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HERR STEINHARDT'S NEMESIS

BY J. MACLAREN COBBAN.

CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

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

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

I gave the promise at once without reserve. "And," she said, "you will leave Emmanuel Steinhart's punishment in the hands of Almighty God?" "I answered I would—though it was a strange question to have to answer. She then turned almost away from me, partly, I thought, that she might be less conscious of my presence, but more that she might concentrate her attention on her recollections. Her hands clasped were unclashed, several times before they settled, the one in the other, and she began: "It was, I think, in the March month of a year ago. I had slept a long time very soundly, for I had been very tired, when suddenly I felt as if I were taken up and carried away—far away; and I was made to look at Emmanuel Steinhart. He looked at me as if he wished me to help him; at his feet was a large wooden box, the lid of which, I was made to understand, would not close. From the opening protruded a human hand, strangely discolored. I awoke all trembling. I put out my own hand to make sure I was in my own bed; my mother was sleeping quietly beside me. I tried to dismiss the vision from my mind—foolish dream, I thought it. But I could sleep no more. In two or three hours it was daylight, and I arose. I went about my duties all the day as usual; I was busy, and had the impression of the vision much worn away when I went to bed in the evening—rather early, because I was very tired. I had slept not very long, when again I was as if seized up and whirled away, again to see Emmanuel Steinhart, and with something at his feet again—not now the wooden box, which was aside, but three packages of canvas. Again Emmanuel Steinhart looked at me, as if he wished me to look to him, and again I awoke, all trembling. She passed in her glory of the visions, took her handkerchief and wiped her damp brow with trembling hand. I watched her intently, a sensation of creeping excitement and mystery held me bound to her quiet but intense recital. She resumed suddenly, without looking at me:

"I slept no more that night for thinking of what I had seen, and so I saw Emmanuel Steinhart no more; I tried to sleep in order that I might, but I could not. A terrible night to me it was. But next night I was sleeping a light, disturbed sleep, when I was taken away again to Emmanuel Steinhart; this time I knew I was not in a room; there was no light. He looked at me across a newly dug spot of ground, and then turned away. I did not really wake, though I felt conscious I was in my own bed at the same time as I was held where he had left me, close to a wall. After some time, how long I cannot tell, he came back with a rope. I knew at once what he was going to do before he had done it—fasten the rope in an iron something on the other side of the wall and pull it over. I do not know why I did not think it impossible for a single man to pull a wall down with a rope, but I did not. In a little while he pulled, and the wall fell flat, and, curiously, unbroken, covering over the newly dug spot and all around it. Then I awoke, as with the noise, and slept no more. After that night I saw him again for several nights, for a dim moment or two, at the same place. They were but glimpses, which, as the nights passed on, became dimmer and dimmer,

and then ceased altogether—until some weeks ago, when again I was summoned to face him at that same place with the fallen wall. He looked at me earnestly, and then over his shoulder at some one whom I did not see, but who I knew he feared was watching him. This happened three, four times, and then no more. There has been no more yet, but what may be, God only knows. That is all," she said, with a sigh of relief, turning to me. "And now, Herr Pastor, you know what I have had to tell, and you will not forget your promise to me—you will not set yourself to bring punishment on Emmanuel Steinhart."

"I shall hold my promise to you, Fraulein," said I, "as sacred."

Possessed as I was with the exciting thought engendered by her story, I was almost forgetting that I had no result of my mission which I could show or tell to Steinhart, and the time at my disposal was very short. I looked at my watch; I had half an hour to spare. There was no time for the expression of wonder, or of any kind of fitting comment upon what I had heard. Seeing me look at my watch, she rose. "And now," she said, "you must go quickly, I suppose, to your hotel, and then to the station."

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

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

Yes," said he, turning his bright face upon her, "we'll get thro' it all right." "You are both very good to me," said she, going to him, and shedding some tears on his shoulder. "There now—there," said he, patting her. Then turning to me, "She means you, too, my lad."

"I could not help telling her, my lad," said Birley, in answer to a look of reproach from me. "The old chap wrote questions to her about the papers you found, and I had to explain."

"But," said I, in some alarm, "you know, Miss Lacroix, we must not, we cannot denounce him—we have not, I doubt, any evidence. We must have some evidence that he is really the man. I think, I am sure, I soon shall have that evidence, but even then we must be careful what we say."

This, I was glad to find, was not regarded as more than a general, though confident, expression of hope, so I was not asked awkward questions. Now that my anxiety concerning Louise was for the time allayed, I felt exceedingly tired. I promised to call next day to tell them about my journey, and rose to go to my lodgings, where my landlady, I knew, or her herculean son, would still be sitting up for me. Birley accompanied me to the door, talking according to his wont. He put on a cap which hung in his hall, and, leaving the door ajar, walked with me to the gate. The air refreshed me, and, full as I was of Fraulein Haas's revelation, I felt impelled to tell Birley something of it. Thus, almost unconsciously, we walked away from the gate down the lane leading to the high road, and I was led into telling him all, the more so that he did not seem sceptical of the truth of her visions. We had thus left the house some minutes, when several sounds like screams in rapid succession rose behind us into the still night. We stopped together and looked at each other.

"By the L—d!" exclaimed Birley. "I left the door open!" We were hurried back by a common impulse. We found the door ajar, apparently as we had left it, but when we entered and approached the room in which we had been sitting we heard Steinhart's voice. "Well, Manuel," said Birley, when we were in the room, "so you've come; I expected you wouldn't be long."



Children's Corner. Pastor and Farmer's Lad. One of the parish sent one morn—

The farmer's lad went with the fowl, and thus addressed the pastor: "Blame me if I ain't tired! Here is a gobble from my master."

The preacher's chair received the boy, and the fowl the pastor took. Went out with it, and then came in With pleasant smile and look;

And to his young prot. he said: "Dear sir, my honored master Presents this turkey, and his best Respects to you, his pastor."

"Good!" said the boy. "Your master is A gentleman and scholar! My thanks to him; and for yourself, Here is half a dollar."

The pastor felt around his mouth A most peculiar twitching; And, to the gobble holding fast, He "bolted" for the kitchen.

He gave the turkey to the cook, And came back in a minute; Then took the youngster's hand and left A half a dollar in it.—Western Teacher.

Quick and Accurate. "Fred!" called Uncle Seth. "Yes, sir." "Have you finished that wall?"

"I've painted about half," he replied. "Half?" repeated Uncle Seth, reproachfully. "Why, you have been two days at the job."

"Slow and sure, Uncle Seth," said Fred, with a sly look. "I've heard you say that is a good rule."

"Ah! that's it, is it?" rejoined Uncle Seth. "Don't you know that there are many exceptions to that rule?"

"Well, there are. Suppose you were in a burning building, and had to devise a means of escape—or suppose you were in India, and should suddenly come face to face with a man-eating tiger—in either case wouldn't you prefer to be quick and accurate rather than slow and sure?"

"I suppose I would," admitted Fred, reluctantly. "And don't you know," continued Uncle Seth, "that all great men—warriors, business men, sailors, and so on—have been celebrated for coming to a quick decision?"

"Then why do people say that a fellow ought to be slow and sure?" asked Fred. "Because a fellow ought to be," replied Uncle Seth, "under certain circumstances; but the saying has been willfully misconstrued to mean that the person who takes the longest time at any performance does it better. There is a line to be drawn between laziness and haste. If you had a large sum of money to invest, for instance, it would be proper for you to be slow in investing it until you were sure of the soundness of the security. The same thing would be true about choosing a profession, or going out on a long journey, and perhaps a hundred or more very important projects, but in the thousand and one little things in life you must be quick and accurate."

"Using a typewriter, for instance," said Fred, who was getting interested, as well as convinced. "Exactly; or setting type, or being a telegraph operator. If you were a locomotive engineer and ran your engine at the rate of ten miles an hour when the schedule called for forty, somebody else would take your place, don't you?"

graph operator at work, and some day I will show you a compositor, a weaver, or, best of all, a mall clerk. You should see one of those men standing before a hundred boxes, with a bundle of letters in his hand. As quickly as your eye can follow him he throws letter after letter, each into its appropriate box, and it is almost a miracle when he makes a mistake. It doesn't pay for him to be slow, no matter how sure he is; he must be both quick and accurate."

"I guess I'd better get at that barn," said Fred, reflectively. Uncle Seth said no more, as Fred went quickly back to work, but he smiled in a gratified way as the young workman reappeared two hours later and proudly pronounced that the task had been completed.—Golden Days.

How to Juggle Fire. During the Middle Ages ordeal by fire was one of the methods employed for ascertaining whether a person accused of a grave crime was innocent or guilty. If such person was able to walk unscathed over hot plowshares or through a blazing fire he was adjudged innocent.

Cultivation of Cocoa. A traveler in South America, where the cocoa tree is largely cultivated, speaks of the great care with which the young plants have to be protected from the sun, which if very strong is fatal to them. To secure this protection the planters shield them by banana trees and plantain trees, the broad leaves of which give them the needed shade. And even when they are fully grown they need protection, which is given by trees known as "immortels," or, as the planters call them, "the mother of the cocoa." Thus the whole cocoa plantation has a sort of canopy.

About Cats. Cats make the most careful toiler of any animals, excepting some of the opossums. Lions and tigers wash themselves like the cat, wetting the dark, India rubber-like ball of the forefoot and the inner toe and passing to the face and behind the ears. The foot is thus a face sponge and brush, and the rough tongue combs the rest of the body.

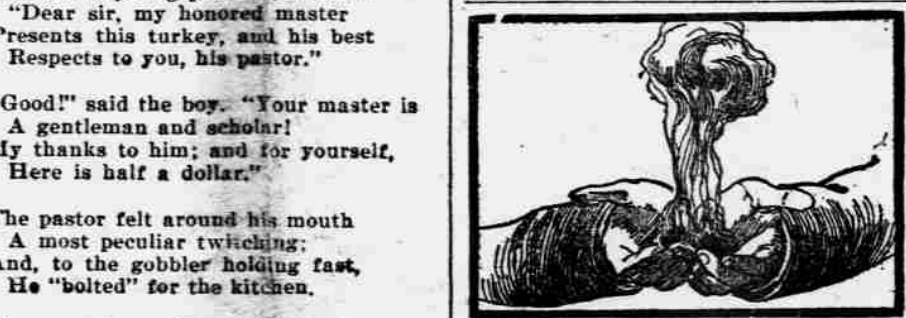
A VALUABLE TYPEWRITER. Witty Reply of an Authoress Who Used a Pen. A New York bachelor author, who writes on a machine, wrote a note recently to a spinster authoress, who still works by hand, and incidentally called her attention to the fact that if she wished him to do so he would secure a machine for her at \$5 per month, guaranteed to write poetry, aide articles, fiction, etc. day or so later he received a reply written in a beautifully clear, round hand to this effect: "My Dear Mr.—: This is my typewriting machine. Isn't it nice? It is called the Blank typewriter. It is sound, kind, in good repair, warranted to travel well in single harness, and if you do not say it is the nicest machine you ever knew I shall refuse to believe that you were born when nightwood was in flower. It is warranted, like yours, to write able articles, poetry and fiction, with equal facility, but, unlike yours, it is not for sale at \$5 a month. Its original cost was large and I have put so many improvements on it since that I cannot dispose of it save at a considerable advance—and even then should be unwilling to part with it except to a responsible person, warranted to treat it with care."

Russia's Population. The census returns give the total population of the Russian empire as 125,668,000, and of St. Petersburg itself as 1,264,820. The religious classification as follows: Greek Orthodox, 87,834,000; Old Greek, 2,178,900; Roman Catholic, 11,420,000; Protestants, 3,743,000; other Christian creeds, 1,220,000; Mohammedans, 13,890,000; Buddhists, 5,180,000; idolaters, 640,000. The proportion between men and women is 121 men for every 100 women.

Willing to Compromise. She—Sir, if you persist in making love to me every time you call I shall have to ask you to discontinue your visits. He—Darling, be my wife, and I'll promise never to speak another word of love to you as long as I live.—Chicago News.

Almost an Admission. "Naturally, this epidemic of ETI gives you doctors lots to do." "Yes, it keeps us guess—er—very busy indeed!"—Life.

If the average man was as good as he thinks other men ought to be it wouldn't be long until his vanity made him top heavy.

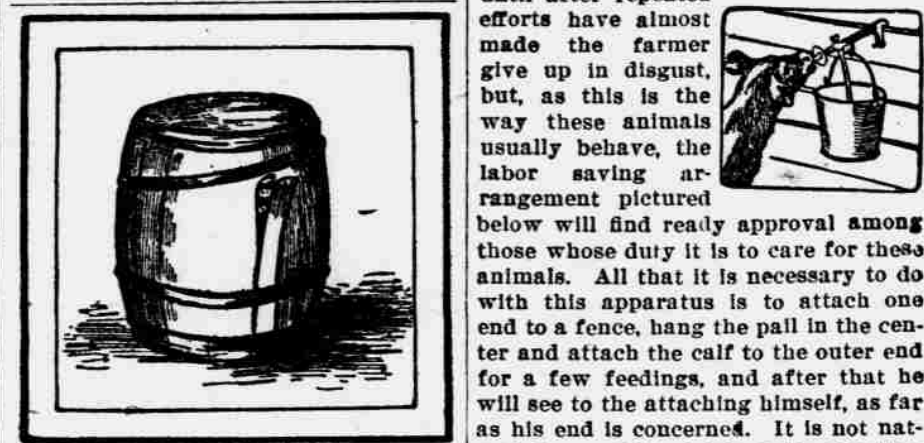


cent; if the heat left any marks on his flesh he was considered guilty. In performing this trick the person who is holding the coals feels no pain, simply because he has covered his hands with a mixture of gum, starch and the yolk of an egg. His hands are encoased in impenetrable armor, and consequently, he can toy with the hot coals as safely as he could with marbles.



to us that his cows were not giving their usual amount of milk, and were growing lean, and some of them were scouring badly. The ration he was feeding seemed to be in the right proportions, and his ensilage was good. After examining all else, we asked to see the shorts, which he fed quite liberally. We saw it, we smelled it, and then we tasted it. Although it looked and smelled all right, the taste was enough to reveal that it was as sour as any pickle. All the good qualities had been destroyed by overheatings when damp, and while the regrinding had reduced the caked lumps and taken away the sour smell, it had not restored the feeding value. And of that it probably never had any more than coarse bran and the sweepings of the mill that might have been added to it.—New England Homestead.

Feeder for Calves or Colts. About the biggest nuisance on the farm is the young calf or colt that won't learn to drink milk from a pail until after repeated efforts have almost made the farmer give up in disgust, but as this is the way these animals usually behave, the labor saving arrangement pictured below will find ready approval among those whose duty it is to care for these animals. All that it is necessary to do with this apparatus is to attach one end to a fence, hang the pail in the center and attach the calf to the outer end for a few feedings, and after that he will see to the attaching himself, as far as his end is concerned. It is not natural for a calf to drink at the age they are usually compelled to begin, and one of the results is that when the animal does learn to drink, it swallows the milk so rapidly that an attack of indigestion is sure to follow.



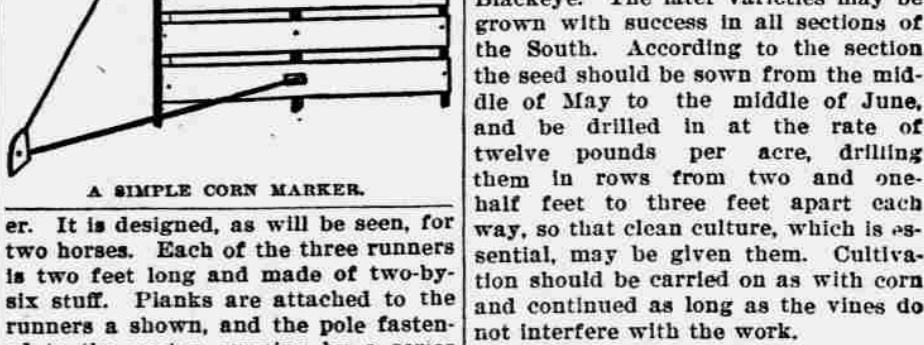
After he has satisfied himself that the contents are in good condition he can replace the stove, and it will hold firmly in proper position by the hoops. Another advantage is that in this way fresh air can at any time be admitted to all parts of the barrel, and that this will prove a boon in the case of fruit and provisions is undoubted.

Fumigate the Fowls. A desire is sometimes expressed by poultry keepers for a box for fumigating fowls. The larger poultry-supply houses have such in stock and one is shown herewith. The essentials are a tight box with a hole so arranged that the bird's head is outside the box. The space around the bird's neck must be packed to prevent escape of smoke. During the operation the legs are tied to keep the fowl steady. The tobacco stems or similar material must be so placed as to avoid risk of fire or accident. A smoking of this kind should last three or four hours, and is the best way to quickly clear insects from a sitting hen or other badly infested fowl. Grease the bird's head before smoking, to clear the lice from that part.—Farm and Home.



How to Grow Cow Peas. To grow cow peas the soil should be prepared the same as for the corn crop, and if the best result, especially in the seed crop, is desired, some fertilizer should be used. The varieties selected should be those that will ripen the crop before early fall frosts, hence in North these sorts should be the early ones, such as Warren's extra early and Early Blackeye. The later varieties may be grown with success in all sections of the South. According to the section the seed should be sown from the middle of May to the middle of June, and be drilled in at the rate of twelve pounds per acre, drilling them in rows from two and one-half feet to three feet apart each way, so that clean culture, which is essential, may be given them. Cultivation should be carried on as with corn and continued as long as the vines do not interfere with the work.

Farm Hints. Neighborhoods must pull together in these times. Milk is a great egg food, as it is chemically similar to the white of an egg. Massachusetts farmers who have tried it do not give encouraging reports of its failure. Corn should be grown extensively, and the silo is the cheapest method of preserving it. English beans are upright, rank, bushy growers and have large, oval, coarse pods, and they are usually shelled and eaten as peas. They are rich in flavor. Don't keep a drug store for your poultry. They will do a great deal better if left alone than to be compelled to take drugs, teas and all sorts of condition powders. Doctor only when sickness appears.



It is designed, as will be seen, for two horses. Each of the three runners is two feet long and made of two-by-six stuff. Planks are attached to the runners a shown, and the pole fastened to the center, running by a series of bolts with nuts. The side arm is fastened to the sled with a swivel and is reversible. In operation a rope is simply attached to the show of the marker and the other end hooked to the singletree. The marker is thus held taut, but by having it on a swivel and using the rope as suggested there is no danger of its being broken by coming in contact with stones or heavy clods. For the usual rows three and one-half feet apart, the arm is ten and one-half feet long and made of two-inch material.

When we speak of shorts for stock or poultry feeding we mean that which is entitled to the name. We do not mean bran that has been reground to make it finer, and especially would we avoid it if we thought that the cause of the regrinding was that the bran had been wet, soured and caked up. A few years ago a neighbor complained