

HERR STEINHARDT'S NEMESIS

BY J. MACLAREN COBBAN.

CHAPTER V—Continued.

That was all I wanted, and I soon left the little draper. I went to call on Freeman. I found him sitting with his pretty, pleasant wife at an early dinner. They invited me to sit down and partake. I declined, on the ground of having just had breakfast.

"I," said he, "have managed with more economy. This is my breakfast and dinner combined."

"I wished," said I, "to have a little talk with you."

"It," said he, "is about that affair of the night, say on; I and my wife are one."

I then told of my gossip with the draper and his purpose.

"You need not have told me him," said he; "I could have gone to you that there has been no death of that sort since we have been here, and that's nearly five years. Of course, it's absurd to suppose that the death of 15 years ago in the one poor Dick was thinking of. No; I've come to the conclusion that he had some hair breadth escape from death in his mind, and that the rest was delirium."

"But, dear," said Mrs. Freeman, "don't you forget, both of you, that Dick's confession, according to himself, was of a murder which has not been found out."

"You are right, my dear," said he. "But, at the same time, there has been one been missed who could have been disposed of in that way. Two men, I remember, have disappeared, but they had nothing to do with chemicals, and they were last seen near that deep pond in the clove; it would be detective speculation thrown away to imagine how they could be done to death in a chemical vat. Come," said he, seeing my serious, anxious look, "let the matter alone, we can do nothing with it. The chemicals works are an abomination, but the only sane death I can suspect, those of is that of an unfortunate dog; some one had dyed him a blazing scarlet, for a while he stunk about the streets, an object of loathing to himself, and of terror, curiosity and scorn to the whole dog world; then he disappeared—withdrawn, probably, in shame and despair to that pond in the clove and put an end to the glaring anomaly of his existence. But, after all, I think the chief harm they do is to every green thing and to Steinhardt's reputation for honesty."

"I see this morning," he continued, turning and picking up the newspaper, "that he is again in court for infringement of some patent."

Our talk then turned on the former case of the same kind, the heavy damages paid, and the strange disappearance of Mr. Lacroix. I asked him if he had ever heard the romantic history of the Lacroix family. He knew all about it; he had heard it from Birley.

I broached to him my hope of either finding the last Mr. Lacroix, or at least of finding out what had become of him; and I told him I had written some weeks before to some friends who, I had thought, might make inquiries for me in London, but that I had heard nothing from them, and that therefore I thought of going to London myself on that errand as soon as my six months had expired. He shook his head.

"I fancy," said he, "all inquiries have been made. However, since it is desirable to find out if possible something for certain—has passed and looked at me—I tell you what. We are going for our fortnight's holiday at the end of the month; I will gladly do what I can for you."

I agreed with him that it might, or might not, result in something; a very safe concord—and so it was settled that it less than three weeks he would be in London doing his best to emulate Lacroix.

CHAPTER VI.

I had tacitly assented to Freeman's suggestion, that no more was to be thought of said of Dick's horrible pantheistic confession; but it impressed me as being too vivid to be lightly discarded as without any basis of fact. I continued to think of it very much; I thought of it more because, in spite of the unreasonableness of such a conjunction, and its manifest "freedom of detective speculation" (as Freeman would have said), the vapors, so to say, of Louise's dream would persist in mingling in my imagination with the vapors of Dick's delirium. Could it really be that Mr. Lacroix had met his death in some such way? And if he had, how had he come by it?—and where? Was it even possible in the mystery of things that Lacroix had been smothered in one of his own vats?

But a discovery I made about this time—trivial, apparently, yet to me significant—fixed my idea more firmly in my imagination. One night while I sat thinking of my return to London I took up my *Booth*, and carelessly began nothing in some degree what the neighboring large town to the metropolis. The lines of three companies passed through it, and I became interested in noting how the rivals ran fast and still faster trains against each other. In this survey my attention was fixed by a very small fact: one company ran one of its two quickest trains so that it reached the neighboring town about midnight—the only very quick train within two or three hours of that time. I found easy opportunity to test in some degree what significance this fact might have.

Early in the week following Dick's confession, Mr. Steinhardt had gone to London to attend his trial, in the court of Queen's bench, I think it was. He would be absent for more than a fortnight, and I had therefore many welcome chances of being in Miss Lacroix's company. I was asked several times to dinner, and was encouraged to find other and sundry occasions for calling.

On one of these occasions I found Miss Lacroix alone. After some casual remarks I began to talk toward my purpose by alluding to Steinhardt's business in London.

"It will be a serious thing for him," said I—"won't it?—if he should be so unsuccessful in his defence as your father was?"

"He will not be unsuccessful as poor

privately, Jim," said he.

"Well," said Birley, "I've come to be a sort of interpreter. 'Manned, last you, being a foreigner like, leastways not altogether English yet, mightn't understand some things an Englishman like my friend here would very likely say. You see, 'Manned, for one thing you don't seem to understand that an English clergyman is not the flunkey you may get a pastor of the fatherland to be. You mustn't say 'Come here!' and 'Do this!' or 'Don't do that!' without any rhyme or reason, but your own high and mighty will. That may be Bismarckian, 'Manned, but it's not English. An Englishman would say, 'You be d—d, sir! who are you talking to? A dog at your feet?'—as, I dare say, my friend here would say if he didn't happen to be a parson."

"When you've quite done, Jim," said the brother-in-law.

"Oh," said Birley, as if he caught faintly a distant interrupting sound.

"Perhaps, Mr. Birley," said I, "had better hear what Mr. Steinhardt wishes to say to me."

"Yes, of course," said he, and imposed an unwelcome silence upon himself.

"I only wish to tell you, Mr. Unwin," said Steinhardt, looking hard at me, "since you have seen a good deal of my ward, Miss Lacroix" (Birley evidently chafed at that), "especially lately, I understand, and since it may have entered your head that some time she might make you a beautiful wife, I wish to tell you that you must give up thinking anything of the sort, because she is going to marry my son Frank."

"Oh, that d—d for a tale," "Manned," exclaimed Birley, before I could say a word.

"Will you be quiet, Jim?" said Steinhardt, with restrained voice, but glaring eyes, and that appropos, purplish flush suffusing his head and face.

"Say, lad," said Birley, "that's a point on which I must be my say. Before you tell anybody Louise is going to marry Frank, you must get the consent of at least three people—the girl herself, your son, and her other guardian, that's me." Steinhardt looked at him in unfeigned surprise, but he went on:

"Your son, that's your affair, of course; but the girl, that's partly mine; and I shall not see Paul's Louise engaged to marry anybody against her own wish and liking."

"Liking!" scoffed Steinhardt. "What has liking to do with it? Liking should come after marriage with a proper, modest girl, not before."

"That may be your foreign way, 'Manned, but it's not our English way, nor our Lancashire way, neither."

"Confound your Lancashire!" cried Steinhardt.

"If it had not been for Lancashire, my lad," said Birley, thoroughly roused, "you wouldn't be the big man you are!"

"Are you mad?" exclaimed Steinhardt, striding up and down the hearth rug, and glaring from Birley to me. "You shall repent this! Mr. Unwin, I had better have a talk with you another time."

(To be continued.)

Ruby With a History.

The king's coronation crown is to be adorned with what is termed "the Black Prince ruby." It is not generally known that this stone, which now forms the center of the Maltese cross on the late Queen Victoria's crown, is not a ruby at all, but simply a red spinel. It is of large size, and if it were a true ruby would far surpass in value the Koh-i-noor itself, for rubies never run to the same size as diamonds, and being also far rarer are considerably more valuable in price per carat. A four carat ruby, for instance, would be worth about \$10,000, probably even more if it were a flawless stone; a four carat diamond would not be worth the half of that sum.

The so-called "Black Prince ruby" derived its name from the fact that it was found to Edward, the Black Prince, by Don Pedro of Castile in gratitude for the victory of Lorigora in April, 1367, which restored the throne of Spain to Don Pedro. Henry V wore it in his helmet at the battle of Agincourt, and it has ever since formed part of the crown jewels of England. In spite of its having been proved to be nothing but a spinel it still figures in the description of the regalia as a "ruby," and as such was shown at the famous exhibition of 1862, when the royal jewels were one of the most interesting exhibits.

Harding Davis' Ideal Heroes.

When Richard Harding Davis was in Philadelphia the other day he was interviewed by the representative of a literary periodical, who proceeded to put to the young author some very literary questions. Mr. Davis declared that his favorite hero in fiction was Henry M. Stanley, and his favorite heroes in real life Malvaev, Othello and Leonardo—Philadelphia Press.

No Snow in Siam.

"This is the first snow storm I've seen in 26 years," said William Hessel, of Bangkok, Siam, to a Philadelphia reporter the other day. "Snow is unknown to Siam. When we went to Siam we had a picture representing a snow storm and Mrs. Hessel trusted it to a Siamese artist to be cleaned. The latter took the snowflakes to be spots or daubs of paint and carefully covered them over."

Queen Alexandra's Violinist.

Queen Alexandra's appointment of Lady Halle as her majesty's violinist is taken as another instance of the warm favor with which the sovereign has always regarded her gifted compatriot. It is well known that the marriage of the great Danish violinist to the late George Halle was brought about through the friendly intervention of Queen Alexandra.

Ingenuity of Two Cyclists.

Two ingenious cyclists have collaborated to turn the handle bar into a generator for an acetylene lamp. The handle bar is divided into a water chamber and a carbide chamber, the two being connected by a pipe, and the flow of water being controlled by a valve from the outside. In the center is a gas chamber having an outlet to feed the lamp.

True Enough.

The trouble with most of us is not so much that we have a hard row to hoe but that we dislike hoeing.—Puck

TRAMP TO GOVERNOR

CHAPTER IN THE CAREER OF JOHN P. ALTGELD.

His Trials and Hardships as a Farm Laborer in Missouri—His Early Love Suit Spurned and the Pathetic Result.

In the spring of 1873 the late John P. Altgeld, then 26, was working on a railroad grading contract in Southeastern Kansas. He had drifted west from his Ohio home in the effort to better his condition, but opportunities were scarce and money was still scarcer with labor. To live he had to work, and day labor was the only thing that he could find to do. While employed on the railroad job, he was taken ill with a fever. He was taken to the rudely constructed temporary hospital maintained by the contractors, and there he lay for some weeks while the fever ran its course. When he was discharged as cured and essayed to take up his work again he found that he was unable to do the labor expected of him. He had to abandon the job, and penniless, weak and emaciated, he started to walk to the State capital, where he hoped to obtain occupation more suitable to his condition.

Cared for by a Farmer.

When three miles east of Topeka he stopped at a farmhouse and asked the farmer to give him some light work suitable to his condition, asking in return only board and lodging for a short time. The farmer liked his appearance and modesty, and being a kindly disposed man, took Altgeld in. In the fortnight he remained there he recuperated with wonderful rapidity. Hunger and the severity of the fever had weakened him both physically and mentally, and the interest of the farmer and his neighbors led them to debate the advisability of sending Mr. Altgeld



JOHN P. ALTGELD.

into the city and procuring his admission to one of the city hospitals for treatment. Young Altgeld hotly opposed the wishes of his new friends on this point, and, fearing they would send him away without his consent, he quit the farmhouse late one night, and some weeks later appeared on the streets of St. Joseph, Mo. He had tramped the entire distance. His clothes were in tatters, and in place of shoes he had his feet bound up in rags, his shoes having given out on the tramp. Thus attired he started out to get a situation.

From place to place Mr. Altgeld went in search of employment, and man after man heard his hard-luck story without offering him any encouragement. After putting in a week at this discouraging work young Altgeld arrived at the conclusion that he must move further on. Again he started on the tramp, and finally, in Andrew county, he obtained work on the farm of Henry Mueller, who gave him his lodgings for his labor. He chopped wood all the first morning of his stay, and at noon sat down to rest and told of his troubles and travels. Mueller became interested, and was shrewd enough to discover that there was metal of worth in the young fellow's make-up. His sympathy was aroused, and he made him a member of his family circle. For \$10 a month wages Altgeld worked for two years, during which his strength returned and his recovery was complete.

HAD THE WRONG MAN.

How a Representative Was Mistaken for a Chiropractor.

William Richardson is a representative from the State of Alabama and receives his mail at the capital. Another William Richardson is a colored gentleman of large dimensions who is an attendant in the luxurious bathhouse located in the basement of the house end of the capitol for the benefit of members. The latter William Richardson is incidentally also a chiropractor, or, as he terms himself, "a corn doctor."

A few days ago a letter was placed in the box of Representative William Richardson at the house postoffice, which, on being opened, Mr. Richardson found to be from a young woman clerk employed in the treasury department. The letter simply ordered Mr. Richardson to call on the writer "at once." Mr. Richardson ransacked his memory to ascertain whether he had an acquaintance with the writer, but concluded that he had not, and the letter was carefully deposited in his official waste basket.

About three days later another mandatory missive came to him from the young lady. This time the request for a call was still more urgent and still unexplained. Representative Richardson dictated a brief missive to the young lady, calling her attention to the fact that he did not know her and knew no reason why he should call upon her. By return mail he received a very humble and apologetic note. The young lady was having trouble with her corns, says the Washington Star, and wished to add another link in the chain of the colored William Richardson's reputation as a successful chiropractor.

Where the Tan Shoes Have Gone.

What has become of all the tan shoes? This was a question asked by many until the damp weather of early March, when several wearers of supposedly black leather shoes discovered that their pedal adornment was only out-of-date tan shoes dyed black. Now it is told in the Shoe Trade Journal that two Chicago dye houses alone have recently changed 18,000 pairs of shoes from tan to black. But the dye won't stand the dampness, and the firms who have thus victimized their patrons have lost a great amount of trade and discovered that their greed to economize has cost them dearly.

The man who scatters ashes on an icy sidewalk is never remembered in the small boy's prayers.

LET US ALL LAUGH.

JOKES FROM THE PENS OF VARIOUS HUMORISTS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that Are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that You Will Enjoy.

President of Foreign Missions—How in the world did all these sofa cushions and fairy-lamps come to be in this box for the Fiji Islanders?

Miss Hairbrain (earnestly)—Why! I thought, with all their spears and war clubs, that if they only had a few cushions and jeweled lamps they could make such perfectly lovely cozy corners.—Puck.

She Acknowledged It.

"Beauty," we remarked sagely, "is only skin deep."

"Ah," smiled the vain dame, "I am so thin that it is just as painful to skin a thin-skinned as a thick-skinned person, and walked haughtily away.—Baltimore American.

WHERE TRUE DECORUM REIGNS.

Strangers Are Awed by the Dignity of the Supreme Court.

The Supreme Court is a ceaseless source of interest to the stranger in Washington. Even when the court is not in session the chamber in which the sittings are held is a constant stream of visitors, who enter it with quiet reverence. Ordinarily it is the quietest place where men assemble to do business. The decorum is painful, but this does not deter the American who comes to inspect the seat of government from lingering fondly about the place. When the famous Kentucky case was argued not only was the chamber filled, but a long line of visitors waited in the hall, says the Washington Post.

The manner of these pilgrims at the shrine of the law does not indicate any loss of respect on the part of the plain people for this august body. The two places in Washington where the "vandal stands in awe are the Supreme Court and the White House, and the latter has not been afforded in which protection. In all other places may be found the dirty finger prints of the vandal. The monument is chipped, statues are marred, fragments are cut from the hangings of the Senate and House of Representatives, names have been scratched into the marble and on the bronze doors, but something holds the most ruthless in check when he comes to the Supreme Court.

There is no talking among the spectators when the court is in session, and even when the bench is vacant and strangers are viewing the deserted chamber they uniformly speak in whispers. The old white-beaked colored man who sits at the door is the personification of silence and dignity, and the sight of him is enough to make the most frivolous grow grave and walk on their tiptoes. He silently opens the door for each comer, and noiselessly closes it. If the chamber is full he stands with his back to the door, and without uttering a word, keeps others from attempting to enter.

The Very Cream.

Friend—You had a very fashionable audience, didn't you?

Pianist—Yes, at one time there was not a single person in the room who was listening.—Somerville Journal.

His Everyday Suit.

Dixon—I don't believe young Shortleigh is half as extravagant as people say he is.

Hixon—Perhaps not, but I've noticed that he has a suit of clothes for every day of the week.

Dixon—Is that so? Why, he has always had the same suit on every time I met him.

Hixon—Well, that's the one I meant.

Born Diplomat.

Bess—Oh, Jack, what are we to do? Papa says we must not see each other again.

Jack—That can be easily arranged. My sister is an amateur photographer, you know.

Bess—Yes, but what can that have to do with our meeting?

Jack—Why, she has a dark room, and we can meet there. See?

After the Silver Wedding.

He—Mother, I think it must have been our German silver wedding yesterday.

Personal.

She—Then it's all over.

He—Yes. For you.

Insinuating.

The Tragedian—Think that barber was a little too personal.

The Comedian—In what way?

The Tragedian—He asked me if I wanted an egg shampoo.

Blissful Ignorance.

Mrs. Hayris (at city hotel)—Hiram, what's this here "patty de free grass" on the bill o' fare?

Hayris—Now, Miranda, don't show your ignorance. That's French for celery.—Chicago News.

A Straight Tip.

Smith—Real estate is about the only safe investment nowadays.

Jones—Oh, I don't know. There are too many unscrupulous men who want the earth to make it a safe thing to invest in.—Chicago News.

The Porter Got It.

Hi Harix—You bunko fellows up town the city didn't git my money this time, b'gosh.

Cy Coruscant—Heow did you manage it?

Hi Harix—Rode on one of them cars as hev foldin' beds in 'em.—Chicago News.

A Come-Down.

First Billionaire—You're not looking very well this morning.

Second Billionaire—No. I feel like thirty million dollars.—Life.

Not What He Required.

"You ought to try this," said the druggist, as he held up a bottle. "It's the best thing out of I'll keep it out." "If that's the case I'll keep it out," replied the victim. "I've got all the dyspepsia I want right now."

More Interesting Trial.

Tess—Aren't you going to choir rehearsal to-night?

Jess—No.

"You'd better. We're going to give that new hymn a trial."

"Can't. I'm going to give a new him a trial myself."

Liked Peace.

Wife—You are just as surly as you can be. Before we were married you used to hold me close in your arms by the hour.

Husband—Did I? Hum! Well, I suppose it was to keep you from talking.



Point of View.

New England Statesman—Wasn't that a mortifying scene in the Senate chamber?

Statesman from the Breeze West—Mortifying? It was disgusting. It was stopped before we could tell which one was the best man.—Chicago Tribune.

What He Meant.

House Agent—Have you any children?

House Hunter—Yes; but they are very quiet and well behaved.

House Agent—Oh, but I mean have you any children living, ma'am?—Judge.

Happy Recollections.

Visitor—Well, my man, what are you in for?

Convict—Oh, I'm in for a good time, lady.

Visitor—I don't understand you.

Convict—I'm in fer likin' me mother-in-law, lady.—Judge.

Too Swell.

"Do you think Boggs would make a winning candidate?"

"What is his first name?"

"Algernon."

"Turn him down! We must have a candidate the boys can call 'Bill'!"—San Francisco Bulletin.

The Pink-Pong Face.

Doctor—Why do you keep coming to my office if nothing's the matter with you?

Hiram Grabb—Well, doc, I'm trying to visit out your bill. You charge me for five visits, an' I'm goin' to return them, see'n; money is scarce.—Chicago News.



Cover the left half of the face and see the effect of a "good smash." Cover the right half and see the effect of a "bad smash."

Ma's Opinion.

Little Willie—Say, ma, who invented the envelope?

Ma—I really don't know, my son. But I believe the first one was discovered in a married man's pocket addressed to his wife's mother.

Of Course They Do.

Hixon—Do you believe that man originally sprang from the monkey?

Dixon—No; but I believe that all women spring from mice.

Appropriate.

Smurthe—How eager every one was to see the bridal party at the wedding last night.

Bjones—Yes, there were even a lot of rubber plants among the decorations.—Somerville Journal.

Sufficient to the Day.

"Don't you ever regret your past?" Inquired the prison missionary.

"No," replied the hardened convict; "it's me present that worries me most."—Philadelphia Press.

Her Entire Vocabulary.

"You do not speak English, madame!" inquired the interviewer.

"Ver' leet!" replied the operative celebrity, smiling sweetly. "Only say: 'How I love America!'"—Puck.

A Wonderful Horse.

Purchaser (angrily)—You told me this horse could go with the speed of the wind. It was all I could do to get into town before noon.

Dealer—He ain't had a fair show yet. Wait till ye turn him home's gold! home he's greased lightning!

Russia's Gloomy Condition.

M. De Witte is perhaps the greatest finance minister Russia has ever had, and in his last report he painted as gloomy a view of the industrial and economic situation of the empire as any of his predecessors have done in the darkest days of war, bankruptcy and famine. The metal industries, he says, are on the verge of ruin; the textile productivity of the land has diminished over one-quarter; an acre producing less than one-fifth of the same area in America; the number of houses has diminished nearly one-half in thirty years; nearly half of the population are hopelessly in arrears with their taxes, and the only parts of the empire which show any signs of prosperity are those inhabited by non-Russian populations—Finland, Poland and the Caucasus. It is not a favorable showing for Russia's aggressive purposes, though she is little accustomed to share them on account of hard times or the poverty and sufferings of her people.

Wit is the cayenne pepper of conversation and the salt of literature.