HERR STEINHARDT'S NEMESIS

BY J. MACLAREN COBBAN.

CHAPTER VII—Continued.

"It is singular," I said, "that you in your own way should have come to the same conclusion about Steinhardt as I have gradually been coming to. I do not trust him at all; he is pitiless and unscrupulous, and I am sure he would make no more inquiries concerning your father than seemed necessary for the sake of appearances. But, dear Miss Lacroix, I think you can do no good by going to London yourself. Let me act for you in the matter; believe me, I have it as much at heart as if it were my own. Have a little patience, and I think we shall get at something."

"Why," she asked eagerly, "have you heard something at last from the friends to whom you wrote?"

"No; I have not."

"I suppose," said she, with some bitterness, "it is to them only the loss of one stranger out of the crowds all around them."

I then told her of the mission Freeman had undertaken, refraining, however, from saying that I had directed his attention to the railway stations, more particularly to the Great Northern, and I advised her to remain at Timperley Hall for the present, and to conduct herself toward Steinhardt so as not to excite his resentment or suspicion.

Upon this we prepared to leave the cottage; and on glancing casually away from her, I was arrested by the behavior of the old man.

"Look at him!" I involuntarily exclaimed.

His face was flushed, and as if puffed with blood; his eyes were extraordinarily bright and watchful; his mouth twitched grotesquely, as if in the effort to use it for speech; and his right leg and shoulder stirred a little under the blankets.

"Oh!" cried Louise, "perhaps seeing us, and hearing us talk—if he has heard us—has roused him! Uncle Jacues," she said, in a loud voice, going to him, and laying her warm, soft hand on his withered, lifeless wrist, "are you feeling better?"

His only answer was a wink of his bright eyes.

"Here is John coming," she continued to him. "I shall come and see you tomorrow again."

We left the cottage as John approached with his wheel barrow, bearing the shell fish for his afternoon round.

"I think your master must be rousing up a little, John.," said Louise.

"Yea," said John; "I think he mun, miss. Seems to me he may get as weel again as he was afore th' other master went to Lunnon."

As I took my way through the village to my lodgings, I found myself turning over these words of John: how "well," I wondered, had old Jacques been before his nephew went to London? If he could recover speech, could he tell us anything of consequence concerning him?

CHAPTER VIII.

Both Miss Lacroix and myself waited impatiently for news from Freeman in London. From day to day I expected a letter; and day after day, when I met her either in Jacques's cottage or in the little clough beyond Timperley Hall, I had to tell her that no letter had come. She quickly began to show signs of that heart sickness, which in the young is so ready to follow upon the steady, indefinite postponement of hope. In my efforts to encourage her I encouraged myself also to believe that an Overruling Power was holding this mystery in hand for some great purpose, only to reveal it eventually with the more force and effect.

One evening when I met her in the clough we were both startled and silenced by the clear, full note of a bird—a liquid "joug-joug."

"Is it a thrush?" I said in a whisper.

She listened breathless, almost panting, with joy.

"Oh," she whispered, at length, "it is a nightingale—it is a nightingale!" and, poor girl, she actually sobbed. "How can the dear little bird have got so far out of its way as this dreadful place?"

After a rapt attention of some minutes to the ravishing song, both of us were impelled to go away to tell others of our delight. The path out of the clough led along the ridge behind Timperley, past two or three neat little houses. From one of these we were surprised, as we approached, to hear music and singing of an unusually fine quality. It was just growing dark; a lamp shone out from a window, over which the blind was not yet drawn, and we could plainly see a man seated at the piano, and a girl, slight and small of figure, standing with her hand on his shoulder. She sang in a voice clear and sweet as a bird's, a song then much in vogue, called "Ehren on the Rhine." As we passed the song ended, and the player turned; we saw his face, and each exclaimed to the other, "Why, it's Frank!" So here dwelt the reason of his indifference to Louise's beauty and sad grace!

"Oh, what would his father say, if he knew!" exclaimed Louise, in alarm.

"I don't think we'll tell him," said I.

I was that night more cheerful and hopeful than I had been since my coming to Timperley. I was not addicted to writing letters to the newspapers, but the presence in that district of the little bird of song, that usually suggested soft, clear skies and scented groves, was so extraordinary, and seemed to me so delightful, that I sat down and wrote a letter concerning the phenomenon to a daily paper of some importance published in the neighboring large town. The paper, I knew, was widely read, but I had not reckoned upon my letter attracting such attention as it did. The second night after I had written it men and women of all conditions, but chiefly of the working class, were inquiring their way through the village, or finding their way along all the roads and lanes to "the Nightingale Clough." The small weekly papers of course copied the letter, and on Saturday and during the following week parties came from long distances in 'buses and vans to hear the nightingale sing. I went first one night, and then another, and another to see the crowd thus drawn together.

It was a strange and touching spectacle: the men and women, the lads and lassies standing under the trees down to the very edge of the discolored little lake, and the mischievous boys among the branches—all hushed while the summer twilight deepened into dark about them, waiting patiently for the unseen little bird to break forth like a voice from heaven into rapturous song. And when at length, after a few timid notes it poured out its full heart, I heard many a low sob mingling with the strains of the artless music.

Whether the nightingale took alarm at this invasion of its solitude, or whether some mischievous persons frightened it, it is certain that by the end of the week it was heard no more, and the people went away disappointed and noisy. One of these evenings I was returning with the crowd, when an old fellow walked alongside of me, looking at me hard, and at length speaking.

"Thou'rt parson as wrote th' letter—eh?"

I answered I was.

"Ah. An' thou'rt fo' London—eh? A git place that—wi' gardens, I've heard say, full o' a' kinds o' birds and beasts."

I said I supposed he meant the Zoological Gardens.

"Ah. Happen that's them. I'm rare and fond o' brids and beasts; I mun go to London some day, and see them gyardens. Happen I may come across thee: I hear thou'rt leaving Timperley."

"In a very few weeks," I said.

"Weel, now, I like thee; and I mun come and hear thee praich afore thou goes. Ee, mon, I a' something here, tho';"—he produced an old pocket book, and from one of the compartments he took a square of paste board which he gave me—"happen that may come in handy when thou goes back to London. I found it in Lacroix's Lane yond' more'n a year ago, and says I, 'I mun keep this till I go to London,' but I do not think I'll ever ride in a first class carriage—so thoud'st better tak' it, mon."

"What is it?" I asked.

"To be sure," said he, "'thoo conn see. It's a first class ticket".

I thanked him, and put it in my pocket.

We were then upon the cottage in which I had seen Frank Steinhardt sitting at the piano. Sounds of music and singing were again proceeding from it, and I was not surprised to see that many of those who had been disappointed by the nightingale stood listening in silence to the girl.

When I reached my lodgings I took out the old fellow's singular little present. It was the "return" half of a first class railway ticket from London Bridge to Croydon. It was tolerably clean; it must have been thrown away or dropped, soon after it was issued, and picked up soon after it was thrown away. A suspicion which had begun to creep upon me when first I looked at it shot up with startling suddenness when I turned it over and read the date stamped on its edge—"Mar 15 82."

This ticket had been found by the old man in Lacroix Lane: had the person who had lost or dropped it there been the same as the person who had bought it in London? If he had, had he been a resident in Timperley? In a word—had the person been Mr. Lacroix? It was impossible to say, until after such inquiry as I saw little chance of being able to make; for though visitors to Timperley seldom passed along the Lacroix Lane they sometimes did. I might, however, discover from Louise whether her father had had any connection with Croydon.

I met her next day at Jacques's cottage (I had almost given up my visits to Timperley Hall). After again answering in the negative her constant question as to news from Freeman, I began my attempt to get at this point concerning the ticket. I wished to avoid raising in her undue suspicion.

"Do you still wish," I asked, "to go to London yourself?"

"I do," said she; "but I take your advice, and wait."

"If you went," I continued, "where would you stay? Have you any friends in London?"

"I hoped," said she, shyly, "you would tell me somewhere to go."

"You have, then," said I, "no friends about London, or anywhere round? It is not necessary, you know, that you should live in London to follow up inquiries."

"Well," said she, "I know two or three girls living in London who were at school with me in Croydon, but I think I could not ask them."

Imagine how my heart leaped! I was afraid I showed my emotion in my look and tone. I quickly urged another question.

"Croydon is not far from London: might not your old school mistress take you in?"

"I did not think of that," said she: "I was there for only a year, after I left school in Paris. I had only been home three months when father went away."

I had learned more than I could have anticipated. Here, surely, at length was the strongest presumptive, if not direct, evidence that Mr. Lacroix, and not another, had dropped the ticket, and therefore that he had come home. I imagined him traveling from London Bridge to Croydon to pay, perhaps, his daughter's school bill, and returning a different way, although he had taken a return ticket to London Bridge. This struck me as agreeing with all I had heard of Mr. Lacroix—careless of money, and without much steady consistent purpose. How easily such a man must have become subject to the resolute Steinhardt!

It occurred to me that it would not be impossible to learn from the Croydon school mistress whether Mr. Lacroix had called on her. With a few questions as to the size, situation and character of the school, I learned the name and address of the school mistress; and as soon as I returned to my lodgings I wrote to her. On the second morning after I received her reply, which I treasured along with the railway ticket as invaluable evidence—a polite note, presenting compliments and begging to inform that on referring to her books and her diary, she found that Mr. Lacroix had called and paid a term's charges for his daughter's "finishing" education, on Wednesday, March the fifteenth, eighteen hundred and eighty-two.

CHAPTER IX.

The end of my six months' curacy was almost at hand, but, since my recent discovery, I was resolved I would still remain at least in the neighborhood of Timperley. I went first to the rector, who was not yet well enough to resume his duties, in the hope that I might prevail upon him to let me continue to fill his place for some time longer. I was surprised, and somewhat piqued to hear that it was entirely out of the question, because another curate had already been engaged.

"A young man from St. Bee's," said the rector. "Mr. Steinhardt says we must have no more clever men in Timperley. I would have liked you very well to stay, but you know—you see it can't be. If I can do anything for you—"

I said, since I could not stay in Timperley, I wished to get a curacy somewhere in the neighborhood. The rector looked at me in a way which made me doubt whether I had been wise to tell him my desire. However, he answered he would see what he could do.

Steinhardt, it was evident, expected me to go away, back to the south probably, since I disliked Timperley so much; but I metaphorically shook my Croydon evidence at him and more obstinately resolved not to go away. There happened at that time to be several curacies vacant in neighboring parishes or districts; I applied first for one with the result after some time of having my application declined, and then for another, with the same result. I was disappointed and puzzled, I knew I had been reckoned successful in Timperley, and I could not understand the coldness and reticence of the replies I received. But I was soon startled into the perception of their cause.

Louise and I had got into the habit of meeting frequently (as I have already hinted) at the cottage of old Jacques: we were still waiting for news from King's Cross, and we did not know whether the letter was to be sent to me, or to Feeman, or to Miss Lacroix. Louise met me one morning in great alarm and hurriedly told me the expected letter had come, but addressed to Mr. Lacroix—that Steinhardt therefore had opened it, naturally expecting to find it a business communication! He brought it to her, and asked if she knew what it meant. She read it; it was short, and to this effect: The guard who had had charge of the 8 o'clock express on the evening of March the 16th, 1882, had been found and interrogated; he could not remember anyone answering to the description of the missing gentleman. He might or might not have traveled by that train, but it really seemed impossible to ascertain at that distance of time.

(To be continued)

Few Japanese in America.

There are comparatively few Japanese in the United States. There are but 100 in Chicago, and many of them are students in various schools. Several merchants and foreign representatives are here, while from one to a dozen Japanese business men pass though Chicago every day. There is no disposition on the part of the Japs to emigrate to the United States as the Chinese do. —Chicago Chronicle.

Wendell Philips' Warning.

Wendell Philips once said that unless our next step in progress, as a nation, was in a spiritual direction, that boy was now living who would write the downfall of the American republic, as Gibbon wrote that of the Roman empire.

We are not inquiring for that boy now, but for one who will make that history impossible.

History of American Cities.

American cities are built to be burned. Their histories read something like this: Flourishing, public library, handsome churches, blocks of stores, new courthouse, first class hotels; destroyed by fire; loss, millions.

High Price for a 'Cello.

A record price for a Stradivarius 'cello is reported from Berlin. It is stated that Piatti's 'cello by Stradivarius has been bought for $20,000 by a banker, who is a grand-nephew of Mendelssohn.

SMALL BUT GOOD TEACHER.

Young Illinois Schoo'ma'am Only a Little Over Four Feet Tall.

Teaching in one of the largest county schools in Illinois is Miss Lena Arnold, a petite and pretty young woman whose stature is just above four feet. She enjoys the distinction of being the smallest schoolma'am in the country and has the reputation also of being one of the best. She presides over the scholars at the Rhodes school, five miles east of Alta Pass, in Union county. Many of her pupils are much larger than she, yet she rules with a firm hand and directs the young mind in the way it should grow with a skill fully satisfying the school directors, and there is no recollection of a time when she did not.

The fact of the matter is that the country school of this day is not the country school of another. The truculent gladiators of the countryside who waged war on the teacher as an Ignorote wages war on people who wear clothes has been long away.

MISS LENA ARNOLD.

In the seat of the erstwhile teacher trouncer sits now a youth that even this little lady from Lilliput may rule. He will build the fire for her. He will sweep the schoolroom for her. He will wind the clock and operate the windows, and there is no big or little thing to serve her that he will not count it his good pleasure to do.

Miss Arnold boards at a farmhouse near the school. There is a creek between and recently this creek was swollen after a rain. The little schoolma'am could not cross at the usual ford. So she called upon her boys. A couple of them lifted her between them and splashed across with her, setting her down high and dry, and Sir Walter Raleigh did not spread his cloak for the queen's sake with a better grace than these young gentlemen wet their feet that the little schoolteacher might keep her own dry. Little men rule the world. Look out for the little woman!

GETTING BOARD IN BOSTON.

The Applicant Must Pass a Most Rigid Examination.

Until one has tried, the difficulties of obtaining a boarding place in some of the very beautiful, but conservative suburbs of Boston are not realized. You can pass a civil service examination or obtain a life insurance policy more easily. A young Boston newspaper man, who had decided to exchange the excitements of the city for the quiet simplicity of the country, sallied forth bravely one day recently, but returned to town wondering if he looked like a second-story burglar or a sneak thief, owing to the rigid cross-questioning he had received from sundry timid house holders. When he started out he was well armed with references of the most excellent character, but when he returned he found that he had been compelled to tell the entire story of his life, and even then the matter had not been settled. One gray-bearded gentleman, living in a beautiful old-fashioned house not far from Roxbury, proved to be the prize inquisitor of the lot. He placed the applicant on the rack for an hour and a half, firing questions at him with Maxim-gun rapidity. When the late Li Hung Chang was in this country he was noted for the strangely personal questions he asked all the people he met. The aged Roxbury gentleman was able to beat Earl Li at his own game. He started out with queries as to the applicant's business, his age, his family, the time he had lived in Boston and whether he was likely to be out nights. The old gentleman wanted to know if the applicant had any friends, and, if so, who were they. The question, however, which appeared to be the most vital, was on the matter of being out nights. The applicant finally, with tears in his eyes, confessed that it was quite likely that some nights he would be out until midnight or later, at work. "W-a-l-l," drawled the aged Roxbury resident, at the conclusion of his protracted interview, "I guess if you can't get in by 9 o'clock at the latest you can't come here."—Boston Herald.

FLAGS AT THE CAPITOL.

When and How the National Emblems Are Put at Half-Mast.

The flying of flags over the capitol at half-mast is regulated by the strictest rules. Whenever these flags are seen floating down the staff is a sure indication that a Vice President, Senator or Representative is lying dead, or that the action is taken in response to a presidential proclamation ordering flags on public buildings at half-mast in respect to the memory of some prominent official of the government who has passed away.

When the sergeant-at-arms of the Senate or House of Representatives learns of the death of a member of either of those bodies they at once order that the flags over the Senate chamber and Hall of Representatives be half-masted. This is often done before the houses of Congress themselves are officially notified of the death. A good deal of discretion is exercised in the manner of placing the news of a death of this kind officially before the Senate or the House. Upon such an announcement it is customary for the houses to adjourn in respect to the deceased Senator or Representative, and in order that current business may not be stopped early in the day the announcement is generally made just before the houses are ready to conclude their day's work.

Officers of the Senate and House, when they fly the flags at half-mast in response to a proclamation by the President, regard their action as one of courtesy, as they do not recognize the power of the President to order Congress to do anything except to assemble in extraordinary session. They have always responded to the requests of such proclamations. It would be a nice question if one could imagine that it could ever be raised to know to what extent the President's authority would allow him to order flags at half-mast on the capitol. While his authority would not extend over the employes of the Senate and House, yet the capitol for many years was in fact controlled exclusively by him so far as the care of the building is concerned, and the superintendent of the building is to-day appointed by him without confirmatory action on the part of the Senate.

As a matter of fact, the capitol has for years been under the direct control of the committees on appropriations of the two houses of Congress, but that control has been accorded them by the failure of the President to give any orders to the architect or more lately to the superintendent of the capitol. If he should order that official to fly flags over the capitol at half-mast and the order should be disobeyed he would have power to dismiss him and appoint some one else in his place without the concurrence of either branch of Congress, except so far as the appropriation for the official's salary would be involved.

These are practically moot questions, says the Washington Star, but they occasionally form interesting subjects for fireside talks when flags are half-masted in response to presidential proclamations.

MARK TWAIN'S HISTORIC HOME.

"Hill Crest," at Tarrytown, on the Highlands of the Hudson.

Mark Twain's new home, "Hill Crest," at Tarrytown on the Hudson, is a historic spot in literature and in revolutionary history. When Mr. Clemens visited there some weeks ago and stood on the grand old hill overlooking Washington Irving's "Sleepy Hollow" to the east, and Tappan Zee to the west, and had pointed out to him the high prominence where, in the old revolutionary days signal fires were lighted to arouse the surrounding country; the monuments along the highways and waysides, worm-eaten and moss-covered, he determined to own it.

MARK TWAIN'S NEW HOME.

The place was formerly owned by Capt. W. T. Casey, who laid it out like an old English manor, with manor house, stables, kennels, driveways and terraced grounds, at an expense of $100,000. Mr. Clemens is said to have paid less than half that amount for it.

Immune from Cold Feet.

An observer of the bird species has concluded that birds are not troubled with cold feet, and says: "I spent several afternoons this winter watching the wild birds which are kept at the New York zoological gardens. One would expect them to show signs of decided pleasure after one of the thaws. The wild ducks did make considerable fuss over the worms and grass thus uncovered, and they made use of the open water in spite of its icy temperature. Yet neither the ducks nor swans deserted the half-thawed ice around the edges of the pond, although there was any amount of ground which was free from snow. I have reached the conclusion that they do not know what it means to have cold feet, for they stood about on the ice as though they enjoyed it."

Wealth in Platinum Mines.

"We are all going to be millionaires out in my State," said Senator Clark of Wyoming. "Not only have we discovered oil, but in a copper mine, as I learn from a letter I received to-day, a vein of pure platinum has been discovered. It is the only instance of the kind on the United States." 'Platinum is worth a great deal more than gold.

Mechanical Music.

"Did they have any music at the mechanics' reception?"

"Oh, yes; the plumber piped, the carpenter pounded the piano, the locksmith gave them the key and the joiner joined in."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Telephones in Europe.

Western Europe will soon have as complete a long-distance telephone service as the United States now have.

What has become of the old fashioned man who said a handy, industrious man was "full handed?"

An Irishman says he always shuts his eyes when he looks at lady's faults.

HOUSE ON A ROOF.

At first there seems to be nothing remarkable about this old house at Rouen, for to this day houses are built with towers and cupolas. But here we have a complete three-story house containing several bedrooms, straddling the ridge of a six-story house of much greater age. Most of the old French cities were laid out on a very narrow scale, with high buildings crowded together and separated by extremely narrow sterets. In spite of the extensive destruction of the old parts of Paris in the last half century there are still on the left bank of the Seine streets in which three men cannot walk abreast without brushing against the walls of the houses. In the course of time building sites in these old cities became almost priceless—in fact, unattainable. The only place where new houses could be built was on top of the old ones. Now-a-days in similar conditions the roofs would be raised or removed, and the old walls carried up a few stories; but this method did not seem to commend itself to these old French builders, who preferred to plant the new construction on the roof of the old one.

SURGICAL TRIUMPH.

New Eyelids Given to a Man Who Was Maimed in a Fire.

A new surgical triumph has been achieved by a Philadelphia physician. For probably the first time in the history of ophthalmological surgery a whole set of eyelids have been successfully supplied by skin grafting.

Dr. Charles Monroe Thomas, an opathic eye specialist, performed the operation. The patient lost both the upper and lower eyelids in a burning flame. The accident left both eyes entirely unprotected, and there was grave danger of the patient losing his sight.

The case was brought to the attention of Dr. Thomas several months ago and he at once began the attempt to graft four new eyelids. The skin used for the grafting was taken from the hip of the patient.

It was necessary to proceed slowly, but the experiment was successful from the start. To-day the patient has four new eyelids, which perform the natural functions naturally.

The case has attracted wide interest among medical men. A leading ophthamologist said that while eyelid grafting was not a new operation, this was the first time, so far as knowledge went, that an entire set had been replaced successfully.

The chief danger in the loss of the eyelids, he said, lay in the fact that it left the eyes unprotected. The lids act as brooms and keep the surface of the eye clear. Without them it would be impossible to remove specks of dust or any other foreign body that found its way into the eye. This in time would cause the loss of the organ.—Philadelphia Press.

TIP FROM VETERAN DOCTOR.

Simple Rule that Helped Him to Acquire a Lucrative Position.

A physician of long standing in the city, who has a practice that many of his colleagues might envy—and, in all probability do—recently gave this advice to a young doctor who was just starting out in his profession. The older man is a type of the kind of doctor that is said to be going out of date—the family physician. Whether he is destined to disappear or not, the kind of a physician followed a most profitable kind of career while it lasted. Many young men used to model this sort of practice as that to which they all aspired.

"I have always made it a rule," said this experienced man of medicine, "to close every visit to a patient with a question or a comment on his or her physical condition. It is all very well to discuss various questions with patients, talk about all kinds of subjects, and interest them in any way possible. But the final remark should be connected with the patient's physical condition. Tell him not to forget to take a certain medicine regularly, or tell her that you have never seen a case that was just like hers—but in all cases talk last about the illness of the person you have come to see. I have noticed that when I was a young man and not the most popular physician of his set, I always felt indebted to him, and it was not long before I realized the truth of the theory that nothing makes such a favorable impression on a patient as to emphasize the importance of his malady."—New York Sun.

Sleepy Grass.

Sleepy grass is found in New Mexico, Texas and Siberia. It has a most injurious effect on horses and cattle, being a strong narcotic or sedative, causing profound sleep, or stupor, lasting twenty-four to forty-eight hours.