

HERR STEINHARDT'S NEMESIS

BY J. MACLAREN COBBAN.

CHAPTER VII—Continued.

"It is singular," I said, "that you in your own way should have come to the same conclusion about Steinhardt as I have gradually been coming to. He is not only a pitiless and unscrupulous man, but I am sure he would make no more inquiries concerning your father than seemed necessary for the sake of appearances. But, dear Miss Lacroix, I think you can do no good by going to London yourself. Let me act for you in the matter; believe me, I have it as much at heart as if it were my own. Have a little patience, and I think we shall get something."

"Why," she asked eagerly, "have you heard something at last from the friends to whom you wrote?"

"No," I said.

"I suppose," she said, with some bitterness, "it is to them only the loss of one stranger out of the crowd all around them. I then told her of the mission Freeman had undertaken, refraining, however, from saying that I had directed his attention to the railway stations, more particularly to the Great Northern, and I advised her to remain at Timperley Hall for the present, and to conduct herself toward Steinhardt so as not to excite his resentment or suspicion."

Upon this we prepared to leave the cottage; and on glancing casually away from her, I was arrested by the behavior of the old man.

"Look at him!" I involuntarily exclaimed.

His face was flushed, and as if puffed with blood; his eyes were extraordinarily bright and watchful; his mouth twitched grotesquely, as if in the effort to use it for speech; and his right leg and shoulder stirred a little under the blankets.

"Oh," cried Louise, "perhaps seeing us, and hearing us talk—he has heard us—he has heard us!" Uncle Jacques," she said, in a loud voice, "going to him, and laying her warm, soft hand on his withered, lifeless wrist, "are you feeling better?"

"His only answer was a wink of his bright eyes."

"Here is John coming," she continued to him, "shall come and see you tomorrow again."

"We left the cottage as John approached with his wheelbarrow, bearing the small fish for his afternoon round."

"I think your master must be rousing up a little, John," said Louise.

"Yes," said John; "I think he mums, miss. Seems to me he may get as well again as he was afore th' other master went to Lunnun."

As I took my way through the village to my lodgings, I found myself turning over these words of John's: "well," I wondered, had old Jacques been before his nephew went to London? If he could recover speech, could he tell us anything of consequence concerning him?

CHAPTER VIII.

Both Miss Lacroix and myself waited impatiently for news from Freeman. From day to day I expected a letter; and day after day, when I met her either in Jacques's cottage or in the little clough beyond Timperley Hall, I had to tell her that no letter had come. She quickly began to show signs of that heart sickness, which in the young is so ready to follow upon the steady, indefinite postponement of hope.

In my efforts to encourage her I encouraged myself also to believe that an Overating Power was holding this mystery in hand for some great purpose, only to reveal it eventually with the more force and effect.

One evening when I met her in the clough we were both started and silenced by the clear, full note of a bird—a liquid "jong-jong."

"Is it a thrush?" I said in a whisper.

She listened breathlessly, almost panting, with joy.

"Oh," she whispered, at length, "it is a nightingale! A nightingale!" and, poor girl, she actually sobbed.

"How can the dear little bird have got so far out of its way as this dreadful place?"

After a rapid attention of some minutes to the ravishing song, both of us were impelled to go away to tell others of our delight. The path out of the clough led along the ridge behind Timperley, past two or three neat little houses. From one of these we were surprised to see approached, to hear music and singing of an unusually fine quality. It was just growing dark; a lamp alone out from a window, over which the blind was not yet drawn, and we could plainly see a man seated at the piano, and a girl, slight and small of figure, standing with her hand on his shoulder. She sang in a voice clear and sweet as a bird's, a song then much in vogue, called Ehren on the Rhine."

As we passed the song ended, and the player turned; we saw his face, and each exclaimed to the other, "Why, it's Frank!" So here dwelt the reason of his indifference to Louise's beauty and sad grace!

"Oh, what would his father say, if he knew!" exclaimed Louise, in alarm. "I don't think we'll tell him," said I.

I was that night more cheerful and hopeful than I had been since my coming to Timperley. I was not addicted to writing letters to the newspapers, but the presence in that district of the little bird of song, that usually suggested soft, clear skies and scented groves, was so extraordinary, and seemed to me so delightful, that I sat down and wrote a letter concerning the phenomenon to a daily paper of some importance published in the neighboring large town. The paper, I knew, was widely read, but I had not reckoned upon its letter attracting such attention as it did.

The second night after I had written it men and women of all conditions, but chiefly of the working class, were inquiring their way through the village, or finding their way along all the roads and lanes to "the Nightingale Clough."

The small weekly papers of course copied the letter, and on Saturday and during the following week parties came from long distances in "buses and vans to hear the

nightingale sing. I went first one night, and then another, and another to see the crowd thus drawn together.

It was a strange and touching spectacle: the men and women, the boys and lassies standing under the trees down to the very edge of the discolored little lake, and the mischievous boys among the branches—all hushed while the summer twilight deepened into dark about them, waiting patiently for the music of the bird to break forth like a voice from heaven into rapturous song. And when at length, after a few timid notes it poured out its full heart, I heard many a low sob mingling with the strains of the artless music.

Whether the nightingale took alarm at this invasion of its solitude, or whether some mischievous persons frightened it, it is certain that by the end of the week it was heard no more, and the people went away disappointed and woe.

One of those evenings I was returning with the crowd, when an old fellow walked alongside of me, looking at me hard, and at length speaking.

"Thom't be parson as wrote th' letter—eh?"

I answered I was.

"Ah, An' thou't fo' London—eh? A gift place that—a'! gardens, I've heard say, full o' a' kinds o' birds and beasts."

I said I supposed he meant the Zoological Gardens.

"Och, Happon that's them. I'm rare and fond o' birds and beasts; I moun go to London some day, and see them gardens. Happon I may come across them. I hear thou't leaving Timperley."

"In a very few weeks," I said.

"Well, now, I like thee; and I moun come and hear thee preach afore thou goes. Re, mon, I a' something here," he produced an old pocket-book, and from one of its compartments he took a square of pasteboard which he gave me—"Happen that may come in handy when thou goes back to London. I found it in Lacroix's Lane you'd more o' a year ago, and says I, 'I moun keep this till I go to London,' but I don't think I'll ever ride in a first class carriage—so thoud' at better tak' it, mon."

"What is it?" I asked.

"'Tis a sure," said he, "thou can see 't's a first class ticket."

HANDS OF GREAT PIANISTS.

They Need Muscular Development.
At the fingers.

The hands of celebrated pianists afford a very interesting study to most people, but especially to those who know something about pianoforte playing. Speaking in a general way, we may group the hands of pianists into two classes: (a) the broad hand with short fingers; (b) the narrow hand with long fingers. Von Bulow's and Tausig's hands would come under the heading of class A. In fact, Tausig's hands were so small that he was unable to play octaves correctly. The higher notes usually followed the lower instead of both being struck simultaneously.

The hands of Liszt and Mark Hambourg belong to class B. Those who are acquainted with Liszt's arrangements of Beethoven's and Berlioz's symphonies know that he expanded the chords to dimensions which for the majority of players are absolutely impossible, yet Liszt could play them with ease.

Mark Hambourg is the possessor of wonderful pianoforte technique. Each day he commences work with Sandow's exercises and then practices on the pianoforte for four or five hours. He has never indulged in what are called "finger gymnastics," neither has he used a digitometer or technician. How few people who listen to the performances of a celebrated pianist or violinist realize the amount of hard work he has had to do in order to overcome all the technical difficulties of his instrument. Years of daily grind are absolutely necessary for getting the fingers into a condition of complete obedience to the will. Schumann in trying to improve his technique became impatient and overworked his fingers, with the result that he had to abandon pianoforte playing.

Von Bulow used to say that three things are necessary for a good pianist: "The first, technique; the second, technique; and the third, technique." Possibly this was said so as to impress upon the beginner that intellect and emotion were of no use unless he had the means of expressing them in a fluid way on the pianoforte.

In the present day considerable muscular power is required in pianoforte playing. To some extent this is owing to the fact that each note when struck possesses a certain resistance, but the resistance is not equal throughout the keyboard. The bass notes offer more resistance to the fingers than the treble and consequently more attention should be paid to the strengthening of the muscles of the left hand.

"The pianist's instrument can be developed at the instrument or away from it. If away from the pianoforte then "finger gymnastics" may be used or an apparatus called the "technicon." "Finger gymnastics" are exercises which can be practiced evidently at any time or in any place, for you find people even in street cars and trains indulging in the exercise of their finger joints and looking anything but sane in their efforts to rival Paderewski in feats of digital strength."

ADULTERATION OF FOOD.
Some Things That Are Used by Dishonest Manufacturers.

The Senate Committee on Manufactures recently caused an investigation by the Department of Agriculture on the subject of adulteration of articles of food and that report being made has caused surprise to every one because of the extent to which all articles of food are more or less tampered with.

Adulteration does not necessarily mean that food is rendered less healthy. In many cases the adulterated food is as wholesome as would be the pure article, but the fraud practiced on the consumer is in selling at the price demanded for one food product a substitute that is cheaper and not desired by the purchaser.

It will be surprising to learn that soap is frequently used as an adulterant for distilled liquors. It is added in very small amounts to produce a "head." Glucose plays an important part as an adulterant for many articles of food. It is frequently used in wine, for fruit sirups, in connection with whole preserved fruits and with jams and marmalades.

Lemon extract is sold that has no oil of lemon in it. Mustard is made of a score of things that never laid claim to the name of mustard until they had been boxed ready for sale. Clay has been found in some samples of mustard, but not frequently. Of 102 samples of pepper examined by the Consumer experiment station thirty-two contained no pepper at all. It has been shown, says the Washington Star, that cottonseed oil is extensively used for lard, olive oil and cheese. The extensive substitution of oleomargarine for butter is well known. The Pennsylvania department of agriculture in 1,777 samples found 1,033 to contain oleomargarine.

She Explained the Meaning.
One of the easiest ways for a lawyer to confuse a witness is to make him explain the meaning of a word. Few people can define a word satisfactorily, even if they know its meaning. A Western lawyer was cross-examining a young woman who had a very haughty temper. According to the Los Angeles Herald, she had testified that she had seen the defendant "sly" a book at the plaintiff's.

"Sly?" "Sly" a book? What do you mean by that? Will you explain to the court why the word 'sly' means?" The girl leaned over the desk beneath the witness box, picked up a law book, and threw it so accurately and so forcibly at the lawyer that he had hard work to dodge it.

"I think the court now understands the meaning of the word 'sly,'" said the Judge, gravely. The girl was allowed to finish her testimony.

A Promise With Limitations.
"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Turkin, "I want you to promise that you will not lose any more money on horse races."

LET US ALL LAUGH.

JOKES FROM THE PENS OF VAIRIOUS HUMORISTS.

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

In the course of an object lesson on the "cat" in a Philadelphia public school—the teacher trying to find out what her pupils remembered of the previous lesson, asked this question: "What boy can tell me to what family the cat belongs?"

After questioning eight or ten boys, she was giving up in despair, when a hand was raised.

"Well," asked the teacher, "I think the cat belongs to the family that owns it," was the diminutive pupil's answer.—Philadelphia Times.

No Time to Make Enemies.
"Has she many friends in society?" "Yes, quite a number. She only came out two years ago."

New Kind of Trouble.
"Woolly, is he? Why, the last time I saw him he had trouble keeping the wolf from the door."
"Well, now he has trouble keeping his poor relations from the porte cochere."
—Catholic Daily Times.

Quite English.
Aunt Delany (viewing the city)—What does that sign "Miss Store" mean?"
Uncle Abner (in close observance)—"I s'pose that's where these 'ere anglers makes get measured for clothes so folks'll think they was made in London."
—New York Weekly.

Saved by the Signal Service.
Longloigh—Then you didn't propose to Miss Gotrox after all?
Shortloigh—No. My knowledge of the signal service code saved me from making a fool of myself.
Longloigh—Well, put me on.
Shortloigh—Just as I was about to commit myself she bolted the cold-wave flag.—Chicago News.

Met His Match.
Bumps—Zizzazo, the wild animal tamer, has met his match at last.
McSmith—You don't say? How did it happen?
Bumps—He has married a "new woman."

Doubtful Compliment.
Mrs. News—Just think of it, dear. I made every bit of this cake with my own hands.
News—Is it possible? I never suspected there was so much strength in those fair soft hands.

Of Course Not.
"My wife doesn't seem to be progressing, doctor," remarked the anxious husband.
"No," answered the physician; "when she gains a little strength she uses it all up trying to tell her friends what's the matter with her."
—Philadelphia Record.

Sure to Be a Fight.
Teacher—Suppose there were four boys going skating, and they only had two pairs of skates, how many boys would have to look on?
Bobby—The two that got licked!

A Good Sign.
Mistress of the House—Bridget, do you think that policeman who calls here so often means business?
Bridget—Yes, mams; I think he do. He is begun to complain about my cooking already.

Success to the Season.
Rev. Mr. Gassaway—What did you think of my sermon?
Snappe—Most appropriate sermon for Lent I ever heard. There wasn't any meat in it.—Philadelphia Press.

HE GOT THE LOAN.

The Head of the Household.
"Of course," said the bachelor, thoughtfully, "there can be no such thing as joint rule in a family. Some one must be the head."
"True, but the scepter passes from one to another."
"How?"
"Well, at the beginning of married life the husband holds it; then it gently and unobtrusively passes to the wife, and he never gets it back again."
"She keeps it forever?"
"Oh, no; the baby gets it next."
—Chicago Post.

The Magic of Time.
"What a lot of rubbish! Utterly worthless, I should say."
"Now, of course. But I shall leave it to my son, and he to his son. In the day of my grandson it will be bric-a-brac!"
And the junkman shrugged the shrug that is the badge of all his race.—Puck.

At the Club.
"Bounder has written a rather clever little book, 'Don't be Club Men.'" "Huh! the don'ts don't worry me half as much as the dues."
—Philadelphia Press.

His Pica.
"Vat? Do you mean to charge me \$2 a visit?"
"That is my regular rate to every one."
"Yess, but I introduced der disease into der neighborhood!"—Life.

On a Larger Scale.
"It's just horrid, Bertie, to think of living in a flat after we are married."
"You don't love me when you talk that way."
"Oh, yes, I do, but not on a small scale."
—Life.

Woes of the Weatherman's Wife.
"Oh, mamma," cried the bride of the weatherman, "I think George is a brute!"
"Why, daughter?" gasped the mother.
"What on earth makes you say that?"
"He knows that I am planning for my spring dresses, and all the time he persists in predicting snow and cold waves!"
Here she pointed a wrathful finger at the thermometer, which registered 46 degrees below zero.—Baltimore American.

A Way Out of a Difficulty.
"Your uncle was a very eccentric man. He stipulated in his will that \$100 should be buried with him!"
"All right, make out a check for that amount."
Wide.
"You say Miss Pinkerton is accomplished?"
"Yes, I never met a more accomplished girl. She knew just a little about every subject I introduced."
—Detroit Free Press.

Not That Kind.
Clerk—Here is some delicious cough candy.
Miss Wiseleigh—But I haven't a delicious cough.
Repastee.
Pat—What's the repastee?
Mike—It's whin a fellow see right off the answer he doesn't think av ill tomorrow mornin'!
—New York Sun.

A Favor to the Public.
"We have called," said the head of the deputation of citizens, "to protest against the street car service you are giving us. Why, some of us cannot even get a strap to hang on by."
"Very well, gentlemen, I shall at once increase the service," said the affable magnate, while the hearts of the deputation leaped with joy, "by putting in more straps."
—Baltimore American.

Overdoing the Thing.
Tomson—Can you recommend to me a first-rate bookkeeper?
Bilton—Why, I thought you had a perfect jewel.
Tomson—Yes, but now I am suspicious of him; he attends too closely to his duties and refuses to take a vacation.
—Town Topics.

Reward Seekers.
"Some people," said Uncle Eben, "is so dretful business-like that while they looks for a reward in de next 'cent' dey's mighty skeery fob four deat do any mo' dan what's necessary to earn it."
—Washington Star.

The Effective Wink.
"Look here!" said the mystified policeman, "why are you winking at me? I have noticed it for the last five minutes."
"I thought I'd like to be protected while I was in this big town," replied the old man with the chin whiskers. "My nephew that keeps a saloon in town somewhar wrote me word that he just has to wink his eye at the police 'n he gets all the protection he wants."
—Chicago News.

When Courtesy Failed.
Senator-elect McCreary, of Kentucky, was in Washington a few days ago calling upon his old friends in Congress whom he knew when he represented his State in the House.

"McCreary was a fine campaigner," said a Kentuckian. "When he went the rounds of his district he kissed all the babies, praised the cooking of the housewives, judged the cattle of the farmers and adapted himself to all circumstances. One night he drove up to the house of a farmer to stop all night, but arrived after the supper hour. The good woman of the house insisted on getting him a supper, but he resisted and said he would take anything cold that she had."

"She told him she had some cold ham and cold biscuits and would warm the coffee."
"Never mind warming the coffee, madam," said McCreary, "I prefer it cold." Next morning at breakfast the good lady handed him a cup of sickly looking liquid, saying, "Governor, you seemed to enjoy the cold coffee so much I saved some for your breakfast."
—Washington Star.

Worse for Him.
"That was a thrilling performance where the man threw knives at the girl, wasn't it?"
"Thrilling? Say, it was tame compared to the way my wife looked dazed at me when I got home."
—Philadelphia Bulletin.

When a man is compelled to work all day, and then sit up with sick folks, it knocks him. A woman can do it, but a man can't.
Kin and good advice: twix evils with run and love.