HERR STEINHARDT'S NEMESIS

BY J. MACLAREN COBBAN.

CHAPTER X—Continued.

"'Manuel," said he, "is a double-dyed villain, if he does aught to harm Paul's girl! I can see what he's up to, though; he has given no account of Paul's affairs yet, and if he can get Louise to marry Frank he needn't. He may want all the money he can get hold of soon; the plaintiffs in that patent case have appealed, and he'll ha' to appear again and fight at th' next sitting of the court. But he shannot plunder the lass. I mun find if she's with my sister, and if he's frightening her—and if he be, by th' L—d! I mun get a writ of mandamus or summat, and tak' th' lass whoam wi' me. I'm guardian as much as him, and if the lass would rather bide wi' me he can not take her. Yea; I shall set about it."

I drew his attention back to the urgent necessity of doing something in her father's case; had he anything to suggest?

"Well, now ,let me think," said he, "We'll suppose Paul came home that night—late, you think, very late—wi' his little portmanteau carried in his hand; he pulls out his handkerchief to blow his nose, or his repeater watch to know the time, as he comes down the lane, and so he drops that ticket. It's near one o'clock, may be, and there's not a light anywhere burning; yea, by the L—d! but there is!" he exclaimed, turning and catching hold of my arm. "Right in th' road, as it were, as he comes by the pond, he sees th' light that burns all night in old Jaques's cottage! (Birley always pronounced the name 'Jakes.') "Th' owd chap seldom is put to bed; he usually sits or lies up in that chair of his all night and all day. Paul was aye fond o' th' old chap: now does he lift latch and go in, just to say 'how-de-do,' or does he think it is too late, and he'd best go on and see what Steinhardt's up to? If we could only get th' old chap to speak and tell us!"

CHAPTER XI.

It is not necessary to detail how we finally succeeded, after five days of hard labor, under the direction of a physician, in getting old Jaques to understand what we wanted to know, namely, whether his nephew, Paul Lacroix, had visited him on the night of the 16th of March, 1882. We did succeed, however, in not only getting him to understand, but in obtaining indisputable evidence. Mr. Lacroix had stopped at the cottage that night and had left for the Jaques a package of Paris papers bearing dates from the 10th to the 16th of the month and a statement to this effect was signed by the old man, who had sufficiently recovered the use of his right arm to sign his name legibly.

The anxiety and excitement of those five days had been so great for me that for some little time I was almost prostrated. I need scarce say that I was much encouraged by our success with Jaques: if I had the papers with his signed declaration, witnessed, of course, by Birley and myself, securely locked away in my desk. This should have stimulated me to immediate further action, and, I have no doubt, would have, had I not been still eaten up with anxiety about Louise. What if the hope I cherished as the end of all this—the hope of taking her from the fears and dangers that hung about her, of having her as my very own, my wife!—whta if this hope was being baulked while I was thus busy? The mere thought of such a contingency was enough to bring my fabric of careful evidence regarding the Lacroix mystery to nought. If I could only discover where she was!—and that she still thought of me, as I fondly believed she had done a little while she was yet in Timperley!—still refused to yield to the cajoleries and threats of Steinhardt, and hoped I would deliver her! But I had no news, and I was devoured with anxiety.

No news—except the confirmation from Birley that she was not with Mrs. Steinhardt. He had written to his sister inquiring about Louise, and had been answered to that effect; Mrs. Steinhardt had reason for supposing she was in Blackpool, but at what address she could not say.

I entreated Birley to go to Blackpool to endeavor to find out, if he could spare the time. But he needed no entreaty, for he himself was also becoming anxious about her.

"I mun spare the time,' said he; "and I mun go and find her. It's, of course, no use asking 'Manuel where she is."

But before he had arranged to set out, something occurred which obviated the necessity of going, and produced results of a more remarkable sort; and this I must proceed to relate.

As I have already indicated, my experience of the way in which such evidence as I had regarding Lacroix's fate had rather come to me than been found by me tended to make me what I may call "a waiter upon Providence." I conceived—I may say, I was convinced—I should best attain further result, by keeping myself open to evidence more than by ranging about and racking my brain in search of it. All fear being at rest that our experiment upon old Jaques might have fatal or untoward results (he was now more alert than ever, and frequently asked, in writing, for "the girl"), I had betaken myself to a former habit, and every day almost went into town to the free library to read. Sometimes I read a book, and sometimes the newspapers.

I was thus occupied one afternoon with The Times. I turned with a curiosity which was half listless to the "agony column," and my attention was at once arrested by this:—

"TO EMMANUEL STEINHARDT in England.—Emile Haas in Basel send this. Though you me have forgotten I not you. I am in very much trouble and fear from you, many times since first, now again. Come to me, come, before the 'Too late' must be gewritten." (A Basel address was appended.)

Was it not natural that I should at once think this was addressed to the Emmanuel Steinhardt I knew? There might be others of the name in England, but surely no other to whom the implication, which I read between the lines of this advertisement, of broken faith with a woman would so well apply. And she seemed in urgent distress; she begged him to go to her. It was scarcely probable, I thought, that Steinhardt would see it; he read little of newspaper literature, I knew, and his usual paper was the local daily. What, then? In spite of my abhorrence of him, and my wish to avoid him, should I not, for the woman's sake, inform him of this? I pondered this idea all the rest of the day, until the evening, when I took it to Birley.

"Certainly," said he; "the scamp! Let him know of it. I suppose he only married my sister because she had a bit of brass."

So I called on Steinhardt that very evening.

"Thank you, Mr. Unwin," said he, when I had told him my errand; "but some kind friend has already sent me the paper" (taking up a copy of The Times). "Yes," he continued, reading it over and chuckling at its composition. "I suppose she thought she must write English for an English paper." (He laid the paper down.) "Poor Emilie, she wants me; but I can't go, you know. I must go to London about my lawsuit again. I might send Frank, but I really want him here." He paused and looked at me, meditatively. "You are doing nothing, Mr. Unwin. Would you go for me? You would, really and truly, do better than I should. She thinks she would like to see me and speak to me, but she wouldn't. She seems to be very ill—dying, I suppose she thinks herself, poor woman—and to speak to people sick and dying is more in your way than mine. She will like to hear you; she always liked clergymen; she liked me a little when we thought I was going to be a—a clergyman."

He turned slowly to the fire, took up the poker, and carefully raked out the ashes from the bottom of the grate. Was memory leading him back reluctantly to those days of his youth, and compelling him to ask himself whether for all he had gained since then he had not paid too great a price?

"Well," said he, manifestly shaking something off, and turning to me, "what do you say, Mr. Unwin? I will, of course, pay your expenses, and you will take Emilie a letter from me, and money—I daresay she means she needs it."

"I am much obliged to you, Mr. Steinhardt," said I, "but—"

"Oh," said he, "it is I will be obliged, but of course that does not matter."

"It is so unexpected," I continued; I might have added, "and extraordinary."

"Well, yes; I daresay it is. But you know what the Frenchman says about the unexpected."

"Let me consider it for a day; and if I decide to go I shall be ready to set out at once."

"Oh, yes; consider it, and consult your friends. But if you do not go, nobody will go."

I went immediately from him to Birley, and stated at once the extraordinary offer I had received.

"Go, lad," said he; "it will be a pleasant holiday for you, and the poor woman, of course, would rather see somebody from 'Manuel than only get a letter from him."

I hesitated; I did not desire a holiday then, even on the Continent where I had never been, but at the same time some change was becoming necessary considering the low condition to which my finances had sunk.

"But," said I, "I believe he has asked me only to get me out of the way for some purpose. I think he suspects I have been finding out something more."

"And what does that matter?" asked Birley. "Look here, my lad; I know you're in a way about Louise. Now it strikes me if you go away for a little while (and you may as well go at 'Manuel's expense), things will turn out better for you than you may think. You see, at the same time as you are away, he is away, too. Frank must come back to the works, and there will be no reason for keeping Louise at Blackpool. Take my word for it, he'll bring her home; I shall manage to see her, and if she claims my protection as her other guardian, I shall tak' her home with me, and when he comes back he can't ta' her from me. Don't you see, lad?"

I admitted the force of the reasons he urged, and all next day (which was Sunday) turned them over. My going might certainly be to Louise's advantage and to my own. Even if Steinhardt brought her back to Timperly only for a visit of a few days, there would be sufficient opportunity for Birley to take her home to himself. On the other hand, my refusal to go would bring no advantage nor prospect of advantage. And might not, indeed, Steinhardt's offer be a suggestion of Providence?

So on Monday morning I called on Steinhardt and said I was ready to set out at once, and in the afternoon I was whirling through beautiful Derbyshire on my way to London and the Continent. I could not forbear feeling something like delight at the change from terrible Timperley to these bright scenes—although I scarcely knew where I was journeying, or for what. Could I then have guessed what strange things I would hear when I reached the to me unknown city of Basel on the Rhine, could I have guessed that I was being hurried along by the Divine Vengeance, that I was not so much deputed by Steinhardt to see Emilie Haas as by that Overruling Power who was impelling that man on to his doom, what, I have often wondered since, would my feelings have been as I was borne along with rush and roar in the railway train?

The first night of my journey I rested in London. I went to that hotel (Bacon's) in Great Queen street, where Mr. Lacroix had commonly stayed on his visits to London, but I found nothing of consequence.

I was wretched, cold and hungry, when, about 7 o'clock in the morning of the third day, I left the train at Basel. I permitted myself to be taken to a hotel, where I ordered breakfast. After partaking of which I revived, and began to think of the errand on which I had come.

Since my arrival I had been uncertainly using French and German, and I had been answered in either language (I found later that in the hotel, at least, I might as well use my native English); but on inquiring my way from the Ludwigstrasse to the obscure street I sought, I had to draw exclusively upon my stock of German. I discovered that Fraulein Emilie Haas lived in one of a row of old tall houses (not unlike some of those in the city of Edinburgh), with little windows in the steep grey roofs, which gave the impression of eyes with sleepy, heavy lids. Up and up the bare stairs of the house I stepped, till I think I was on the fourth floor—at any rate, I was as high as I could climb. I knocked at the door of a humble "apartment" of two rooms, and an old wrinkled woman appeared. I inquired in German for Fraulein Haas, and was informed she was from home, "giving her daily lessons." She was not, then, ill? Oh, no, she was not ill—she was well. I asked when she would be at home, and was told "at five o'clock in the afternoon." So I departed till then, with about six hours in which to tax my ingenuity in guessing why Fraulein Haas's demand to see Steinhardt had been so urgent, since she was not dying, nor even ill.

At five o'clock I called again, and found Fraulein Haas at home. I was asked to come in. I looked curiously at the Fraulein. She was a middle aged woman, of the thin, nervous type of German (or, perhaps, Swiss), with bright, keen, grey eyes. She rose, smiling, but perplexed, to receive me, and waited for me to state my business.

"I come from England," I said in German.

"Then you do not want me to give lessons," said she, pushing away a "prospectus" evidently laid ready for presentation; "my mother thought you had come for that."

"No," said I—"I come from England to see you, and then to go back again."

She looked bewildered. I took from my pocket a copy of the Times advertisement, and handed it to her. At once the expression of her face changed; pale before, it became paler now, and her eyes seemed to dilate, as with fear.

"But you," said she, "are not Emmanuel Steinhardt? Perhaps, however," she made haste to add, "you are his son? He married, I know." I shook my head.

"I am no relation at all to Herr Steinhardt. Very likely that will explain who I am"—and I gave her Steinhardt's letter.

She was moved when she saw the handwriting. She read the letter through eagerly. It was short, I could see.

"He thinks I am ill, and in want of money—of his money! Ach! This will not do! You must go away sir!"

(To be continued)

WOES OF A REPORTER.

Had a Hard Time Finding a Good Suit of Clothes in His Family.

"Talk about hard luck running in families," said the Brooklyn reporter at the city hall to a reporter for a New York paper. "Why, we get it in chunks."

"For instance, when I was told that I would have to handle some of the functions connected with the reception of Prince Henry, I dug out my evening clothes, for which I had found no use for several weeks. A family of healthy mice had made such havoc with the coat that it was no longer fit to wear.

"Says I to myself, 'I'll step around and borrow my brother's suit.' My brother looked pained when I announced the object of my visit.

"'I'm real sorry, old man,' he said, 'but I'm afraid I can't accommodate you. You see, I let a friend have it a few weeks ago and he hasn't returned it.'

"'What's the matter with asking him to return it?' I said.

"'Well, the fact is, said my brother, 'the poor chap died before he had a chance to send it back and his folks, not knowing that the suit was a borrowed one, buried him in it.'"

Naming the Child.

Now, necessarily, when the new girl baby arrived there was much discussion among the members of the family as to what her name should be.

"We will call her 'Geraldina,'" said the fond mother.

"Why not call her 'Esmeralda?'" asked the first grandmother. "I saw that name in a story once, and always wanted to try it on a baby."

"Oh," murmured the second grandmother, that "would never do. Let us call her 'Fanchon.'"

"But don't you think 'Eltessa' is a pretty name, and so odd, too?" put in one of the aunts.

"Excuse me, ladies," ventured the poor father, who sat near by, but you seem to forget that we are trying to find a name for a human being, and not for a 5-cent cigar."

Wireless Telegraphy.

It seems that as yet the speed at which the Hertzian currents of wireless telegraphy move has not been determined. Marconi says he thinks they travel about the same speed as light, 186,000 miles a second. Therefore, should Marconi be able, as he professes to believe he will be, to send a message around the world, it would occupy in transmission approximately one-eighth of a second, and the clicks of the sending and receiving instruments would be almost simultaneous.

Offended by Senator Lodge.

Members of the Somerset club, an aristocratic and famous organization of Boston, are much put out because United States Senator Lodge has fitted up some nearby buildings as stores. These are part of an estate which the senator's mother occupied until the time of her death. In one of the houses Mr. Lodge was born, which fact makes his conduct all the more flagrant in his townsmen's eyes.

Knew How to Take Froude.

The late historian, Samuel Rawson Gardiner, used to say of Froude: "Whenever I find myself particularly perplexed on any point I look to see what Froude has to say about it. I always find his help invaluale, for I can trust implicitly in his unfailing instinct at arriving at false conclusions; and the more positive he becomes the safer I feel in adopting a diametrically opposite view."

About "Max O'Rell."

That most genial of philosophers, "Max O Rell," celebrated his 54th birthday on March 2. This year is an interesting one in his life, for it is the 30th anniversary of his going to England as the corresponpent of certain French papers. It is an interesting charasteric of his career that all his works, which were first published in France, have been translated into English by his wife.

Tolstoi Not Afraid of Death.

A Russian journalist relates regarding Tolstoi and his recent illness that when the doctor told him that he was out of danger, he replied: "It is a pity to give up the resignation at the thought of death." What troubled him particularly during his illness was that his physician would not allow the windows to be kept open.

For Coronation Presents.

King Edward has ordered the execution of 100 medallion portraits of himself. These, richly mounted, are intended for presentation to distinguished guests at the coronation, including the leading representatives of the colonies and India. His majesty is being specially photographed for the purpose.

Area Occupied by Indians.

In 1890 the area of the national domain occupied by Indians aggregated 116,000,000 acres; today it aggregates 85,000,000 acres, which is about as much land as we have in the states of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois.

THE LAST CAMPING GROUND.

Again we revisit the last camping ground
Of our "boys" who once were the blue;
They hear not our coming, so sweetly they sleep
'Neath the sod, the sunshine, and dew.
The soft waves of Lethe have swept o'er their dreams
And borne recognition away;
They rest like their comrades who fell on the field
Content with the work of the day.

They hear not the low muffled sound of the drums,
Or the songs we sing in their praise;
They see not the standard by loving hands pressed
In memory of long-cherished days.
No pride or ambition is roused in the hearts
That quailed not while foes were yet seen;
Their last battle is fought—the victory won,
Their laurels are still fresh and green.

No more shall they hear the reveille at dawn,
Or the tattoo send forth its good night;
The glad news of victory spreading through camp
And thrilling each soul with delight.
Sleep on, noble heroes! and sweet be your rest,
Forgotten you never will be;
The banner you fought for in triumph still waves
O'er our land of the brave and the free.

There are graves upon which no tear-drops will fall,
Where many lie friendless—alone,
Yet none are neglected, each grave has a flower,
No head-board is lettered "Unknown."
Each life had a mission and bravely 'twas done
With spirit both loyal and true;
When the last trumpet shall sound God will not forget
Our brave "boys" who once wore the blue.

Old Bill's Last Memorial Day.

"WHAT did he give you, Bill?"

"A hundred dollars."

"And you're crying about it! Why, fellows, look here. A man made rich for two minutes' work, and he's actually snivelling over his good luck!"

"You don't understand!" quavered old Bill Braddock.

"Maybe he's thinking of the royal treat he'll set up for the boys to-night—all day to-morrow, too, Bill. It's a holiday."

Old Bill Braddock's head went lower. Down dropped his hammer all of a sudden.

"I'm not feeling very well, boys," he muttered unsteadily. "I guess I'll have to go home."

The scene was a building half-erected, the actors several workingmen engaged upon the same.

Ten minutes previous every man in the place had looked up in startled dismay, as down the street came tearing a team of horses attached to a carriage. In its seat, wildly shrieking and clinging to the side of the swinging vehicle, was a child of 10, and she looked death in the face.

It was a moment calling for promptness, for heroism. Into the breach stepped old Bill Braddock.

A leap from a window ten feet up, a spring to the road, and then his horrified fellow workingmen saw two beings in peril instead of one.

They shuddered as, clutching at the necks of the frenzied steeds, old Bill was whipped like a plaything under their feet. Still he held on. Twice, thrice it seemed that he must be shaken loose under the grinding hoofs, but he clung manfully, and, thirty yards from the deep gravel pit in the course, menacing sure destruction, the horses were brought to a stop.

When his companion workers came up Bill was limp as a rag. A mist was over his eyes, for his exertions had not been light. Then he was conscious that a crowd surrounded him. He heard such words as "splendid fellow!" "hero!" and a trembling hand shook his own, while its owner blessed him for saving his child, and pressed something crisp into the pocket of his leathern work apron.

Bill's arm was wrenched and he had received one or two bad blows from the carriage pole on the head, and he was confused, but as a face like that of an angel, aureoled with golden hair, looked into his own, and a pair of soft, young arms encircled his neck, and a childish voice whispered tearful thanks and a pair of sweet, fresh lips pressed his bronzed cheek, he seemed to thrill back into a life where tenderness had ruled instead of the reckless riot of late wasted years.

He heard some one say that he had saved the life of the only darling child of some prominent general, on his way to lead the memorial exercises of the following morning at Belleview, the next town. Then he was led by his friends back to the building.

"Sort of dazed by his shaking up," commented one of these, as Bill left his work. "He'll be at the corners to-night, though. A liberal fellow of the right sort is old Bill Braddock, and he'll just outdo himself with a hundred dollar bill in his pocket. Mark my words."

Yes, "a liberal fellow" had old Bill Braddock been all his life, and that was why at sixty-eight he was without a home, working harder than ever, and draining the dregs of life.

Of "the right sort," surely, for he had not hesitated to risk his own life to save that of an imperilled human being.

Everybody knew old Bill. He had come back from the war with a record. How proudly for ten years had he been a familiar figure about the village, obscuring that record by giving all the credit of this deed and that effort in battle to his brother!

Then his brother died, and his wife followed, and a few years later, the gentle, witching little golden-haired fairy, their child, and then old Bill's poor, lonely heart broke, and he went to the dogs, as the saying is.

"She kissed me!"

That was what old Bill Braddock was whispering softly to himself, in the wretched boarding-house room he called home, all the rest of that afternoon.

A spell was on the man. While his friends were discussing how he was resting up to put in all that evening and all the ensuing holiday in a "right royal celebration" on the hundred dollars, far different ideas were battling in the mind for so many years dazed with sorrow and benumbed with drink.

That childish kiss had unlocked a door in the past—had let into the lonely soul a whole flock of memories of the days when he was a better man.

That handshake of a great general had made Bill thrill as it took him back to the proud hour when, before a whole army, a greater general had publicly commended his heroism in saving the day for his country.

Well, it was all over now—all except the lonely graves in Belleville cemetery—the little neglected mound where his hero brother lay.

Poor old Bill's soul was struggling from its shell. All his braver, gentler life had come back to him, and he groped in darkness. He regarded the wasted years sadly. He felt like the sin-sick prodigal—"I will arise and go to my father."

But the prodigal had a home in distant view, while poor old Bill had none. And so, through the long afternoon, the thinker struggled. But the kiss kept his heart tender, and the general's handshake made him remember he had once been a man.

At dusk he stole from the house, a mighty resolve in his heart; for one twenty-four hours, at least, for one solemn Memorial Day, no liquor should pass his lips—he would commune with his better self!

He looked like a new man, arrayed in the neat undress uniform of the Grand Army, and he carried a wreath of flowers under his arm as he struck out from town, two hours later.

His companions found no boon fellow awaiting them that night.

Bill was traversing the road to Belleview—alone with his soul and God.

The freshness of flowers, of soft zephyrs, of happy insect life was all about him. A holy heaven full of stars twinkled peace into his starving heart.

And he marched forward with new thoughts and grand thoughts, as he had once marched at Gettysburg, at Chancellorsville, at Manasses Gap.

Forward, march!—he had been a good soldier then.

Forward, march! some stirring voice seemed to tell him he was a braver man to-night, tramp, tramp, tramping it away from reckless companions, into an atmosphere of pure and holy thoughts.

"Oh, papa! what a beautiful wreath on this little grave!"

"And someone lying beside it!"

Early in the morning the general and his daughter had come to the cemetery, to find the first wreath placed on the grave of old Bill Braddock's brother.

"It is a man—how still he lies. Papa, is he—dead?"

The old general turned the prostrate form. The child uttered a sharp, half-frightened cry.

"It is the man—oh, papa!" she choked up—"it is the man who saved my life!"

The general lifted his hat in reverence, his daughter clung to his side with eyes brimming with tears.

They could not help but read the story true, for they had taken pains to learn much of the veteran since the night before.

"He is dead," spoke the general softly, "but—oh, what a happy face!"

God's sweet morning dew was across it, the smile of God's benison of forgiveness and peace seemed to illuminate it. The spirit of old Bill Braddock that had walked with the angels through the silent night, had gone humbly, pleadingly, repentantly into the presence of the great Captain, just as the solemn bells were ringing in a new Memorial Day.

The Wartime Uniform.

All enlisted men wore the blouse for fatigue dress. It is described in the regulations as "a sack coat of dark blue flannel, extending half way down the thigh and made loose, four buttons down the front." The trousers were of sky blue cloth, those for mounted men being "re-enforced," and the overcoat was sky blue, the color of the trousers, the capes of the cavalry coming down to the coat cuff. The capes of the infantry great-coat only came down to the elbow.

The Army Nurse.

If the brave lads, now grown gray and grim, who braved the battle's perils and lived through months of hospital experience could have their way about it, every woman who ever set foot inside the hospital doors with a view to comforting and administering to the sick would be canonized to-day. There isn't a saint in the list who would stand a ghost of a show beside an "army nurse."

Smoking Compartments for Women.

On the Continent smoking is growing so rapidly in favor among the fair sex that on some of the Belgian railroads smoking compartments are to be provided exclusively for women. What has particularly served to bring the matter before the officials' notice is an incident that recently occurred when a young woman entered one of the carriages on the southern railroad reserved for ladies, and in a few minutes after the train had started from Brussels lit a cigarette and began to smoke it. Whereupon the other women in the compartment became very indignant, threatening to complain to the guard as soon as the train stopped. "I am in a carriage reserved for ladies," observed the smoker blandly, "and I am not aware of any law which prohibits ladies from smoking." When the train stopped, the guard was informed of the proceedings, but was loath to interfere, and the result was that when the woman smoker arrived at her destination, she consulted a lawyer, who has now by an action in court raised the interesting question: Should railroad companies be compelled to provide separate smoking cars for women who wish to smoke while they are traveling? Some of the companies, however, appear to have taken time by the forelock and stand ready to meet this new want.

Force of Example.

The Tsar of Russia has the love of simplicity and a habit of it in his own daily life. A certain lieutenant in St. Petersburg who was in a chronic state of poverty was one day seen riding in a street car. The other officers of the regiment considered this an insult to the uniform. They were furious, and informed the culprit that he might take his choice between sending in his papers and being cashiered. The unlucky young man chose the former alternative.

Before he had time to act upon it, however, the tsar heard of the affair, and without a moment's delay donned his uniform of colonel of the regiment in question. He sauntered out of his palace, hailed a car, and rode down to the barracks. He asked to have the officers assembled, and when they were before him, he addressed them thus:

"Gentlemen, I have just ridden from the palace in a tram, and I wish to know if I am to send in my papers. I presume I have disgraced my uniform."

"Sire," said the major, nervously, "your majesty could never do that."

"Then," replied the tsar, with a smile, "as I have not degraded my uniform, Lieutenant D. has not degraded his. He will retain his commission in this regiment, even if, like me, he dares to ride in a tram."

Easily Done.

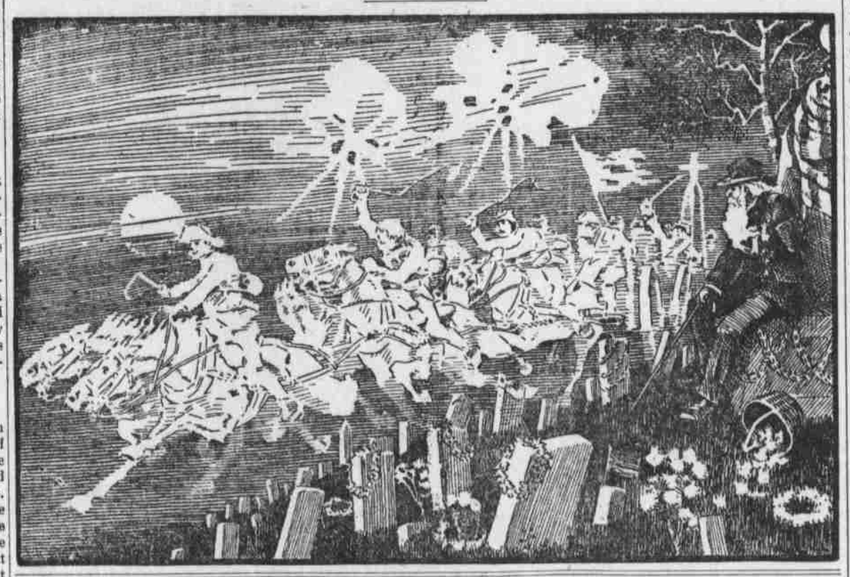
When a traveler in the Grand Duchy of Baden, Germany, wants to send a telegram while he is in the train he writes the message on a postcard with the request that it be wired, puts on a stamp and drops it into the train letter box. At the next station the box is cleared and the message sent out.

The wormwood plant is a native of Europe, growing wild in most parts of the continent. The plant was known to the ancients, and is extensively used in many parts of Germany in the manufacture of beer, to impart a bitter flavor to the liquor, thus taking the place, to some extent, of hops. All parts of the wormwood plant are bitter. The French drink known as absinth is a preparation of the wormwood.

Very few men dote on other men's anecdotes.

MEMORIAL DAY.

RETROSPECT.



FIRE HAS RAVAGED FORESTS.

The Tremendous Waste in Forty Years on the Cascade Range.

The report of the examination of the "Cascade Range and Ashland Forest Reserves and Adjacent Regions," by J. B. Leiberg, is a part of the twenty-first annual report of the United States Geological Survey, and is edited by Henry Gannett, geographer.

The region discussed in this report is in Southern Oregon.' It contains nearly 8,000 square miles, 4,676,360 acres, comprising the central and upper areas of Rogue and Klamath river basins and a small part of the watershed of the upper South Umpqua river and is divided into two nearly equal portions by the main range of the Cascades.

The eastern and western slopes have many dissimilar characteristics, the country dropping on the west in long spurs to the valley of the Rogue river and on the east in steeper declivities to the Klamath lakes and the great plains stretching eastward from them. The mean elevation is 6,000 feet. The character of the Cascade range is volcanic, the cones and peaks being of different ages, and extinct craters abounding among them, the one containing the famous Crater lake.

The Ashland forest reserve consists of Siskiyou peak, or Ashland Butte, nearly 8,000 feet above sea level, and contains over 22,000 acres. The object of this reserve is to maintain the volume and purity of Ashland creek, the water supply of the town of Ashland. The Siskiyou mountain range forms a connecting link between the Coast range and the Cascades.

In this region the same general conditions prevail as in the Mount Rainier reserve. The crest of the range forms a dividing line between two widely differing sets of forest conditions. Upon the west, with an ample rainfall, the forests are fairly dense and the undergrowth luxuriant. Upon the east, where more arid conditions prevail, the forests are open, with no underbrush.

Fires have widely ravaged this region, says the New York Post. Of the forested area examined, in round numbers 3,000,000 acres, Leiberg estimates that 2,975,000 acres or 99.99 per cent are fire marked; and that of this fire-marked area, 587,000 acres are badly burned. That is to say, within the last forty years, settlement clearings not included, 7,000,000,000 feet of merchantable mill timber has been destroyed by fire.

QUEER STORIES

There are as many different dialects spoken in China as in Europe.

China raises and consumes more ducks than any other country in the world.

Titanium is the hardest metal. It looks like copper, but will scratch rock crystal.

It takes 2,800 silk worms to make a pound of silk, and these worms eat 156 pounds of leaves before they spin their cocoons.

In Santa Clara, Cal., there is a church constructed from the wood of a single oak tree. The building is thirty feet wide and seventy feet deep, yet when its construction was completed 1,200 feet of lumber remains unused.

Many of the fruits and vegetables now eaten in England were almost unknown to our forefathers. Not until Henry VIII.'s time were either raspberries or strawberries or cherries grown in England, and we do not read of the turnip, cauliflower and quince being cultivated before the sixteenth century, or the carrot before the seventeenth century.

The Belgian consul general at Chicago has made a report on the magnitude of the commerce of cereals there, from which the following figures are extracted. It is not every American who realizes the enormous business done. In the first place, the flour is expressed in terms of wheat by calling one barrel of flour the equivalent of five bushels of wheat. The figures of arrivals show that 321,000,000 bushels of grain were received in the last statistical year. Wheat in bulk was received to the amount of 31,000,000 bushels, and maize to the amount of 134,000,000.

Few people have any idea of the enormity of the insurance business of the United States. It not only exceeds that of any other country, but is twice as great as that of all the rest of the world combined. At the present time there is in the United States about $12,000,000,000 of life insurance in force, including assessment business. This means over $160 for every man, woman and child in the country, or $800 for every family. The annual risks written by the fire insurance companies are estimated at $20,000,000,000, which is $250 per capita, or $1,250 per family. Thus it will be seen that every family in the country on an average has insurance assets of over $2,000.

A Kansas Octogenarian.

Squire L. D. Chaddon, of Wellington, Kan., who celebrated his eighty-fourth birthday recently, when a boy used to go into the woods after squirrels with Roscoe Conkling. He chewed tobacco for half a century, and then quit. He finds his pipe a comfort. He never took a drink of red liquor at a bar. After sixty years of married life, Mrs. Chaddon still does all her own housework, except the family washing, and the squire says he has to read the riot act once in a while to head her off from doing that.

English Signs in Japan.

Here are some curious English signs in the windows of shops in Japan: "The all ecuntries boot and shoe small or fine wares." "Old curios." "Horseshoe maker instruct by French horse leech." "Cut hair shop." "If you want sell watch, I will buy. If you want buy watch, I will sell. Yes, sir, we will, all will. Come at my shop. Watchmaker." "Hatter native country." "Antematic of nauses marina." "The house build for the manufacture of all and best kinds of hats and caps."

Telegraph Poles in China.

Of the telegraphic poles set up at Feng-Tai and Chung-Hsiang in Chihli by the Japanese after the capture of Peking by the allies, more than thirty at the former place and no less than ten at the latter place have been wantonly cut off or otherwise destroyed by the natives.

Met Their Match.

Clarence—Well, were your friends, Mrs. Hobbs and Mrs. Dobbs, congenial?

Clara—Oh, Clarence, each found an opportunity to tell me that the other was the biggest talker she had ever met.—Detroit Free Press.

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