HERR STEINHARDT'S NEMESIS

BY J. MACLAREN COBBAN.

CHAPTER I—Continued.

"Ah," he said to me, "so you've come to try and enlighten our Hottentots about a thing or two in this world and the next. Well, you can only do your best, you know; we'll try to make you comfortable and back you up. Come all the way from London today, I suppose;—have you got yourself fixed up yet in the village?—what some author chap—Matthew or Mark Summat or other—calls a 'Lancashire Hell-hole.' Well, we're not quite so bad as that yet here, but we're getting to it. But it can't be helped, you know; we ha' gone forrard and we mun go forrarder, as the rabbit said when he let th' weasel get him into a hole. Yes, 'Hell-hole;' but it should be a useful change for you; it may give you an idea when you want to describe to your congregation the real—"

"Jim, lad," interrupted his sister, "you're forgetting yourself?"

"Eh? Oh?—ah, well I can remember, you know, when all round about here was as sweet and pretty a place—I was born back o' th' White Moss" (indicating that locality over his shoulder), "Toppleton way."

Thus the full, quaint and careless stream of his talk flowed on, meandering about one person and another, this subject and that. He seemed a well of curious and fearsome Lancashire lore—lore of the days when spinning and weaving were done in the cottage homes of remote hamlets and homesteads, when Lancashire energy applied itself to useful work and not to useless toil, when its fabrics were made to be worn and not merely to be sold—the days when the steam engine was not yet with its all-devouring, all-enslaving machinery.

We had talked thus for about an hour—or, rather, listened to Mr. Birley talk—when he paused and looked round (he had been fidgeting in his chair for some time.)

"What's got 'Manule?" he said, addressing his sister. "Is he stuck till midnight in his laboratory again? Doesn't seem as if that smoke was to come off tonight. In Paul's house now it used to be 'Smoke where you please'—drawing room or anywhere. Poor Paul!"

I was astonished and alarmed to see Miss Lacroix rise hurriedly, and glide without a word from the room. Mrs. Steinhardt made as if she would follow her, but she did not. She sank back in her chair with a sigh.

"Jim! Jim!" she exclaimed, reproachfully. "Why will you say things, when you know the poor girl cannot bear allusions to it?"

"Ah," said Birley, humbly. "Poor lass!—Her father," he explained, turning to me, "has never come back from London. Poor Paul!" He was visibly affected.

"He had to go to the law courts there," said Mrs. Steinhardt, "more than a year ago, about some dreadful business of the chemical works—he was my husband's partner."

"Hildersheimer v. Lacroix and Steinhardt'"—(Frank turned on the music stool to correct his uncle's pronunciation.) "Well," said he, "that's all right; anyway that was the case. May be'"—turning again to me—"you remember it in the papers. It was about the infringement of a chemical patent 'Manuel had put them up to in his eternal laboratory."

"Nay, uncle," interrupted Frank, flushing up. "It wasn't father's fault more than anyone else's."

"Ay, lad," said Birley, "of course you know all about it. But you're right to stand up for your father. However, Paul, as the chief of the firm, went up to London to fight the case; he fought and lost to the tune of 20,000 pounds damages—which, I suppose, drove him mad, poor fellow, for he's never come back—made away with himself, very likely, or, somehow, got made away with."

"But, surely," interrupted Frank again, "it could hardly be the damages did it, uncle? You remember he went to Paris after the trial about some pattern business for the print works, and then got back to London again."

"Ay, lad—out 20,000 pounds damages can make a man feel very queer all the way to Paris and back. At any rate, poor Paul's gone—lost in the great London wilderness."

"It is a very extraordinary affair," said I. "But I dont' remember seeing anything of it in the papers."

"It got into the papers, though," said Birley, "to some extent—not much. We didn't want a noise about a private, painful thing like that,."

"But," said I, wondering, "I suppose inquiries were made?"

"They made inquiries high and low," said Birley; "they laid detectives on, and everything, but nothing came of it. Did there, Frank?"

"No," said Frank—"nothing at all."

"Did you try to trace him out of London?" I asked. "I suppose they did," said Birley.

"Yes—oh yes," said Frank.

I wondered that Birley should keep using the word "they." Had he borne no share in the investigation himself? I had my thought answered at once.

"I wasn't able to go to London myself," said Birley; "I was laid up with a broken leg; and, when I got better, I didn't think it was any use my going. There was an end of Paul—that was certain; for he wasn't the man to knock under like, and get lost just."

In a little while Miss Lacroix returned, with apology for her withdrawal.

"I had a little of headache," said she.

I now saw more clearly the encroachments which grief, and what I cannot describe by other words than "anxious waiting," had made on a young life which would, unoppressed, I was sure, have been so full of spirit and mirth. I longed there and then with an earnest desire that I might do something to brighten her life, to remove the weight of uncertainty and grief which burdened it, and preyed upon it.

But I had little further opportunity for talk with her that night. In a few minutes Mr. Steinhardt returned. We heard then what were the causalties resulting from the falling of the bell tower. A horse had been killed, as, also, had been a sow with her litter: and two pigs had been so injured that the butcher had to be summoned. We were now invited into the smoking room; but Mr. Birley rose, and said he must be going; he would smoke his pipe on the way home "wi' th' parson."

"Parson smokes, I suppose?" said he, laying his hand on my shoulder.

So he and I departed together. The valley was asleep under a white pall of fog; but the weird tongues of flame still flickered on the slope and ridge behind and beyond us (from coke ovens, my companion explained), and the tall chimneys dreamily and intermittently smoked. The great chimney of the chemical works, however, emitted not so much smoke as a thin pinkish vapor, which stole away imperceptibly over the neighborhood to poison all green things, and to filter through the cracks and crevices of doors and windows, to trouble sleepers with lethargy and headache.

"By George!" exclaimed my companion. "He'll get fined again some day. Paul used to be always at him about it. Poor Paul!"

So ended my first evening in Timperley—a memorable evening for me. I had made the acquaintance of one whom I have reason now to call as dear a friend as I have ever known, and as good a man as fortune has ever neglected, and of another who is now the dearest of all earth's creatures to me.

CHAPTER II.

I frequently looked in upon the ladies at Timperley Hall, and took a four-o'clock cup of tea with them (not, however, to the neglect of other, if less pleasant, parochial visitations). During these visits we talked without that constraint which somehow Mr. Steinhardt's presence imposed upon us. Miss Lacroix and I agreed in our opinions concerning the ruthlessness with which Lancashire pushed on its industrial way: we often astonished poor Mrs. Steinhardt (sometimes even ourselves) by the warmth with which we would discuss the outrage done to man and nature.

One afternoon we talked thus. It was well on in springtime; the stream was running full and all nature, in spite of drawbacks, was striving to look green. I told them how that morning I had stood by the little plank bridge just below Timperley Hall, looking across at the dreadfully lumbered little peninsula on which the ruined spinning mill stood, when there turned up at my elbow an old man whom I knew by sight as an ex-handloom weaver.

"A fine brook, that, parson," he said.

"Yes," said I, suiting my reply to what I thought his persiflage; "what a pity no trout seem to know of it!"

"Ah, but," said he, sadly, "there were trout in it wonst; though there's been none for mony a day. Trout! Aw defy onything to live in that, bout gettin' cured first, like a red herrin' or a sallymander! There was a lad drowned like as it might be this spring, and he were never found till like as it might be next back end, down theer in that mud; he were not gone at all, but he were cured thro' and thro'; black, mon—black!"

This I told; and then I continued: "Drowning, they say, is an easy death; but to drown in such a stream as that seems horribly repulsive. I fancy no one would care to commit suicide in it."

I perceived my stupid blunder as soon as I had spoken; I had not thought that what I said could be taken as "allusive" to the disappearance of Mr. Lacroix.

"Excuse me," said Miss Lacroix, rising hurriedly, "I do not feel very well. Do not come, Mrs. Steinhardt; I shall get better by myself."

I of course made apology to Mrs. Steinhardt for my stupidity.

"Yes," said she; "you see she can't bear any kind of allusion to her father's end. She told me soon after she came here (she couldn't, you know, go on living in that big house up there all by herself)—she told me a strange dream she had once or twice when her father was missing—the strangest thing, but I scolded her so, she has never said another word to me about it. Still I fancy she thinks a great deal about her father, though she does not say much; they were rare and fond o' one another."

That very evening I unexpectedly learned from Miss Lacroix herself what that strange dream was. I was returning by moonlight from the house of a parishioner along that same road which first brought me upon the valley. Passing the pond on my right (which I before mentioned as reflecting the lighted windows of the many storeyed mill), I observed a figure, cloaked and hooded, standing on the margin of the pond under one of the trees. I paused a minute, while my heart beat with apprehension, and then I passed through a gap in the fence and approached. The figure turned quickly, as if impatient at the intrusion, and in the pale moonlight I recognized the face of Miss Lacroix.

"Miss Lacroix!" I exclaimed. "You here!"

"Oh, Mr. Unwin," she began, in evident tension of feeling, "I could not rest indoors, and so I came down to see Uncle Jaques; I could not remain with him, and so I came out here to look at this, which always fascinates me. 'Look!'"

I stood by her side and looked; this is what I saw: An inverted reflection of the tall chimney of the chemical works which was emitting, as it often did late in the evening, its strange pinkish vapor; this vapor in the reflection looked as if it were slowly rising from the bottom of the pond, and, as its color blended with the tints the water somehow took as the breeze ruffled it this way or that, produced the impression of a slowly simmering cauldron of red, green, and copper-brown flame. This was so wonderfully weird a fancy that I confess I felt my skin creep. I turned my eyes away, and then looked again, and again, but the impression was ever the same.

"It's indeed very strange!" I said.

"Is it not?" said she. "You see it also? Mr. Unwin," she went on, turning suddenly to me, and speaking with a vehemence which increased as the words came, "I have wished to tell you. You are a clergyman, and must hear me make my confession; and you will keep it secret to yourself. You have heard, perhaps, that my father—my dear father!—is thought to be dead, now just a year ago?"

"I have," said I.

"He went to London and to Paris on business, and he never came back. It happened while he was away that I lived all by myself at home. I slept sound that night without dreaming, when suddenly I had a dream. I saw vapor or flame slowly rising just like that—I saw a man plunge into it, and I knew the man was my father—I felt he was. I awoke at once all trembling and did not go to sleep again. That was all my dream."

"Are you sure," I said, "that you had not heard some one—Mrs. Steinhardt, for instance—suggest that he had been drowned, and then you went and dreamt of the peculiar appearance of this pond?"

"No, no, no!" she protested with rapid vehemence. "Did I not say that I dreamed it the very night on which all trace of him was lost from his hotel in London? Nobody thought then that he was not coming home soon. And I do not think I had noticed this pond then. I have dreamed the same dream several times since, but that may be nothing at all. I shall very likely dream it tonight."

I turned away from the pond and she followed me. We walked along in silence for some distance.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, at length, "I do long so very much to know what has really happened to my dear father—my poor father!"

"I wish I could help you to find out," I said; "indeed I do. You may be sure I shall think of all you have told me, and shall try to discover anything more. I have friends in London who may be of use, if I may mention it to them."

"Oh, certainly," she answered. "You are very kind. Bacon's Hotel, Great Queen Street, is where he was last heard of."

At a certain corner where the lane to Timperley Hall diverged from the way through the village, she insisted on parting from me. I let her go with little hesitation, for I knew there was no fear of her being molested.

It may be presumed that while I smoked my post-coenal pipe I thought over the strange scene at the pond, and all that Miss Lacriox had said. It was certainly very mysterious, but all the conclusion I could reach concerning it that night was a resolve to go and look at the pond by day.

(To be continued)

A Double Team.

A man who was bicycling in Southern France was pushing his machine up a steep hill when he overtook a peasant with a donkey cart. The patient beast was making but little progress, although it was doing its best.

The benevolent cyclist, putting his left hand against the back of the cart and guiding his machine with the other hand, pushed so hard that the donkey, taking fresh courage, pulled his load successfully up to the top.

When the summit was reached the peasant burst into thanks to his benefactor.

"It was good of you, indeed, monsieur!" he protested. "I should never in the world have got up the hill with only one donkey."

Where the House Acted Hastily.

The house does funny things sometimes. It passed a bill the other day establishing a lighthouse on the coast of North Carolina. The second section of the bill provided that the "act approved March 3, 1901, be, and the same is hereby repealed." The act thus wiped off the statute books at one fell swoop was the sundry civil appropriation bill, which appropriated millions and millions of dollars for the expenses of the government. In the senate the bill was amended so as to be less sweeping in its effect.—Washington Post.

Industrial Consumption of Gold.

The industrial consumption of gold in the United States in the calendar year is estimated to have been $16,667,500, and in the world approximately $75,000,000. Although the United States led the world last year in the prodction of gold, our imports of the metal exceeded our exports by the sum of $12,866,101. The stock of gold coin in the country, including bullion in the mints, at the close of the fiscal year was estimated at $1,124,652,818, and the stock of silver coin at $610,477,025.

Khaki Color Doomed.

The British war office has decided that after the Boer war is over khaki will not be used, but a working dress will be made of a peculiar drab mixture, which is said to be of a more neutral color than khaki serge, so that the present campaign will doubtless be handed down to posterity as the khaki war. This material, it is complained, has not enhanced the appearance of English soldiers, and the authorities are by no means satisfied that it has added to their safety.

Worth of a Compliment.

Most compliments sound something like this: "They say he is a thief, but he never stole anything from me It may be because I have watched him closely, but so far I have never missed anything." When you feel that your friend deserves praise, why pay tribute to his enemies in praising him?

So Stupid.

"Who was that you just spoke to?" asked the first Chicago woman; "his face was rather familiar to me."

"I believe," said the other, "his name is Jenks—Henry Jenks."

"Oh! to be sure. How stupid of me! He was my first husband."—Philadelphia Record.

Annual Boiler Explosions.

In 1900 there were in the United States 373 boiler explosions, by which 208 persons were killed and 520 injured. In Great Britain during the same period only 24 persons were killed and 65 injured by boiler explosions.

German Army Reserves.

The German army reserves are greatly increasing in number. For next year's 13 days of drill 5,530 non-commissioned officers and 48,111 privates will put in an appearance. This is nearly double last year's numbers.

Growth of Russian Towns.

Vladivostok, which 40 years ago consisted of four Chinese fishermen's huts, is now a flourishing city of 50,000 souls, and Khabarofsk and Blagovestchensk are not far behind in wealth and population.

Illiteracy of Portugese.

Portugal is the most illiterate country in Europe; 67 per cent of its population cannot write. In Italy the proportion of illiterates is 53 per cent, in Russia 33, in Spain 9 and in Britain only 3½.

Venerable English Preacher.

Mr. Robert Chapman, one of the Plymouth Brethren, is preaching in Devonshire, England, at the age of 100 years. He has preached for 70 years without a break. He once was a London lawyer.

Pneumatic Postal Tube.

Pneumatic postal tubes make slow progress in this country. In London there are 81 pneumatic tubes for the dispatch of postal packets, and their aggregate length is 34 miles.

Disgusted.

Manager—What's this item in your expense account for "hardware, $50"?

Salesman — Hardware? Oh, yes; that's for poker. I thought it would look better put in that way.

Would Let Boys Fight.

Dr. Temple, the archbishop of Canterbury, declares that it is not a bad thing for boys to fight occasionally, provided there is no feeling of malice.

ERA OF BIG SALARIES

MEN WHOSE ABILITY COMMANDS GREAT PAY.

Heads of Large Corporations Who Draw Annually in the Neighborhood of $50,000 for Their Services—Some Conspicuous Examples.

The present seems to be the era of high salaries. When Lyman J. Gage left his $8,000 cabinet place in Washington to become President of the United States Trust Company, at a salary said to be $50,000 per year, certain business men in Chicago expressed a doubt of his ability to earn that enormous amount. That any man should render actual services commensurate with a salary of $50,000 a year is really beyond the understanding of the average toiler whose stipend is $2 or $3 a day. Nevertheless, in this matter-of-fact age there are probably very few persons receiving prodigious pay who do not earn every dollar of it. Some months ago Secretary Gage told an assemblage of bank clerks in Denver that he could place at least 20 young men, if they had the ability, in financial institutions of the country at a salary of $25,000 a year each. His remark doubtless was intended to lay stress upon the fact that a score of young men worth $25,000 each could not easily be found.

B. M. DELAFIELD.

Some High-Salaried Men.

Some months ago, when Charles Counselman was elected President of the American Fisheries Company, a concern that has control of many of the canning factories in the State of Washington and along the shores of Alaska, it was announced that his salary was to be $50,000 a year. Mr. Counselman is a Chicagoan, and he has had a long and successful experience as a grain merchant on the Board of Trade, an owner of grain elevators, a builder of skyscrapers, a dealer in real estate and a man of large business interests generally. He began with little or nothing, and such education as he possesses he acquired in the school of experience. He is to-day a man of large fortune and great commercial activity, still in the prime of life.

There is another Chicago man who is said to be receiving a yearly salary so big that many would consider it a fair fortune after a lifetime of industrious effort. This is Conrad H. Matthieson President of the Chicago Sugar Refining Company, some times called the Glucose Trust. He is now about 35, and his annual salary has been variously stated as $65,000 and $75,000. At any rate, it is big enough to be highly exceptional. It is but fifteen years since he left college, and at first he worked ten hours a day, carried his lunch with him, and earned $12 a week.

E. H. GARY.

Step by step he mastered every detail of the business and rose to be manager. Then a crisis arose, calling for the highest executive ability, and he was equal to the emergency. His company was in a rate-cutting pool and its profits had disappeared. Upon his aggressive initiative it withdrew from the pool, inaugurated a fight of its own and within two years was paying 30 per cent dividends. This triumph inspired in Mr. Matthieson an ambition to control the entire field, and this was accomplished under his direction. Most of the concerns absorbed by his company were losing money, but under the combine which he organized their stocks were transmuted into gold. This young man earns his princely salary by successfully handling $40,000,000 of combined capital and conducting the glucose business, comprising some 20 departments, in such a systematic and prosperous way that the shareholders are well satisfied. He says that hard work is a tonic to him and he keeps at it early and late, never asking a subordinate to do more than he does himself. He knows no other secret of success.

Bank President's $40,000 Salary.

When Richard Delafield, President of the National Park Bank of New York, had his salary raised from $25,000 to $40,000, early last year, it was said that no other bank President in the United States received such big pay for his services. The reason given for this increase was that the bank's business had expanded so much and the responsibilities of its executive head had become so great that he well deserved a salary only $10,000 less than that received by the chief executive of the nation. As the custodian of $70,000,000, to be successfully handled in such financial operations as are open to national banks, his responsibilities are tremendous. Mr. Delafield begin his business career as clerk in a mercantile house on a salary of $5 a week.

C. M. SCHWAB.

There has been much talk about the salary of Charles M. Schwab, President of the United States Steel Corporation. It is pretty well settled now that he receives $100,000 as annual salary, and an additional $25,000 as a contingent fee.

A little more than two years ago, Elbert H. Gary, who at that time resided at Wheaton, Ill., a suburb of Chicago, was elected President of the Federal Steel Company, which is now an integral part of the steel combination, and his salary was fixed at $60,000 a year. Having previously been attorney for the Illinois Steel Company, he had mastered the legal side of the great industry before he was able to command such high wages. He specialized his knowledge, and thus was able to attract the attention of the capitalists in control of the vast enterprises. As chairman of the Executive Committee of the great steel trust, he probably receives fully as much as he drew when President.

The two highest paid men in the American pulpit are Bishop Potter, of New York, and Rabbi Emil G. Hirsch, of Chicago, each of whom draws $15,000 annually.

PECULIAR DREAM STORY.

Lady Sees Visions of House and Is Herself Facsimile of Ghost Seen There.

Horace G. Hutchinson, who has been discoursing on "Dreams" in Longman's Magazine, gives the following peculiar instance:

A certain lady dreamed frequently of a certain house until it had become exceedingly familiar to her; she knew all its rooms, its furniture; it was as well known to her as that in which she lived her waking life, and, like a good wife who has no secrets from her husband, she often talked over all the details with him—a very pleasant fancy. One day they—husband and wife—went into the country to view a house that they thought of taking for the summer months. They had not seen it, but the account in the house agent's list had attracted them. When they arrived before it they gave a simultaneous exclamation of surprise. "Why," said the husband, "it is your dream house!" It was. The coincidence attracted them. They took the house.

In the course of their occupancy they learned that the house had the reputation of being haunted; that several people before them had taken it for short terms, but had seen—or fancied they had seen—"something," and had left before their term of tenancy expired. Had these new tenants not brought their own old servants with them, it is likely that they would have had some difficulty in whipping up a domestic staff, so uncanny was the reputation of their apparently reputable house. The new tenants dwelt in the house with all satisfaction and peace through the summer months until their term of tenancy came to an end. On leaving, husband and wife expressed their satisfaction to the local agent.

"The only thing," said the wife, "that we were disappointed in is that we never saw the ghost."

"Oh, no!" said the agent. "We knew you would not see the ghost."

"What do you mean?" asked the wife, rather nettled.

"Oh," the agent repeated, "we knew you would not see the ghost! You are the ghost that people have always seen here."

Malagasy Funeral Customs.

The funeral customs of the Malagasies vary according to the tribe.

The burial places are surrounded with stones placed erect, when any are to be found in the vicinity, but, if these are wanting, with stakes more or less carved and figured and surmounted with ox horns. After a person dies, the body is preserved in the hut for several days, during which time former friends and acquaintances unite around the bier in order to sing and dance and make copious libations in the deceased's honor. When the day of funeral arrives, the coffin is covered with rags of different colors, and above the head is placed an umbrella to protect the face against the heat of the sun.

Young girls form the head of the cortege, dancing and singing and marking time by clapping their hands, and sometimes marching around the body. The bearers of the coffin stop at certain places and turn it round and round in order to drive away evil spirits. Behind walk the aged, and after them the cattle of the deceased, if he or she owned any.

The grave, which is not very deep, is immediately after the burial protected by an improvised wall or a palisade, in the construction of which all hands take part. After this there begins a festival which s prolonged until nightfall.

Same Old Trouble.

It was a frequent custom with Lincoln, that of carrying his children on his shoulders, says the Literary Digest. He rarely went downstreet that he did not have one of his younger boys mounted on his shoulder, while another hung to the tail of his long coat. The antics of the boys with their father, and the species of tyranny they exercised over him, are still subjects of talk in Springfield. Mr. Roland Diller, who was a neighbor of Mr. Lincoln, tells one of the best of the stories. He was called to the door one day by hearing a great noise of children, and there was Mr. Lincoln striding by with the boys, both of whom were wailing aloud. "Why, Mr. Lincoln, what's the matter with the boys?" he asked. "Just what's the matter with the whole world," Lincoln replied. "I've got three walnuts, and each wants two."

The Jap's Kindness to Animals.

Prof. Morse has borne convincing testimony to the free and happy relations existing between the human and the brute creation in Japan, where a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals would find no raison d'etre. There he says:

Birds build their nests in the city houses, wild fowl, geese and ducks alight in the public parks, wild deer trot about the street. I have actually been followed by wild deer in the streets, nibbling melon rind out of my hand, as tame as calves and lambs on farms. A dog goes to sleep in the busiest streets; men turn aside so as not to disturb him. One day a beautiful heron alighted on the limb of a tree, and the busy jostling throng stopped. Every man's hand went into his pocket, and out came pencil and sketching paper.

Chinese Nervelessness.

A North China paper is responsible for the statement that the quality of nervelessness distinguishes the Chinaman from the European. The Chinaman can write all day, work all day, stand in one position all day, weave, beat gold, carve ivory, do infinitely tedious jobs for ever and ever, and discover no more weariness and irritation than if he were a machine. This quality appears in early life. The Chinaman can do without exercise also. Sport and play seem to him so much waste labor. He can sleep anywhere, amid rattling machinery and deafening uproar. He can sleep on the ground, on the floor, on a chair, or in any position.—New York Ledger.

Not So Greene as Her Name.

Prof. Syle of the State University of California, who spent the holidays in New York, tells this story of himself. At the beginning of the last session, while calling the roll of his new scholars, he came upon the name Miss Greene. He stopped and expressed his disapproval of the final e in her name by asking:

"G-r-double-e-n-e, does that spell Green or greenie?"

Miss Greene responded promptly: "S-y-l-e, does that spell Syle or sillie?"

Then the roll call proceeded amid suppressed laughter.—New York Times.

A Rag-Time Comment.

"The refrain," we said to our neighbor at the vaudeville performance, while the popular ballad was being rendered, "is prettier than the verses."

"Yes," he agreed. "I wish he would refrain altogether."—Baltimore American.

Husband—Now, dear, just as soon as you arrive you must telegraph. Wife—All right. How much shall I telegraph for?—Town Topics.

Many a girl's distant manner may be traced to the fact that she had onions for dinner.

Science and Invention

The sea is a great denuding agent; but its work is more constructive than destructive. It is the workshop where nearly all the stratified rocks have been accumulated and ranged in layers of strata. The rivers and ocean currents continually bring in fresh supplies of debris, even for hundreds of miles.

While in South Africa, Major H. A. Cummings found that the air of the Pretoria valley becomes very hot and dry, and the severe storms generated include whirlwinds carrying dust, paper, leaves, etc. From a gelatine plate exposed one second to a dust storm thousands of colonies of bacteria were developed. It is believed that fevers are spread in this way, and the possible distribution of tropical epidemics is appalling.

When the model of the great extinct dinosaur called the triceratops, which was shown at the Buffalo Exposition, was in process of making, considerable difficulty was anticipated in sustaining the huge armored skull in its proper position. But when the attempt was made there was no difficulty. Then it was found that nature, whose lines had been carefully followed in making the model, had so cunningly balanced the parts about the junction of the head with the neck that a single pin in the base of the skull sufficed to carry it.

The reputation of Germany as a country where life is regulated as much as possible in accordance with the behests of science is borne out by the regulations of the German military authorities concerning the marching and physical training of troops. The "physiology of marching" has recently been the subject of careful investigation, and the results obtained are taken advantage of for the benefit of the German army. Among the conclusions reached is that during continuous heavy marching the rations supplied are not sufficient to replace the waste of carbohydrates, and that a day's rest is required after every three days' marching, to enable the body to recover its normal power.

Among the many suggestions offered to account for the swift expansion of the nebulous rings surrounding Nova Persei, none seems more captivating than that of Prof. Kapteyn in a recent number of the Astronomische Nachrichten, where he suggests that the phenomenon may be due to the echoing of light. At the probable distance of Nova Persei from the earth the observed velocity of the expansion exactly equals the velocity of light. That being so, it is only necessary to suppose the space surrounding the new star to contain scattered nebulous or meteoric matter, from which the light of the explosion that produced the star is reflected to us at greater and greater distances from the star as the light expands around it. It is like the reflection of the sound of an explosion taking place in a hilly country, and coming to our ears in a succession of echoes as it reaches more and more distant ranges.

INDIANS AS HOUSE SERVANTS.

Nevada Town that Has Had Some Success with the Experiment.

Carson, the capital of Nevada, is probably the only city in the country where the "hired girl" is a squaw. The Eastern tourist is apt to think that the Western Indian is a myth. At Denver he will see him only at the annual festival. In New Mexico and Arizona he will find him truly, but he is the Pueblo Indian living in his own ancient village. The Indian of the plains, the hero of frontier romance, is secluded on the reservation.

But at Carson he is an all-pervading element of the landscape. In the mountains roundabout Carson live the remnants of three tribes, the Plutes, the Washoes and the Shoshones. They are not upon any reservation, nor do they receive Government support. They are absolutely free, left in possession of these sterile uplands which the white man does not want. Each day companies of them come down into Carson and, swathed in bright blankets, sit playing Piute poker upon every vacant lot. You will often see the squaws sewing there also, making garments of Turkey red and other gorgeous cottons. The pappooses play about, the brilliant sun throws out the flaming scarlet of the blanket and the rich coppery hues of their skin. It is all wildly picturesque.

Now, it is this picturesque personage, male and female, who helps to solve the servant girl problem in Carson. Other help is scarce and high, and in spite of the fact that neither buck nor squaw can ever be pinned to regular labor, their occasional services are welcome. To the Carson housewife every buck is Jim and every squaw is Sally. Sally opens the kitchen door without the formality of a knock, and says: "Mahaylie (woman), you want work done?" or, simply, "Me heap hogadi," which signifies that she is very hungry and desires to work for a meal.

If you are an Eastern woman this is apt to frighten you into fits the first time, and it is likewise terrifying to look up and find a buck's swarthy face plastered against the outside of your window pane. It takes a little while for you to thoroughly learn that there is nothing to be feared. But after a bit you welcome Sally gladly and set her to scrubbing the floor or washing dishes or clothes. Very rarely there is a Sally who will come regularly for a weekly wash day. But generally they will work only when they are driven by hunger. Sometimes Sally comes shivering to the door in winter with a baby under her blanket. She is "heap cold," and wants to toast herself and the queer, silent little morsel of humanity on her back at the kitchen fire. They are often ragged and insufficiently protected from the cold. Sometimes Sally will bring an armful of baskets to sell at your door, and then the Eastern woman welcomes her with joy, for she knows she can pick up for a few cents baskets for which she must pay dollars in the shops of Carson. The housewife likes to get a Piute Sally to work for her if she can, for she is cleaner and more industrious and adaptable than her sisters of the Shoshones and Washoes. When Jim is "heap hogadi" he will cut wood, mow the lawn and do other odd jobs.

The Indians never stay in Carson over night, and no Eastern woman fails to look from her window at sunset and watch them slowly making their way along the trail in Indian file. In and out winds the long line, across the face of the darkening mountain, the last sunbeams lighting up their barbaric trappings, each Jim invariably with his own Sally, the squaw always carrying the pappoose, but the buck sometimes shouldering the stumbling toddlers; up, up, to the brush tepee at timber line, where each tribe in its own place, seperates from the other two, cooks its scanty food over its little campfire and goes to sleep among the moaning pines.—Washington Evening Star.

SENSATIONAL SMUGGLING.

Feats of Skill and Daring by a French Master of Disguises.

The most sensational trial of smugglers which has taken place for many years was held at Pontarlier, on the Franco-Swiss frontier.

The leader of the band, a man named Derobert, and 224 of his associates are charged with attempting to clandestinely pass a large quantity of tobacco and phosphorus across the French frontier. Seventy-eight French and Swiss customs officers are cited as witnesses.

Derobert, a man of extraordinary cunning, was known on the frontier as the king of smugglers. His ingenious ruses were worthy of Sherlock Holmes. At his house were discovered hundreds of disguises, consisting of false beards and mustaches, wigs, and complete suits of clothes, representing workmen, gentlemen, commercial travelers, etc., in every trade and profession, and correct in every detail.

Derobert's method was daring and most cunning. Accompanied by a single confederate he would disguise himself and take a first, second, or third class railway ticket (according to his disguise). He would then take the train at a Swiss station, generally at Geneva or Lausanne, where confederates awaited him with large quantities of tobacco and phosphorus carefully concealed in boxes as baggage.

As soon as the train started he would commence concealing the dutiable goods. Cushions would be ripped open, beams would be drilled through, the floor of the carriage taken up anr carefully readjusted after the tobacco had been put out of sight. Derobert even had false keys for opening the guard's private drawers and boxes, in which he often concealed his goods.

The smuggler generally took by preference a fast night train. When the frontier was crossed and the custom house passed, he would replace the tobacco, etc., in the boxes or traveling bags, which were then handed over to accomplices awaiting their chief on the French stations.

It is estimated, according to the prosecution, that by these means the French Government has been robbed of nearly £10,000 pounds during the last two years.

The custom house officials were aware of the leakage, but all their plans and rules failed in discovering the culprits. Derobert was at last arrested a little while ago while crossing the frontier with a large consignment of tobacco and phosphorus ingeniously inserted into hollows made in the wood.—London Mail.

DESERTERS FROM THE ARMY.

Five Thousand Soldiers Last Year Quit Uncle Sam's Service.

There were 5,000 desertions from the United States army in 1901. The War Department is therefore turning its attention to solving the problem thus presented.

An army officer who has given the situation his best attention announces that "there is no cause for it in the service. It's not the treatment the men receive or lack of privileges or anything else we can alter. It's just pure cussedness; that's my conclusion after years of experience."

He goes on to state that these men who desert are of a roving disposition, anyhow. They have always been accustomed to roam. They have been wont to take a new boss, and, after trying him a while, to discharge him and get another. Uncle Sam can't be discharged, as the men who try it find out.

For the deserters are nearly all caught. As some one has put it, it's no trouble to get away. The trouble is to stay away. In spite of the great number of desertions the number of successful ones is on the decrease. A man usually makes at once for home, and the local officials have been informed of the desertion, and are on the lookout for him when he arrives, for there is a $30 reward out for his capture.

Then again a deserter has a curious habit of sooner or later trying to enlist a second time. If he hasn't been caught before, he surely is now. For the government has an elaborate card system of detection. As soon as a man enters the service a complete description of him is placed on a card, which is catalogued at the surgeon general's office in Washington. Each new recruit as he enlists must, after he has passed all other examinations, pass the last test as to whether or not he has ever been in the army before. The information is all at hand there in the card catalogue. It is consulted, and when a deserter is found applying for re-enlistment he gets promptly into prison instead of into the army.

No man who has once deserted can ever enlist again. The government doesn't intend to have the army used as a convenience by a class of men who want to get in it to tide over a time of trouble and then want quickly to get out of it.—Philadelphia North American.

"Faithful" Service Rewarded.

The late Judge Smyth, so much better known as "the Recorder," used to have a reminiscence of another lawyer who now enjoys much distinction at the bar and for a time rejoiced in judicial honors, but who was at the time managing clerk of a law office on the same corridor with that of the future recorder.

"I met him in the hall one day," said the old judge, "and he was evidently very much agitated. I inquired the nature of his trouble. Almost weeping, he answered: 'I have been discharged, discharged without a word of explanation, after five years of faithful service. It is very hard.' And then he quite gave way, and added, in tears: 'And you know, Mr. Smyth, you know what affidavits I have made for that man.'"—New York Times.

Their One Attraction.

"Jane, where on earth did you get all these almanacs?"

"Just think! The druggist let me have the entire lot for a nickel!"

"But they are last year's."

"Yes, but they were such a bargain, dear."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Shiftless Habits in Turkey.

Horses, mules and donkeys go loaded to market in Turkey, but the road is strewn with grain leaking from the old sacks, and thousands of turkeys, which may be bought at 12 cents apiece, feed on the dropping grain.

Such young boys are being used by girls as escorts, that "I'll be a sister to you," should pass out, and let, "I'll be a mother to you," come in.

We often wonder if clerks in a store pay for the cigars they smoke.

GEO. P. CROWELL,

[Successor to E. L. Smith, Oldest Established House in the valley.]

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This old-established house will continue to pay cash for all its goods; it pays no rent; it employs a clerk, but does not have to divide with a partner. All dividends are made with customers in the way of reasonable prices.

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Have opened an office in Hood River. Call and get prices and leave orders, which will be promptly filled.

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R. B. GILBRETH ..... Lyle, Wash
JOHN M. TOTTON ..... Stevenson, Wash
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E. W. CRICHTON, Portland, Oregon

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DEPART	TIME SCHEDULES From Hood River.	ARRIVE
Chicago Special 11:25 a. m.	Salt Lake, Denver, Ft. Worth, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago and East.	Portland Special 2:05 p. m.
Spokane Flyer 8:27 p. m.	Walla Walla Lewiston, Spokane, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Duluth, Milwaukee, Chicago & East	Portland Flyer 4:30 a. m.
Mail and Express 11:42 p. m.	Salt Lake, Denver, Ft. Worth, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago and East.	Mail and Express 5:45 a. m.

OCEAN AND RIVER SCHEDULE FROM PORTLAND.

8:00 p. m.	All sailing dates subject to change. For San Francisco—Sail every 5 days.	4:00 p. m.
Daily Ex. Sunday 8:00 a. m. Saturday 10:00 p. m.	Columbia River Steamers. To Astoria and Way Landings.	4:00 p. m. Ex. Sunday
6:45 a. m. Ex. Sunday	Willamette River. Oregon City, Newberg, Salem, Independence & Way Landings.	4:30 p. m. Ex. Sunday
7: