

# HERR STEINHARDT'S NEMESIS

BY J. MACLAREN COBBAN.

## CHAPTER XII—Continued.

"It is not too late, Herr Herr," I answered, "to say how wicked he is. But I have told you he is behaving very harshly to the dead man's daughter—more than harshly, for he has even hid her away in a strange tower, and every means to make her marry his son, in order that he may not have to give an account of the dead man's property. And here is a letter which I have received this morning from her other guardian, who is Herr Steinhardt's best friend when I first came to England, and whom he has almost ruined. He has found the young lady, and taken her to his own house; but he fears he cannot keep her, for Herr Steinhardt may run him out of it. I must therefore return and resign, and I am sure Herr Steinhardt's messenger, and I have no message I can carry back to him."

She sat down again, took a sheet of paper from a drawer, and wrote in the middle of the page in a small German hand, a few words, which she signed, "I am Herr Steinhardt's messenger, and I have no message I can carry back to him."

I read (the words were in German)—"Repent, and turn away from your evil, before it is too late. I am Herr Steinhardt's messenger, and I have no message I can carry back to him."

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

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

I answered I would; and the next moment she was hurrying away from me, and the next I was out of the room.

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

"Meine Verlobung mit  
Frau Emma von Liestal  
zeigt ich hiermit ergeben an  
Basel, November, 1854."  
"Emmanuel Steinhardt."

(My engagement with Frau Emma von Liestal I herewith make public in Basel)

## CHAPTER XIII.

In what a fever of excitement, anxiety, and hope I made the journey home, I need not try to describe. The story of Lacroix's fate I could now tell to its last detail: I knew where his mutilated remains lay buried, or at least I knew a spot which coincided with that described by Fraulein Haaß. I was now in a position to do what so many had failed to do—to bring the fate of my knowledge home to Steinhardt in a manner so forcible that he could not refuse to make terms to me—more than that I could not accomplish, even if I could see him. I was now in a position to do what so many had failed to do—to bring the fate of my knowledge home to Steinhardt in a manner so forcible that he could not refuse to make terms to me—more than that I could not accomplish, even if I could see him.

I reached Timperley very late on Saturday night, but in spite of the lateness of the hour and my weariness I went at once to Birley's, and found him in the morning waiting for me, and with him, as I had hoped, but scarcely expected, his ward Louise.

I fear his cheerful greeting passed for nothing in my mind in comparison with the welcome which I received from Louise. I found him waiting for me, and with him, as I had hoped, but scarcely expected, his ward Louise.

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

"Admit him?" he exclaimed. "Of course! There is no use in shutting him out. He can sell me up in this house and then turn me out—he has a bill of sale on everything, and he has been holding it back for some time, to use it now, I expect, but Louise shall go back to him, unless she likes; I'll find some roof to shelter her and her maid, and he'll turn his bright face upon her, 'we'll get her all right.'"

"You are both very good to me," said she, going to him, and shaking some tears on his shoulder. "And I was taken away from Emmanuel Steinhardt; this time I knew I was not in a room; there was no light. He looked at me across a newly dug spot of ground, and then turned away. I did not really wake, though I felt cold. I was in my own bed at the same time as I was held there by his hand, close to a wall. After some time, how long I cannot tell, he came back with a rope. I knew at once what he was going to do—he had done it—fasten the rope to his belt, and he pulled on the other side of the wall and pulled it over. I did not know why I did not think it impossible for a single man to pull a wall down with a rope, but I did not."

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

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

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

"The L—!" exclaimed Birley. "I left the door open?"

We were hurried back by a common impulse. We found the door ajar,

## ESSENCE OF GOOD TIMES OF OLD.

### Elaborateness of Modern Functions Spoils the Fun.

"Did you ever think how complicated good times are nowadays?" asked one middle-aged man of another. "Remember what good times we used to have without any previous spread or ceremony? Well, those days were worth living in. When I watch my children trying to enjoy themselves it positively makes me mad. Everything is so studied, so elaborate, so mechanical. Take my daughter Grace for instance. She receives an invitation to an 'informal winter party.' What does she do? Does she accept pleased and dance around as her mother would have done twenty-five years ago? No, indeed. 'Oh, bother! What shall I wear? If I go I've simply got to get a new gown.' Is that she says, and for the next week she is breaking her neck to get the rig ready. The affair comes off and she comes home, and half the time she says she was bored to death. The fault isn't with her, for the next day a group of her friends come in and by a series of conversation which drift to my ears I know they were all bored. She's about the average type of girl, and, no use talking, she isn't having the fun her mother had. If she is invited to a really formal function it's enough to turn her whole house upside down. She doesn't get any real pleasure out of it, all aside from the excitement, either. It's the same with my son John. But I won't go into details about John; only, when he once takes a girl to the theater his pocketbook looks as if an elephant had stepped on it afterward. He doesn't get any real pleasure out of anything he does, while if I go to a theater—well, my checkbook suffers. Don't care about the money if the boy really had a good time, but he doesn't. It's all right to talk about this being the age of the young person, but it's not. We used to get up and go to a promenade, and there were a crowd and no to-do about it. Even a picnic now is a state banquet in comparison with the good old times we used to have. These poor, blasé, modern youngsters may be pushing us old fellows to wall a wall with their precocious cleverness, but oh, my, they are missing a lot. Just the same, say, do you remember that little dance—"

But at this point in the conversation the middle-aged man struck a reminiscent mood, so any more ideas which he happened to possess on the modern good time were unsaid. But it is a lot in what he did say, now, isn't there?—Hardford Times.

### Humor in New Jersey.

The following note from Camden, says the Philadelphia Record, shows the progress of humor in that interesting New Jersey community:

Camden, N. J., March 13.

Mr. Editor Dear Sir—I thought I would write you what happened here the other day. I went to get up and go to a promenade, and there were a crowd and no to-do about it. Even a picnic now is a state banquet in comparison with the good old times we used to have. These poor, blasé, modern youngsters may be pushing us old fellows to wall a wall with their precocious cleverness, but oh, my, they are missing a lot. Just the same, say, do you remember that little dance—"

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## Timber Land Act June 3, 1878.

### NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Vancouver, Wash., June 2, 1892.  
Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An Act for the Sale of Timber Lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892.

Alexander E. Sparks, of Portland, County of Multnomah, State of Oregon, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 232, for the purchase of the NW 1/4 of Section No. 6 north, Range 1 east, W.M., and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of this office at Vancouver, Wash., on Tuesday, the 22nd day of August, 1892.

He names as witnesses: William F. Stedman, of Trout Lake, Wash.; Edward C. Gurney, of Trout Lake, Wash.; James F. Cox, of Trout Lake, Wash.

Any and all persons claiming adversely to the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 22nd day of August, 1892.

W. R. DUNBAR, Register.

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James A. Byrd, of Goldendale, County of Klickitat, State of Washington, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 230, for the purchase of the NW 1/4 of the NW 1/4 of Section No. 6 north, Range 1 east, W.M., and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of this office at Vancouver, Wash., on Tuesday, the 22nd day of August, 1892.

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Alexander L. Stewart, of Colfax, County of Whitman, State of Washington, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 231, for the purchase of the NW 1/4 of Section No. 2 north, Range 1 east, W.M., and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of this office at Vancouver, Wash., on Tuesday, the 22nd day of August, 1892.

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Any and all persons claiming adversely to the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 22nd day of August, 1892.

W. R. DUNBAR, Register.

## Timber Land Act June 3, 1878.

### NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Vancouver, Wash., June 2, 1892.  
Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An Act for the Sale of Timber Lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892.

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W. R. DUNBAR, Register.

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Leave Astoria	7:00 P. M.
Leave Hood River	7:00 P. M.
Leave Astoria	7:00 P. M.
Leave Portland	7:00 P. M.

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Str. "TAHOMA."  
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Leaves The Dalles, Tues., Thurs., Sat., 7:00 A. M.

Str. "METLAK."  
Leaves Portland, Tues., Thurs., Sat., 7:00 A. M.  
Leaves The Dalles, Mon., Wed., Fri., 7:00 A. M.

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