

HERR STEINHARDT'S NEMESIS

BY J. MACLAREN COBBAN.

CHAPTER XIV—Continued.

I had much ado to keep quiet, but I did manage to hold my tongue. I had my eyes fixed on him, however; as he again turned to go, his eyes encountered mine, and I thought, full before them. In a moment we heard the door slam into a chair. It was all Birley's efforts and mine to calm her. I think I must have become very much engrossed with my own efforts, for when at length Louise sat composed and I turned to Birley, Birley was gone.

"You will not leave me," she said, laying her hand on mine, "till he comes back."

That touch precipitated feeling in me, and the confession which I had not intended should make for some time yet. Considering the highly wrought condition of the nerves of both of us, I do not think it is surprising that we should then have opened our hearts to each other.

"I wish," I said, "that I need never leave you side again."

On an impulse of shyness she tried to withdraw her hand, but kept it and she let it stay.

"Louise," I said, "do you know what that man meant when he accused me of seeking to marry an heiress?"

"Yes," said she, with hanging head (the beautiful head), "I think I do. He said something of the same to me at Blackpool."

"And do you think," I urged, "that if I told that heiress how I loved her, how I had loved her and thought of her from the first moment I had seen her, before I guessed that she might be an heiress—do you think if I said that, it would only be because I expected she would be rich one day?"

"Oh, I do not think that at all!" she said, looking up with a bright, uncertain smile (which was so winning—so ravishing!) "but I am not an heiress."

"You guess, then, it is you I would say this to—that it is you I love and have ever thought of?"

She trembled violently (dear fluttered heart) but I still held her hand.

"I did not understand," she murmured, "until he made me think of it at Blackpool. Then I understood why you had been so very good to me, and I—"

"What, Louise? What, dear?" I urged.

"Then I—I think," she faltered, "I began to—Do not make me say it."

"To love me a little?" I asked.

"Do, do say it."

"Yes," she whispered. Her face was hid against my shoulder, and my arms were about her before she added—"but not little—very much!"

It was some moments before either of us spoke again.

"Do you think," she said at length, "it is right that a time—when we do not yet know anything certain about my dear, dear father?"

"Louise," I answered, "darling, I would, you know, save you the smallest pang of pain. But I think I ought to say at once, dear, that you must give up the hope that you have come to, I know, in secret, that you might after all find your father alive. He does not live, I am sure now—indeed I may say I am good as know where he lies buried, though I must not tell you more at present. All we can hope to do then, darling, is to give him a decent resting place. Then we shall go away out of this terrible region of money grabbing, of horrible toiling and moiling in smoke and steam and poisonous vapors, where the eye cannot rest upon one single spot of nature unadorned—we shall go away to a place where the people are poorer and milder, where we may see clear skies and pure water, and trees and flowers bright and wholesome. Won't that be a welcome change?—and to get away from the constant talk of 'brass'?"

"Oh, yes," she exclaimed, "that will be sweet. Let us go—do let us go as soon as ever all things are settled, and we have done something for our dear uncle Birley! We shall do something for him—shall we not?"

We were thus talking when "dear Uncle Birley" came in. He probably suspected the understanding we had come to, but, like a kind and discreet old gentleman as he is, he said nothing of it.

"Wondered where I've been, have you? Well, had, I've just walked down to my lodgings to tell the old woman she may go to bed, for thou'rt to stay here the rest of this night—the last night but one, very likely, that I shall be here again."

A tear glistened in his eye, and a lump rose into his throat; but, after a momentary pause, he talked on, and these signs of emotion disappeared.

We soon went to bed, but I think no one of the three slept much.

In the course of an intimate talk with Louise which I had that Sunday I learned how near I had been to losing her while she was at Blackpool, where her vigilant duenna had been a hard, faithful old German servant of Steinhardt's. It was only gradually that I got to know all the anxiety, and even terror, of those days of detention and surveillance, but that day I heard to my horror that the poor girl had been wrought upon by Steinhardt's representations of her duty to her father, of the tenderness of refusing to fulfill what (Steinhardt declared) had been his frequently expressed wish, that she should be the point of accepting Frank for a husband, when he and his father were called away, the one home and the other to London.

CHAPTER XV.

As I recall the final episodes of my story so far as they concern the arch villain Steinhardt, I am so affected with a shuddering horror that I scarce write legibly. Yet they have such a fascination that I am drawn to the description of them, to the risk of omitting one or two matters of quieter interest, which are yet vital to my story. These I must pass over. Wednesday and Thursday passed away, and Friday arrived, with here the evening now makes me tremble, as if I saw a crowd of people, and I was a darling experiment we were about to attempt, and so very little would make it ridiculous! I had taken partly to my confidence the big son of the landlady (a staunch Lancashire lad of the old breed). With him I went through the slides of my story several times, and showed him how to manage them with effect.

The evening came and I was almost sinking under excitement. The place of entertainment was that public hall in which Freeman had delivered his famous lecture. The kind of thing was rather new in the village, and there was a crowded attendance of work people, especially of Steinhardt's own.

Steinhardt, with his wife and son, sat right in front, where the reflection from the sheet fell full upon him. When the lights were turned, some out and others low, Freeman and I crept up behind the sheet, where I waited with trembling pulse and sudden creeping chills till the, to me, uninteresting part of the entertainment came to an end. The curate acted as lecturer, and explained with fluency what the views meant, or told something about the places represented. I cannot tell what views and his lecture were finished. There was a moment's pause—to me a wild thro' anxiety—and then the bass voice of the manager of the lanterns boomed forth the announcement: "A Lancashire Mystery." Without another word the first picture came upon the sheet (I crept to its corner to watch Steinhardt). It was two men in an attitude of quarrel, surrounded by colored vapors. The second followed quickly without a word of explanation; the same two men—the one half suffocated, struggling to get out of a vat or bath of vapors, while the other, with mouth muffled, held him down. Still no word of explanation. Rapidly came the third picture—the man one lying dead and the other, a fearful whippers began to stir among the spectators, who were the more impressed no doubt by the silence amid which the pictures appeared. I ventured to peep at Steinhardt; he was gazing fixedly, with parted lips. The fourth picture called forth an instantaneous cry of horror; it was, perhaps, too realistic. The dead body lay stripped and quartered before the living man, who stooped over it. I fancied that at this sight I heard a low moan from the front bench, but on glancing at Steinhardt I saw him sitting as before, as if fixed as much by utter astonishment as by horror. The grotesqueness of the other; the portions of the body lay wrapped in three canvas packages, and the man stood by as if pondering. Quickly came the next; the man digging near a ruined building, with the three packages by him. "The 'owd spinning mill!" some one exclaimed aloud; I had not thought the resemblance was so recognizable. That was almost immediately succeeded by the same view of the mill, with the packages gone, the hole covered in, and the man standing as if pulling a rope which passed over the top of the wall.

"The devil!" exclaimed Steinhardt, starting suddenly to his feet. But he recollected himself, and sat down again. At once the last picture of all flashed upon the sheet; the wall lay flat on the ground, and the man stood by with the lower rope in his hand!

Up started Steinhardt, and strode down the room, amid an ominous silence, to where the big Dick stood by his apparatus.

"Where the devil," I heard him exclaim, "d those horrible pictures come from? They were not among the lot I bought! Come, no d—d nonsense! You must tell me where you got them. Who gave them to you?"

There was now a wild hubbub of talk. Dick, I was sure, had refused to tell him anything about them. In the midst of this the lights flashed forth again, and the people began slowly to disperse, with hushed but earnest speech. Freeman and I slipped out by a side door.

I went straight to Jaques's cottage. There I found Birley. In low, anxious voices we began to discuss what would be (meaning Steinhardt) do now. Louise wished she had been there, and Birley had just said it was as well she had not, when a heavy foot rapidly approached, the latch was noisily raised, the door was dashed open, and Steinhardt stood before us.

"Soh!" he exclaimed, glaring at Birley and me, "I have found you, sneaks and cowards! You think with your foot's tricks and your pictures you will annoy me, and spoil me! Piff! You annoy me, and you are beggars!—you are nothing!—you are beggars!—you are dirt! for making calumnious charges against me!" How in his fury had he committed himself!

"Herr Steinhardt," said I, at once, "the pictures, so far as I heard, were unaccompanied by a single word of comment, except what they drew from the people, and no one could say that the figures represented were likenesses. But your guilty, black heart has charged

you. As it says, I say: "You are the murderer of your partner, Mr. Lacroix, and his remains will now be found securely locked, whence you can't remove them, under that fallen wall!" His jaw dropped, and his great body trembled for a moment, then as with a sudden impulse of fury he made as if he would crunch me with a bearish hug, when Birley came between us.

"Come, Mannel, none of that. As I told you, you're not yet done with law and Lancashire. You'd better go home, or go to our experiments."

"Fool!" he cried, still glaring at me. "What scrap of proof have you of the ridiculous charge you make?"

"For one thing I have proof that Mr. Lacroix, before he went to you at the house, called here to see his old uncle."

"Soh! Has the old idiot found his tongue at last then?"

We were all amazed, Steinhardt as much as any, at the electrical effect of this upon the old man. I had casually noticed throughout the scene that he had eagerly though painfully listened. I was smitten with fright, as if I saw a dead man rise to his feet, when he now rose to his full towering height—a height which I could not have conceived he possessed as he reclined hunched in his chair—and, quivering with excitement, strove to give utterance. This he could not do, but with lightning gesture he pointed with outstretched arm to the door. Steinhardt stood and stared open-eyed, when he made as if he would himself compel him to go.

"Go, Mannel; go, man!" urged Birley, holding the door open.

Steinhardt went without a word, and the old man fell back in his chair—and was soon rigid in death.

Birley remained that night at the cottage. When I left to return to my lodgings I was surprised, even for the moment terrified, to see lights across the stream, hovering about the spot which I knew was the temporary grave of Mr. Lacroix. In the moving lights I presently saw figures; I heard sounds, too—the sounds of a pickaxe.

"They are breaking into the grave!" I exclaimed to myself, and resolved I would go and see.

I hurriedly picked my way round to the place. About the fallen wall—the gigantic tomb-slab of Lacroix, which a drunken pickman, naked to the waist, was hewing at—there stood, in silent, stolid expectation, a crowd of thirty or forty men and lads, with two or three women with shawls over their heads. Many of the men were in the colored garb of the chemical works.

"Pick on that spot where you see the green," I called to the hewer; I had hastily come to the conclusion that since I could not hinder the operations I ought to help.

When I said this they all turned and looked at me.

"You know summat about this, do not you, parson?" asked one.

"Something," said I.

"I'm thinking, Mr. Urwin," said an old man, whom I recognized as the father of the man to whose death bed I had been summoned months before; "I'm thinking this that you've shown tonight in th' pictures is th' same business as my lad raved about."

So my connection with the pictures had been discovered.

In silence the hewer picked the bricks loose, pausing now and then to let a comrade throw the debris aside. Soon a space was cleared, and he began carefully to pick into and loosen the soil. A shovel was brought into requisition, and the earth and rubbish were thrown aside. And the old venting stuff and slowly about, with painful, long-drawn moans, as if it were oppressed with the spirit of the scene.

"I've struck on summat!" exclaimed the hewer, pausing abruptly and speaking in a hurried whisper.

Several hands were now tearing at the soil, and fearfully sounding it.

"I feel a clout," whispered one man, and he began to tug at it.

"Ah," I exclaimed in alarm, "you mustn't disturb them—not tonight, at least!"

"Yea, parson," said the man, "but we mun see which on us it is he's done for like this. There's Jim Riley gone missing, and Job Kershaw."

(To be continued)

WANTED TO CLIMB THE GATE.

Story of Secretary Moody and Naught Boston Woman.

They are telling a story in Washington about the new secretary of the navy. Mr. Moody was riding on one of the Boston surface cars, and was standing on the platform on the side next the gate that protected passengers from cars coming on the other track. A lady—a Boston lady—came to the door of the car, and, as it stopped, started to move toward the gate, which was hidden from her by the man standing before it.

"Other side, please, lady," said the conductor. He was ignored as only a born and bred Bostonian can ignore a man. The lady took another step toward the gate.

"You must get off the other side," said the conductor.

"I wish to get off on this side," came the answer, in tones that congealed the official into momentary silence. Before he could either explain or expostulate, Mr. Moody came to his assistance.

"Stand to one side, gentlemen," he remarked quietly. "The lady wants to climb over the gate."—New York Times.

Spread of Civilization.

The first Tagalog-English and English-Tagalog dictionary has just been completed. It is the work of Dr. Stomple of New York, who worked on the Tagalog grammar before our war with Spain.

EVENTS OF THE DAY

FROM THE FOUR QUARTERS OF THE WORLD.

A Comprehensive Review of the Important Happenings of the Past Week, Presented in a Condensed Form, Which is Most Likely to Prove of Interest to Our Many Readers.

President Roosevelt has sent a message of sympathy to King Edward.

General debate on the Philippine civil government bill has been closed in the house.

The coronation of King Edward has been indefinitely postponed on account of his critical illness.

A Missouri murderer drowned himself to escape being lynched by a mob that was pursuing him.

Lightning struck a Spanish church in which a funeral was being held and as a result 25 people were killed and 35 injured.

Fire again visited Portland and destroyed over \$37,000 worth of property, including 30 head of horses. The insurance was only \$17,000.

Civil government will be established in the island of Mindoro and in the island of Paragua, and will be re-established in Batangas province, Philippine islands, July 4.

Gains in our trade with Asia are greater than anywhere else. Asia and Oceania are now buying from the United States nearly \$125,000,000 worth of goods every year.

The coronation festivities in London are in full swing.

Ten persons were hurt in a collision of two trolley cars in a suburb of Chicago.

The president has vetoed another bill removing the charge of desertion from the record of a soldier.

An attempt was made to hold a conference on the canal bill, but the senate conferees did not appear.

Lord Kitchener has completed his work in South Africa and has sailed from Cape Town for England.

The bill for the amendment of the bankruptcy law, which has been passed by the house, has been shelved by the senate.

Rear Admiral Clarke says he has no intention of retiring in the near future. He expects to command a squadron for some time.

Admiral Dewey will tell the senate just what transpired between him and the Filipino leaders at the outbreak of the Spanish-American war.

Our exports to Africa are greater than those to all South America.

After six weeks, the strike in the anthracite coal fields shows no signs of an early settlement.

President Mitchell, of the Mineworkers' Union, is preparing a statement for the public.

The Fresno, Cal., roundhouse of the Southern Pacific burned, together with 12 locomotives. The loss is estimated to be nearly \$200,000.

Three trains were killed and seven seriously injured in a freight wreck near Fairbury, Neb. Three of the train crew were slightly injured.

The strike situation in the Union Pacific machine shops is becoming serious. The trouble may spread to other branches of the company.

Money has been secured for the building of the Denver & Pacific Railroad. The new line will shorten the time between Denver and Salt Lake by 10 hours.

The United States government has entered into a contract with the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company for the erection of two wireless telegraph stations connecting Fort Gibbon, Alaska, with Bates Rapid, on the Tanana, a distance of 165 miles on an air line.

The coal supply throughout the East is running short.

Fire destroyed the business portion of Rugby, North Dakota.

Packing companies of the country will form a billion dollar trust.

The Vatican has accepted Judge Taft's proposal regarding Philippine friar lands.

People have become tired of the trouble caused in Paterson, N. J., by anarchists and will run them out of town.

The feeling is general in the cabinet that legislation favoring the Panama canal route will be passed by the present session of congress.

No trace can be found of the American teachers who started out for Manila for a day's outing, and it is feared that they have been killed.

A sensation has been caused in Nome by the court finding the United States marshal and a city councilman guilty of fixing juries. They will probably get the limit of the law.

A newly married couple always imagine that they are living on love until the first butcher's bill is handed in.

The steamer Amura, from Alaska, reports that navigation through Lake Barge has now started and all the Yukon is clear.

Whenever President Roosevelt goes riding he carries with him a loaded pistol, which he knows well how to use should occasion demand.

ATTACKED BY BOLOMEN.

Moros of Mindanao Are Up to More Mischief—Two Soldiers Seriously Hurt.

Manila, June 26.—Five soldiers of the Twenty-seventh Infantry, forming the advance guard which was escorting a wagon train half a mile from Camp Vicars, Island of Mindanao, were attacked today by 10 bolomen. One soldier had an arm badly cut, and another was seriously wounded in the head. The Moros captured a rifle and escaped uninjured. The Badjaling Moros say the attackers were Moros from Bacolod, who went on the war-path in the morning for the avowed purpose of killing negligent Americans. The first and second squadron brigades have been consolidated.

Lieutenant Colonel Frank D. Baldwin, from the Island of Mindanao, reports that the Moros have held a big conference at Bacolod. The Sultan urged a policy of friendship with the Americans, but two of the dattos said they would die first. Others declared that if the two dattos caused war they would not assist them.

Three towns in the western part of the island are inclined to be unfriendly. Colonel Baldwin hopes to win them over to peace.

WOULD SELL PHILIPPINES.

General Burt Suggests Turning Them Over to the Japanese.

San Francisco, June 26.—General A. S. Burt, retired, who has recently returned from the Philippines, has a plan for the solution of the Philippine problem. He believes he has arrived at a conclusion that will ultimately be accepted by the administration and the public at large as the only solution.

"Turn them over to the Japanese," said the general. "Let them have them on the installment plan for the consideration of, say, \$150,000,000. Our government does not need the money in a lump sum, and by making a proposition of that kind we can dictate as to coaling stations and make such reserves as are thought to be best for trade interests. An arrangement of that kind can be effected that will give the United States as broad a road into the markets of the Orient as if we retained the islands; besides, we will be making strong allies of two nations that will represent our interests on that side of the globe without the necessity of the presence of a large army at an enormous expense."

TROLLEY CAR AFIRE.

Motorman and Five Passengers Seriously Burned.

New York, June 26.—While running at a high rate of speed a Myrtle avenue trolley car, in Brooklyn, took fire, burning the motorman and five passengers, one probably fatally. Other passengers were badly injured by jumping to escape the flames, which swept the full length of the car, being carried by the wind.

The car was making a return trip to the Brooklyn bridge from the Ridgeway picnic park. It was loaded to the utmost limit, the conductor's register showing 110 passengers, when there was a report that was heard three blocks in all directions, and which almost lifted the car from the track. A fuse had burned out, and a flame caught the woodwork and also burst through the motor box. This flame was carried up over the front dash board, and being caught by the draft caused by the speed of the car, swept back, burning all who were unable to throw themselves into the street. The motorman, although much injured, stuck bravely to his post.

NO KINDNESS TO CHINA.

Appeal for Scaling Down Indemnity Not Welcome.

London, June 25.—The Peking correspondent of the Times, commenting on the question whether the payment of the Chinese indemnity to the foreign powers should be made in gold or silver, says the American interpretation of the protocol meets with no approval from the other governments concerned and that a reconsideration would show the United States that no service is done to China by listening to her appeal. The mandarins, goes on the correspondent, welcome the indemnity as a means of squeezing the people, while placing the odium thereof on the foreigners.

The Times' correspondent says that Russia has withdrawn from the foreign government of Tien Tsin, and that General Nooka, her representative, has started for home, refusing to be a party to the imposition upon China of the new conditions drawn up by the allied commanders.

Spaulding Will Retire.

Washington, June 26.—General O. L. Spaulding, first assistant secretary of the treasury, has definitely notified Secretary Shaw that he is to retire. He probably will not again exercise the functions of an assistant secretary.

Interstate Line.

Honolulu, June 17, via a Francisco, June 26.—The wireless telegraph system is about to be opened between Honolulu and the islands of Maui and Hawaii, and recent tests indicate that the system will work very well.

Colorado Forest Fires.

Salida, Colo., June 26.—A forest fire which has been raging for about a week near Chipeta mountain now threatens the mining camp of Marshall, 20 miles west of here. The high winds have increased the fire, and, shifting about, are now driving them directly toward Marshall. The people are moving out, as there is no way to stop the fire or to protect the town. Mrs. Gimla, the postmistress, telegraphed the governor this evening the details so far as known.

NEWS OF THE STATE

ITEMS OF INTEREST FROM ALL PARTS OF OREGON.

Commercial and Financial Happenings of Importance—A Brief Review of the Growth and Improvements of the Many Industries Throughout Our Thriving Commonwealth—Latest Market Report.

The highest contract price so far at Salem for hops is 14 cents per pound.

The Pacific college at Newberg graduated 26 students from the academic course this year.

The old wooden bridge at Medford across Bear creek is to be replaced at once by a steel structure.

The recruiting office at Salem for the United States navy has been closed. Twenty-three young men enlisted.

Work on the coal prospects near Medford has been temporarily suspended awaiting the report of an assayer.

There is a good demand for timber claims in Columbia county. Lumber companies are buying all that can be had.

The Willamette Pulp & Paper Company of Oregon City is erecting a small saw mill on Grays river to facilitate in getting out pulp logs.

Never in the history of fruit raising in Southern Oregon have the prospects for an enormous crop of all kinds of fruit been brighter than at the present time.

The commencement exercises at the Mt. Angel college were unusually pretentious this year, the program lasting three days. A large number of students were graduated.

The grain warehouse near the Southern Pacific depot at Corvallis was destroyed by fire, together with 12,000 bushels of wheat and 2,000 bushels of oats. The loss is estimated at \$13,000; insurance \$3,500.

The employees of the Portland City & Oregon Railway, operating the electric line between Portland and Oregon City, have gone on strike because the company refuses to discharge its superintendent and dispatcher. Only one car carrying mail is being operated.

The meeting of the State Teachers' Association at Eugene June 25-28 promises to be well attended.

The Sherman county W. C. T. U. completed its 14th annual convention at Moro Saturday. A successful meeting was held.

An interesting session of the Fifth district of the Knights of Pythias was held in Salem last week. About 100 delegates were in attendance.

The retail clerks of Salem have formed an association. The purpose of the organization is to secure for all clerks uniform hours of labor.

The explosion of a barrel of alcohol at the Pacific Coast Biscuit Company's factory, Portland, caused the death of one person and the injury of three.

Another rich strike has been made in the Golconda mine, Eastern Oregon. The vein is not a large one, but the assay value of the ore runs from \$50,000 to \$100,000 per ton.

Wallawa county sheepmen are very prosperous as the result of the wonderful clip of wool and the good price received. It is estimated that there are 250,000 sheep in the county.

PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Walla Walla, 66c; bluestem, 67@68c; valley, 66½@67c. Barley—Feed, \$22; brewing, \$23 per ton.

Flour—Best grades, \$3.05@3.60 per barrel; Graham, \$2.50@2.80.

Milletstuffs—Bran, \$15@16 per ton; middlings, \$19@20; shorts, \$17@18; chop, \$16.

Oats—No. 1 white, \$1.20@1.35; gray, \$1.15@1.25.

Hay—Timothy, \$12@15; clover, \$7.50@10; Oregon wild hay, \$5@6 per ton.

Potatoes—Best Burbanks, 60c per cental; ordinary, 40c per cental; growers prices; sweets, \$2.25@2.50 per cental; new potatoes, 1¼@1½c.

Butter—Creamery, 17½@18c; dairy 14@16c; store, 13@15c.

Eggs—18@19c for Oregon. Cheese—Full cream, twins, 12½@13c; Young America, 13½@14c; factory prices, 1¢@1¼c less.

Poultry—Chickens, mixed, \$3.00@4.50; hens, \$4.00@5.00 per dozen, 11@11½c per pound; springs, 11@11½c per pound, \$2.00@4.00 per dozen; turkeys, live, 13@14c, dressed, 15@16c per pound; geese, \$6.00@7.00 per dozen.

Mutton—Gross, 4½c per pound; sheared, 3¾c; dressed, 7½c per pound.

Hogs—Gross, 6½c; dressed, 7@7½c per pound.

Veal