

It was a case of "ready money" with his knife.

The doctor with an automobile is bound to get something somewhere, somehow.

Actions speak louder than words. Some men never say die; yet they all have to do it.

When a man says he had forgotten all about the little loan you just returned he is a liar.

J. Pierpont Morgan's favorite eight-foot cigar would seem to be a merger of several smaller cigars.

If a woman is unable to tell when a man is going to propose she has no business with a husband.

On an average a woman can jump 62 per cent as far as a man, but with a mouse to help her she can raise the percentage to 80.

Almost every day some far-seeing person succeeds in getting his name in the papers by predicting a war between Russia and Japan.

Mr. Carnegie has at last discovered the right way to escape the "disgrace of dying rich." He thinks of going into the newspaper business.

In at least one respect General Fred D. Grant seems to take after his father. He is doing his work without making much noise about it.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., announces that "riches is no bar to heaven." Perhaps the young man has seen a camel go through the eye of a needle.

A spinster was scared into hysterics by an Angora goat that strayed into her parlor. That is at least a change from the old one about the man under the bed.

The heroine of a new prize play recently staged in London is a stenographer afflicted with "heart hunger." We have known stenographers afflicted with "candy hunger."

Many people who have loved Sol Smith Russell across the footlights hope and believe that he has only "just dropped in on mother" and will enjoy a long rest with the old folks now "at home."

The story that Kermit Roosevelt stalked on stilts into the room where a session of the cabinet was being held was not given out by the President to the correspondents with the other cabinet news.

King Edward's cook is said to draw a salary about equal to that of a lieutenant general in the British army, or an admiral of the fleet. Too many such cooks would spoil the financial broth, even were there the treasury of a mighty kingdom to draw upon.

The railroads also are planting trees, although it cannot be said that they do so with any special reference to Arbor Day. A New England company is setting out ten thousand catalpas and some chestnut and black walnut saplings upon its vacant lands. A Western company is about to plant more than a hundred thousand catalpas. Years hence these trees will supply timber for ties, posts and other purposes, and the railroads are taking the long look ahead.

The country would be richer in the future if the rest of us would exercise some such forethought, even if we were to plant only one tree for every hundred trees that we cut down.

The recent utterances of Lord Kelvin regarding the difficulties in the way of navigating the air and his prediction that flying machines that will "fly" are a long way off have evoked wide discussion as to the accuracy of his statements. It will be admitted that Lord Kelvin's high standing as a scientist gives the weight of authority to any opinion that he may express regarding actual scientific attainments. But it is argued that when the distinguished scientist gets into the domain of prophecy he lacks enthusiasm in the matter of navigating the air. Lord Kelvin is reported as saying in a recent interview that no system of ballooning with dirigible air ships can ever be of practical use. Many other scientific men who have given study to the problem of aerial navigation share this opinion. But whether the flying machine that will fly without a balloon is "a long way off" or not depends largely upon the interest and activity that may be aroused among inventors and scientific men. This country, which is usually in the lead in mechanical development of this character, seems to be behind England, France and Germany in experimentation upon flying machines. The efforts of Santos-Dumont to navigate the air, while accomplishing nothing practical in this line, have already given a stimulus to inventive genius in the direction of evolving a practical motor device light enough and strong enough for this purpose. A correspondent of a New York paper suggests that as a means of arousing interest among inventors in this question, "aerial clubs" should be formed that will offer prizes large enough to enable them to go ahead with the necessary experiments.

When the ancient teacher charged the people to "despise not the day of small things," he meant much that is not ordinarily grasped by readers of his maxims. Many persons think that it is the things themselves that are not to be scorned, which is, in a sense, very true, for natural science as well as abstract philosophy teaches that there can be nothing, however infinitesimal, that has not its function and its proper place. The small things, however, which the sage probably had most in view are not concrete at all, or, if concrete, are not those which in their best uses are complete in themselves. A different definition would describe too greatly the profound lesson that he

taught. Many small things go to make up a mighty whole. Many efforts go to make up a wonderful achievement. You may read of geniuses accomplishing this, that or the other thing, at one superb stroke. Never believe it. If it may seem to have been done at one stroke, be sure that many were required. For every great act, whether apparently spontaneous or not, there is preparation; there are various stages of the process of getting ready. Shakespeare did not burst forth in a day from the obscurity of Stratford-on-Avon as a full-fledged dramatist and poet, the greatest that the world has seen. Every literary work of value, no matter how quickly it may have been dashed off in the heat of final production, is the result of many things, many thoughts and impulses, and is not an independent act. One evil fruit of romanticism, which ran riot in literature in the early half of the last century, was the notion that genius is a heaven-born gift which by itself can achieve all that is achievable. It has been discovered over again, if the phraseology may be allowed, that genius is the power of utilizing to the best advantage the many small things that go to make up a great whole. Genius itself is a product of cumulative products. The teacher meant that the day in which time could be found for only small efforts towards a cherished object was not to be despised. Every really great man knows how much he owes to the perseverance with which he sought to make gradual advances towards his chief aim, when long, compelling strides were impossible. The weak soul, in such a case, would have faltered, delayed, probably given up, or dilly-dallied until it would have been too late to go on. Wherein genius sometimes consists is the sense of power to command the best that little things and earnest though often interrupted efforts can afford. A few minutes a day devoted to a special study may make one the best qualified in it of any. No person with any claim to culture should let a day slip by without at least an hour of study or serious reading. The day of little things becomes the day of great things in the long perspective of time and action. Despise it not.

WHICH ONE PROPOSED

PRETTY ROMANCE OF A MAN AND A MAID.

He Addressed Her Publicly as if She Were His Wife or Sister, and She Rather Liked It—The End of a Peculiar Courtship.

Her maiden aunt had all day been sounding in her ears the praises of a certain modest young man and her maiden heart had rebelled, because it is very hard on a girl to listen patiently to what others take for granted and she is very uncertain about.

She had no way of knowing that he cared more than other men for her. He called and was a jolly good fellow, full of fun, entertaining and good to look at. He had never even hinted at anything other than a warm friendship for her.

Of course she was fond of him; so were the other girls, but he had a way of dancing more with them and of sitting out on the steps with them between dances, and when she had first dared to favor him at the cotillon he had grown so white and silent that she never did it again.

She had been shopping downtown, and it was after her hour for getting home. The car was crowded. An old gentleman, a friend of her father, had given her a seat. A few blocks beyond he had said good-night and left her alone. She was a good deal frightened in the crush, when the young man appeared, helping a very drunken man, bearing a baby in his arms, onto the car. She saw him step on the toes of a big fat man who was taking too much room, until he, being afraid to fight, got off the car. Then she saw him force the drunken man into the seat, where, maudlin and pathetic, he crooned to his baby.

Then he saw her and flushed crimson, for she did not bow. She was too angry to believe that he might be helping the part of the good Samaritan. She looked him straight in the eyes without a sign of recognition. Then he was white as he was that night at the cotillon when she favored him and he did not seem to understand. And he was handsome, as he was that night. The seat next to the drunken man was vacated. His broad shoulders kept a too eager occupant from the seat.

"Nora," he said, speaking to her, just as if she had been his sister or his wife, "sit here and take the baby. I am afraid to do it myself, for I might use it as a back. I don't know how to hold them."

She changed her seat and took the baby. It stopped its crying and snuggled up to her fell asleep. It had been good to hear him call her Nora, even if he was in the company of a hopeless drunkard man. They got off far from her home and from his. He led the drunkard and she carried the baby. They had not spoken since his command, though she had several times soothed the little one in a way that made it desperation for him not to tell her what was in his heart; the hope he had scarcely dared to dream, he might even think of daring to tell.

They climbed two flights to a cozy little flat, where the door was opened by an old woman. The drunkard was somewhat revived by his nap and the walk from the car. Thanking his new friends for their kindness, he stambled into the kitchen to, as he said, get dinner for all.

The old woman explained that a year ago her son had lost his wife. He had insisted on taking the baby to visit a sister. She was to have met him at the Brooklyn bridge. Evidently they had not met.

The young people left behind them the good wishes of the season. Without asking him where he had found the unfortunates, and forgetful of any preliminary remarks, she said: "That was good in you, Jack."

He did not seem to hear the last word, says the New York Times. He had lost all his commanding air and was crestfallen and fearful.

"But I called you Nora."

"And I called you Jack."

Did he propose, or did she?

EUROPE'S SMALL FIRE LOSS.

One-Tenth of What It Is Here—Buildings Are Almost Fireproof.

Losses by fire in European cities are less than one-tenth of those in the cities here, though in Europe the fire departments, except in one or two instances, are almost insignificant and on a casual survey wholly inadequate.

With a population of 2,500,000, Paris for years has had a fire loss less than Boston's. Budapest, with a larger population than Boston, lost less than one-tenth the amount last year that the Massachusetts capital did.

Milan, with half a million inhabitants, loses on the average only \$150,000 a year, and the total damage by fire in Venice, where 200,000 people live, was only about \$20,000. London's loss is only about one-fifth that of New York.

It is not that the fire departments are so very efficient in any of these European cities, but because the buildings are planned on lines which render them practically fire-proof. Wood plays some part in the construction of houses, but brick and stone surround it invariably, and experience has shown that elaborate fire fighting forces are unnecessary.

New York Sun.

To Cure a Cold.

Here is a story rife with antagonism against the adage which has it that "in a multitude of counselors there is wisdom."

"Uncle," asked a young man, "do you know of anything that's good for a cold?"

Uncle opened his desk, took from one of the pigeonholes a large number of newspaper clippings tied with a string, and threw it into his nephew's lap.

"Do I know of anything that is good for a cold?" he echoed. "My young friend, I know of six hundred and twenty-seven infallible ways of curing a cold. I've been collecting them, one after the other, and, if they don't do you any good, come back and I'll give you a hundred or two more. Bless me," added the old gentleman, with enthusiasm, "you can always cure a cold if you go at it with a will!"

He produced a bundle of yellow time-stained clippings out of another pigeon-hole, and the visitor hastily coughed himself out.

Indian Wore Glasses.

"I noticed something the other day that was to me in the nature of a novelty," remarked a prominent local court stenographer who has spent considerable time in a business way among the descendants of the American aborigines. "What struck me as strange was my meeting here in Washington with an Indian who wore eye-glasses. In the course of all my experiences with the red men I never before observed Poor Lo making use of lenses to aid his sight. Perhaps the name of this particular Indian has something to do with his adopting what is unquestionably a very neat custom of civilization. He bears the cognomen 'Foggy Cloud,' and is a member of the Chippewa tribe. All the other Indians of my acquaintance are blessed with keen sight of the most pronounced type, and I do not remember hearing that any of them ever had eye trouble of any character."

Novel Use for Bullets.

Bullets seem rather a grim kind of ornament, but of late years the fad of setting bullets in jewelry has been much followed. The King of Greece wears a bullet set as a charm on his watch chain. This bullet was lodged in the panel of his carriage when he was fired at. Mr. Maurice Gifford, who will be remembered as leading the Rhodesian Horse in the Diamond Jubilee procession, gave his wife as a wedding present a bracelet containing the bullet which cost him his arm. There certainly seems to be something a bit barbaric in such charms—suggestive of scalps and other trophies.

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When a picture is to be taken, a frame-work is erected at the viewpoint and the camera is placed there. The bellows part supported by rollers, which facilitate the drawing-out or pushing-in process incidental to focusing.

PET MARMOSETS.

Little Monkeys Possess Something That Answers for a Conscience.

Two small marmosets less than a year old have satisfied a Washington lady, whose pets they are, that some monkeys possess not only intelligence and affection, but also something akin to a conscience. The Washington Post gives a most interesting account of some of their characteristics.

The marmosets are full of mischief, playful ways, and are great sources of amusement. They will steal all the hairpins and knickknacks from their mistress' dressing-table. Then the lady calls forth a pretty display of conscience on the part of her pets.

Upon discovering their pilferings she puts her hands to her face and shows signs of grief. The marmosets watch her for a minute and seem disturbed; then they apparently consult together, and finally one goes to their hiding-place and brings back a hairpin and lays it down.

The lady receives it, but still keeps her face covered and seems to weep. Then the other monkey will bring in several more things. They climb up to her in the prettiest way and try to pull her fingers from her eyes, as if this has had the desired effect. But no, she weeps harder than ever, and in an agony of contrition the marmosets race off and fetch in all their booty, whimpering softly and doing all they know how to do to make amends.

Then the lady smiles upon them and praises them, and the little creatures caper with delight, and climb up and caress their mistress with their tiny paws. After this they are on their good behavior for several days.

Had the "Conductor Wrist."

"Never heard of the conductor wrist," explained the move-up-front man on an Eleventh street trolley. "Look at that! See that enlargement? How do I get it? Just watch this 200-pound fellow after she gets aboard. Ahem! well—er—did you notice how she leaned back on my flattened palm as the car started? You might suppose she liked it."

"Oh, no, I think nothing of it now. It's all in a day's work, but the first time that was different. Why, I used to expect some insulted Amazon would knock me down, and at first I confined my courtesies to pocket editions of the sex. But I discovered that the heavier a woman gets the more she needs a helping hand at the starting moment, so now it's second nature to me to flatten my palm into the small of her back as she does her backward stagger. And what do I get for it? Was his rhetorical question, says the Washington Star.

"Why, every blessed one of them is ready to look daggers because I can't hold the car for a five-minute wait, because I'm not a mind reader, and because I can't limit the passenger list to the blue book!"

Don't be Literary Beginners.

"Don't tell the editor what your family or friends or literary acquaintances say of your manuscript."

Don't urge the editor to buy your manuscript because you need the money to help you in contributing to the support of your family or in making your way through college.

Don't assume a jaunty, sarcastic or insistent tone with the editor. Don't coyly ask him to "permit this literary dove to nest in your olive-tree or else return it to the ark at the above address."

Don't try to temper the severity of his judgment by sending him pressed flowers with your manuscript, or to impress him with your literary power and experience by telling him that you "write on the spur of the moment and never correct."

Bear in mind, in short, that the best way to submit a manuscript is simply to submit it, and let it speak for itself.

She'll Sing Hereafter.

A charming young lady of Kensington, who glories in the possession of a wealth of bright Auburn-colored hair, is the teacher of a Sunday school class. On a recent Sabbath the rector made the announcement of a hymn to be sung, and the organ pealed forth.

"Now," said he, "ready—sing."

A small and precocious youth in the young woman's class, said:

"Why don't you sing, Miss Frisbee?"

"Me? Oh, I never sing," replied the teacher, smiling her prettiest.

"But," exclaimed the boy, "the minister says you must. Didn't he just say, 'Now, Reddy, sing?'"

Smelling salts and numerous other restoratives had to be used to bring the teacher out of her faint.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

How the Chimney-Swift Got Its Name.

Occasionally a bird is strong-minded enough to break away from old traditions. Swifts nested in hollow trees; but after trees began to be cut down and chimneys arose above the roofs of houses everywhere, the birds were quick to perceive that trees are generally out by the time their nesting season arrives; therefore why not take advantage of the innovation? So completely did they forsake their old nesting sites to build in chimneys that the name chimney-swift is now universally applied to them.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Every rich man has a lawyer for a heir.

HERR STEINHARDT'S NEMESIS

BY J. MACLAREN COBBAN.

CHAPTER XII.

I was so taken aback I could not for the moment either stir nor speak, while a new feeling, a feeling of shame, arose in me for appearing in that woman's presence as Steinhardt's representative.

After her outburst of surprise she looked at the letter again, and at me. I was certain.

"Franklin," I said, "I do not know what to say. I did not seek to come this journey myself; Herr Steinhardt asked me to undertake it. He thought, and I thought, too, that your advertisement, in which, of course, you could not use many words, signified that you were very ill and alone perhaps, and that you needed—(I added hurriedly)—a friendly hand."

"He did not think that I could wish to see him for his own sake,—I mean for the sake of his own peace?"

Her German was becoming too rapid for me to follow without an effort; I was not so sure I understood her.

"He has business," I said, "which prevented him from coming himself."

"I suppose," said she, with some touch of bitterness, I thought, "he is still always very busy making more and more money in your rich England."

"It is now," I answered, "a lawsuit that keeps him in England."

"A lawsuit? A trial?" she exclaimed, with a strange anxiety. "Is he in danger?"

"Indeed, Fraulein, I do not know. The other party to the trial thinks himself in danger from Herr Steinhardt; he accuses Herr Steinhardt of using, and making much money by using, his patent for chemical dyes."

"I think," said she, simply, "you are not Emmanuel's friend."

To this I had nothing to say for a moment. I took refuge in an evasion.

"Herr Steinhardt," I said, "has sent me to act as his representative. But it appears there is nothing for me to do." (I was standing uncertain, but ready to go.) "What shall I say to him when I return?"

"I wonder," said she, more than half to herself, "if you are the person I have seen lately?"

I was startled; I stared in blank bewilderment. Was the woman a madam? The pupils of her keen eyes seemed to rapidly dilate and contract, while she gazed into vacancy, and at the same time kept a referring glance on me.

"An ancestor," she continued, "who goes about and about, and evidently causes Emmanuel great anxiety about something."

Conceive the sudden turmoil of thought and feeling, of imagination and hope into which I was thus thrown! The Lacroix mystery was until then almost absent from my mind; I seemed to have left it in England, and though I certainly thought of it sometimes, it was as of something waiting in the distance for my return. Now here was I presented with an allusion of it—a vague and uncertain allusion, perhaps, but still unmistakably for me an allusion—here in an attic of an old house in Basel! What strange coincidence was this? Who was this woman that brought it before me again? I was afraid to speak or to stir, lest I should break or dispel that filmy something her fancy or her vision had got touch of.

"You are a pastor," she continued, looking at me with more natural eyes; "Emmanuel calls you 'Reverend Mr. Dwin.' It is surely, sir, a pastor's duty to bring repentance and forgiveness and peace to the hearts of men, and not pride, and fear, and condemnation!"

"You say very strange things, Fraulein," I answered; "I think—I hope I understand what you mean. Perhaps I deserve your rebuke. But are you sure you altogether know the terrible mystery?"

"Ach!" she cried. "There is then a mystery—and part of the burden of it is with me! Ach! mein Gott! mein Gott!"

"If you know—I impulsively began, in ill-suppressed excitement.

"I do not know anything!" she cried suddenly interrupting me, and springing up and down the room, her fingers wildly playing with each other, or about her arms and her head. She stopped and looked at me, trembling in every limb and nerve. "You must go away, sir!"

I lingered uncertainly.

"Please go away, sir!" she urged. I cannot bear more now. Come again tomorrow. It may be that my God has sent you to me!"

I withdrew without a word, somewhat awed by the emotion of the strange woman. As I closed the door I caught a glimpse of her with hands clasped and face raised, as if in entreaty or thankfulness.

After leaving the house I walked for a long time, without knowing whither I went, about the streets of Basel and along the Rhine bank.

In spite of my excitement I slept well that night. I spent the next day until evening wandering about the town, examining the windows of its sleepy shops, wondering at the contented, bi-lingual Swiss mountains which I was so near, yet which I must not think of visiting.

I was again at the old house with the watchful, but heavy eyes, soon after five o'clock. Poor Fraulein Haas seemed to have passed both a sleepless night and a weary day. She was evidently ill at ease and anxious, and I pitied her.

"I fear, Fraulein," I said, "the thought of me and my presence gives you pain. What you may have to say to me I do not know, I am not able to guess, but it seems saying it will give you great pain."

"We must not care if we give our sinner pain to do right,—must we, Herr Pastor?" said she with a smile of singular sweetness.

"No," I answered; "but I would wish to lighten your pain, Fraulein, if I can."

"I thank you," she said; "it may be that you can. But first I must say this one thing—Emmanuel Steinhardt

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—you know what I mean—as I expect, change for a last big salary. I don't think he'll stand by me. Well, I'll stand by Frank to tell me the Blackpool dress, though I had to promise my father shouldn't get to know he had told me. I went straight away, and see me, poor thing. I told her what I had come for; and the end of it was she packed up her little chest, and came back with me—and home she came with me now. But I've not come to the den yet. 'Mannel has only gone to London for the week, I find. He will be home on Saturday; and then I expect he will want to square up with him. So I say you had better come back at once."

Here, surely, was matter for the gravest anxiety and apprehension, though it did not appear what there was to fear exactly, except that Steinhardt might somehow reclaim Louise from Birley's charge, and again hide and suspicion of Steinhardt were such that I was prepared for his committing the gravest and vaguest enormities. It was now Friday morning, and there