

HERR STEINHARDT'S MEMOIRS

BY J. MACLAREN COBBAN.

INTRODUCTION.

My name is Unwin—Gerald Unwin. "Rev. Gerald Unwin, B. A." I am usually styled on the backs of envelopes; for, though I have laid aside clerical duties, for the present at least, I am still in orders. Now that that petty worries which prey upon the subordinate clerical more than the lay mind can conceive, I set myself to write out the strange narrative of my life and adventures which, in the Providence of God, have worked such a change in my condition. I promised myself and my friends some months ago that I would do this, but until now I could not find myself to my desk; I have had too much other occupation, desultory, perhaps, but agreeable; in short, like the man in the parable, I have married a wife. Yet that is the very reason why my friends in town have pestered me, and now grow clamorous to know all about it. They have been good enough to remind me that, though it is proverbial for clerical men to get through their lives in a quiet and uneventful way, it is quite out of the common for an ordinary looking priest as myself to distinguish as they are pleased to say my wife and I; further, that though it has been whispered fine looking clerical tutors have had the audacity to aspire to ladies of very high rank indeed, their aspirations have usually been overwhelmed with contempt; and, lastly, they are concerned with wonder that I should have lighted upon a refined and delicate Frenchwoman in the wilds of Lancashire of all conceivable places. Perhaps, they add, with a touch of sarcasm which I can only smile at, that I should have chosen a girl like a gentleman's daughter, and not a Frenchwoman, who had ever seen me, and whose father was a well-to-do and successful merchant.

CHAPTER I.

About two years ago I accepted a curacy in the village of Timperley, within a few miles of a large Lancashire town. I had had much choice I would not have chosen a curacy in a village, but since I was disappointed in my hope of a cure in a certain pleasant village of Sussex, I resolved to go to Timperley in Lancashire. So when one dark afternoon of February I alighted at the nearest station on a branch railway, and asked a fellow passenger, who looked like a native, and who was hurrying away, whether he could direct me to Timperley. "When I was answered with a curt 'No' I was not discouraged. I received a somewhat unintelligible direction from a station porter, and leaving orders concerning my luggage, I went out into the dark and the drizzle to walk to Timperley. I tramped for half a mile or so along a well paved road, and then (according to direction, I thought) I turned down a narrow lane between a hedge and a wooden fence. I trudged some distance through deep mud, soon stumbling upon lumps on the firm edge of the cartway, and now plunging into holes, when the lane seemed to lead in a field. I hesitated a little, and then resolved to return to the road. My eyes were now used to the dark, and I perceived a foot path across the field inclining back toward the road. I struck into this, thinking it would save me some trouble. But when I had walked some distance, I perceived that the shortest way across is the longest way round." I persevered over the sodden grass, and sometimes something else besides grass, and presently began to scent somewhat of the pleasant odor of rusticity, and my spirits rose a degree or two. I passed a low black wooden building, and guessed it was a cow house; I heard the animals pulling at their chains and munching their food. By-and-by I found myself again on a tolerably good road, came upon some houses of the suburban semi-detached villa description (at one of which I knocked and inquired my way), and soon, stumbling and splashing through exasperating mud and cinders, came out upon the edge of the valley in which Timperley lay.

I stood and gazed around me. Such a spectacle I had never seen before. I listened and felt the feverish rush of the life of Lancashire industry. The birch and bushes of thousands of spindles, the swift click of shuttles and looms, and the regular and respiring of mighty engines mingled with the rush of water and the plaintive panting of some machine as of an enslaved genii of the Arabian Nights. I could not at first appreciate the sounds to the various groups of buildings, and death me. On my right was a man's stonied mill, whose bright windows were reflected in the glassy surface of a pond, on the banks of which grew pines, gnarled and forlorn, a few scrubby trees. On my left an aggregation of long low buildings with glass roofs, that looked with their shining roofs like monstrous, croning dragons of antediluvian days. Farther up the valley was another group of buildings wrapped in a cloud of steam. Immediately before me was a ruined mill, unroofed and gaunt, with its bell tower and its tall, old chimney outlined against the sky; behind it was another group of irregular buildings. A dozen tall chimneys poured their smoke into the sulphurous air, which was pervaded by certain gossamer-like clouds that dissipate the darkness, but enough to make the stream which wound down the valley gleam like a black gigantic snake. Now and again furnace mouths opened and glowed with a ferocious glare, while white tongues of lurid flame flickered on the slope and ridge behind. As I looked a great reputation seized me. I recalled the Prophet's description in the Old Testament of the Valley of Hinnom or Tophet, in which men sacrificed to strange gods, and caused their sons and daughters to pass through the fire to Moloch of the heathen gods. I was not surprised; I was somewhat prepared by the scene not to be surprised at anything that might happen in this strange region. I passed, however, hurriedly down the road by a rough path, and found the road into the valley and the village. I heard voices and saw a dim crowd of

people about the ruined mill, but the stream, black and evil-smelling, was between me and it, and I had perforce to let my curiosity wait. I continued my way into the village, which, I found, lay behind the many-storied mill toward the mouth of the valley and close to the high road by which I should have entered it. I had, as it were, let myself in by the back door. Before I was well into the village I passed an arrangement of low buildings with blank walls to the road, from which came no sound of life or work, but, instead, the vilest and strangest smells that ever assailed the senses. From the midst of which rose a towering chimney that smoked commensally. These, I guessed, were part of the chemical works of which I had heard. I found the rectory at the other end of the village. I did not go—the rector was in bed ill—but asked to be directed to my lodgings. I had some tea and then I prepared to go to dinner at the house of Mr. Emmanuel Steinhardt, one of the creators and lords of the Tophet into which I had entered. He was rector's clerk, and I had corresponded with him concerning the curacy, and had made this dinner arrangement a week ago. I asked my landlady where I should find Timperley Hall.

"Oh," said she, looking at me with a comical eye of respect, "you'll be going to Muster Steinhardt's?" (so she pronounced the magnate's name). "He's at the other end of the village on 'Shale Brow' (she called it 'Brew'). 'Stop a bit, mon.' She went to the door of the room and called, 'Dick, lad, you must tak' the parson up to Muster Steinhardt's.' Then turning to me, she said, 'He'll tak' th' mon,' and withdrew.

I was amused; and when a minute or two later she called from the bottom of the stairs, "A're ready, parson? Th' lad's waiting on him."

I positively laughed to myself. My amusement increased when I saw my guide, a young Hercules in cloths, who might easily have been taken to Timperley Hall and farther under his arm. Timperley Hall, I discovered, overlooked the valley from the side opposite to that from which I had first viewed it. Soon I was in its drawing room, slaking hands with Mr. (or Herr) Emmanuel Steinhardt; for I saw that once that he was of pure Teutonic blood, and I heard, when he had spoken a few words, that he must have spent all his youth and part of his manhood in the Fatherland; he spoke perfect English, but with an indescribable, toll-tale accent. I had just time to notice his curly figure, his somewhat rounded shoulders, and his massive bald head, when I was introduced to his wife, a tall, handsome, Lancashire woman (her speech betrayed her), with grey hair, evidently a good deal older than I was, and with a certain air of whom I will only say at present that she looked refined and foreign—a rare exception in this region of surprises; and, lastly, to "my son, Frank," a young man of one or two-and-twenty, who looked in every way and spoke like an Englishman. These introductions over, we sat down to wait for the announcement of dinner. There was very little said; they seemed constrained, and I was, perhaps, a little none seemed to think of trying to set me at my ease. Mr. Steinhardt was watching the clock, and at intervals throwing questions over his shoulder to his wife. (One question I noted was, "Is Jim coming at all?"—to which she answered, "Jim said he might look in after dinner and 'smoke a pipe'—and I wondered who 'smoke a pipe' was.) I was not at all surprised at this invitation for my first evening in Timperley, when the young lady edged her chair a little nearer to me, and said, with the sweetest of smiles and the most musical of tones:

"You come from the south—from London, is that?"

Her accent was that most delightful of all foreign accents—the accent of an educated Frenchwoman. I answered that I had come from London, though I was not native there.

"I, also," said she, "come from the south—from London last, but from Paris before."

Here was common ground for pleasant reminiscence, and we became friends at once. While we were talking I happened to glance across in Mr. Steinhardt's direction: he was looking straight at me for the first time. He rose and angrily rang the bell. Presently we went in to dinner. I, of course, sat next to him on his right, and noticed with some curiosity, as he carved, that his hands seemed encased in very fine lemon-colored gloves: a second look assured me that they were merely stained. His son's hands were similar, but of a deeper hue. For the first time it occurred to me that my host was the lord of the Chemical Dye Works. "They were your works, I suppose, M. Steinhardt," I said, "that I passed after entering the village?"

off his awkwardness and shyness, and delighted me with his skill on the piano; while Mademoiselle Lacroix was very bright and winsome. Yet, now conversing with her and now observing her (when, for instance, she sat near Frank at the piano), I could not but remark that a look of sadness, and as of anxiously waiting for something or some one—whenever she was left to her own thoughts. This expression I was able to account for satisfactorily very soon.

We had been some time in the drawing room when the door bell sounded a loud peal, and at once I saw that subdued expression of patient waiting on Miss Lacroix's face flash up into one of eager expectancy. For a moment she looked at the door with her pale face grew paler, and listened with quick ear, till she heard the voice of the visitor, when her eager hope collapsed and sank into deeper sadness than before. It was a rich, cherry voice I heard come from the hall.

"Is th' new parson come?" it asked of some one.

"That's Jim," said Mrs. Steinhardt with a laugh—"my brother."

This, then, was the gentleman who had come to smoke a pipe. He entered—a tall, stout, ruddy Englishman, gone somewhat grey. He at once took possession of the room and of the persons in it. His bright and ample presence extinguished the gaily, gorgeous furniture, and his noise, instinct with humor and un-self-consciousness, filled the void which usually reigned in that room.

"Philosophic Maudering." The physician who never worries ought to be fairly prosperous, since he has plenty of respect, "you'll be going to Muster Steinhardt's?" (so she pronounced the magnate's name). "He's at the other end of the village on 'Shale Brow' (she called it 'Brew'). 'Stop a bit, mon.' She went to the door of the room and called, 'Dick, lad, you must tak' the parson up to Muster Steinhardt's.' Then turning to me, she said, 'He'll tak' th' mon,' and withdrew.

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WANT BETTER ROADS

Urgent Necessity for Improved Country Highways.

MATTER OF ECONOMY.

Development Hindered by Conditions of the Roads Generally.

Though the First Expense May Seem High, Cost of Maintenance Is Reduced So Greatly as to Make Them Cheaper in Reality—Those Who Oppose Road Construction Shown to Stand in Their Own Light.

If the United States were to be measured, as a whole, by the standard of the distinguished writer who said, "The laying out of roads marks the emergence of a nation from barbarism," the United States would be a nation that has not yet far removed from the darkness of the savages.

We have laid out our roads, but have not improved them. We have risen superior to the demands for better means of communication during the years which have passed; we have prospered in spite of their baneful conditions. But we have, however, reached a point where great further advance in our civilization is impossible, unless we give them heed—where, in fact, we can see the arrest of future development unless our means of communication are made much better than they now are.

For the farmer, upon whose shoulders rests the weight of the nation, three things are vital—good crops, good prices and good roads. The first of these conditions is affected by so many phases of weather, season, pest and other things that it cannot be controlled; the second depends almost wholly upon the first and third. However, whether the season be favorable or the reverse, the price in the end depends much on the facilities for getting farm products to market. Most farming localities being at least a few miles from any railroad station, the question of haulage, then, becomes paramount.

The farmer has paid out for his poor roads. In yearly repairs, many times the cost of good roads, which, in the beginning, would have been more expensive, but which would have required much less cost in keeping them in proper condition. The benefits from a system of really good roads would have been so great as to make comparison infinitely in their favor.

It is regarded as a gratifying sign of the times that there seems to be a movement in all parts of the country looking to the betterment of rural highways. Experiments made in progressive communities in Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, North Carolina, Pennsylvania and some of the other States East and West, have shown several things. Increased values in farm lands in these communities have been accomplished by the improvement of rural roads. Better roads have brought about other things, too. They have superseded the narrowness which is too often a characteristic of rural communities. The results have come in other ways. In many localities, those who, on the score of economy or otherwise, were opposed to a departure from the old style of road-making, are now the loudest in praise of the new regime, and those who favored it from the beginning feel gratification of their instrumentality in establishing a custom so productive of general good.

The time will doubtless come when the roads of the United States will be equal to those of France or Switzerland—and that will be when the American people are brought to a full realization of the fact that for the want of such roads their monetary losses are not only large, but continuous.

The old-fashioned dirt road is susceptible to treatment which will materially benefit it, but such advantage is merely temporary. Once a year, at least, the road is "worked"—that is, the worn-out dirt which has squeezed out of the road is turned back into the beaten track with the road machine or with plows and scrapers. Sometimes, gravel is dumped into the hollows and low places, but this practice has almost ceased since the advent of the road binder. In either case the result is the same. For a time, the road is soft and rutty; then it hardens down into a semblance of what a road should be, but its surface soon works up into dust in the heat of the summer, or changes into deep mud under the influence of even transient rain.

Death Asks for a Birth Certificate. A man of the name of Jean Baptiste Fabre, 87 years old, presented himself the other day to the mayor of Montreuil-sous-Bois to obtain a list a birth certificate. Scarcely had he uttered his request when he sank down without a cry. He had rushed to help him, but without avail; he was dead with a sudden stroke of apoplexy.—Paris Journal.

Two Men Honored by Georgia. The Georgia commission has informally agreed upon Alexander H. Stephens and Dr. Crawford W. Long as the discoverers of man's two states, for the subjects of the state's statutes to be placed in Statuary Hall in the capitol at Washington. The selection cannot be definitely ratified until a meeting of the commission, to be held in July.

Russell Sage's "Bouncer." Russell Sage employs a "bouncer" nowadays—a giant who stands within reach of everyone admitted to the aged millionaire's private office. The other day a man was talking to Mr. Sage reached for his hip pocket. The bouncer had him in an iron grip in about a second. The man was only reaching for a handkerchief.

American English. We do not speak the English language the way in which it is spoken by the people of England. We have greatly changed, enlarged and perhaps improved it in our usual progressive way. The wonder lies in the notion of Englishmen that their way of speaking the language is the only way and that our way is wrong.

Right in Their Line. "Those cold Boston girls' naturally enjoy the Abbey 'Holy Grail' decorations in the public library." "Why?" "Because a frieze is right in their line."

Granite is undesirable for the reason

that, of the three parts which compose it, one is brittle, the second of a quickly decomposing nature, and the third soft. Varieties of state stones make a smooth surface which is easily affected by water, sandstones are utterly useless and the soft limestones not much better. The harbor varieties of limestone are very good.

The very best material for surfacing a macadam road is, fortunately, often closely at hand. Trap-rock, cobblestones and "suggerberds," when properly broken, are unexcelled for this purpose, in fact, are unequalled. These particles, when rolled thoroughly, consolidate into a hard, smooth crust which is impervious to water and their "dust" is so heavy that it does not readily wash or blow away.

It is true that, because of the difficulty encountered in breaking them, these stones are more costly than those which are softer, but their cost is much more than balanced by their superior wearing qualities.

In the construction of macadam roads, however, the question of economy usually forces the use of the materials at hand, whatever their quality. Often field stone and stone gathered from the beds of creeks are quite desirable, as many of them are of the trap-rock variety. In addition, they are usually of a size convenient for handling or breaking. It is a comparatively simple task to break stone nowadays. The crusher, the first cost of which may seem somewhat heavy, is capable of being moved from place to place, or district to district, as required, and its purchase is, in the end, much cheaper than having the work done by hand.

But whether broken by hand or machine, it should be remembered that the pieces must not be larger than two inches in diameter. Indeed, a general rule which may be employed is the one which limits the size of the pieces to the dimensions of an English walnut.

As between the macadam and telford systems, the former is preferred in most instances, though it is perhaps better to use the latter in swampy places, or localities where the foundation is likely to become soft.

In making a macadam road, the first operation is the preparation of the road bed. This surface must first be graded, having for its contour the exact outline of the road when finished. Previously to this, the ground, to secure

best results, should be surface-drained. The bed must be higher in the middle than at either side. The average necessary curve may be seen in the accompanying engraving showing cross sections of the two systems. At each side a shoulder of firm earth or gravel should be made to hold the material in place and extending to the gutter at the extreme edge. This gutter should be of depth sufficient to carry off all the water which may drain into it. Rolling comes next. This must be continued until the entire foundation is so compact that the ordinary narrow-tired wheel will leave very little trace. Broadcast upon this prepared surface is then spread a layer of stones, the depth of which is measured by means of cords stretched between grade stakes. If the broken stones have been separated in regard to size, the first layer is made up of the largest. The roller is brought on the sides of the road and rolled first, gradually working toward the center. This method keeps the stones from spreading at the sides. The number of layers depends upon the thickness of road desired. Usually, eight or ten inches is thick enough for the heaviest traffic, divided into three layers. The second and third layers should be well sprinkled and a binding material, made of screenings from the crusher, or good packing gravel, may be mixed in, if desired. Dirt, sand or clay should never be used. Enough water should be used to wash all binding material well into the crevices and leave enough moisture to insure its setting.

This is all there is of the making of the genuine macadam road. Of course, proper attention must be given to its drainage and water must not be allowed to get under the road. It may be necessary on this account to sub-drain the road in particularly moist localities. Just enough binding material—and no more—must be used to evenly fill the crevices. On no account should so much of this material be used as to make the real broken stone of the road a secondary ingredient. In making the first macadam road, this binder was not used, the small particles wearing from the broken stone being filled upon to fill the interstices. Later, however, it has been demonstrated that the binder improves the road, water-resisting qualities of the road, with its durability and elasticity. The best binder is the screenings from the crusher. The next best is clean gravel.

The Telford Road. In making a telford road, the surface of the foundation is prepared in exactly the same way as that of the macadam road. The first layer of stone, however, is different. This is composed of stone of five or eight inches in length so laid as to form a sort of pavement, breaking joints as much as possible, in the manner of laying brick. All projecting points are then broken off, and the crevices are filled with stone chips, the whole structure being wedged and consolidated into a complete pavement. Upon this, the small broken stones are laid, exactly as in the macadam road. If, for the reason of economy, it is not desired that a stone road be constructed,

then a gravel road may answer the purpose very well. By gravel road we do not mean the dumping of loose gravel on the old roadbed, as is the common practice spring and fall in the rural districts, but the making of a road with a good foundation somewhat similar to that of the macadam road. The grade should be laid in exactly the same way and the dirt excavated to a depth sufficient to insure a solid crust. The bed should be well rolled and then covered with perhaps three layers of clean, sharp gravel, each layer being well rolled in turn, the last being sufficiently treated to make it capable of carrying a heavy load without sinking in. This makes a very good road, but care must be taken to sub-drain and surface-drain it well. On no account should ditches be constructed across the surface of the road. Use underground tiling to carry water across where necessary.

In building this kind of road, as well as all others, all heavy grades should be avoided where possible, always remembering that in almost every hill it is no further around an hill at its base than it is over the top.

Maintenance of Stone Roads. It is desirable that stone roads be frequently scraped, to remove all dust and mud, whose presence destroy the surface much quicker than anything else.

Nothing better than hoes has been devised for this purpose. Scrapers drawn by horses are likely to pull out the broken stones which make the roadbed. Gutters and drains should be kept open, to allow of the prompt drainage of all water.

When ruts or depressions begin to show, material of the same sort as is used in making the road should be placed in the worn spots. Fine material should not be used, as it soon grinds to dust. The broken stone packs down into the old road and consolidates with it, making the repaired spot as good as new. Careful attention to these little things will keep the road in good condition until its entire surface is so thin as to require renewal.

When the material of which the road is made is of especially good quality, a well-constructed road will require little attention for years, often not until it is entirely worn out. When this

that Massachusetts is biller than New Jersey and partly to the difference in prices of materials, labor, etc. New Jersey is building more and better roads, at a less expense, than any other State in the Union. The average cost last year was 50 cents a square yard, for roads averaging eight inches in depth. At this rate, a single-track road, which is perhaps the best, all things considered, costs about \$2,300 a mile. A road four inches in depth, which is sufficient in most cases, costs \$1,750 a mile for an eight-foot track, while a 14-foot track costs about \$2,000.

The cost of maintenance varies with the cost of the road itself. In comparison, it may be stated that all money spent on dirt roads becomes each year a total loss without materially improving their condition. They are the most expensive roads which can be used, while stone roads, if properly constructed and rightly cared for, are the most satisfactory, cheapest and most economical which can be built.

The Best Road. In summary, the road which best suits the needs of the agriculturist, must not cost too much, but must be of the very best construction, so that heavy hauling may be done over it when the farmer would otherwise be idle because of the rain-soaked fields. All things considered, therefore, perhaps the best road for the farmer is a solid, well-built stone road, so narrow as to conveniently permit of the passing of but a single wagon, but with a firm, well-drained, earth road at each side. Where traffic is not particularly heavy, a single track answers all purposes at much less cost for both construction and maintenance.

TOO LAZY TO LIVE OR DIE. The Champion Lazy Man and Some of His Best Qualities. He is a lazy man; he admits it himself. In fact, he rather prides himself upon his laziness.

"Really," he said one day, "it is too much trouble to live. Naturally, I thought I would surprise a large number of people. They admitted that it was occasionally difficult for a man to live the way he would like to live, but there were few indeed who objected to the trouble of living at all. Still, the aim is to please.

"Why don't you die?" they asked. "Too much trouble," replied the lazy man. "Why, you can lie down most anywhere and die," they said.

"That's where you're wrong," returned the lazy man. "If I lie down here in the street the chances are that somebody will come by with a collar and yank me to my feet, and then a policeman will come along and run me in. Think of the amount of trouble that would be!"

"You might stop eating," they suggested. "Fiddle! More trouble!" he replied. "Somebody would find it out and I'd have no peace at all. It's easier to eat than it is to go without."

"Shoot yourself," they persisted. "Too much trouble to go after a revolver, and then I'd have to be dodging around to find a chance to do the job without having somebody yank the pistol away from me."

"At any rate," they asserted, "you can throw yourself from the top of some building."

"Too much trouble to climb up to it," he answered. "No gentlemen, there is no hope for me. If you will stand here and fall up into space I might try, but until that can be done I'll have to keep on living. It's hard, very hard. However, if any of you happen to have a cigar and a match and will stick the cigar in my mouth and light it for me, you may rest on that, my business will fall up into space I might try, but until that can be done I'll have to keep on living. It's hard, very hard. However, if any of you happen to have a cigar and a match and will stick the cigar in my mouth and light it for me, you may rest on that, my business will fall up into space I might try, but until that can be done I'll have to keep on living. It's hard, very hard. 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