

# HERR STEINHARDT'S NEMESIS

BY J. MACLAREN COBBAN.

## INTRODUCTION.

My name is Unwin—Gerald Unwin. "Rev. Gerald Unwin, B. A.," I am usually styled on the backs of envelopes; for, though I have laid aside clerical duties, for the present at least, I am still in orders. Now that I enjoy leisure and the absence of those petty worries which prey upon the subordinate cleric more than the lay mind can conceive, I set myself to write out the strange narrative of event and experience which, in the Providence of God, have worked such a change in my condition. I promised myself and my friends some months ago that I would do this, but until now I could not find myself to my desk; I have had too much other occupation, desultory, perhaps, but agreeable; in short, like the man in the parable, I have married a wife. Yet that is the very reason why my friends in town have pestered me, and now grow clamorous to know all about it. They have been good enough to remind me that, though it is proverbial clericalism to get hand-some wives, yet it is quite out of the common for an ordinary looking priest as myself to win a lady so beautiful and distinguished as (they are pleased to say) my wife is; and, further, that though it has been whispered fine-looking clerical tutors have had the audacity to aspire to ladies of very high rank indeed, their aspirations have usually been overwhelmed with contempt; and, lastly, they are consumed with wonder that I should have lighted upon a refined and delicate Frenchwoman in the wilds of Lancashire of all conceivable places. Perhaps, they add, with a touch of sarcasm which I can completely endure, I was the only creature like a gentleman she had ever seen. But my story is all too terrible and serious to be introduced with persiflage.

## CHAPTER I.

About two years ago I accepted a curacy in the village of Timperley, within a few miles of a large Lancashire town. If I had had much choice I would not have chosen a cure of souls among mill hands and miners. I would have preferred to perform my duties under a clear sky, rather than under a canopy of smoke; within call of fields and woods, rather than in a forest of tall chimneys and black heads of coal pits. But since I was disappointed in my hope of a cure in a certain pleasant village of Sussex, I resolved to go to Timperley in Lancashire. So when one dark afternoon of February I alighted at the nearest station on a branch railway, and asked a fellow passenger, who looked like a native, and who was hurrying away, whether he could direct me to Timperley—when I was answered with a curt "Noa," I was not discouraged. I received a somewhat unintelligible direction from a station porter, and leaving orders concerning my luggage, I went out into the dark and the drizzle to walk to Timperley.

I tramped for half a mile or so along a well paved road, and then (according to direction, I thought) I turned down a narrow lane between a hedge and a wooden fence. I trudged some distance through deep mud, now stumbling upon lumps on the firm edge of the cartway, and now plunging into holes, when the lane seemed to lose itself in a field. I hesitated a little and then resolved to return to the road. My eyes were now used to the dark, and I perceived a foot path across the field inclining back toward the road. I struck into this, thinking it would save me some distance. But I soon found to my vexation that "the shortest way across is the longest way round." I persevered over the sodden grass, and sometimes something else besides grass, and presently began to scent somewhat of the pleasant odor of rusticity, and my spirits rose a degree or two. I passed a low black wooden building, and guessed it was a cow house; I heard the animals pulling at their chains and munching their food. By-and-by I found myself again on a tolerably good road, came upon some houses of the suburban semi-detached villa description (at one of which I knocked and inquired my way), and soon, stumbling and splashing through exasperating mud and cinders, came out upon the edge of the valley in which Timperley lay.

I stood and gazed around me. Such a spectacle I had never seen before. I listened and felt the feverish rush of the life of Lancashire industry. The hiss and buzz of thousands of spindles, the swift click and thud of shuttle and loom, and the regular sob and respiration of mighty engines mingled with the roar of water and the plaintive panting of some machine as of an enslaved genii of the Arabian Nights. I could not at first appportion the sound to the various groups of buildings beneath me. On my right was a many storied mill, whose bright windows were reflected in the glassy surface of a pond, on the banks of which there grew, pensive and forlorn, a few scrubby trees. On my left an aggregation of long low buildings with glass roofs, that looked with their shining backs like monstrous, crouching dragons of antediluvian days. Farther up the valley was another group of buildings wrapped in a cloud of steam. Immediately before me was a ruined mill, unroofed and gaunt, with its bell tower and its tall, cold chimney outlined against the sky; behind it was another group of irregular buildings. A dozen tall chimneys poured their smoke into the sulphurous air, which was pervaded by a certain glow—insufficient to dissipate the darkness, but enough to make the stream which wound down the valley gleam like a black gigantic snake.

Now and again furnace mouths opened and glowed with a ferocious glare, while weird tongues of lurid flame flickered on the slope and ridge behind.

As I looked a great repulsion seized me. I recalled the Prophet's description in the Old Testament of the Valley of Blahom or Tophet, in which men sacrificed to strange gods, and caused their sons and daughters to pass through the fires to Moloch. "This, surely, was one of the Tophets of modern days, in which the sons and daughters of England are made to pass through the fires of the Moloch of Wealth and the Baal of all-devouring Industry."

And still as I looked and thought of this the bell tower of the ruined mill before me fell with a loud clang, and there arose into the air to mingle with the other sounds the frantic screaming of pigs and neighing of horses. I was not surprised; I was somehow prepared by the scene not to be surprised at anything that might happen in this strange region. I passed, however, hurriedly down the slope by a rough path, and found the road into the valley and the village. I heard voices and saw a dim crowd of people about the ruined mill, but the stream, black and evil-smelling, was between me and it, and I had perforce to let my curiosity wait. I continued my way into the village, which, I found, lay behind the many-storied mill toward the mouth of the valley and close to the high road by which I should have entered it. I had, as it were, let myself in by the back door. Before I was well into the village I passed an arrangement of low buildings with blank walls to the road, from which came no sound of life or work, but, instead, the vilest and strangest smells that ever offended the sense, and from the midst of which rose a towering chimney that smoked comically. These, I guessed, were part of the chemical works of which I had heard. I found the rectory at the other end of the village. I did not go—the rectory was in bed ill—but asked to be directed to my lodgings.

I had some tea and then I prepared to go to dinner at the house of Mr. Emmanuel Steinhardt, one of the creators and lords of the Tophet into which I had entered. He was rector's church warden, and I had corresponded with him concerning the curacy, and had made this dinner arrangement a week ago. I asked my landlady where I should find Timperley Hall.

"Oh," said she, looking at me with a comical eye of respect, "you'll be going to Muster Steinhardt's?" (so she pronounced the magnate's name). "He's at the other end o' th' village on 'Shale Brow'—(she called it "Brew")." "Stop a bit, mon." She went to the door of the room and called, "Dick, lad, you mun tak' the parson up to Muster Steinhardt's." Then turning to me, she said, "He'll tak' tha, mon," and withdrew.

I was amused; and when a minute or two later she called from the bottom of the stairs,

"Art ready, parson? Th' lad's waiting!"

I positively laughed to myself. My amusement increased when I saw my guide, a young Hercules in clogs, who might easily have "taken" me to Timperley Hall and farther under his arm. Timperley Hall I discovered overlooked the valley from the side opposite to that from which I had first viewed it. Soon I was in its drawing room, shaking hands with Mr. (or Herr) Emmanuel Steinhardt; for I saw at once that he was of pure Teutonic breed, and I heard, when he had spoken a few words, that he must have spent all his youth and part of his manhood in the Fatherland; he spoke perfect English, but with an indescribable, tell-tale accent. I had just time to notice his burly figure, his somewhat rounded shoulders, and his massive bald head, when I was introduced to his wife, a tall, handsome, Lancashire woman (her speech betrayed her), with grey hair, evidently a good deal older than he; then to Miss Louise Lacroix, of whom I will only say at present that she looked refined and foreign—a rare exotic in this region of surprises; and, lastly, to "my son, Frank," a young man of one or two-and-twenty, who looked in every way and spoke like an Englishman. These introductions over, we sat down to wait for the announcement of dinner. There was very little said; they seemed constrained, and I was, perhaps, shy. No one seemed to think of trying to set me at my ease. Mr. Steinhardt sat watching the clock, and at intervals throwing questions over his shoulder to his wife. (One question I noted was, "Is Jim coming at all?")—to which she answered, "Jim said he might look in after dinner and 'smoke a pipe'—and I wondered who Jim was. I was wishing I had not accepted this invitation for my first evening in Timperley, when the young lady edged her chair a little nearer to me, and said, with the sweetest of smiles and the most musical of tones:

"You come from the south—from London; yes?" Her accent was that most delightful of all foreign accents—the accent of an educated Frenchwoman. I answered that I had come from London, though I was not native there.

"I, also," said she, "come from the south; from London last, but from Paris before."

Here was common ground for pleasant reminiscence, and we became friends at once.

While we were talking I happened to glance across in Mr. Steinhardt's direction: he was looking straight at me

for the first time. He rose and angrily rang the bell. Presently we went in to dinner. I, of course, sat next to him on his right, and noticed with some curiosity, as he carved, that his hands seemed encased in very fine lemon-colored gloves; a second look assured me that they were merely stained. His son's hands were similar, but of a deeper hue. For the first time it occurred to me that my host was the lord of the Chemical Dye Works.

"They were your works, I suppose, M. Steinhardt," I said, "that I passed after entering the village?"

I was alone on my side of the table, and had to speak to him, or be silent.

"Yes," said he, rather abruptly. Then after a pause, "You came by that road then?"

"So I related how I had lost my way, and how I had been struck (I did not say, 'disagreeably') with the impression of ferocious energy my first view of the valley gave me.

"'Ferocious energy,'" he repeated, with a smile, looking at me as if he liked the phrase, and thought the better of me for having uttered it. "It is a great place for industry, and it will be greater yet."

I asked him how it happened that a large mill was unused and falling in ruins.

"That is mine," he answered. "It is unlucky. It was a spinning mill; once one of the floors fell through, killing many people, and twice it was burned, all in 10 years—yes, all in 10 years."

"And today it seems to have added to its work of killing," he looked at me. "You have not heard, perhaps," I said—

I related what I had seen and heard. "Have you heard of this?" he asked, glancing from one to another.

No; None of them had heard. "I must see to it," he said, and stirred as if he would set out at once; but he added, "after dinner."

And after dinner he set out; and I thought better of him than I had at first been disposed to do because of his kindly feeling, though it were only for pigs.

In the drawing room, however, I was struck with the altered manners of the family in the temporary absence of its head. Mrs. Steinhardt was gossip and kind—even motherly; Frank threw off his awkwardness and shyness, and delighted me with his skill on the piano; while Mademoiselle Lacroix was very bright and winsome. Yet, now conversing with her and now observing her (when, for instance, she sat near Frank at the piano), I could not but remark that a look of sadness overcame her sweet face—of sadness, and as of anxious waiting for something or some one—whenever she was left to her own thought. This expression I was able to account for satisfactorily very soon.

We had been some time in the drawing room when the door bell sounded a loud peal, and at once I saw that subdued expression of patient waiting on Miss Lacroix's face flash up into one of eager expectancy. For a moment she looked at the door with her pale face gone paler, and listened with quick ear, till she heard the voice of the visitor, when her eager hope collapsed and sank into deeper sadness than before. It was a rich, cheery voice I heard come from the hall.

"Is th' new parson come?" it asked of some one.

"That's Jim," said Mrs. Steinhardt with a laugh—"my brother."

This, then, was the gentleman who had come to smoke a pipe. He entered—a tall, stout, ruddy Englishman, gone somewhat grey. He at once took possession of the room and of the person in it. His bright and simple presence extinguished the gauzy, gorgeous furniture, and his voice, instinct with humor and un-self-consciousness, filled the void which usually reigned in that room.

## HOW ARMY CIPHER MESSAGES ARE SENT.

When sending messages in the army it is necessary to use a cipher, so that unauthorized persons cannot read them. A keyboard and letter is agreed upon by the several generals, and any one ignorant of these two things is unable to read the message. The instrument used, which we illustrate, is called the "cipher wheel." It consists of an outer circle, round which the letters of the alphabet are placed in the usual order, and an inner circle, having the letters in the reversed order.

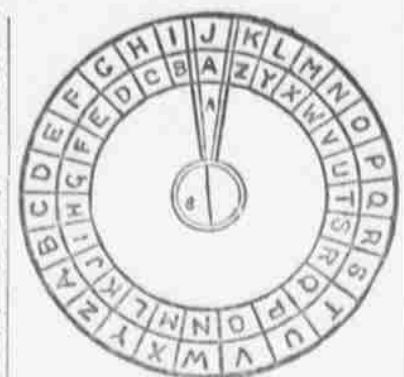
The disc upon which the letters are inscribed is pivoted at its center, the arm A is fixed to this disc at any letter chosen by the generals arbitrarily, say A. This disc is turned round by working the millhead B.

In the cipher wheel the letters of the keyword and those of the true message are taken from the outer ring, the letters of the cipher message being read in the inner ring.

Take the famous message sent by Sir Redvers Buller to Sir George White at Ladysmith. Suppose that the keyword is "March," and that Sir Redvers said, "I have been repulsed," which it now appears were not his words. First write the words of the true message, next the keyword, repeated as often as required, as below:

HAVERBERNREPTLSEED.—Text,  
MARCHMARCHMARCHMA.—Key-  
word.  
ETRHDLWNPQLXRPX.—Cipher.

The cryptogram is obtained in this way: Set the arm of the cipher wheel at A in the inner wheel and at the first



letter of the keyword in the outer wheel. Take out at once for the whole message the cipher letter of the inner wheel corresponding to the true letters on the outer wheel which appear above the first letter of the keyword whenever it occurs.

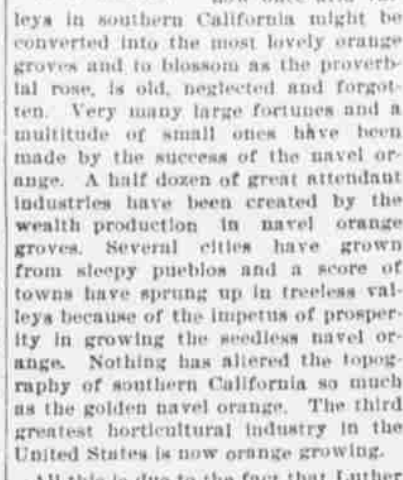
For instance, the first letter of the keyword is M. Above all the M's will be the letters I B E E W U U M, and it will be found that by setting the arm at A in the inner wheel the corresponding letters on the outer wheel will be E L I Q S S P. Then, by turning the outer ring to A (the second letter of the keyword), another set of cipher letters is obtained.

Continue the same with all the letters of the keyword, and the cipher as in the third line will be obtained. Thus no person could decipher any message unless in possession of the keyword.—Montreal Star.

## LIVING IN POVERTY.

### Luther Tibbets, Who Introduced the Navel Orange Industry.

The man who introduced the seedless navel orange tree into California is an aged, luckless, farlorn county charge at Riverside, Cal. He



whose little trees of seedless oranges have revolutionized the orange industry of the world; who, more than anyone else, has made possible the investment of millions of dollars in orange growing, and who has demonstrated how once acid valleys in southern California might be converted into the most lovely orange groves and to blossom as the proverbial rose, is old, neglected and forgotten. Very many large fortunes and a multitude of small ones have been made by the success of the navel orange. A half dozen of great attendant industries have been created by the wealth production in navel orange groves. Several cities have grown from sleepy pueblos and a score of towns have sprung up in treeless valleys because of the impetus of prosperity in growing the seedless navel orange. Nothing has altered the topography of southern California so much as the golden navel orange. The third greatest horticultural industry in the United States is now orange growing.

All this is due to the fact that Luther C. Tibbets, formerly of New York, who settled in California with the hope of improving his health 27 years ago, foresaw in the climate of the southern part of the State immense possibilities in the way of orange growing. He applied to Washington for aid and the government horticulturist sent him three tiny-rooted shrubs of orange trees which had been found in the swamps of Brazil by the United States Consul at Bahia. The latter had forwarded six of these to Washington with the statement that seedless oranges grew thereon. Three of them perished and the others would have done likewise had not the thought struck the official at the horticultural station that Tibbets might develop them. He accordingly sent them on. The latter was interested and assiduously watched his plants. One of them was chewed up by a cow, but the other two were cared for through a period of five years. Then each tree bore two oranges. It was the summer and fall of 1878. A fence was built about the trees to protect them from the wind and trespassers, and Mr. and Mrs. Tibbets anxiously waited while the fruit developed from green bullets to great, golden, juicy, pungent globes—the first navel oranges ever grown outside the swamps of Bahia. On Jan. 22, 1879, two of the new oranges were cut open and critically tasted by a little company of orange growers at Riverside. A new star of first order rose that day in the horticultural firmament.

The following year the wonderful new trees bore a half bushel of oranges and the name of the Tibbets seedless fruit went throughout southern California. Other people became interested. Sprouts were purchased and small groves planted. When the fruit was sent out it immediately became popular. Sheep and cattle ranges were transformed into navel orange groves and ere long towns like Pomona, Redlands, Ontario, Tustin, Sierra Madre and others in the orange-growing localities which before 1885 were unknown, grew to several thousand population. The growth of the industry has known no abatement. To-day \$45,000,000 is invested directly in the growing and marketing of oranges in California, and this season's crop amounts to 12,000 carloads, worth to growers over \$3,400,000. Of this sum more than 90 per cent. is from navel oranges.

In the intervening years Tibbets guarded the two orange trees, whence came all the buds of navel orange trees, with jealous care. Buds from

the genuine Tibbets tree were in enormous demand, and fancy prices were offered for buds from the parent stock. Sales of buds amounting to \$800 a month were not uncommon for a few years. Speculators offered \$10,000 for the two original trees for building purposes. But Mr. Tibbets not only declined the offers, but he refused to sell anything but genuine first buds from the trees. Had he sold second buds—that is, buds one move from the parent stock—he might easily have made tens of thousands of dollars annually for half a decade. His correspondence was stupendous and he had letters from horticulturists all over the world. He built a beautiful home, erected a slightly barn with towering cupolas and an elaborate bay window. He had an expensive fence built around the original trees. Then he became involved in law suits regarding his irrigation water rights, and he has spent a fortune in court expenses and lawyers.

Then came the illness of his wife, which lasted through several years. Abandoning all else he gave his whole time and remaining fortune to prolonging her life. Last July she died. In the midst of his bereavement a mortgage became due on his place, and he was driven from the old home and the two original navel orange trees, which had become a veritable part of his life. He is now nearly 80 years of age and while others are making large sums of money in the industry which he created, he occupies a little cheap house and receives financial aid from Riverside County. Only a few trinkets and keepsakes of his prosperous days remain to comfort him in his last days.

## ANECDOTE OF WHITMAN.

### Found a Friendless Boy and Tried to Cheer Him Up.

One day I was stopped on Washington street, says J. T. Trowbridge in the Atlantic, by a friend who made this startling announcement: "Walt Whitman is in town; I have just seen him." When I asked where, he replied, "At the stereotype foundry, just around the corner; come along! I'll take you to him." The author of "Leaves of Grass" had loomed so large in my imagination as to seem almost superhuman; and I was filled with some such feeling of wonder and astonishment as if I had been invited to meet Socrates or King Solomon.

We found a large, gray-haired and gray-bearded, plainly dressed man, reading proof sheets at a desk in a little dingy office, with a lank, unwholesome looking lad at his elbow, listlessly watching him. The man was Whitman, and the proofs were those of his new edition. There was a scarcity of chairs, and Whitman, rising to receive us, offered me his; but we all remained standing except the sickly looking lad, who kept his seat until Whitman turned to him and said, "You'd better go now; I'll see you this evening." After he had gone out, Whitman explained: "He is a friendless boy I found at my boarding place. I am trying to cheer him up and strengthen him with my magnetism." A practical but curiously prosaic illustration of these powerful lines in the early poems:

To anyone dying, thither I speed and twist the knob of the door.  
I seize the descending man, I raise him with resistless will.  
Every room of the house do I fill with an armed force, lovers of one, bafflers of graves.

Cancer in England. In England the mortality rate from cancer has risen from 3.8 per 10,000 in 1864, to 8.4 in 1900.

A whole volume could be devoted to a woman's good housekeeping, good judgment and cleverness when her husband dares bring some one home to dinner without letting her know.

When a woman in trouble doesn't weep her friends say she has "splendid control," and her enemies say she is indifferent.

## DAN GROSVENOR SAYS:

"Peruna is an Excellent Spring Catarrh Remedy—I am as Well as Ever."



Hon. Dan A. Grosvenor, of the famous Ohio family.

Hon. Dan A. Grosvenor, deputy auditor for the war department, in a letter written from Washington, D. C., says:

"Allow me to express my gratitude to you for the benefit derived from one bottle of Peruna. One week has brought wonderful changes and I am now as well as ever. Besides being one of the very best spring tonics it is an excellent catarrh remedy." Very respectfully, Dan A. Grosvenor.

Hal P. Denton, chief national expert exposition, Philadelphia, Pa., writes: "I was completely run down from overwork and the responsibility naturally connected with the exploitation of a great international exposition. My physician recommended an extended vacation. When life seemed almost a burden I began taking Peruna, and with the use of the fifth bottle I found myself in a normal condition. I have since enjoyed the best of health."

Almost everybody needs a tonic in the spring. Something to brace the nerves, invigorate the brain, and cleanse the blood. That Peruna will do this is beyond all question. Everyone who has tried it has had the same experience as Mrs. D. W. Timberlake, of Lynchburg, Va., who, in a recent letter, made use of the following words: "I always take a dose of Peruna after business hours, as it is a great thing for the nerves. There is no better spring tonic, and I have used about all of them."

For a free book on "Chronic Catarrh," address The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, Ohio.

## Kept a Record.

Mrs. Styles—John, do you keep an account of the money you spend foolishly?  
Mr. Styles—Yes, dear; I've got all your millinery bills in my safe.

## From George IV. to Edward VII.

Should the Baroness Borslett-Countess live to witness the coronation of Edward VII next June, it will be the third event of the kind she will have attended. At the age of 16 she saw George IV crowned, and she also attended the coronation of Queen Victoria.

## Danger of Resentment.

"Republicans are ungrateful," said the hero, sadly.  
"Well," answered the business man, "I suppose a republic has a great deal of human nature about it. Nobody likes to be dunned, and some people are little to make the mistake of continually reminding a republic of its debts."

## Pro-Boer Paper in Paris.

A new pro-Boer paper called Paris-Pretoria has made its appearance in Paris. It contains communications sympathizing with the Boers from a large number of senators and deputies.

## It Was of Him.

Dibbs (facetiously)—This is a picture of my wife's first husband.  
Dobbs—Great snakes! What a brainless looking idiot! But I didn't know your wife was married before she met you.  
Dibbs—She wasn't. That's a picture of myself at the age of 29.—Tid-Bits.

## What Became of Him.

"What became of your brother Bill, who never could learn history at school, and always insisted that Benedict Arnold discovered America?" inquired the Former Resident.  
"Who? Billy?" responded the Parson Addressed. "Oh, he don't live here any more. He made a million dollars out of a historical novel that had Adam for its hero and Joan of Arc for the heroine."—Baltimore American.

## A Different Matter.

"Let me see," said the clerk, filling out a marriage license. "This is the fourth, isn't it?"  
"No," said the husband-to-be, indignantly, "it's only my second."

## WHY GET SOAKED WHEN TOWER'S FISH BRAND OILED CLOTHING WILL KEEP YOU DRY IN THE HARDEST STORM.



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