peace. I therefore went away without another word, and accompanied for a time by the painful doubt whether it were well to pursue my inquiry, since it caused her such pain; whether there was not even something vindictive in following up evidence which would lead to the incrimination of even such a villain as Steinhardt. But all doubt was dispelled by a letter I received next morning from Birley. "You must come back, my lad, at once," he wrote. "I was mistaken in my notion that Manuel would bring you know who, back home. Frank came home the same day you left; and his father went off to London next morning. I managed to get to see Frank. He is in very low spirits, poor lad. His father has almost scared him into marrying the girl; but I don't quite think he can bring that about without asking me, at any rate. I shall not be at all surprised if he does ask me one of these days, for he has not yet come down near so hard on me—you know what I mean—as I expected. I fancy he wants to reserve the chance for a last big squeeze. But don't be afraid, lad; I'll stand by the lass and thee. Well, I prevailed on Frank to tell me the Blackpool address, though I had to promise much his father shouldn't get to know he had told me. I went straight away, and found her; and she was main glad to see me, poor thing. I told her what I had come for; and the end of it was she packed up her little traps, and came back with me—and here she is with me now. But I've not come to the den yet. Manuel has only gone to London for the week, I find. He will be home on Saturday; and then I expect he will want me to square up with him. So I say you had better come back at once."



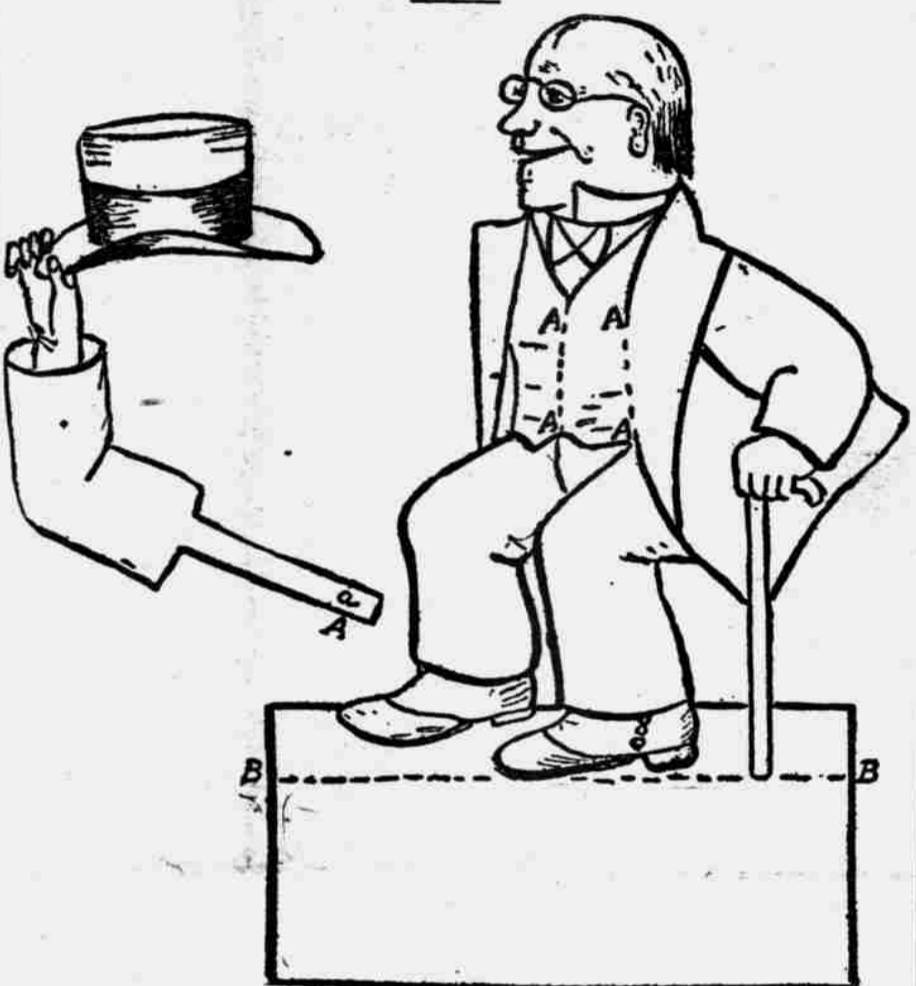
How Birds Talk. In England is a man who has good grounds for claiming that he cannot only understand what many birds say, but can tell them things that they understand. He is Nelson Wood, the naturalist, who has made a lifelong study of bird language. Some of the things he relates about the conversation of feathered creatures are very interesting. Turkeys, chickens and others that do not fly much talk more than birds of the air. The reason is that the ground birds are always in more danger, and have many notes of warning. Bird talk is confined to simple expressions of danger, hunger, warning, pleasure, and such common sensations. The turkey has one note for overhead danger, another for danger on the ground, a third for a distant hawk, and

Said Lazy-Lad, "I will seek till I find The Land of Nothing-to-do. So Lazy-Lad he sailed to the west. And then to the east sailed he. And he sailed north and he sailed south Over many a league of sea. And many a country fair and bright And busy came into view; But never, alas, could he find the coast Of the Land of Nothing-to-do. Then Lazy-Lad sailed back again, -And a wiser lad was he, For he said, "I've wandered to every land That is in the geography, And in each and all I've found that folks Are busy the whole year through, And everybody in every place Seemed to have something to do. "So it must be the best way after all And learn my lessons and do my tasks And be lazy-lad no more. The busiest folks are the happiest, And what mother said was true, For I've found out there is no such place As the Land of Nothing-to-do." -Ram's Horn.

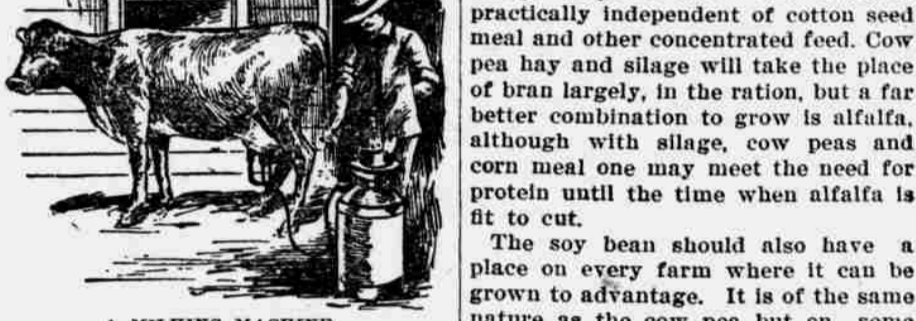


Milking by Machinery. One of the greatest and most laborious tasks on the farm is milking. Many persons have addressed themselves to the problem of performing this work by mechanical means, but thus far no machine for the purpose has come generally into use. A late device is exhibited in the accompanying cut from the Scientific American. It comprises a can provided with an air-pump by which the air in the can may be exhausted to a certain degree of rarefaction, as indicated by the vacuum

POLITE MR. BROWN.



Here is a picture of old Mr. Brown walking quietly along the street one beautiful morning. He meets a great many people he knows, and, being a polite old fellow, is anxious to take his hat off and bow to one and all. Let's see if we can help him. With the scissors first cut him out, being sure not to snip off that square piece beneath his feet, and also not to forget the arm and hat. Then cut through the dotted lines on the old man's waistcoat marked "A" in the picture, and through



gauge at the top of the can. A flexible tube is connected at one end with the can and at the other end with the udder of the cow by means of four teat cups. As soon as a sufficient portion of the air has been exhausted from the can the teats are placed in the cups and the stop cocks opened, which causes the teats to be drawn inward, making an air-tight joint. The suction then draws the milk through the hose into the can. A pneumatic ring in each cup prevents injury to the cow and an outer adjustable cylinder prevents the teat from being drawn in too far. The lower portion of each cup is glass, which permits the operator to watch the proper working of the device. The pump and gauge are arranged to be easily applied to any milk-can.

Wire Fence Stretcher. A correspondent of the Iowa Homestead writes: "To make a fence stretcher take a wagon wheel for a frame, nail your 2x's far enough apart to admit wagon hub in between, as shown in the illustration on both sides. Now bore holes through the 2x's one inch from the front edge large enough to pass through a piece of tumbling rod. Put your wheel through uprights and slip the bolt through and place the frame in line with corner post, sink your wheel until the hub will be in line with the center of patent fence and so the wheel will revolve. Clamp on the fence, pass log chain around spoke back to clamp and hook ends together. Put a brace from the top of corner post to top of frame. When ready to stretch use your wheel as lever and pull downward and have a piece of 2x4 ready to lock the wheel, which will be placed in between the frame and top of spoke. It will be found equal to a four-ton stretcher."

Good White Leghorn. The White Leghorn pullet shown in the cut has scored 95 and 96 at various poultry shows and is owned by a Pennsylvania man. Rural New-Yorker prints the picture as a good likeness of a business Leghorn and quotes the owner as follows: "White Leghorns are among the best of poultry for broilers, as they grow early and have white, tender meat. As for eggs, they are acknowledged by all to be the heaviest layers of any breed of chickens known. They lay large, white eggs and lots of them, and with a little care in cold weather can be made to produce a large quantity of high-priced eggs."

Exercise Wisdom. Every breed has individualities peculiar to itself. These show themselves in ability to assimilate food, susceptibility to changes of climate and weather and general surroundings. He is a wise man who recognizes this fact and pursues his investigations steadily until he arrives at a conclusion as to the breed most nearly suited to his conditions and then sticks doggedly to his conclusions regardless of men who have other pet notions of their own.

To Secure Good Calves. Warm, sweet milk fed in clean buckets, with access to cornmeal or Kaffir-corn meal, bright hay, fresh clean water, salt, plenty of sunlight, shelter and bedding in cold weather, shade in summer and regularity and kindness in treatment will usually insure good, thrifty calves that will gain from a pound and a half to two pounds daily. -Kansas Experiment Station.

Keep Poultry Houses Dry. A prime requisite is to keep the poultry house dry. As fresh air leads in this direction, it goes without saying that plenty of fresh air should be circulating all the time. If the houses are not dry, that dreaded disease, roup, is apt to get a foothold. The houses should be thoroughly aired every day, rain, hail or shine.

Cabbage Growing. Cabbages always do best on a freshly turned sod and should be set before the land has had time to dry after plowing. The secret of success in getting a large yield of cabbage is to start with rich land and put in all the manure obtainable. Clean out the boggyard for this purpose.—Exchange.

Potato Puffs. Two cupsful of mashed potatoes, two teaspoonfuls of butter, two eggs, one cupful of cream and salt and pepper to season. Beat the eggs until light, and after melting the butter stir it into the eggs. Beat this mixture into the mashed potatoes, then add the cream and seasoning, and beat the whole until light. Grease popover pans or gem pans, and have each half full of the mixture. Bake the puffs in a quick oven until brown, and remove them from the pans with a flexible knife to prevent their breaking. They should be served immediately upon being removed from the oven.

A peculiar complaint when being driven. One call is used in bushes and another in the open, a particular signal at night, and a special tone for common conversation. Chickens are more talkative. A hen sings one song on the way to her nest, another to her mate, and a third when crooning to herself or getting a meal. Some of the rooster's notes are not commonly known. For instance, he gives a low, -ne whistle sometimes, on a dark day, while going to roost. His main talking, however, is done to the other fellow, when he gets into a fight with a rival. It ranges from a defiant chuckle which says as plainly as words, "Come on if you dare; I'm ready for you," to a henlike croon showing that he is afraid and wants to get out of the scrape.

Muskets Ten Feet Long. Gen. F. C. Ainsworth, chief of the record and pension division of the army, is in receipt of several interesting relics from friends in the Philippines and China, comprising a collection of arms of different varieties, modern and antique, used by the Chinese. In the collection are two jingals, which look a good deal like overgrown muskets. They are too heavy for soldiers to carry about the field, and are usually rested upon a parapet. One of these weapons is more than 10 feet long, with an iron barrel of one inch caliber. Both guns are in good working order, and Gen. Ainsworth has had them polished and added to the ornaments of his office in the war department.

Queer Way of Telling Time. A boy who does not own a watch need not go without any knowledge of the time of day. There is a boy who works in a wheat elevator in an Iowa town, and this is how he manages it: A big window almost fills one side of his little office. Into a corner of the window creeps the sunlight early in the morning, and it shines all day long and creeps out of the other corner in the evening. In the floor, where the edge of the shadow from the window sash falls just at noon, the boy has placed a long chalk mark, and a little farther away there is another mark for 1 o'clock, and so on up to 6. The forenoon is similarly divided on the floor. Each day, by simply looking at the edge of the sun's light, he can tell what time it is. Once in two weeks he changes all these marks because the shadows change as the sun gets higher in the spring or lower in the fall.—Pluck.

The Quest of Lazy-Lad. Have you heard the tale of Lazy-Lad Who dearly loved to shirk, For he "hated" his lessons and "hated" his tasks, And he "hated" to have to work? So he sailed away on a summer day Over the ocean blue;

It costs the average young man a lot of money to trot on the course of true love. Beauty draws with but a single hair—and it is sometimes dyed hair at that.

settled a section may become or how long it may have been settled, these two survivors of early settlement linger on as stubbornly as ever. To-day, in the thickest settled parts of New England and New York, the rail fence is met with, while the shad fishermen of the Potomac and James Rivers and Chesapeake Bay, on the banks of which the first English settlements in America were established, still manufacture and employ the old dug-out canoe in making the rounds of their shad nets.

The dugout canoe is the simplest and most primitive water craft known, and was used by prehistoric man, both in this country, Europe and Asia. It is made out of a log of wood by trimming the outside down to the proper proportions of a boat, and by "digging out" the inside with an adze and by the aid of fire. The Potomac River dugout is today pretty much the same as it was in the days of Powhatan, and differs from the general run of dugout canoes in the absence of a curved bow and stern, and in having rather high sides, which rise to a summit from either end of the boat, being highest in the middle, where the seat is placed.

Opposed to Going Ahead. A facetious Britisher in the Holland House cafe last night remarked: "I—er—see that—er—among youah one hundred gentlemen of industry who met Henry of Prussia at Sherry's there were a great many gentlemen of leisure, self-made, of course. And with all your boasted go-aheadness one of the most prominent of these gentlemen has devoted his entire career to stopping the wheels of progress. By pursuing his bent he has accumulated a vast fortune, estimated at \$40,000,000. Rather odd, is it not, that an American should grow so wealthy endeavoring to retard things? Of course, you know, I refer to George Westinghouse, whom I met recently at Washington. He has made his fortune by putting on the brakes. Haw-haw!"—New York Press.

Many a man can trace his ruin to his enemies and many another man could doubtless trace the origin of his downfall to his pretended friends.

Don't Waste Corn Fodder. In view of the fact that the annual crop of corn will yield some 60,000,000 to 80,000,000 tons of corn stover, all of which may be utilized, the American farmer can, if he is thrifty, save one-