

HERR STEINHARDT'S NEMESIS

BY J. MACLAREN COBBAN.

CHAPTER IX—Continued.

"Oh," said she in a terrified voice, "Mr. Steinhardt looked terrible! He asked me if I had written telling some one to ask such questions. I answered at once, 'No; but Mr. Unwin has.' I wish I had not said that; for he said at once, 'Oh; Unwin; I'll make short work of him.' So, please! do be careful! I could see in his eyes how cruel he might be. I said, 'Surely there is no harm in trying to find out what has become of my poor father?' 'Oh,' said he, 'no harm at all—none at all,' and went away."

I could not but regret this very much. It was, therefore, with some anxiety that I received and accepted an invitation to an interview—I had almost said, a collision—with Steinhardt that evening at seven o'clock in the laboratory of the Chemical Works. I had never yet been within the mysterious, tainted precincts, and it was with something of a shudder that I asked myself why he should have invited me to call upon him there, and at an hour when probably there would be no one in the place except himself and the watchman. I went, however, with the sternest courage I could summon.

I cannot describe the laboratory, for I clearly saw only Steinhardt, red as a Mephistopheles; all else was a jumble of retorts, taps, tubes of raw color and what not. He was very civil.

"I asked you to come and see me here, Mr. Unwin," he began, "because I am watching an experiment which I cannot leave, and I wanted to see you at once. You have not taken my word for it that Miss Lacroix is not for you; you have been seeing her at times and places when you should not." He paused and looked at me, as if expecting me to say something. I was silent, and he went on, "Miss Lacroix is not a girl to be the wife of a clergyman who has his way to make; she is beautiful, I know, but she has no money—nothing to speak of. Your time here will be up in another week or so; you have been trying to get a place near here, but you cannot; it will not do to stay about in this neighborhood. I will help you to get a good place in the south—a living of your own—I know where I can, and you must go away tomorrow. There is a cheque I have written for your quarter's salary."

"I am sorry, Mr. Steinhardt," said I, "I cannot go away tomorrow; and I cannot promise to leave the neighborhood."

"Oh; you cannot. Think again; if you do not go, I must send away my family."

"My mind is quite made up," said I. "It is? Very well." He rose, as if to end the interview, and I rose also. You had better take the cheque," said he, pushing it toward me; "it is almost due, and I shall not want to see you again."

I took it, and was going. Involuntarily I glanced about for any vat or vessel which I could think of as that which had figured in Dick's confession. He seemed to notice my curious glances.

"You have never been in here before," said he. "That is the most interesting place"—pointing to a small door—"would you like to look in? I call it the Experiment Bath."

I said I would; and my heart beat wildly. "You must let me tie up your mouth and nose then," he said, taking some kind of muffer from a drawer.

I wondered whether this were the place, and whether he was going to show it me out of bravado, or whether he was quite unconscious of my suspicion. I determined to go through with it. I was muffled, and he muffled himself. He opened the door; and I saw a small chamber, filled with purplish vapor, in which a gas jet burned dully, and with an unwonted tint.

"Enter," said he. I entered, and he followed. "This," said he, raising a lid by some arrangement, "is my experiment."

Vapor rose more densely from the vessel, whose outlines I could not discern. I felt stifled; I gasped for breath. I tugged at the muffer; I could not help it. I reeled; I felt his hand on me—whether to snatch or to push me I cannot now say—but I thought then the former; with a violent effort I recovered myself and turned at once to look at him, and saw—great heavens!—the very counterpart on the wall behind him of that shadow with head and hands outstretched, which Dick's delirious figure had cast, only vaguer, because of the vapor!

"What! Again!" I involuntarily cried, and dashed from the chamber. I had to sit down to recover myself. I trembled violently. I thought, when he undid his muffer, he looked paler, and more open-eyed. Did he suspect now my suspicion?

"It is very risky, you see," he said, calmly enough, but with a very keen look, that longed, no doubt, to read me, "very risky to enter my bath!"

I said not a word, but after a moment or two rose with a "Good-night," and went out into the air.

Had he intended to suffocate me? Thinking calmly of the adventure now I do not think so. I think the danger I escaped was altogether owing to my own rashness and folly.

CHAPTER X.

I was scarcely surprised when next day I received a hurried note from Louise. They were all going away at once, she said—all except Mr. Stein-

hardt. He had come home late, and told them they must pack that night, to be ready to set off in the morning—to the seaside somewhere—where she did not know yet, but she would write to me as soon as she had an address to give, so that I might send her any news. How I treasured that little note! It was the first bit of writing I had had from her; and I read it again and again that day, and for many days, and tried to conjure a hidden meaning, a lurking touch of tenderness or concern out of its ordinary words. A strange feeling of being alone, and forsaken, seized me—a foolish feeling, which I could not shake off for some days.

I looked in upon old Jacques, as usual. He had been recovering himself since I had seen him first; at least, regaining a consciousness of his own existence, and of the existence of things about him. I thought that day I could see something in his eyes and in the twitching of his mouth, which told that he missed the presence of his niece. He gazed at me long and keenly, till I felt rather disconcerted, looked down at his hands (the fingers of the right hand trembled a little), and uttered some guttural sounds, as if in an effort to articulate. I talked to him a little, though I was not sure he could hear me; or, hearing, could understand; I told him his niece had gone away to the seaside; I hoped it would do her good, for she had been in a very anxious state of mind since her father's loss. It gave myself some relief to speak these things. When I rose to go away, he looked me shrewdly up and down, and watched me to the door. A week or two passed before I saw him again.

My time was taken up with attempts to provide a post for myself against the day when I should leave that at Timperley. Under ordinary circumstances I would have taken the opportunity of the season of the year, and such a juncture in my affairs, to spend a holiday among my friends; but I was now convinced the mystery I was pledged to clear up was in Timperley, and I was resolved to sit down and besiege it there—the more obstinately resolved, since I knew Steinhardt so heartily wished me away.

I wrote letters; I made journeys to this vicar and that rector in the neighborhood, who then needed, or soon would need, a curate, with the same result in all cases. I would not do; I was not just the kind of man they wanted; they were not sure that my opinions were quite as they would wish the opinions of their curate to be. It became plain to me that I was to be "boycotted"—the word had been passed round, apparently—and by whom, if not by Steinhardt?

Again and again I tried, though with little hope now, to find a curacy even in the neighboring large town; but nothing came of my efforts except disappointment, and weariness, and disgust. My time was up in Timperley, but I still retained my lodgings there (they were cheap and comfortable); I held them like an outwork advanced against the enemy's position. The situation was, indeed, becoming like a duel between Steinhardt and me, in which, for the time, he certainly had the best of it.

My anxiety was not lessened by the fact that in the three weeks which had passed I had not heard a word from Louise, and did not know what had happened to her, or even where she was. I finally went to the girl whom I had seen Frank with, and from her I found out that he had written from an address (which she gave me) in Douglas in the Isle of Man. At the end of another week, not having received any reply to a note I had written to Louise, I confess I was tempted with weak thoughts of giving the whole matter up, of surrendering my position to Steinhardt, and going away. I was earning no money, and my quarter's stipend of 22 pounds 10 shillings was rapidly disappearing. What could I do, when it was all gone, but surrender? I am not ashamed to confess that, oftener than once, I was betrayed into an unmanly prostration of disappointment—of despair, I may even say—and grief. But remember that I was desperately in love (I suppose a clergyman may be as desperately in love as another man) with a young lady, who might be dead, or dying, or married, for aught I knew; that I was sojourning, so to say, in a strange land, whose chief was bitterly hostile to me; that the affair upon which I had staked my success in love had not advanced an inch during those long and lonely weeks.

I do verily believe that, in spite of the conviction which usually sustained me of the final revelation of the truth—in spite, too, of the obstinacy of my nature, and the high reward of success which I had hoped to gain, I would, indeed, have soon beat a retreat, if it had not been for a visit I had from my old friend Birley, and the results that immediately followed upon that.

One evening I heard a loud, cheery voice there was no mistaking ask my landlady, "Is th' parson at whoan, Betty?"—a question which I answered myself by calling, "Come upstairs."

"Well," said he, "you haven't come to see me since I've come back" (he had been ill, and absent from home for some weeks) "so I ha' looked you up."

I said I was very pleased indeed to see him (he looked much older and grayer than when I had seen him last, poor old gentleman).

"Now I've come," he continued, "to ha' a bit of serious talk with you, my

friend. You know I wish you well, lad, and that I'd do all for you that a broken old chap can do; but there's no sense, the knows, and no policy in sticking here wi' nought to do—not even courting. You love a lass, and, of course, naturally, hang about her; but, deuce take it, lad, what do you expect to get by hanging about the place when she's miles and miles away? Is it that the ground whereon her gentle feet have trod—eh? Come now, lad, let's talk the thing out; we can't ha' the folk about here that used to think so much of you getting to look at you as a sort o' harmless lunatic."

"There is at least one person in the village," said I, somewhat nettled, "that does not believe me harmless, whether he thinks me a lunatic or not."

"Well," said he, "you munna be offended at my saying that." "No, certainly," said I. "If there is one man who could never offend me, it is you, Mr. Birley. But, when I think of it, I am not surprised that people should begin to look upon me as a maniac, since nobody but myself knows altogether what I keep staying here for."

"Ah, well, of course," said he, looking mystified, "but talking on at a venture, according to his wont, 'you know your own affairs best—but you think nobody else knows' this altogether. Well, I daresay—"

"I daresay," said I, interrupting him, "I am a monomaniac." The impulse seized me to take him into my confidence; I felt it would relieve and cheer me to talk to him about the matters that occupied my thought so much; he must know them sooner or later, and, by knowing them at that juncture he might give me a useful hint. "Perhaps," said I, "you will think me mad if I tell you what really keeps me here. It is not, as you imagine, that I am in love with your ward, or with the ground she has walked on; I don't deny that I am in that condition—but it is not that keeps me here. I wish to tell you what it is, but you must promise me to keep it locked up in yourself."

"Nay, lad, if it's some very private affair of your own, do not tell me."

"But," said I, "it is no private affair of my own; indeed, it concerns you at least quite as much as me; and I think, perhaps, you might help me a little on it."

I then related my story, point by point, not even omitting mention of Louise's repeated dream, or of my own recent adventure in the chemical works. The effect my story had on him caused me great anxiety. Being, by nature, more of a talker than a listener, he could not refrain, at first, from breaking in now and then with a "To be sure," a "Just so," or an "Ah, yes—there you are;" but as the point of the story took hold of him, his talking instinct took vent in occasional grunts, while he became paler and paler, and more and more moved. He did not for a moment doubt that my suspicions pointed to the truth; he adopted them at once, and was enraged that he had not formed them for himself before.

"Stupid old idiot," he exclaimed, "that I was, not to ha' guessed afore that 'Mannel would stick at nothing to get Paul eaten completely up! And Paul was a hot temper, and, if he had words wi' 'Mannel, there would be th' devil to settle! And, of course, Paul was likely to come home unexpected, to catch 'Mannel on th' hop, so to say, wi' that confounded patent again! Lord, Lord! if I had only thought of all that a year ago, it might ha' been easier to clean it up! Well, now, what can we do—eh? what can we do?"

I answered that I had been striving for weeks to discover what next to do—but I had not yet discovered it. I was anxious, too, now, I said, about Louise.

"Oh," said he, "I expect she's all right with my sister, in th' Isle of Man."

"I think," said I, "it's rash ever to expect that anything is altogether right that Steinhardt is concerned in."

"True for you, lad," said he. "Besides," I continued, "she promised to write to me, and she has not written; a week or more ago, when I found out the Douglas address, I wrote and asked her to send me only a line to allay my anxiety—but I have had none."

He looked very grave.

(To be continued.)

For Her Special Benefit.

Lady Butler is probably the only English artist for whose sole benefit a cavalry charge was ordered. When she was painting her stirring picture, "Scotland Forever," she one day expressed a regret that she had never seen a body of cavalry in the act of charging, with the result that a general in whose hearing she had spoken, arranged that a charge should take place for her special benefit.—*Cassell's Magazine.*

Hobbies.

Men who ride hobbies would not be nearly so objectionable if they did not want all the road to themselves.—*Town and Country.* Canada has a group of young sculptors of whom much is expected. One of them, Hamilton McCarthy, of Ottawa, is making the bronze statue which the government of Nova Scotia will erect in Halifax to commemorate the services of Nova Scotians in the South African war.

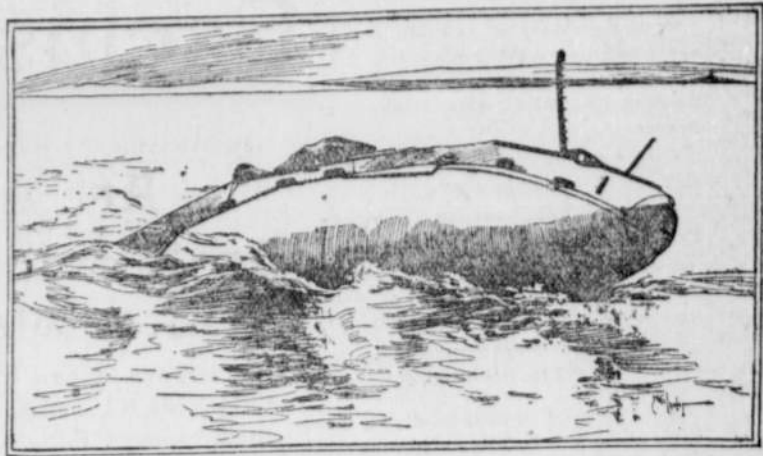
Chickens' Tails Twelve Feet Long.

A new breed of chickens just received in New York from China have tails 12 feet long. They are kept in cages, and when they are taken out for exercise an attendant goes along to hold up the feathers. The hens lay 30 eggs a year, which are hatched by other hens.

Lawyerless Counties in Texas.

There are 40 counties in Texas which have to seek legal advice outside their limits, as they have not a single attorney of their own.

OUT OF THE DEPTHS.



The illustration is a reproduction of a photograph of the first British submarine boat coming to the top of the water after its inaugural trip. The boat is patterned somewhat after the Holland submarine boat. For more than a year the British government has been experimenting secretly with submarine craft, having been stirred to this action by the success of the French submarine boats, Gustav Zede, Gymnote and Narval and our own Holland boats. No one knows what the Admiralty has accomplished, but it is certain that soon the world's greatest navy will be greatly re-enforced by vessels of the new type.

THE LATE SOL SMITH RUSSELL.

Quaint Actor Whose Plays Were Pure and His Work Artistic.

The stage has lost one of its noblest characters and most charming players by the death of Sol Smith Russell. He possessed rare talent and there was a peculiarity in his style which was distinctively his own. Simplicity and gentleness were the qualities he delighted in portraying and none would suspect that his quaintness of manner was anything but natural. So diligently had he cultivated it, his extremely artistic style had all the appearance of naturalness. He could move to laughter or to tears with equal facility by the humor



of S. S. RUSSELL, or the pathos of his work and from thousands of minds the delightful memory of his impersonations can never be erased.

Sol Smith Russell was born at Brunswick, Me., in 1848, and was a mere child when his parents went to St. Louis. From there, when the war broke out, he went to the front as a drummer boy. He left the army in 1864 to play the drum in a theater at Cairo, Ill., and thence he went on the stage, singing, delivering monologues and playing on various instruments. Low comedy parts were then not unsuited to his taste. He appeared with the Berger Company of bell ringers and later got into one of Augustin Daly's companies. His career as a star began in "Edge-wood Folks" in 1880, in which he appeared 1,500 times and laid the foundation of enduring success. Other plays followed, but it was not until he appeared in "A Poor Relation" that he again made a great hit. "Peaceful Valley" and "April Weather," as well as in "An American" and "A Bachelor's Romance," subsequent plays, he amused his old friends throughout the country. Everywhere he went he was received by an admiring public which recognized him as an artist, save in New York. There he was never able to make a favorable impression. But he needed not that city's indorsement to achieve success and his estate of more than \$2,000,000 is evidence that metropolitan approval is not absolutely necessary for an actor's welfare. Much of this money was gained by successful speculation in real estate, but the receipts of his performances were the basis of his fortune.

Since 1889 he had been unable to act. His memory failed him while engaged in a performance at Chicago and he was unable to go on with his part. Since then he had lived quietly at Washington, where he died. With him were his wife, who was a daughter of William T. Adams (Oliver Optic), and his daughter, Miss L. Alice Russell. He leaves another child—a son, Robert E. Russell, of Minneapolis.

DIVORCE IN TURKEY.

Nothing Could Be Easier—Some Recent Humorous Cases.

Divorce is very easy in Turkey, and does not require a judge and jury to settle matters, says the London Daily Telegraph. All that is necessary is for the injured party to say, "I divorce you," three times, and the deed is done. The husband has to make the wife a proper allowance, and all is over. Two cases have recently occurred which are rather amusing. A certain Turkish gentleman is a keen amateur gardener, and his garden contains at all seasons a brilliant show of flowers, to which he devotes most of his time rather to the disgust of his wife, who is never allowed to cut them. Recently his chrysanthemums were in the height of their glory when a tremendous downpour of rain came on. This threatened to destroy the magnificent blooms, many of which were equal in size to the best results attained in England. Seeing the danger, the gentleman called all his servants and set to work to carry the pots into the house and arrange them up both sides of the staircase. When they had finished the lady suddenly appeared and fell into violent rage, declaring that her husband thought more of his flowers than of her by bringing earth into the house. Nothing would appease her; she said he was defiling her house by bringing dirt in, and she would divorce him. She sent for her sister to come and be a witness of the di-

vorice, and setting to work with her women bundled all the flowers out again. When the sister arrived, however, matters were settled up, and the divorce did not take place.

On another occasion the same lady sent her small boy down to breakfast in a pink shirt and a green tie. The father was shocked at this barbarous combination, and made a remark to the English governess, who sent the child back to change his tie. But down came the lady of the house in a furious rage, saying she knew how to dress the child; that pink shirt and a green tie was the best of taste, and she would not be beaten to be insulted by his giving preference to the opinions of an English girl. Again she threatened to divorce, but again it fell through, as the husband could not find the \$3,000 he would have had to pay her, until her wrath cooled down.

OTHER COMBINED AGES ARE 343 YEARS

The Bastian family of Galena, Ill., is remarkable for its longevity. The combined age of the four brothers, John, Stephen, Thomas and Henry Bastian, is now 343 years, being 93, 90, 83 and 77 years respectively. There are two sisters living here also, Mrs. Jane Trevarthan, who is 85 years old, and Mrs.



THE BASTIAN BROTHERS.

Philippa Fiddick, who is 80, making the combined age of the four brothers and two sisters 508 years. The parents lived to an advanced age and died in Crowan, Cornwall, England, where the children now living were born. The six children are all in fairly good health, are prosperous and live within a radius of two miles. They are all members of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

GENOESE MILK PEDDLER.



The always meek and serviceable burro, which is invaluable as a pack animal in mountainous regions, it put to good use in certain parts of Italy, where he is employed to good advantage by the milkmen. The picture shows a Genoise milkman, whose burro is laden with a basket containing the lactical fluid of trade. The burro is naturally a slow-moving "critter," and it is evident that the dealer with a large patronage is obliged to get up pretty early in the morning in order to make his deliveries before breakfast.

Repaid with Interest.

Both were well dressed, prosperous-looking, and apparently at peace with all the world as they rode to business in a train the other day. The carriage was full, and as it slowed up at approaching a station one of the men rose and, with an informal "Good-morning" to his companion, started for the door. "Just a minute, Tom!" called the first. And as Tom returned he leaned forward and whispered, "How far would you have been if I hadn't called you?"

But the laugh wasn't against Tom that time, for, as he straightened up with a dignified air and again made for the door, he replied, in a voice clearly audible at the far end of the open third-class carriage:

"Sorry, old fellow; but I can't spare it. And, besides, you know, you haven't paid me the last five you borrowed yet."

The snigger that went round the carriage was too much for Tom's friend, and he finished his journey in another compartment.

The farmer can give you spades—even if he has no cards to hand out.

Who Could Beat you have? It ought to be a face. Jack—I seldom miss ity.—Princeton Tiger.

One Way of Bachelor—So you're supposed your wife was a of trouble? Benedick—Well, she's the trouble that comes the day so that she can't with it when I come to Philadelphia Record.

Not the Only "Yes, Mr. Swift brought country for a rest. he has been doing his work."

"Brain work! Why, he was a brain worker."

"Sure, I remember every cured the night before. News.

Extreme Great Employer—Mr. Slack, to have an increase in my Employe—Would it would.

Employer—Well, let then, that unless you get earlier and work a great you'll never get it in the cage News.

Forced

The Terrible Calamity Fall in a Large Cloth

A. E. Nathan & Co., of Philadelphia, with an establishment of over 20 years for the highest grades of men's dress clothing, shows that they were forced to close their doors, just at the time when they were about to be indebted to their customers.

Not being able to find any more stock at this time, they were compelled to make a sale of their goods, and to save their good names, and as the best place for the goods, they were sold at a price 50% cheaper than the market.

Their immense stock of men's, boys' and children's clothing, and furnishings, were moved into the large store at 107 First Street, Bet. Washington and Oregon.

where this magnificent sale is held at retail for 33% PER CENT. MANUFACTURER'S FOR TEN DAYS.

This is a tremendous sale, and you cannot afford to miss it. A great reduction in the price of goods and prices.

Don't Miss This Rare Sale of getting the biggest bargain in furnishings, etc., ever offered in Philadelphia, as you are able to get a chance like this low we quote a few prices: Tremendous reduction in the price of the following, and remember that all in this advertisement can be had any time during the sale. A fine suit of Men's Clothes to match.

This suit, positively worth \$15, is now sold at \$10. Men's Fine Suits and Overcoats, in all the latest styles, and in all the finest materials, at 50% off. Positively worth \$15 or \$20, but now sold at \$7.50 or \$10. Silk and Satin-lined Overcoats, in plain, check and striped colorings, at 50% off. Men's extra fine Dress Suits, in all the latest styles, heavy silk and satin, at 50% off. The finest \$40 tailors' garments for \$20. Don't fail to ask to see the Men's finest Waterproof Overcoat, worth \$25 to \$35. Don't fail to see them.

Men's Fine Dress Suits, worth \$35, or your money refunded. Men's finest Suits and Overcoats, worth \$5, \$8 and \$10. Boys' Suits and Overcoats, worth \$4.50. Thousands of Children's Suits from 1,000 pairs of Boys' Knee Pants, worth \$1. Men's best quality Undershirts, worth \$1.50. Fine Dress Shirts, worth \$1.50. Men's fine Silk Embroidered undershirts, worth \$1.50. Over 5,000 Neckties in all colors, worth from \$1 to \$1.50. Men's Handkerchiefs, worth \$1.50. Mackintoshes, and all other goods at your own price, 50% off. Numerous to mention.

Men's Fine Underwear, worth \$1, at 50% off. SHOES. Men's Velour Calif. worth \$4, at 50% off. Men's Canvas and Kangaroo Shoes, worth \$4.50, at 50% off. Men's finest Welts in the Calif., regular \$2.00 shoes. Boys' and Youths' Kangaroo Shoes, worth \$2.50, at 50% off. Little Gents' Nobby Shoes, worth \$2, at 50% off. These are all up-to-date goods. Do not come to this sale unless you are ready to buy. Closing-out sales, etc.

This is a Legitimate Sale. We must raise the money to satisfy our creditors, and no goods sold, and no return of building until!

WEDNESDAY, MAY 11, At 9:00 A. M. SALE POSITIVELY EVERY DAY NIGHT, MAY 11.

A. E. Nathan & Co. 107 First Street Between Washington and PORTLAND, OREGON.

Mail orders carefully filled, fare paid on all purchases over.

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