

HERR STEINHARDT'S NEMESIS

BY J. MACLAREN COBBAN.

CHAPTER II—Continued.

I went in the morning and discovered how the strange tints of the water were produced. The pond was fed by a runlet, which flowed at the bottom of the bank on one side of the lane called by the name of Lacroix. This lane, I had already learned, had been in other days the private carriage drive of the first Lacroix (before a Steinhardt had been heard of) from his fine mansion to his dye works and his model farm. The mansion, with its noble park, had long ago become the prey of the omnivorous speculative builder; the model farm had disappeared, all but the farm house which, squeezed into a sordid corner of the spreading village, was now let out in tenements; a Steinhardt now reigned in the Lacroix dye works and, in his scorn of the past, was in the habit of "tipping" his aniline refuse down among the tree roots of the cherished avenue, narrowing more and more the already constricted channel of the little stream, and poisoning and discoloring the once clear flow of water in the whole neighborhood. This it was which washed color into the pond and gave it its varying tints.

I stood thus in some doubt and great indignation—(doubt whether Miss Lacroix's dream might not after all be capable of as simple an explanation as I had found for the tints of the pond, and indignation at what I saw around me. I had never before ventured into Lacroix dye; I now passed under its wretched lying trees, along the brink of its clunder mud, ploughed a foot deep into ruts by lumbering coal carts and wagons, and fancied it metamorphosed back into the private, shady, well-kept avenue of the first Lacroix. I had walked almost the whole length of the lane when I met Mr. Birley, Mrs. Steinhardt's brother "Jim."

"Ah, there you are," he called cheerily, when he espied me. "I was just coming to look you up and take you round a bit; there's not much 'biz' doing, and so I've taken a holiday."

After greeting I gave vent to the indignation of which I was full. We returned along the lane.

"Well," said he, laying his hand on my shoulder, "it's not nice of course,"—standing and surveying the lane. "But it's not for you or me to mend it; though I'm joint guardian with 'Manuel of Paul's girl' (he meant Miss Lacroix). 'I've nothing to do with the property, and 'Manuel, you see, can't bear to spend the brass, and doesn't care a—well, a button—for Paul's family history. Poor Paul! he was a good chap. I suppose the name Lacroix is done for, and it has been what you learned fellows would call historical."

I asked what he meant. He stopped and pointed up the lane, away from Timperley.

"You mightn't believe it," said he, "but if you follow this lane right on to the end you'll get to the Bastille." (The dear old gentleman called it "Bastille.")

I looked at him: I failed to comprehend.

"You don't mean?" I said, "the famous French Bastille—the fortress prison of Paris?"

"That's it," said he. "You've read, I suppose, in your history books of the taking of the Bastille, and the man that was governor at that time, De Lacroix;—that's the family. The poor old fellow was killed in the streets, I believe."

Thus he went on, with much fullness of irrelevant detail. I gathered these facts of consequence which I here set down:—At the time of the great emigration of French nobility to this country, a member of the De Lacroix family found his way to Lancashire with one or two dependents, a packet of jewels, and some scientific learning, and without his aristocratic prefix "de." He prospered about a little, and at length invested the money he got for his jewels in the Turkey red and Indigo dye works of Timperley. He prospered.

He was one of the first to apply chemical science to the manufacture of dyes. He made a large fortune, and became the great man of the neighborhood. He had, however, a family of four sons who gave him great trouble. They almost ruined their father and quite broke his heart before their several courses of extravagance and debauchery came to an end. The eldest, Paul's father, drew up just in time, married and settled down to the business; another broke his neck in a steeple chase; the third died of delirium tremens, or worse and the fourth still existed, for he could scarcely be said to live; he was the tongue and limb-tied paralytic, known as old Jaques, who inhabited the little octagonal house near the pond, which had been the lodge of his father's model farm. Paul had wished him to make his home his home, but he insisted on settling down there.

This sad and fateful story lay heavy on my mind and heart for the rest of the day. In the evening I took down the first volume of Carlyle's French Revolution, and read with new interest the wonderful passages in which he describes the taking of the Bastille by the mob, and the part which the old officer of the fortresses played in its hopeless defence.

After that I sat down and wrote to a pair of London friends, asking them to make certain inquiries concerning Mr. Lacroix.

CHAPTER III.

I had in all this abundant food for rumination during the next two or

three weeks. But I had little time for rumination and no time at all for visits to Timperley Hall until Whitsuntide was past. Whitsuntide is the great festival in the Lancashire calendar. Then mills and pits are idle for a week, and the work people have a spell of serious enjoyment, and wearing of new summer clothing, for which money has been saved from Christmas or earlier. Some go on jaunts to the seaside for the week or for a day or two; but the recreations and dissipations of the multitude are those connected with the Sunday schools, which are gigantic and popular institutions; the time and attention (often to little purpose) that clergymen are expected to give to them can hardly be conceived by those who hold cures in the south. One day there is a grand procession round the parish of scholars and their friends arrayed in their new finery, accompanied by flaunting banners and a bliant brass band, and headed by their clergyman. The procession halts at fixed points, forms into mass and sings hymns, led by the brass band, while the banners take up positions to display their hideous devices and pictures. For another day a short excursion in wagons, with tea or milk and buns, and games are arranged for the benefit especially of the younger scholars; and for a third day a long railway excursion for the others. All these arrangements I had to undertake (some of them much against the grain, I confess; for I prefer to go through the parish as through life, unaccompanied by instruments of brass)—to undertake alone, along with all the duties more properly parochial and clerical; for the rector was still too ill to attend to anything.

For three weeks or so, therefore, I had no time to ruminate upon extraneous matters, and no time to spend at Timperley Hall. But I then made an acquaintance—that considerably influenced the later events of my story—Mr. Freeman, the minister of a quaint little Dissenting Chapel in the village. We encountered first on the day of the procession in the Lacroix lane. He was marching along from the opposite direction to us at the head of his modest and silent troop; the lane was narrow, and he halted, took off his hat, and smiled (while I could do no less in return), and he and his people (some of them with reluctance, I have no doubt) stood aside to let our noisier and more imposing procession pass. That was our introduction. When the Whitsuntide matters were all disposed of, he called on me one evening to ask me to be chairman at a lecture he was about to deliver in the little public hall of the village on some point of the land question. I was somewhat taken aback by his request, and I suppose I showed that I was.

"You are surprised, I dare say, Mr. Unwin," said he, with a little constrained laugh (he was a bright, genial little man, with a big, red beard). "I will explain why I ask you—because, I understand, you, like myself, come from the south, where pure streams, and clear skies, and healthy trees may be seen, but especially because I believe you are the only man in the neighborhood who holds something like the same opinions as I do; my friend, Mr. Birley, has told me of the talks he has had with you about the way our Lancashire friends treat nature."

"Your friend, Mr. Birley," I exclaimed.

"Yes," said he, with a comical twinkle in his eye. "Mr. Birley and I meet not on theological, but on simply human common ground, and he is the friend of everyone who knows his good heart."

I began to like my visitor. I agreed to act as his chairman, and we then settled down to talk.

On the evening of the lecture I took my place on the platform in a considerable flutter of nervousness. There was a large attendance of work folk, with a fair sprinkling of well-to-do people from the neighborhood, brought together, I suppose, as much by curiosity to see two persons of conflicting creeds together as by interest in the subject of the lecture. I observed on a back seat Mrs. Steinhardt and Frank, Miss Lacroix and our friend, Mr. Birley. Steinhardt himself was not there. On rising I was astonished to find myself greeted with rounds of applause, and on explaining in a few words how I came to be where I was, I was cheered with such hearty veneration, that I concluded I had become, without knowing it, a popular personage. I accepted the explanation Mr. Freeman gave me afterward:—"It was a brave and risky thing to do, you know, to appear with me; and these Lancashire folk above all things admire a bit of pluck against odds."

CHAPTER IV.

This adventure with Mr. Freeman had results that I had not foreseen; but that I might have guessed had I considered sufficiently the situation in which I had placed myself—results which at the time caused me some anxiety, yet which, in the end, proved much to my advantage. Mr. Steinhardt, of course, heard of it, and took an early opportunity of calling me to task with characteristic German—I may perhaps say, Bismarckian—brusquerie. I had been asked to dine at Timperley Hall. He said little during dinner, but I found his eye on me several times. When the ladies withdrew from the table, he sent Frank after them. Then he opened upon me at once.

"What the deuce, Mr. Unwin, is this you've been doing with that ass, Freeman?"

I stared, a speechless surprise—tens at the actual question than at its dictatorial tone. His complexion was usually very ruddy; it now became a curious purplish red, even to his eyes and his bald crown, as if he had been dipped in a vat of his choicest dye.

"You mustn't do that kind of thing, you know, you'll spoil your chances in the church; and, more than that, I can't have you and him disturbing my workpeople, and setting them against me. I can't say anything to him, but I must tell you I can't have it; it won't do at all."

"I don't know," I answered, "what right you have, Mr. Steinhardt, to talk to me in this fashion."

I was angry. He moved about the glasses and decanters near him.

"What right? Your salary comes out of my pocket; your rector can't pay it."

"That," said I, "is a matter between you and the rector, sir."

"Perhaps it is. But I want to tell you that I must be master in this village; and if you are bent upon interfering with me, or between me and the people, you shall go away—that's all. You keep to your preachings, and your visitings, and your tea meetings," he continued, in a tone, doubtless, meant to be placatory, "and you will do very well."

"I take it to be my duty, Mr. Steinhardt," I replied, "to concern myself with whatever affects the welfare of the people; and, to my mind, the dreadful condition of the valley, and—"

"Oh,—d—d sentimental nonsense!" he exclaimed. "The valley is here for us to make money out of the best way we can."

"It is, of course, of no consequence that I don't agree with you," said I; "but as to what I shall think or say on those or any other matters, I can certainly take no orders from you, sir. You must excuse me saying it."

"Very well." He sat a moment in silence, fingering his glass; he seemed not to have expected this conclusion. Then he rose and said, as if he were quite unconscious of having treated me with rudeness. "We had better join the ladies."

"If you will excuse me," said I, "I think I must say good night."

"Eh?" He looked at me in some surprise. "Oh, you should talk to the women a little while at any rate. But just as you please."

The invitation was exasperatingly unceremonious, but, thinking this was but his habitually cheerful and friendly way, and that if I did not appear in the drawing room the ladies might be distressed, I accompanied him. Both of the ladies glanced at me rather curiously; probably I showed signs of discomposure. Soon Mr. Steinhardt withdrew to his study and his pipe.

"You've been having words with Emmanuel, Mr. Unwin," said Mrs. Steinhardt, almost as soon as her husband was gone. "It's all about that dreadful lecture affair, I suppose. He thinks you've gone against him in it, and Emmanuel can't bear to be gone against." (The good lady always pronounced her husband's name with a lofty sense of its scriptural prestige.)

"I do not see," said I, still rather sore, "that Mr. Steinhardt should expect to have his own way everywhere and in everything, any more than another man."

"Mr. Steinhardt," said Miss Lacroix, "is now alone in his authority, now that father is gone, and he is by his nature what you would say a despot—oh, yes, dear Mrs. Steinhardt, he is—if any one is not obedient to him he is not nice at all. He said hard, rude, cruel things to you, Mr. Unwin—indeed, yes," said she in answer to my look of surprise, "I know he did; I felt him saying them all the time—and besides, I saw him saying them with his eyes all dinner time. But you must not trouble about his words; they come from his nature, which he cannot help, I suppose."

"What things, to be sure, you do say, Louise!" exclaimed Mrs. Steinhardt. "And what eyes you have got! My word!"

(To be continued)

Would Accept Mrs. Davis' Offer.

The Mobile (Ala.) Register advises the Legislature of Mississippi to accept Mrs. Davis' offer and buy Beauvoir, Jefferson Davis' late home. The house and grounds have, it is said, been neglected and ill-kept, only a custodian residing upon the premises and gathering what fees he can from chance visitors.

Zeal for Sewing.

Englishwomen have taken up the "charity sewing clubs" with renewed zeal since the return of the Duchess of York from her tour of the British colonial possessions. The Ophir brought home an astonishing number of frocks, flannel petticoats and wraps that the future queen had taken the time to cut and make during her trip, assisted by her ladies in waiting.

Hundreds of Popes.

There have been 258 popes from St. Peter to Leo XIII, inclusive. One of them, Adrian IV (1154), was an Englishman, Nicholas Breakespeare, who was born a beggar, but lived to crown the German Emperor Barbarossa, and died the most powerful potentate on earth. Six have been Germans. Nearly all the rest have been Italians.

Peculiarity of a Family.

Mrs. Susan Holloway, a resident of Cincinnati, has three brothers and two sisters, and all of them have six fingers on each hand. Mrs. Holloway has just given birth to a baby girl who has a similar redundancy. Mrs. Holloway's mother and grandmother were also decorated in the same way, as is her brother's infant son.

John Daniell, a New York merchant, kept his marriage a secret for 34 years. His wife revealed it.



THE WHITE CAPS.

Old Organization of Lynchers Has Given Placeto a Mutual Benefit Society.

HERE is said to be in certain parts of Southern Indiana an oath-bound mutual benefit society which has grown out of that famous—and infamous—organization which in days gone by struck terror into the hearts of all who came under its ban—the dreaded Whitecaps.

The society has its secret meeting places, its signs, grips, passwords, etc., and is a direct descendant of the organization which for years killed men and whipped women in Southern Indiana and Ohio. It is claimed that its members elect men of their own stripe to all the important offices, so great is the society's strength; that when a trial is on in which any member is interested, his fellows are always placed on the jury; that it is a society formed for mutual protection in any way which may be imagined, but especially when its members are in trouble.

Where the meeting places of the society are, not one of them will tell. The organization's members are found in the political conventions of city,

township, county, district and State, though holding the interests of its members above the interests of any politician. It never sells its votes, but it has developed, has been many a time a power which has turned the political scale one way or the other, greatly to the mystification of the bosses.

As a rule, though coming of an organization which was nothing unless a violator of the law, the present society is not composed of lawbreakers, at least in the ordinary sense. However, when one of its members is in trouble, his fellows stand by him until the last, a fact which has often been demonstrated in law courts. Frequently, in trials, it has been noticed that there was some mysterious influence at work on the jury, but what it was could not be discovered.

Members of the original gang of Whitecaps were rarely arrested and more rarely convicted. If a White-capper fell into the hands of the law, it was almost invariably because of doing business independent of the original organization.

It was in Harrison County, Ind., that Whitecapism, as such, sustained its death blow. In the hills near Corydon lived a family of poor whites from Kentucky—father, mother, two sons and a daughter. One day the father was found dead in the woods and the sons were arrested on the charge of killing him. An examination showed their innocence and they returned home. Soon came a warning telling the family that unless they left the county within ten days the Whitecaps would visit them. The warning was ignored and word was received that on a certain night the Whitecaps would make their appearance. The boys got several shotguns, loaded them heavily with slugs and hid in a corn patch near the house. The Whitecaps came, and while nine of them stood on the porch, two others went into the house after the mother and daughter. Ropes were tied around their necks and when their screams told the boys what was going on they opened fire at the gang on the porch. Six of the nine were killed and two others were terribly wounded. The few remaining fled in terror. The boys fled to Kentucky and have never been molested.

This lesson was a salutary one. Since



SHOT SIX MEN FROM THE CORNFIELD.

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THE WHIPPING OF BINGHAM.

that time the Whitecaps have done nothing but occasionally administer the gad to shady characters. Several damage suits have resulted, but in no instance has a plaintiff obtained judgment. The last suit, which, like the others, showed the mysterious hand of the gang, was tried in Brown County.

The brotherhood now in existence does not whip nor murder people. Some of its members may violate the law, but the organization does not, as an entirety. The knowledge of the existence of such an organization, however, has much effect on the morals of several communities, for there is really no telling when it might call a special session of the court of Judge Lynch.

Volcano Dwellers.

There is no more interesting or curious sight than that of the crater Aso San about 30 miles from the city of Kumamoto, in Japan. The crater has long since ceased to belch forth cinders and lava, and is now inhabited by 20,000 people, who live and prosper within its vertical walls, 800 feet high. The inhabitants rarely make a journey into the outer world, but form, as it were, a little nation by themselves.

Base Ingratitude.

Auntie—Do you like Uncle Harry to ride you on his back? Tommy—Oh, well enough, but I had a ride on a real donkey yesterday!

RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.



REPENTANCE is the brand of ignorance. It's an M that speaks well of one.

Where God goes in, trouble goes over.

The darkness makes us prize the dawn.

If God chasteneth His chosen what will He do with His foes?

Hot-headed sermons do not warm the hearts of the saints.

Better not write at all than write that which is not right.

The church that scatters its money will gather its members.

Men will understand one another when they all know God.

A religion in spots will not keep you unspotted from the world.

The top wave of excitement always has a bottom of depression.

The most valuable picture on earth is that of a living holy family.

They who march in faith pray better than they who kneel in fear.

Men who are scooped into the church are not safe in the kingdom.

A man must be consistent with his present and not with his past.

A steady shining though small is better than a great scintillation.

It is easier for God to work a wonder than for us to comprehend it.

The passenger is likely to make better time in the car than in the cab.

You cannot increase your bank account in heaven with blood money.

If you feel you have a call to preach to the many, first test it on the few.

Common sense is a sort of sixth attribute which will mistrust all the others.

SELF-ACCUSED.

The Judge Came In for a Large Harvest of Fees.

Georgia has a stringent law forbidding its citizens to carry concealed weapons on pain of forfeiting the weapons and paying a fine of fifty dollars or being imprisoned for thirty days. Soon after the passage of this statute Judge Lester was holding court in a small town in the northern part of the State, when he suddenly suspended the trial of a case and ordered the sheriff to lock the doors of the courthouse. The New York Press tells what followed.

"Gentlemen," said the judge, when the doors were closed, "I have just seen a pistol on a man in this room, and I cannot reconcile it to my sense of duty to let such a violation of law pass unnoticed. I ought, perhaps, to go before the grand jury and indict him, but if the man will walk up to this stand and lay his pistol and a fine of one dollar down here I will let him off this time."

The judge paused, and a lawyer sitting just before him got up, slipped his hand into a hip pocket, drew out a neat ivory-handled six-shooter and laid it with a dollar upon the stand.

"This is all right," said the judge, "but you are not the man I saw with the pistol."

Upon this another lawyer arose and laid down a revolver and a dollar bill before the judge. But the judge merely repented his former statement.

The process went on until nineteen revolvers, varied in kind, size and shape, lay upon the desk, and beside them nineteen dollars.

The judge laughed as he complimented the nineteen delinquents upon being honest men, but added that the man whom he had seen with the pistol had not come up, and glancing at the farther side of the room, he continued:

"I will give him one minute to accept my proposition. If he fails I shall hand him over to the sheriff."

Immediately two men at the rear of the courtroom rose and moved toward the bench. Once they stopped to look at each other, and then, coming slowly forward, laid down their pistols and their dollars. As they turned away the judge said:

"The man with the black whiskers is the one that I meant in the first place."

Dentist as a Detective.

If Paris is prolific in producing thieves, it also is most fruitful in expedients for catching them. Dr. Rousseau, a dentist living in the Rue des Martyres, has adopted a novel and amusing method. Dr. Rousseau and his wife were walking on the boulevard a few days ago when a young man snatched a handbag containing money and jewelry which madam was carrying. (The dentist was unable to catch the thief, but had time to distinguish his features, though he never expected to see him again.)

By a curious coincidence, however, the thief came to the dentist's a day or two later to have his teeth attended to. Dr. Rousseau, concealing his astonishment, asked him to take a seat, as it would be necessary to take an impression of the jaw, and this he immediately proceeded to do. When the dentist considered that the plaster was sufficiently solid he calmly explained to the helpless thief that he was at his mercy and had better follow him quietly to the police station.

The man wildly gesticulated, but, finding that his wide-open mouth was imprisoned by a solid block of plaster of paris, he consented to go to prison.

Germany's Wheat Crop. The last German wheat crop was 12 per cent below that of 1900.