

HERR STEINHARDT'S NEMESIS

BY J. MACLAREN COBBAN.

CHAPTER XIV—Continued.

I had much ado to keep quiet, but I did manage to hold my tongue. I had my eyes fixed on him, however; as he again turned to go, his eyes encountered mine, and, I thought, fell before them. In a moment we heard the door slam behind him, and Louise sank sobbing into a chair. It took all Birley's efforts and mine to calm her. I think I must have become very much engrossed with my own efforts, for when at length Louise sat composed and I turned to Birley, Birley was gone.

"You will not leave me," she said, laying her hand on mine, "till he comes back?"

That touch precipitated feeling in me, and the confession which I had not intended I should make for some time yet. Considering the highly wrought condition of the nerves of both of us, I do not think it is surprising that we should then have opened our hearts to each other.

"I wish," I said, "that I need never leave your side again."

On an impulse of shyness she tried to withdraw her hand, but I kept it and she let it stay.

"Louise," I said, "do you know what that man meant when he accused me of seeking to marry an heiress?"

"Yes," she said, with hanging head (the beautiful head), "I think I do. He said something of the same to me at Blackpool."

"And do you think," I urged, "that if I told that heiress how I loved her, how I had loved her and thought of her from the first moment I had seen her, before I guessed that she might be an heiress—do you think if I said that, it would only be because I expected she would be rich one day?"

"Oh, I do not think that at all! But," she said, looking up with a bright, uncertain smile (which was so winning—so ravishing!) "but I am not an heiress."

"You guess, then, it is you I would say this to—that it is you I love and have ever thought of?"

She trembled violently (dear fluttered heart!) but I still held her hand.

"I did not guess," she murmured, "until he made me think of it at Blackpool. Then I understood why you had been so very good to me, and I—"

"What, Louise? What, dear?" I urged.

"Then I—I think," she faltered, "I began to—Do not make me say it!"

"To love me a little?" I asked.

"Do, do say it."

"Yes," she whispered. Her face was hid against my shoulder, and my arms were about her before she added—

"—but not little—very much!"

It was some moments before either of us spoke again.

"Do you think," she said at length, "it is right that we should have said these things at such a time—when we do not yet know anything certain about my dear, dear father?"

"Louise," I answered, "darling, I would, you know, save you the smallest pang of pain. But I think I ought to say at once, dear, that you must give up the hope that you have clung to, I know, in secret, that you might after all find your father alive. He does not live, I am sure now—indeed I may say I am as sure now as when he lies buried, though I must not tell you more at present. All we can hope to do, dear, is to give him a decent resting place. Then we shall go away out of this terrible region of money grubbing, of horrible toiling and moiling in smoke and steam and poisonous vapors, where the eye cannot rest upon one single spot of nature un-abused—we shall go away to a place where the people are poorer and milder, where we may see clear skies and pure water, and trees and flowers bright and wholesome. Won't that be a welcome change?—and to get away from the constant talk of 'brass.'"

"Oh, yes," she exclaimed, "that will be sweet. Let us go—do let us go as soon as ever all things are settled, and we have done something for our dear uncle Birley! We shall do something for him—shall we not?"

We were thus talking when "dear Uncle Birley" came in. He probably suspected the understanding we had come to, but, like a kind and discreet old gentleman as he is, he said nothing then.

"Wondered where I've been, have you? Well, lad, I've just walked down to my lodgings to tell th' old woman she may go to bed, for thout to stay here the rest of this night—the last night but one, very likely, that I shall be here myself!"

A tear glistened in his eye, and a lump rose into his throat; but, after a momentary pause, he talked on, and these signs of emotion disappeared.

We soon went to bed, but I think no one of the three slept much.

In the course of an intimate talk with Louise which I had that Sunday I learned how near I had been to losing her while she was at Blackpool, where her vigilant duenna had been a hard, faithful old German servant of Steinhardt's.

It was only gradually that I got to know all the anxiety, and even terror, of those days of detention and surveillance, but that day I heard to my horror that the poor girl had been so wrought upon by Steinhardt's representations of her duty to her father, of the leniency of refusing to fulfill what (Steinhardt declared) had been his frequently expressed wish, that she was on the point of accepting Frank for a husband, when he and his father were called away, the one home and the other to London.

CHAPTER XV.

As I recall the final episodes of my story so far as they concern the arch-villain Steinhardt, I am so affected with a shuddering horror that I scarce write legibly. Yet they have such a fascination that I am drawn to the description of them, to the risk of omitting one or two matters of quieter interest, which are yet vital to my story. These I must dispose of. Wednesday and Thursday passed away, and the Friday arrived, which to think of even now makes me tremble. It was a daring experiment we were about to attempt, and so very little would make it ridiculous! I had taken partly to my confidence the big son of the landlady (a staunch Lancashire lad of the old breed). With him I went through the slides of my story several times, and showed him how to manage them with effect.

The evening came and I was almost sinking under excitement. The place of entertainment was that public hall in which Freeman had delivered his famous lecture. The kind of thing was rather new in the village, and there was a crowded attendance of work people, especially of Steinhardt's own. Steinhardt, with his wife and son, sat right in front, where the reflection from the sheet fell full upon him. When the lights were turned, some out and others low, Freeman and I crept up behind the sheet, where I waited with trembling pulse and sudden creeping chills till the, to me, uninteresting part of the entertainment came to an end. The curate acted as lecturer, and explained with fluency what the views meant, or told something about the places represented. I cannot tell what it was about. At length his series of views and his lecture were finished. There was a moment's pause—to me a wild throbbing anxiety—and then the bass voice of the manager of the lantern boomed forth the announcement: "A Lancashire Mystery." Without another word the first picture (came upon the sheet (I crept to its corner to watch Steinhardt). It was two men in an attitude of quarrel, surrounded by colored vapors. The second followed quickly without a word of explanation: the same two men—the one half suffocated, struggling to get out of a vat or bath of vapors, while the other, with mouth muffled, held him down. Still no word of explanation. Rapidly came the third picture—the man one lying dead and dyed before the other, and beside an open box. Awful whis-pers began to stir among the spectators, who were the more impressed no doubt by the silence amid which the pictures appeared. I ventured to peep at Steinhardt; he was gazing fixedly, with parted lips. The fourth picture called forth an instantaneous cry of horror: it was, perhaps, too realistic. The dead body lay stripped and quartered before the living man, who stooped over it. I fancied that at this sight I heard a low moan from the front bench, but on glancing at Steinhardt I saw him sitting as before, as if fixed as much by utter astonishment as by horror. The next picture rapidly blotted out the gruesomeness of the other; the portions of the body lay wrapped in three canvas packages, and the man stood by as if pondering. Quickly came the next; the man digging near a ruined building, with the three packages by him. "Th' owd spinning mill!" some one exclaimed aloud; I had not thought the resemblance was so recognizable. That was almost immediately succeeded by the same view of the mill, with the packages gone, the hole covered in, and the man standing as if pulling the rope which passed over the top of the wall.

"The devil!" exclaimed Steinhardt, starting suddenly to his feet. But he recollected himself, and sat down again.

At once the last picture of all flashed upon the sheet; the wall lay flat on the ground, and the man stood by with the loose rope in his hand!

Up started Steinhardt, and strode down the room, amid an ominous silence, to where the big Dick stood by his apparatus.

"Where the devil," I heard him exclaim, "did those horrible pictures come from? They were not among the lot I bought! Come, no—d nonsense! You must tell me where you got them. Who gave them to you?"

There was now a wild hubbub of talk. Dick, I was sure, had refused to tell him anything about them. In the midst of this the lights flashed forth again, and the people began slowly to disperse, with hushed but earnest speech. Freeman and I slipped out by a side door.

I went straight to Jaques's cottage. There I found Birley. In low, anxious voices we began to discuss what would be (meaning Steinhardt) do now. Louise wished she had been there, and Birley had just said it was as well she had not, when a heavy foot rapidly approached, the latch was noisily raised, the door was dashed open, and Steinhardt stood before us.

"Soh!" he exclaimed, glaring at Birley and me, "I have found you, sneaks and cowards! You think with your fool's tricks and your pictures you will annoy me, and spoil me! Piff! You are nothing!—you are beggars!—you are dirt! I will have you, Sir, Parson, arrested for making calumnious charges against me!" How in his fury had he committed himself!

"Herr Steinhardt," said I, at once, "the pictures, so far as I heard, were unaccompanied by a single word of comment, except what they drew from the people, and no one could say that the figures represented were likenesses. But your guilty, black heart has charged

you. As it says, I say: "You are the murderer of your partner, Mr. Lacroix, and his remains will now be found securely locked, whence you can't remove them, under that fallen wall!"

His jaw dropped, and his great body trembled for a moment, then as with a sudden impulse of fury he made as if he would crunch me with a bearish hug, when Birley came between us.

"Come, Mannel, none of that. As I told you, you're not yet done with law and Lancashire. You'd better go home, or go to our experiments."

"Fool!" he cried, still glaring at me. "Idiot! What scrap of proof have you of the ridiculous charge you make?"

"For one thing I have proof that Mr. Lacroix, before he went to you at the works, called here to see his old uncle."

"Soh! Has the old idiot found his tongue at last then?"

We were all amazed, Steinhardt as much as any, at the electrical effect of this upon the old man. I had casually noticed throughout the scene that he had eagerly though painfully listened. I was smitten with fright, as if I saw a dead man rise to his feet, when he now rose at once to his full towering height—a height which I could not have conceived he possessed as he reclined huddled in his chair—and, quivering with excitement, strove to give utterance. This he could not do, but with lightning gesture he pointed with outstretched arm to the door. Steinhardt stood and stared open-eyed, when he made as if he would himself compel him to go.

"Go, Mannel; go, man!" urged Birley, holding the door open.

Steinhardt went without a word, and the old man fell back in his chair—and was soon rigid in death.

CHAPTER XVI.

Birley remained that night at the cottage. When I left to return to my lodgings I was surprised, even for the moment terrified, to see lights across the stream, hovering about the spot which I knew was the temporary grave of Mr. Lacroix. In the moving lights I presently saw figures; I heard sounds, too—the sounds of a pickaxe.

"They are breaking into the grave!" I exclaimed to myself, and resolved I would go and see.

I hurriedly picked my way round to the place. About the fallen wall—the gigantic tomb-slab of Lacroix, which a brawny pickman, naked to the waist, was hewing at—there stood, in silent, stolid expectation, a crowd of thirty or forty men and lads, with two or three women with shawls over their heads. Many of the men were in the colored garb of the chemical works.

"Pick on that spot where you see the green," I called to the hewer; I had hastily come to the conclusion that since I could not hinder the operations I ought to help.

When I said this they all turned and looked at me.

"You know summat about this, do not yo', parson?" asked one.

"Something," said I.

"I'm thinking, Mr. Unwin," said an old man, whom I recognized as the father of the man to whose death bed I had been summoned months before; "I'm thinking this that you've shown tonight in th' pictures is th' same business as my lad raved about."

So my connection with the pictures had been discovered.

In silence the hewer picked the bricks loose, pausing now and then to let a comrade throw the debris aside. Soon a space was cleared, and he began carefully to pick into and loosen the soil. A shovel was brought into requisition, and the earth and rubbish were thrown aside. And the old ventilating cowl overhead kept grinding stiffly and slowly about, with painful, long-drawn moans, as if it were oppressed with the spirit of the scene.

"I've struck on summat!" exclaimed the hewer, pausing abruptly and speaking in a hurried whi-per.

Several hands were now tearing at the soil, and fearfully sounding it.

"I feel a clout," whispered one man, and he began to tug at it.

"Ah," I exclaimed in alarm, "you mustn't disturb them—not tonight, at least!"

"Yes, parson," said the man, "but we mun. We mun see which on us it is he's done for like this. There's Jim Riley gone missing, and Job Kershaw."

(To be continued.)

WANTED TO CLIMB THE GATE.

Story of Secretary Moody and Naughty Boston Woman.

They are telling a story in Washington about the new secretary of the navy. Mr. Moody was riding on one of the Boston surface cars, and was standing on the platform on the side next the gate that protected passengers from cars coming on the other track. A lady—a Boston lady—came to the door of the car, and, as it stopped, started to move toward the gate, which was hidden from her by the man standing before it.

"Other side, please, lady," said the conductor. He was ignored as only a born and bred Bostonian can ignore a man. The lady took another step toward the gate.

"You must get off the other side," said the conductor.

"I wish to get off on this side," came the answer, in tones that congealed the official into momentary silence. Before he could either explain or expostulate, Mr. Moody came to his assistance.

"Stand to one side, gentlemen," he remarked quietly. "The lady wants to climb over the gate."—New York Times.

Spread of Civilization.

The first Tagalog-English and English-Tagalog dictionary has just been completed. It is the work of Dr. Stomple of New York, who worked on the Tagalog grammar before our war with Spain.

SOME ROYAL WOOLINGS

SPOTS WHERE IMPORTANT PROPOSALS WERE MADE.

Romances that have figured in the otherwise cut-and-dried lives of a few of the great rulers of the Continent of Europe.

Many people are possessed of the idea that, as royal marriages have generally to be arranged as affairs of state, the prospective bridegroom has no occasion to woo his bride as the average man would do. This, however, is a totally erroneous idea. As will be found on reading the following authentic accounts of how and where some royalties proposed to those who ultimately became their wives, says London Tit-Bits.

It was at Rosenber, the palace of the Danish royal family, that King Edward VII. proposed to and was accepted by our gracious queen. His majesty—then, of course, Prince of Wales—first saw his wife in the cathedral of a continental town, and was so impressed with her beauty that he determined to secure an introduction on learning who the princess was. The result of that introduction was that a short time afterward the prince went over to Denmark and made a formal claim for the hand of the princess.

A charming story is that told regarding the manner in which the late Emperor Frederick of Germany, then crown prince, proposed to the princess royal (the late Empress Frederick). The two became separated from the rest of a royal party, who were taking a walk over a Scotch moor in the vicinity of Balmoral. Suddenly the crown prince spied a bit of white heather, and, picking it up, gave it to the young girl beside him—for the princess was barely 18 years of age at the time. She knew, however, the meaning of the simple gift, and whispered "Yes" loud enough for her companion to hear. During the remainder of their lives Balmoral always had great attractions for the emperor and empress.

White Lodge, Richmond Park, was the place where our present Prince of Wales wooed and won the heart of Princess May. The prince went on a visit for a few weeks to his sister, the Duchess of Fife, who lived at Sheen House, near the park gates. Every day his royal highness could be seen strolling down Sheen lane, leading to White Lodge, and it was in the gardens round that mansion that he put the all-important question.

In describing how the Marquis of Lorne, now, of course, the Duke of Argyll, proposed to Princess Louise, one cannot do better than quote the record made of the event by Queen Victoria in her "Leaves from the Journal of a Life in the Highlands." Our late queen wrote:

"This was an eventful day. Our dear Louise became engaged to Lord Lorne. The event took place during a walk from the Glassait Shiel to Loch Dhu. We got home by 7. Louise, who had got home some time after, told me that Lorne had spoken of his devotion to her and proposed to her, and that she had accepted him, knowing that I should approve."

It was at the same place, i. e., Rosenber, the seat of the Danish royal family, where our king proposed to the "daughter of the sea kings," that the present czar asked Princess Alix of Hesse in 1894 to be his wife. He had made up his mind long before that if he married it would be to whom he pleased rather than one commended to him by his counsellors for state reasons. His choice fell upon Princess Alix, and a party was arranged at Rosenber to allow Nicholas to meet this royal lady. Accounts differ regarding the actual spot where the proposal took place. Some say the czar proposed during an evening party; others that he did so in the gardens round the palace while out for a walk with the princess. The latter account, however, is generally regarded as correct.

PLANTS THAT IMITATE KIN.

Methods by Which Inanimate Things Secure Protection.

The methods of plants by which they protect themselves from their enemies by mimicking other plants which have adequate protection are interesting indeed. Rev. A. S. Wilson writes in Knowledge, London, as follows:

Mimicry is perhaps more frequent in the seed than in any other part of the vegetable organism; it occurs, however, in other organs, and even the entire plant body may assume a deceptive appearance. A well known example is in the white dead nettle, which so closely resembles the stinging nettle in size and in the shape and arrangement of its leaves. In systematic position the two plants are widely removed from each other, but they grow in similar situations and are easily mistaken; anyone who has occasion to collect quantities of lamium is almost sure to get his hands stung by urtica, an experience calculated to convince one of the efficacy of protective resemblance.

Among animals it is species provided with formidable weapons of defense that are most frequently mimicked by weak, defenseless creatures. The stinging nettle is therefore a very likely model for unprotected plants to copy. A somewhat analogous case is the yellow bugle of the Riviera, which has its leaves crowded and divided into three linear lobes, some of which are again divided. In this the plant differs very materially from its allies. It has, however, acquired a very striking resemblance to a species of euphorbia, abundant on the Riviera. The acrid juice of

COCK FIGHT IN A PARLOR.



Many persons who would not think of going to see a real cock fight would be glad to see the kind which may be played in a parlor. It is played by two men, who are seated on the ground, opposite each other, and it is called "a human cockfight," because the tactics of the combatants are not unlike those of two cocks in a pit.

The legs of each man must be tied above the feet, the knees must be drawn up to the chin and the hands must be crossed in front on the shins. When the men are in this attitude a cane is shoved under their arms in such a manner that its ends will rest on their arms, and then the combat begins.

The object of each combatant is to shove the tip of his foot under that of his opponent, for if he can once do that he can easily give him a shove that will place him "hors de combat." One in the accompanying picture has accomplished this feat, and must be considered the winner, since his fallen opponent is unable to regain his position.

The rules of the game require that the hands shall be fastened as well as the feet, but this is seldom done when the fight takes place in a drawing room or parlor.

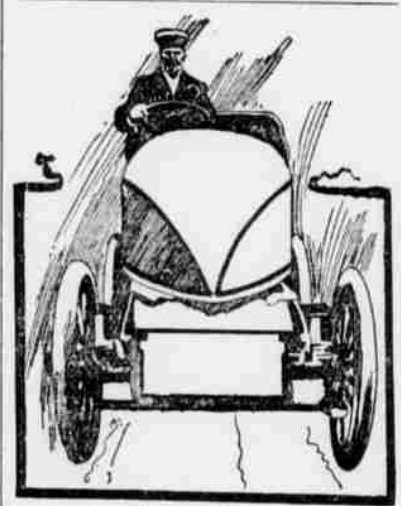
the euphorbia secures them immunity against a host of enemies. As the two plants grow together there is little room to doubt that, like the dead nettle, the bugle profits by its likeness to its well-protected neighbor.

One of the pineapple family grows on trees in tropical America, and has a resemblance to a shaggy lichen so marked that it is generally mistaken for a plant of that order. The fly agaric, our most conspicuously colored fungus, according to Dr. Plowright, is closely imitated by a parasitic flowering plant, *Balenophora volucrata*, the scarlet cap, the dotted warts, the white stem and volva being all accurately represented.

A RECORD-BREAKING AUTO.

French automobilists are still discussing the wonderful achievement of M. Serpollet, who recently won the Rothschild cup by driving his new racing machine at the record-breaking speed of 76.45 miles per hour. They describe the feat as the "revenge of steam."

The race occurred on the Promenade des Anglais, which is considered the most perfect racing course in France. The automobile attained such a terrific pace that it lurched all over the course. M. Serpollet and his assistant could hardly breathe and they nearly



M. SERPOLLET'S AUTO.

fainted when the speed of the machine was slackened to make a stop. All previous records of either electric or gasoline machines was broken by this run. Fournier's best record for a single mile was 51.45 seconds on the Coney Island boulevard. M. Serpollet beat this by just five seconds. The next best record was made by W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., several weeks ago, when he made 68 miles per hour without the stimulus of a race.

M. Serpollet's automobile is a curious looking object. It is strongly built and egg-shaped, whence its nickname of "Serpollet's Easter Eggs." Immediately after the race an English chauffeur made a bid for it. Without question he paid M. Serpollet's price of \$11,000, the highest ever paid for a 12-horsepower machine, and he has taken it to England.

TURKEY HUNTING AN ART.

Wild Fowl Can Distinguish Marks of a Human Being.

The successful turkey hunter is probably the most scientific sportsman in the world. He matches himself against the acutest of all feathered things.

The turkey is not only gifted with extraordinary sight, hearing, wariness and alertness, but it knows the woods better than any mere man can know them, and it has distinctly the faculty of casualty or reason. A turkey knows not only that the appearance of a certain part of the ground is not right, but also why it is not right.

It will distinguish readily between marks of passage made by a wild animal and a human being. Negroes assert that it can smell powder, just as they believe that a crow can smell powder, but there is no evidence that its sense of smell is specially developed.

Its power of flight is not great, nor is it enduring on foot. There are many animals which prey upon it and can out run it. It has had to depend for preservation upon its intellect, and this intellect has come to be remarkably developed.

The turkey is not hard to find and kill when it is gobbling from a tree top in the early spring morning, but the person who goes after one later in the day must know his business. It is sometimes taken in traps made of logs

and roofed with branches, there being an entrance under the bottom log. Once inside, having been tolled there by parched corn grains, it travels around and around looking for an exit higher than its head.

It is sometimes slain, too, by being led to a shallow trench dug in the woods and sprinkled with parched corn, a V-shaped blind having been prepared thirty yards away. If shot legitimately, however, at any time save at daybreak or when flying into its roost at night, it must be called to the hidden gun, and in this the science of the hunter is made manifest.

An Underground Photograph.

There are thousands of people who have desired to see what the bottom of an oil well looked like after a hundred quart glycerine torpedo had been exploded in it. But no ordinary mortal could crawl down a six-inch hole to the depth of two thousand feet if he wanted to, and no sane one would want to if he could. So the curious oil seeker has heretofore been compelled to guess as to the effect of the torpedo shot.

An oil country photographer furnished the desired picture. The successful experiment was made at Warren, Pa. The instrument was let down to the bottom of a seventeen hundred foot well, which had been subjected to a torpedo explosion.

When the camera touched bottom a bright flash lit up the cavity, impressing a perfect picture on the negative. A cavity fourteen feet broad and seven feet deep below the oil sand was revealed. Into the cavity, enlarged by the force of a glycerine explosion, from the ordinary six-inch drill hole the oil trickled and accumulated, ready to be pumped to the surface.

A Sojourn in Siberia.

"My first purchase in Siberia," writes a traveler who recently made the transcontinental journey, "was a postage stamp; and, living in a country where officials are public servants, it seemed strange to me to stand with hat removed, before a counter, behind which a man sat with his cap on, dressed like a major general, who graciously consented to sell me a stamp. Great as the postmaster is, he is nothing compared to an army officer. On one extremely hot day on the Amoor, a wealthy merchant was lying on a sofa in the cabin. He had removed his coat. A lieutenant in the army, traveling third class as a deck passenger, happened to see him in his shirt sleeves, and just above his head a picture of the Emperor. He thereupon ordered him to put on his coat in the presence of the Emperor. The merchant appealed to the captain of the steamboat, but to no effect."

Throw Cold Water on Him.

A titled lady warned her gardener that her husband had an irritating habit of disparaging everything he saw in the greenhouse, and of ordering, in a reckless manner, new plants to be bought.

"But on no account humor him," she said. "Whatever he says, throw cold water on him, or he will ruin us with his extravagance."

At this point the new gardener turned on her a white and startled face.

"Ma'am," he asked, "if he orders me to pitch every plant in the place on the rubbish-heap, I shan't ever have the pluck to douse him in cold water. Won't it do just as well if I get a drain of warm water out of the boiler and let it trickle gently down his neck?"

Stronger than Wood.

Aluminum saw handles are being introduced which are said to be both lighter and stronger than those of wood. There are several shapes, but they are all made of thin sheet metal worked into the desired form and supplied with perforations for the purpose of enabling workmen to get a secure hold of the tool. One of the designs offered is adjustable so that the right hand side of the handle is flush with the saw, permitting the operator to work close to the floor or in other inconvenient places.

Millions in Gifts.

An annual cyclopaedia for 1901 places the total gifts and bequests in the United States last year at \$107,360,000.

There is one thing you men may as well learn early; that your wives don't really care if you like their new hats or not.