Bohemia Nugget

HOWARD & HENRY, Publishers.

COTTAGE GROVE .. OREGON.

It is reported that Russell Sage has become a vegetarian.

Eventually no American town will be without a sanitarium.

When a wise man knows anything worth telling he keeps it to himself.

Even the Czar is thinking about reforms; but not till his people are in revolt.

Women not only want the last word, but they want the last chapter. That is why they read the back of the book first.

Joseph was not a real captain of industry. He didn't twist the screw when the other fellows were calling for help.

We very much doubt the success of the reported attempt to form a lobster trust. The supply is too large to be "cornered."

If the Hon. James Hogg ever becomes Secretary of State, we are confident that he will not be referred to as "Little Breeches."

"Be virtuous and you will be wealthy," says Uncle Russell Sage—which is a rather severe reflection on some mighty good people.

A Cleveland preacher has discovered that the recently developed love for sports here in America is a sign of degeneracy. Down with the muddled oafs!

Miss Mary MacLane is able to sympathize to some extent with the man who committed suicide because he was "tired of the everlasting buttoning and unbuttoning."

The fratricidal tragedy in New York by which one man eminent in letters and one in athletics died premature deaths was caused by a father's injustice. No man should carry his hatreds to his grave.

A Kansas editor has decided that when a man merely has a hook and line in the river on Sunday and isn't catching anything he is not fishing. That may be true, but if he has a gun on his shoulder, and is merely wandering around in search of game he is hunting.

"Pshaw, you're afraid!" "Yes, I am! I'm afraid of being sorry—and it's the only thing I'm afraid of in this world!" It was a scrap of a street conversation, and the two girls who spoke were out of sight before the words had died on the air. But one listener, at least, was stronger for having heard them.

Years ago a man bearing the name of John Smith had it changed to Gagadig Gigadab, which name he selected because it was as unlike John Smith as he could possibly get it. And now an Englishman, one Pamilco Pickles, has had his name changed to John Smith. There is no accounting for tastes.

The average American business man is like a cat. Throw him up and he lights on his feet. They tell the story of a life insurance agent in Chicago who was taken sick and carried to a hospital. He employed his leisure hours in persuading his nurse to take out an insurance policy and his share of the premium paid his own bill for attendance.

Social intercourse would less frequently engender hard feeling if all would observe the rule, which the Senate adopted recently: "No Senator in debate shall, directly or indirectly, by any form of words, impute to another Senator, or to any other Senators, any conduct or motive unworthy or unbecoming a Senator; no Senator in debate shall refer offensively to any State of the Union." This means simply that the Senators must behave as gentlemen. It is fair to them to say that most of them observed the rule before it was formally adopted.

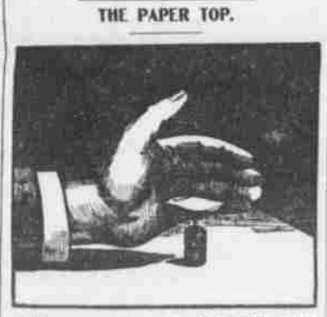
The latest maps of British East Africa designate an arm of the great Victoria Nyanza as Ugowe Bay. The origin of the name was recently told by Sir Henry Stanley. When, twenty-seven years ago, he was making a chart of the lake shores, he came upon a spacious bay. Calling to a native on shore, he asked the name of the place. After repeated inquiries came a faint answer which sounded like "You go 'way." An attempt of the interpreter met with the same response, and Stanley humorously accepted the answer to mark the spot. It continues in the maps as Ugowe.

England is being so rapidly despoiled of her art treasures by American capital that the curator of one of the famous collections sounds a note of warning. The man who owns a famous picture is in a certain sense a trustee for England, he declares; before he sells the canvas to an American millionaire he should offer it to the British nation, or to a local museum, or to "a collector permanently domiciled in England." Yet consideration for the "rights" of Continental nations does not seem to have withheld Englishmen from acquiring the very works of Titian, Raphael, Velasquez, Van Dyke and other masters that are at the bottom of the present pother; and if the argument of locality applies in the one instance, it should apply in the others. The logical truth, however, is that a great work of art belongs to the world. So long as it is properly taken care of and is made accessible to persons who wish to study it, the place where it is kept is only a detail. Moreover, it is as easy for an Englishman to come over here to see it as it is for an American to go to England for the same purpose.

A scientific writer in American Medicine pays a glowing tribute to the hairpin. He finds that it is of almost inestimable value to the surgeon, who can use it "to pin bandages, to remove foreign bodies from any natural passage, as a curette for scraping away soft material, to compress a blood vessel in controlling a hemorrhage, and to close a wound." In addition to these uses, the gentleman has used the hairpin to probe wounds and to wire bones together in cases of fracture. But it is not in surgery only that the hairpin is useful. It may take the place of a suspender button or help out when an automobile breaks down. Perhaps if the truth were known many a locomotive has been held together, at a pinch, by a hairpin, and we are not surprised that the writer for American Medicine suggests that it would always be well for man to carry a supply of hairpins in his pocket. Such a practice would undoubtedly have important advantages, but there is a better and more pleasant plan. If it could be so arranged that a man might always have at least one companionable lady near him the highest usefulness of the hairpin might be developed. Men are, after all, but bunglers when they endeavor to use this delicate instrument. For the best results from the hairpin, therefore, it is cheerfully recommended that the lady be taken along.

More than usual interest has lately ben directed to the matter of pure food. The action of Germany in excluding foreign meats on which boric acid has been used is economically important because of the large quantity of meats which the United States now ships to that country. These, the American packers say, must be treated with a small quantity of boric acid, or else be much more heavily salted. The amount of boric acid used is said by American chemists to be harmless, and eminent German chemists have expressed the same opinion. To the German government, however, it makes a difference whose ox is treated with boric acid. The government prohibits the use of this preservative in food prepared for home consumption, yet permits it in potted meats put up for export, on the theory, apparently, that it is dangerous to the German stomach, but safe enough for foreigners. France takes a similar view in regard to vegetables, permitting the export without restriction of canned vegetables colored green by the use of copper, but forbidding their sale at home except when the fact of the use of copper and the quantity of it are stated on the label. The action of Germany has naturally set the authorities at Washington to thinking about measures of self-protection. The United States is now the only civilized nation without adequate pure food laws, and has therefore become the dumping-ground for misbranded and adulterated articles. The Secretary of Agriculture has authority to forbid the importation of articles of food which are injurious to health, but he has hitherto hesitated to set up dogmatic standards upon points open to controversy. It seems simple enough, however, to decline to receive from other countries the things which they will not let their own people eat.

THE PAPER TOP.



Who can make a top that will set itself in motion? Nobody? We will show you how it is done. Take a cork, a sewing needle and a square piece of writing paper. Place the cork on the table and fasten the needle in it, point up, find the center of the piece of paper by drawing the diagonal lines, and balance it on the needle after bending two opposite corners of the paper, one upward, the other down. Now we are ready for the trick. Hold your hand close to the paper as shown in figure. Before long the paper will set itself in motion, and will stop as soon as you remove your hand. This simple mechanical effect is produced by the warmth of the hand catching the corner of the paper that we have bent downward, which sets the paper top in motion.

Involuntary Stage Humor.

Robert Edeson, the actor, tells this story of the stage: "I've seen and heard a good many funny things in the way of plays and play actors in my time, but the greatest thing I ever saw or heard was in Milwaukee. This was several months ago. It was in one of the museums there. The museum had a stock company in its theater, and its great specialty was border drama. Every week they gave a new drama of the wild and woolly West. This play that I saw was a blood-curdler of that character, and at the time I dropped in at the theater the stage was pitch dark and two men were fighting a duel. I could hear the knives clash together and hear the men stumble around the stage, but I could only faintly distinguish the forms of the actors. After a while there was a thump on the floor, and the villain (I knew it was the villain by his accent) hissed: 'Ah, ha! Rudolph Tegherington, I have you now and no one nigh to see me do the deed!' Then the drummer hit the bass drum a belt and the calcium man turned on the light, and away up on a rocky pass a woman (the heroine) was seen standing. 'Coward!' she shouted; 'me and heaven is here!'"

Appropriately Pleased.

"Our amateur minstrel show will be great. We've got two professional end men."

"You don't say? Who are they?

"One's a phrenologist and the other's a chiropodist."

"Indeed? Now, all you need is a belt manufacturer for middleman."—Philadelphia Press.

Cabmen for Parliament.

Several cabmen are to be run as candidates at the forthcoming parliamentary elections in Belgium by the men's trade union at Brussels.

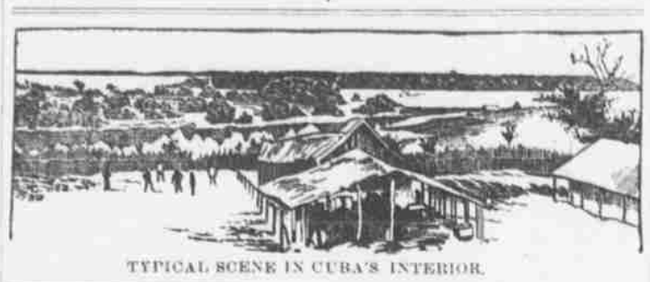
BLOOD-SOAKED CUBA.

ISLAND HAS AT LAST BECOME HER OWN MISTRESS.

History of the Island Is One of Continual Bloodshed—Liberty Achieved After a Struggle Lasting Four Centuries—A Prize Dearly Bought.

CUBA, after four centuries of almost continual struggle through starvation, misery, torture and death, has at last reached its cherished goal of liberty. With the casting off of the old fetters and the establishment of a democratic form of government, renewed hope and ambition have flooded the hearts of the Cubans, and if they promote their future advancement with the same degree of unfaltering persistency that has marked their strife for freedom, the ultimate success of the island republic is assured.

Since the departure of Columbus, the history of Cuba has been one of incessant bloodshed. Her natives were of mild disposition, happy temperament and easily satisfied. They did not resent the coming of the Spaniards, but extended to them a hand of generous hospitality. The invaders abused this good feeling, however, and began at once an unparalleled system of oppression, which continued for centuries. Rapine, pillage, torture and butchery fell upon the unfortunate islanders. The Cubans had only bows and arrows, pointed with fish bones, and clubs hardened by fire, with which to resist the Spanish hordes, armed with muskets and cannon. Their defense was inadequate, and an endless stream of their life-blood poured over the fertile land of their birth.



TYPICAL SCENE IN CUBA'S INTERIOR.

CUBAN COUNTRY DWELLING.

Before the attacks of their powerful antagonists they gradually faded away and each day became less able to carry on the fight. Their lands were wrested from them and parceled out to the invaders; the captured natives being enslaved as tillers of the soil. Unused to hard labor in the fields, the captives weakened and died, until at the end of fifty years' persecution it is estimated that 500,000 of the original population had disappeared. All the horrors of Spanish rule in Italy and the Dutch countries were repeated in Cuba with increased zest and enlarged systems of oppression and cruelty. The aborigines being practically exterminated, the same cruel treatment was visited on the Spanish colonists themselves and upon the negroes who had been imported as slaves. In the course of 200 years the population was again reduced until only about 50,000 persons remained.

Practically prisoners of war, the Cubans had little knowledge of the outside world, except that gained from the pirates who continually plundered Cuba and the neighboring islands, making that region the headquarters of a vast fleet of buccaneers that ravaged Cuban waters for two centuries. The pirates burned the towns and made desolate the coasts, but Spain would neither protect her colony nor allow the people to arm themselves in self-defense.

The Turning Point.

The capture of Havana by the English and their eleven months' rule was undoubtedly an important point in the life of Cuba. During the short period of English government the Cuban ports were opened to foreign trade, and for the first time the people realized the extent of their resources, and the merciless manner in which they had been robbed of their earnings.

But the era of prosperity was short, as the English soon turned the island over to Spain and the old system of persecution was resumed. However, the Cubans had breathed the air of comparative freedom, and they saw the possibilities of the island under honest government. Instilled with a newborn ambition for freedom, the Cubans carried on secret arrangements for a general uprising, and the fifty years following the few months of English occupancy witnessed a succession of revolutions. Then came the Ten Years' War, from 1868 to 1878, followed by another uprising in 1885, and then the final struggle beginning Feb. 24, 1895, which resulted in the overthrow of Spanish rule in America by the United States and Cuban forces.

Cuba may drink of the cup of freedom now, but how dearly it was purchased. The first era of Spanish reign with its system of slavery, cost Cuba 50,000 lives and hundreds of millions of treasure collected in gold dust. In the Ten Years' War, 40,000 Cuban lives were sacrificed and more than a billion dollars spent, besides the confiscation of some 13,000 estates. In the same war Spain lost 200,000 men and a vast sum of money. The final struggle cost Spain 150,000 men and more than a hundred millions in cash, while Cuba gave up half a million lives through starvation alone.

VALUE OF BERMUDA ISLANDS.

They Occupy for England a Singularly Commanding Position.

Imperial England knows what she is about. Those islands (the Bermudas) besides being used as a garrison for her troops and a safe-land-locked harbor for her warships, are a link in the chain that connects her American provinces in Canada and Nova Scotia with her possessions in the West Indies. The Bermudas occupy for her, politically and commercially, a singularly commanding and an unrivaled position, says a correspondent of the New York Mail and Express.

Spain parted with Cuba because she was forced to, and she sold to the American nation the Philippine Islands for a mess of pottage. Denmark, following suit, for a few million kroner, made over to us her West India possessions. Catch England parting with the Bermudas! She would no more let them go than she would give up her great strongholds in the Mediterranean Sea, Malta and the invincible, unyielding rock of Gibraltar. No power will ever wrest them from her—not one foot of ground—until she has lost every ship and her last drop of blood. No; instead of parting with any of her colonies her policy is to increase them.

Nor will England permit emigration to or an increase in the population of her garrison towns—Bermuda, Gibraltar and Malta. With some precautionary measures she will allow sightseers and tourists to enter Gibraltar, but strangers may not settle there permanently; nor may an alien own a foot of ground in the Bermudas. She wants only British subjects in these places, and even British subjects are not allowed to vote in Bermuda unless they own real estate there.

Concerning Millionaires.

A writer who is himself a multimillionaire, says it will be a great mistake to shoot these gatherers-in of the yellow metal, for, as he says, they are the bees that make the most honey, and contribute most to the hive even after they have gorged themselves full. The remarkable fact is stated, that the masses of the people in any country are prosperous and comfortable just in proportion to the number of millionaires in that land.

STREET SCENE IN HAVANA.

In Russia, with its population little better than serfs, living at the point of starvation, upon the meanest possible fare, such as none of our people could or would endure, you do not find scarcely one millionaire excepting the Emperor and a few nobles who own the land. It is the same, to a great extent, in Germany. There are only about two millionaires in the whole German Empire. In France, where the people are better off than in Germany, you cannot count one-half dozen millionaires in the whole country. In the old home of our race, Britain, which is the richest country in all Europe—the richest country in the world save one, our own—there are more millionaires than in the whole of the rest of Europe, and its people are better off than in any other. In our land, the same thing holds true; we have more millionaires than all the rest of the world put together.

She Had "Sized" Him Up.

There is an institution in Duluth that employs about fifty people, and among others is a genial, jolly, good fellow, who long ago lost faith in hair restoratives, and is the possessor of a waist measurement of many inches.

An East End lady dropped into the store a day or two ago, accompanied by her pretty little 4-year-old daughter.

The big man was somewhat attentive to the child, and when the lady had finished the business she had come to transact the little girl said, in a clear voice, as they left the office:

"Who is the man bigger 'round 'an our rain barrel, with the awful shiny head?"—Duluth News Tribune.

Aged Criminal (who has just got a life sentence)—Oh, me lud, I shall never live to do it! Judge (sweetly)—Never mind. Do as much of it as you can!"—Punch.

HERR STEINHARDT'S NEMESIS

BY J. MACLAREN COBBAN.

CHAPTER XII—Continued.

"It is not for me, Fraulein," I answered, "to say how wicked he is. But I have told you he is behaving very harshly to the dead man's daughter—more than harshly, for he has even hid her away in a strange town, to try every means to make her marry his son, in order that he may not have to give an account of the dead man's property. And here is a letter which I have received this morning from her other guardian, who was Herr Steinhardt's best friend when he first came to England, and whom he has almost ruined. He has found the young lady, and taken her to his own house; but he fears he cannot keep her, for Herr Steinhardt may now ruin him outright. I must therefore return; and this, Fraulein, is my only hope of effectually hindering Herr Steinhardt from doing what he will—by frigtening him with my knowledge. But I do not yet know enough to do that.

It will thus be seen that I told Fraulein Haas just enough of the case to convince her of its urgency; but she guessed something I had not told her.

"I understand now, Herr Pastor," she said, "why you are so interested in Emmanuel Steinhardt's crime; it is more love than vengeance that pushes you on. And that, too, Herr Pastor, will make you better understand why I am interested in Emmanuel Steinhardt," she said, simply, looking not at me, but at her thin clasped hands. "He was many years ago not the Herr Steinhardt he seems to be now; he was good and gentle, though his heart and mind were set on being rich. But I detain you," she added, glancing up suddenly. Her hands tightened their clasp on each other. "Tell," she said, with rapidly growing vehemence, "I tell you what I have seen, in order that you may be able to deliver the distressed young Fraulein, promise me, Herr Pastor, for the sake of my past, and as you hope to be happy and peaceful in the future—promise me that you will use what I tell you only for the purpose you say, and that you will keep it, so far as ever you can, from becoming public!"

I gave the promise at once without reserve.

"And," she said, "you will leave Emmanuel Steinhardt's punishment in the hands of Almighty God?"

I answered I would—though it was a strange question to have to answer. She then turned almost away from me, partly, I thought, that she might be less conscious of my presence, but more that she might concentrate her attention on her recollections. Her hands clasped and unclasped several times before they settled, the one in the other, and she began:

"It was, I think, in the March month of a year ago. I had slept a long time very soundly, for I had been very tired, when suddenly I felt as if I were taken up and carried away—far away; and I was made to look at Emmanuel Steinhardt. He looked at me as if he wished me to help him; at his feet was a large wooden box, the lid of which, I was made to understand, would not close. From the opening protruded a human hand, strangely discolored. I awoke all trembling. I put out my own hand to make sure I was in my own bed; my mother was sleeping quietly beside me. I tried to dismiss the vision from my mind—foolish dream, I thought it. But I could sleep no more. In two or three hours it was daylight, and I arose. I went about my duties all the day as usual; I was busy, and had the impression of the vision much worn away when I went to bed in the evening—rather early, because I was very tired. I had slept not very long, when again I was as if seized up and whirled away, again to see Emmanuel Steinhardt, with something at his feet again—not now the wooden box, which was aside, but three packages of canvas. Again Emmanuel Steinhardt looked at me, as if he wished me to go to him, and again I awoke, all trembling."

She paused in her story of the visions, took her handkerchief and wiped her damp brow with trembling hand.

I watched her intently, a sensation of creeping excitement and mystery held me bound to her quiet but intense recital. She resumed suddenly, without looking at me.

"I slept no more that night for thinking of what I had seen, and so I saw Emmanuel Steinhardt no more; I tried to sleep in order that I might, but I could not. A terrible night to me it was. But next night I was sleeping a light, disturbed sleep, when I was taken away again to Emmanuel Steinhardt; this time I knew I was not in a room; there was no light. He looked at me across a newly dug spot of ground, and then turned away. I did not really wake, though I felt conscious I was in my own bed at the same time as I was held where he had left me, close to a wall. After some time, how long I cannot tell, he came back with a rope. I knew at once what he was going to do before he had done it—fasten the rope in an iron something on the other side of the wall and pull it over. I do not know why I did not think it impossible for a single man to pull a wall down with a rope, but I did not. In a little while he pulled, and the wall fell flat, and, curiously, unbroken, covering over the newly dug spot and all aroound it. Then I awoke, as with the noise, and slept no more. After that night I saw him again for several nights, for a dim moment or two, at the same place. They were but glimpses, which, as the nights passed on, became dimmer and dimmer, and then ceased altogether—until some weeks ago, when again I was summoned to face him at that same place with the fallen wall. He looked at me earnestly, and then over his shoulder at some one whom I did not see, but who I knew he feared was watching him. This happened three, four times, and then no more. There has been no more yet, but what may be, God only knows. That is all," she said, with a sigh as of relief, turning to me. "And now, Herr Pastor, you know what I have had to tell, and you will not forget your promise to me—you will not set yourself to bring punishment on Emmanuel Steinhardt."

"I shall hold my promise to you, Fraulein," said I, "as sacred."

Possessed as I was with the exciting thought engendered by her story, I was almost forgetting that I had no result of my mission which I could show or tell to Steinhardt, and the time at my disposal must be very short. I looked at my watch; I had half an hour to spare. There was no time for the expression of wonder or of any kind of fitting comment upon what I had heard. Seeing me look at my watch, she rose.

"And now," she said, "you must go quickly, I suppose, to your hotel, and then to the station."

"Yes," I said. "But there is one thing, Fraulein, I had almost forgotten; not of a painful sort," I made haste to add, for she had reassumed her expression of close endurance and resignation. "I came as Herr Steinhardt's messenger, and I have no message I can carry back to him."

She sat down again, took a sheet of paper from a drawer, and wrote in the middle of the page, in a small German hand, a few words, which she signed. When she had written she handed the paper to me, saying, "You may read."

I read (the words were in German) "Repent, and turn away from your evil, before it is too late."

This, enclosed in an envelope, and addressed, I put in my pocket for Steinhardt. There remained now but one thing for me to do—to say farewell to Fraulein Haas, the poor, lonely lady, who still with fond regret cherished her memory of a man who was to me the greatest villain on earth. How I longed I could do something to cheer her life, say even some proper word of comfort and hope! But I felt her spirit dwelt on heights too great for any commonplace words of consolation from me to reach. I therefore made her a silent farewell. She held my hand a moment.

"If anything happens to him," she said, "you will send me word?"

I answered I would; and the next moment she was turned away from me, and the next I was out of the room, and had seen my last of Fraulein Haas.

When I was in the train, rushing back toward England, I unexpectedly found that I was bearing away with me a pathetic memento of her, and that I had left her a memento of myself. I put my hand into my pocket to find Birley's letter, but could find only the following lithographed form, instead. I suppose I had taken it from her table when I meant to take up the letter which I had laid down. The poor lady might have been looking at it before I entered her room. This was the form:

"Meine Verlobung mit
Fraulein Emilie Haas von Liestal
zeige ich hiemit ergebenst an
Basel, November, 1854.
"Emmanuel Steinhardt."

(My engagement with Fraulein Emilie Hass of Liestal I herewith make public in Basel)

CHAPTER XIII.

In what a fever of excitement, anxiety, and hope I made the journey home, I need not stay to describe. The story of Lacroix's fate I could now fill in to its last detail; I knew where his mutilated remains lay buried, or at least I knew a spot which coincided with that described by Fraulein Haas, so what remained for me to do was to bring the fact of my knowledge home to Steinhardt in a manner so forcible that he could not refuse to make terms to me—more than this I could not accomplish, even if I would, considering my promise to Fraulein Haas. But in the sequel I had my conviction reimpressed that I was in this business but the agent of a Higher Power.

I reached Timperley very late on Saturday night, but in spite of the lateness of the hour and my weariness I went at once to Birley's; I had warned him of my coming by telegram from London. I found him waiting for me, and with him, as I had hoped, but scarcely expected, his ward Louise. I fear his cheerful greeting passed for almost nothing with me in comparison with hers. Her manner was undemonstrative, but there was, I felt, a cordial sincerity in it which came from her true heart, and I was flattered with hope. There were, however, things more serious and immediate to be talked of than matters of love could then be considered.

I inquired concerning Steinhardt, and was told that they had not yet seen him. What, I asked Birley, did he propose to do if Steinhardt came and demanded the surrender of his ward?—would he admit him?

"Admit him?" he exclaimed. "Of course. There is no use in shutting him out. He can sell me up in this house and then turn me out,—he has a bill of sale on everything, and he has been holding it back for some time, to use it now, I expect, but Louise shan't go back to him, unless she likes; I'll find some roof to shelter me and her. Yes," said he, turning his bright face upon her, "we'll get thro' it all right."

"You are both very good to me," said she, going to him, and shedding some tears on his shoulder.

"There now—there," said he, patting her. Then turning to me, "She means you, too, my lad."

"Yes," said she, resuming her seat and looking down, "Mr. Birley has told me all you have done for me to find out about my poor father—and all that he and you suspect, too. And I cannot—oh, I cannot!" she cried, shuddering and pressing her hands to her eyes—"look at that terrible, cruel man again!"

"I could not help telling her, my lad," said Birley, in answer to a look of reproach from me. "The old chap wrote questions to her about th' papers you found, and I had to explain."

"But," said I, in some alarm, "you know, Miss Lacroix, we must not, we cannot denounce him—we must not, I doubt, say anything till we have some evidence that he is really the man. I think, I am sure, I soon shall have that evidence, but even then we must be careful what we say."

This, I was glad to find, was not regarded as more than a general, though confident, expression of hope, so I was not asked awkard questions. Now that my anxiety concerning Louise was for the time allayed, I felt exceedingly tired. I promised to call next day to tell them about my journey, and rose to go to my lodgings, where my landlady, I knew, or her herculean son, would still be sitting up for me.

Birley accompanied me to the door, talking according to his wont. He put on a cap which hung in the hall, and, leaving the door adjar, walked with me to the gate. The air refreshed me, and, full as I was of Fraulein Haas's revelation, I felt impelled to tell Birley something of it. Thus, almost unconsciously, we wakled away from the gate down the lane leading to the high road, and I was led into telling him all, the more so that he did not seem sceptical of the value of her visions. We had thus left the house some minutes, how many I cannot tell, when several sounds like screams in rapid succession rose behind us into the still night. We stopped together and looked at each other.

"By the L—d!" exclaimed Birley, "I left the door open!"

We were hurried back by a common impulse. We found the door adjar, apparently as we had left it; but when we entered and approached the room in which we had been sitting we heard Steinhart's voice.

"Well, 'Manuel," said Birley, when we were in the room, "so you've come; I expected you wouldn't be long."

Steinhardt turned (Louise watched him from the other side of the table with fear in her eyes); he did not answer his brother-in-law, but stared at me.

"What is the meaning of this?" he asked. "Were do you come from?"

"From Basel," I answered, "where I was not wanted. Fraulein Haas wised to see you, not me; she is well, and it is for you she is anxious, not for herself. She sent you a line by me;" I handed him the letter.

He impatiently tore the envelope, and read with a frown. I knew the words; I tried to read from his face how they affected him. Their point, I thought, found a joint in his harness; he evidently winced; he looked on the floor, on this side and on that, as if for once he were made to pause and consider. But this was only for a moment; he looked up at me and then at Birley, the same insistent, masterful Steinhardt as before.

(To be continued.)

SIGNIFICANT NUMBER SEVEN.

Woven Into the History of the World in Many Peculiar Ways.

The number seven is not only considered a lucky number by the superstitious, but it was a symbolical number in the Bible, as well as among nations of antiquity. In the Old Testament we note that the Creator took seven days, and on the seventh was a sacred day of rest. Every seventh year was sacred, and the seven times seventh year ushered in a year of jubilee. There are seven principal virtues—faith, hope, charity, prudence, temperance, chastity and fortitude—and there are also seven deadly sins—pride, covetousness, lust, anger, gluttony, envy and sloth. There were seven champions of Christendom—St. George, England; St. Andrew, Scotland; St. Patrick, Ireland; St. David, Wales; St. Denis, France; St. James, Spain, and St. Anthony, Italy. There were seven ages of man, also seven wise men of Greece. Christ spoke seven times on the cross. Rome was built on seven hills, and there are innumerable other traditions which go to prove that seven was a number to cling to. In these modern times it is wonderful how often the number prevails. For instance, vaccination must take place every seven years, in order to escape small pox; fashions change every seven years, and seven years is always a milestone in a person's age.

He Was in Need of Pity.

A pious lady of Portsmouth had a husband who was a seaman.

He was about to start on a protracted voyage, and as his wife was anxious as to his welfare, she sent the following notice to the village preacher:

"Mr. Blank, who is going to sea, his wife desires the prayers of his congregation."

As the old lady was quite illiterate, the minister read the following to the congregation from the slip handed him:

"Mr. Blank, who is going to see his wife, desires the prayers of the congregation."—London Tit-Bits.

Characteristics of Gold.

Many people suppose that all gold is alike when refined, but this is not so. An experienced man can tell at a glance from what part of the world a gold piece comes, and in some cases from what particular gold district the metal has been obtained. Australian gold, for instance, is distinctly redder than that from California. The Ural gold is the reddest found anywhere.

George Washington's Map.

The original map made by George Washington in 1775 of the lands on the Great Kanawha river, West Virginia, granted to him by the British government in 1763, for his services in the Braddock expedition, is now in possession of the library of congress. The map is about two by five feet, and is entirely in the handwriting of Washington.

No Hurry in Turkey.

As an instance of the leisurely manner in which the military authorities of Turkey move in time of peace it is said that a committee appointed in 1900 to prepare plans for the construction of fortifications for the defense of the strategically most important points on the Turkish shores of the Persian gulf has just completed its labors.

Happy Recollections.

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

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

Visitor—I don't uderstand you.

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

Biased.

"They say," began Miss Twitters, "that there is a fool in every family.

"Well, er—I hardly know," stammered poor little Saunders. "I am the only member of our family."