

HERR STEINHARDT'S NEMESIS

BY J. MACLAREN COBBAN.

CHAPTER X—Continued.

"Mannet," said he, "is a double-dyed villain, if he does aught to harm Paul's girl! I can see what he's up to, though; he has given no account of 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 appeared, and he'll have to appear again and fight at the next sitting of the court. But he shan't plunder the lass. I mun find if she's with my sister, and if he's frightening her—and if he be, by th' L—d! I mun 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 ticket. It's near one o'clock, may be, and there's not a light anywhere burning; yea, by the L—d! 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 Jaques's cottage! (Birley always pronounced the name 'Jaques.') Th' owd chap seldom is put to bed; he usually sits or lies up in that chair of his all night and all day. Paul was aye fond o' th' owd 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' owd 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 Jaques to understand what we wanted to know, 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 Jaques 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 Jaques; I had 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 banked 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 refused to yield to the cajoleries and threats of Steinhardt, and hoped I would deliver her! But I 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 mun spare the time," said he; "and I mun go and find her. It's, of course, no use asking 'Mannet' 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 waiter 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 Jaques 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.

I was thus occupied one afternoon with *The Times*. I turned with a curi-

osity which was half listless to the "agony column," and my attention was at once arrested by this:—

"TO EMMANUEL STEINHARDT in England.—Emilie Haas in Basel sends this. Though you me have forgotten I not you. I am in very much trouble and fear from you, many times since first, now again. Come to me, come, before the 'Too late' must be rewritten." (A Basel address was appended.)

Was it not natural that I should at once think this was addressed to the Emmanuel Steinhardt I knew? There might be others of the name in England, but surely no other to whom the implication, which I read between the lines of this advertisement, of broken faith with a woman would so well apply. And she seemed in urgent distress; she begged him to go to her. It was scarcely probable, I thought, that Steinhardt would see it; he read little of newspaper literature, I knew, and his usual paper was the local daily. What, then? In spite of my abhorrence of him, and my wish to avoid him, should I not, for the woman's sake, inform him of this? I pondered this idea all the rest of the day, until the evening, when I took it to Birley. "Certainly," said he; "the scamp! Let him know of it. I suppose he only married my sister because she had a bit of brass."

So I called on Steinhardt that very evening. "Thank you, Mr. Unwin," said he, when I had told him my errand; "but some kind friend has already sent me the paper" (taking up a copy of *The Times*). "Yes," he continued, reading it over and chucking at its composition. "I suppose she thought she must write English for an English paper." (He laid the paper down.) "Poor Emilie, she wants me; but I can't go, you know. I must go to London about my lawsuit again. I might send Frank, but I really want him here." He paused and looked at me, meditatively. "You are doing nothing, Mr. Unwin. Would you go for me? You would, really and truly, do better than I should. She thinks she would like to see me and speak to me, but she wouldn't. She seems to be very ill—dying, I suppose she thinks herself, poor woman—and to speak to people sick and dying is more in your way than mine. She will like to hear you; she always liked clergymen; she liked me a little when we thought I was going to be a—clergyman."

He turned slowly to the fire, took up the poker, and carefully raked out the ashes from the bottom of the grate. Was memory leading him back reluctantly to those days of his youth, and compelling him to ask himself whether for all he had gained since then he had not paid too great a price?

"Well," said he, manifestly shaking something off, and turning to me, "what do you say, Mr. Unwin? I will, of course, pay your expenses, and you will take Emilie a letter from me, and money—I daresay she means she needs it."

"I am much obliged to you, Mr. Steinhardt," said I, "but—"

"Oh," said he, "it is I will be obliged, but of course that does not matter."

"It is so unexpected," I continued; "I might have added, 'and extraordinary.'"

"Well, yes; I daresay it is. But you know what the Frenchman says about the unexpected?"

"Let me consider it for a day; and if I decide to go I shall be ready to set out at once."

"Oh, yes; consider it, and consult your friends. But if you do not go, nobody will go."

I went immediately from him to Birley, and stated at once the extraordinary offer I had received.

"Go, lad," said he; "it will be a pleasant holiday for you, and the poor woman, of course, would rather see somebody from 'Mannet' than only get a letter from him."

I hesitated; I did not desire a holiday then, even on the Continent where I had never been, but at the same time some change was becoming necessary considering the low condition to which my finances had sunk.

"But," said I, "I believe he has asked me only to get me out of the way for some purpose. I think he suspects I have been finding out something more."

"And what does that matter?" asked Birley. "Look here, my lad; I know you're in a way about Louise. Now it strikes me if you go away for a little while (and you may as well go to 'Mannet's' expense), things will turn out better for you than you may think. You see, at the same time as you are away, he is away, too. Frank must come back to the works, and there will be no reason for keeping Louise at Blackpool. Take my word for it, he'll bring her home; I shall manage to see her, and if she claims my protection as her other guardian, I shall tak' her home with me, and when he comes back he can't tak' her from me. Don't you see, lad?"

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 Emilie 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 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 Ludwizstrasse to the obscure street I sought, I had to draw exclusively upon my stock of German. I discovered that Fraulein Emilie 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 tax 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 come 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! Ach! 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 'Emeralda?'" 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 'Eltessa' 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."

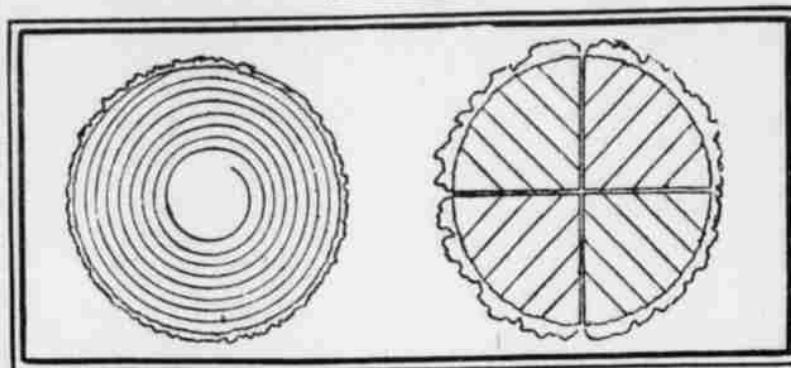
Knew How to Take Froude.

The late historian, Samuel Rawson Gardiner, used to say of Froude: "Whenever I find myself particularly perplexed on any point I look to see what Froude has to say about it. I always find his help invaluable, for I can trust implicitly in his unflinching instinct at arriving at false conclusions; and the more positive he becomes the safer I feel in adopting a diametrically opposite view."

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.

"CURLY" WOOD AND QUARTER SAWING.



BIRD'S-EYE MAPLE CUT.

QUARTERED OAK CUT.

The general public has but a faint idea of what bird's-eye maple, curly walnut and quartered oak really are. As a matter of fact the secret lies entirely in the method of cutting or sawing the timber.

The bird's-eye figure in maple is produced by cutting around and around the log, and continuing until the log is used up. A huge knife, and not a saw, is used for the purpose, and the wood is really peeled off like a great shaving; hence bird's-eye veneers yards in length are made. Few species produce this figure. That obtained from the sugar maple is the finest in this country.

Curly walnut is the root and that portion of the trunk just above the ground. The log is sawed in the ordinary way. Curly walnut is obtained from all the species.

Quartered oak is produced by sawing the log into quarters—hence the name. These quarters are then sawed into boards from the circumference toward the center, and thus the "flake," that beautiful figure in quartered oak, is brought out. The waste caused by this method of sawing is what makes the quarter-sawn timber so expensive.

THE WESTERN MINING CAMP.

It Has Been Immortalized in the Writings of Bret Harte.

The death of Francis Bret Harte, which occurred in England, has removed one of the most forcible and distinctive writers of the West. His stories immortalized the western mining camp and reflected the atmosphere of those days, half a century ago, when California was the Mecca of the gold seekers. Quiet, humorous and refreshing, his writings will long hold a unique and exalted place in English literature.

Mr. Harte was born in Albany, N. Y., in 1839, and was the son of an educator, who died leaving the family with little means. In 1854 young Harte went to California with his mother and in Sonora tried his hand at the father's profession of teaching. He did not succeed in this and became a compositor in the office of a mining camp paper, beginning his literary career by composing his first article in type while working at the case. In 1857 we find him a compositor in the office of the Golden Era, San Francisco. The experience of his frontier life had been impressive and his literary talents soon put to profitable use the vivid scenes of the previous three years. Clever sketches, contributed at first anonymously, attracted the attention of the editor, and Harte was invited to join the corps of writers. Soon afterward he became associated in the management of *The Californian*, a literary weekly, short-lived, but of interest as containing his "Condensed Novels." In 1864 he was appointed secretary of the United States branch mint and while holding this position he wrote several poems for San Francisco papers.

In July, 1868, the publication of *The Overland Monthly*, with Mr. Harte as its organizer and editor, was begun. The second issue contained *The Luck of Roaring Camp*, a story of mining life, which marked the beginning of Harte's brighter and more artistic work. The next number contained *The Outcasts of Poker Flat*, a realistic story, considered by many his best production. It established his reputation, and was followed in quick succession by other well known productions. The Heathen Chinee appeared in September, 1870.

Harte received the appointment of professor of literature in the University of California in 1870, but in the spring of 1871 resigned that chair and his editorship and settled in New York. He became a regular contributor to *The Atlantic Monthly*, and lectured on *The Argonauts of '49* in various cities. In 1878 Mr. Harte was appointed United States Consul at Crefeld, Germany, and was transferred in 1880 to Glasgow, Scotland, where he continued as Consul until the advent of the new administration in 1885. He had since resided in England, engaged in literary pursuits. Beside the books mentioned he wrote many other works.

His death occurred in London on the 22nd of August, 1882, at the age of 43 years. He was buried in the cemetery of St. George's, Hanover square.

His death is a great loss to the literary world. He was a man of great power and originality. His stories are full of life and interest. He was a true artist and a true writer. His work will live for ever.

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A conspicuous number of centenarians have enjoyed their favorite sports and pastimes even in their very last days. Sieu Dason de Veger of Lourday, France, who died in 1744, aged 118, "rode hunting fifteen days before his death." Bartholomew Rymer, a Yorkshire gamekeeper who ended a century of vigorous life in 1791, "shot game flying in his 100th year." One Hastings, an Englishman, dying in 1650, "rode to the death of a stag when near 90." In the last century of his life he was a fisherman and swam the river after he was 100.

All these instances, says the Rochester Post-Express, prove the value of out-of-door exercise as an aid in the prolongation of life.

Reversible Mower

That Can Cut Grass and Grain Blown Down by the Wind.

It is well known that with mowers and reapers it is difficult to cut grass or grain which has been blown down by the wind and become lodged on the ground. This trouble arises largely from the necessity of having to cut around and around the piece on all sides with the machines now in use, instead of doing all the cutting on the most convenient side. To provide a

machine which can run back and forth on the same side of the field, a Minnesota inventor has designed the reversible mower shown in the illustration. The tongue of the machine is pivoted at the center, and by pulling a lever the pin which locks the tongue to the curved frame is drawn and the team is swung around to pull the mower in the opposite direction. The cutter bar has a double set of knives and the running gear works as well in one direction as the other. The mower is also designed for use in large fields, where it is not desirable to cut clear around the piece on account of its size.

How to Form the Reading Habit.

In order to organize odd minutes into fruitful hours one must have a consistent scheme and keep the means of carrying it out within reach. Too many people read the books which come in their way instead of putting themselves in the way of getting the right books. They buy and borrow without thought or plan because they do not understand that reading ought to be a resource as well as a recreation. Decide in advance what books you will read, and do not take up with those which drift in your direction. Do not burden yourself with a scheme so extensive that it discourages you; do not, at the start, plan courses of reading so vast that you are weighed down with their magnitude. Begin in a quiet and easy way by planning to read consecutively a few books in some field which interests you.—Hamilton W. Mable, in *Ladies' Home Journal*.

Spontaneous Applause.

A political orator addressed in English a club of Italian voters. To his surprise and satisfaction, his listeners paid rapt attention and applauded at the proper places, shouting "Viva!" and "Bravo!" repeatedly. At the conclusion of his speech, says the New York Times, the orator took his seat beside the chairman.

He whispered that he was delighted with his reception, and had never spoken to a more intelligent audience.

"Ha-ha!" replied the chairman. "Me fix all-a dat. Me hol' up one-a finga, evera man say-a 'Hurrah!' Me hol' up two-a finga, evera man say-a 'Viva!' Me hold up t'ree-a finga, evera man say-a 'Bravo!' Me hol' up whole-a hand, evera man say-a 'Hi-yi!' like one great yell. Me fix all-a dat."

Every good boy is neglected by his mother.



Mrs. Hoyle—My husband says that I am one woman in a thousand. Mrs. Doyle—Aren't you jealous of the 999?—New York Sun.

Cause for Worry, Aunt Sadie—I fear Robert is an awfully careless fellow; I heard him say that he dropped \$8,000 on the street yesterday!—Brooklyn Life.

Et Gabrui wuz ter blow his trumpet ter-morrer, some er de fault-finders would rise en tell 'im dat his musical education had been neglected.—Atlanta Constitution.

Upgardson—Among the fraternity of professional musicians I consider—Atom—Fraternity of professional musicians! Don't talk nonsense, old man!—Chicago Tribune.

Borem—Now, what would you do if you were in my shoes, Miss Cutting? Miss Cutting—I'd point the toes toward the front door and give them a start.—Chicago News.

He—Miss Wadsworth is rather manish, isn't she? She—Exceedingly! Why, she'd rather pay 2 cents more for an article than go into a department store to buy it.—Puck.

"What's a wreck, pop?" "A wreck, my son, is a disaster on the water." "Not always, pop; there's old Rednose; he's a wreck, but water had nothing to do with it."—Yonkers Statesman.

Mr. Kawdle—I wish you wouldn't interrupt me every time I try to say something. Do I ever break in when you are talking? Mrs. Kawdle—No, you wretch! You go to sleep.—Tit-Bits.

"Have the letters been duly examined by the handwriting expert?" "Yes, your honor." "Very well; let the handwriting expert now be examined by the insanity expert."—Ohio State Journal.

Boarder (warmly)—Oh, I know every one of the tricks of your trade. Do you think I have lived in boarding houses twenty years for nothing? Landlady (frigidly)—I shouldn't be at all surprised.

Visitor—What are you crying about, my little man? Little Willie—All my brothers have holidays, and I have none. Visitor—Why, that's too bad. How is it? Willie (between sobs)—I don't go to school yet.

A conductor said in a tone of great severity to a passenger who was making considerable disturbance on a car: "Remember, sir, that you are on a public vehicle, and you must behave as such."—Lippincott's Magazine.

"Yes, I am opposed to American girls marrying furriers," said old Mrs. Sipes. "I'm just that opposed to it that if my girls can't marry people of their own sex they needn't marry at all, and that's all there is about it."

Flanagan—Hivins, man, phawt's the matter wid yer face? Hanagan—Faith, 'twas an accident. The owd woman throwed a plate at me. Flanagan—An' 'ye call that an accident? Hanagan—Av course! Didn't she hit phwat she aimed at?

Hojack—My wife only writes to me once a week while she is away. Tomdik—Mine writes regularly three times a week. Hojack—She must be very fond of you. Tomdik—She is; and then I only send her money enough to last two days at a time.

A Question of Privilege: Mistress (after a heated discussion with argumentative cook)—Are you the mistress of this house, I should like to know? Cook—No, ma'am, I ain't.—but— Mistress (triumphantly)—Then don't talk like an idiot!—Punch.

"Did you get anything?" whispered the burglar on guard as his pal emerged from the window. "Naw, de bloke wot lives here is a lawyer," replied the other in disgust. "Dat's hard luck," replied the first; "did you lose anything?"—Ohio State Journal.

Sharpe—On his birthday before their marriage she gave him a book entitled "A Perfect Gentleman." Whelton—Any change after a year of married life? Sharpe—Yes; on his last birthday she gave him a book entitled "Wild Animals I Have Met."—Tit-Bits.

Intimate Friend—The assessor hasn't listed your property at one-tenth of what it is worth? Then why don't you increase your assessment voluntarily? Millionaire—I did that last year, and everybody said I was making a grand-stand play for popularity.—Chicago Tribune.

Lieutenant (to his orderly)—Bring me a beefsteak and poached egg. Orderly (in a low voice)—Excuse me, lieutenant, but haven't you forgotten that you are to dine tonight at Countess Stingley's? Lieutenant—That so! I had forgotten it. Bring me two beefsteaks and two poached eggs!—Ex.

"Mike," said Plodding Pete, "I'm goin to join one o' dese here forestry associations." "What's dem?" inquired Meandering Mike. "Dey're to prevent de destruction of de forests. An' it jes' happened to hit me dat if people could be stopped from cuttin' down trees dey're wouldn't be no more wood to split."—Washington Star.

Long—Say, Short, I'd like to have that \$10 you borrowed of me three months ago. Short—Sorry, old man, but I can't give it to you at the present writing. Long—But you said you wanted it for a little while only. Short—Well, I gave it to you straight. I didn't keep it half an hour.—Chicago News.