

HERR STEINHARDT'S NEMESIS

BY J. MACLAREN COBBAN.

CHAPTER VI—Continued.

I took this as a dismissal, and was going. "Unwin, bid, lad," said Birley. "I want you to be witness of what I have to say: I may as well say it now; it's been bound to come for a long while. You see that man there—that foreigner—that German—that grinds our Lancashire folk small under his great clumsy boot, and that threatens now to ruin me—that's what he means by saying 'I'll repeat this—I took him into my office when he was a raw lad, with no recommendation but that he was willing to work; I gave him a better place in my print works; I was his friend; I treated him like a brother.' The dear old man's voice well nigh broke; it was not pleasant to see the unrelenting, uncompromising malignity with which Steinhardt listened—"I gave him money to get him a partnership with Paul—" "Which I paid back," interrupted Steinhardt. "Ay, lad," said Birley, "you paid me back more than that; you paid me back for all I did in your own way—you took my print works from me—" "Your own mad extravagance did that—" "You set my friend Paul against me," continued Birley, waving away his interruption; "you've got my other shop now almost into your hands—" "Your bad management has done that—" "You've done with Paul's money as if it were your own; and you've proposed to me that I should agree to you taking that 20,000 pounds of the lawsuit from his girl's fortune." "Soh!" growled Steinhardt, becoming more German in his rage. "It is now done! There is an end! We are no more to each other!" "I know that, 'Mannuel, my lad. And you're glad of it, and so, I think, am I. And now you may finish me off—but you shall not beggar the orphan girl. Now my say is done. You're very proud tonight of having deceived an English court of law; but don't you holla so loud till you're out of the wood; you haven't done yet with law nor with Lancashire."

CHAPTER VII. Next evening I went to Freeman's, who was going away for his holiday the second morning after. I wished to remind Freeman of his promise to make inquiries in London concerning Mr. Lacroix, and especially to underline certain places for inquiry. The reader will understand why I advised Mr. Freeman to institute careful inquiry at the stations of the great railway lines that run northward from London—most careful inquiry at the station of the Great Northern Railway; but Mr. Freeman did not readily understand why I should urge these points. "Come," said he, looking at me

poor as to give such help as he could to my friend Freeman in his attempt to find out whether that were so or not. It was very late next morning on returning along the Lacroix Lane from the little station to which I had accompanied Freeman and his wife that I met Louise near the pond again. She came toward me at once with a look of premeditation. "I have been looking for you," said she. (How sweet those words sounded.) "I knew you were gone to the station. I have something I wish to say;—will you come with me into Uncle Jacques's cottage?—we shall be there safe from being watched." What suspicion, I wondered, prompted that? I entered the little octagonal building for the first time, and was immediately in the presence of the old paralytic, who sat huddled and wrapped in blankets in a great arm chair, with his lifeless hands lying limp in his lap. It was with a strange feeling of pity, and something like awe, that I looked upon this feeble, almost lifeless, remnant of a famous historic family, spending the last flickers of his existence in a humble cottage in a foreign land. A single flash of fancy was enough to show me behind him a long line of warriors, statesmen, courtiers, and priests of the old French regime, from which stood out near the end the figure of the white haired old soldier of the Bastille falling slaughtered amid the Paris mob—and that the glory, and honor, and courage of the past shrouded in this and here? Was it not sufficient to fill the heart with an unutterable sadness and despair of life? His eyes were bright, but there seemed to be no speculation in them; his toothless gums mumbled, but no sound was uttered. "He cannot speak a word," said Louise to me; "and I do not think he can quite hear now," but for all that she spoke in a low voice. "He looks better, though, since the summer here, poor Uncle Jacques. The old man who looks after him is gone out, so we may talk as if there were no one here." She threw off her hat and jacket, for the air of the room was very close; a small fire burned in the grate. I felt impelled to sit so that I could observe the old man without turning, for his appearance fascinated me. "I want to go away, Mr. Unwin," she began at once in a low tone of intense feeling, "out of this terrible place, away from the despot, Mr. Steinhardt; I want to go and find out what has become of my poor father, and I want you to help me to go, if you will be so good." "Has Mr. Steinhardt, then," I asked, "been saying or doing something to you?" "Oh, yes, indeed! Yesterday, you know, I saw Mr. Birley, and he said very sadly, almost with tears, that he must not come to see me any more. I asked him why—and then it all came out: he told me you then it all—how grateful, how he has missed me. His name, he said, would appear any day now in the Gazette. In the evening, then, I told Mr. Steinhardt that I wanted some of my money, or of my father's money, to help Mr. Birley. He laughed and said I had no money, and that little of my father's was left could not be touched till his death was proved. I then, I think, was angry and called him ingrate; and he about angry, in his way, and rude. He called me a rude, ingrate girl. He said I thought of men before they asked me (I don't know at all what he meant). He told me I must make up my mind to marry Frank, as he wished and as my father had wished, or I should not stay long in his house. I said, my father would have never wished me to marry anyone without his consent. He answered, that was of no consequence; he was now in my father's place, and I left him and went to my room, and, thinking it over, it came to me how he must have disliked my poor father, if he could speak to me so, and how he, perhaps, did not much wish to have father's death cleared up. Then I thought that it was likely he had not taken much trouble to inquire about him in London—all that, you see, was in his hands. But now I will go to London myself, away from his rudeness, and find out the whole matter for myself—if you will help me." (To be continued.)



Children's Corner

Throwing the Lariat. A good rawhide lariat costs from \$8 to \$25, and is therefore rather too expensive for the average boy, but even if it were within his reach it would be of little use to him, for the regulation lasso is from forty to fifty feet long, and far too heavy for a beginner to handle. There is perhaps no possession of the cowboys more subject to variation than his lasso; what is exactly suited to one seems altogether unfitting for another, and without his own particular style of rope a man loses half his efficiency. I shall, therefore, in this article, suggest several styles of rope and each boy must select the one which seems best adapted to him. Ordinary clothesline does not make a good lasso. It is rough and raw and frays too easily. If, however, clothesline is experimented with, use the slip noose shown in figure 1, or better, splice the rope back as shown in figure 3. Len tape may be braided into an improvement on clothesline. Good, smooth cord will make a very fair lasso. Figure 5 shows a five-strand braid, which is very strong and pliable. Take alternately each outside strand



HOW TO MAKE A LARIAT.

and cross it over the two following strands. The four-strand cording shown in figure 6, to my mind, gives a better shaped rope than the one just described. The diagram itself is the best description I can give of four-strand cording. Arrange them as shown, each strand under the one next to it, and then pull them tight. About twenty-five feet is the best length for a beginner. To make the loop in a braided rope fasten the end back by means of the endless loop shown in figure 2. When the winding is completed put the end (B) through the loop (C) and pull the end (A) until the loop and end have entirely disappeared beneath the cord. Then cut off the end (A) and the endless loop is complete. In order to have the rope run smoothly cover the loop with canvas or some other strong cloth as shown by figure 4. Real rawhide ropes are buried underground for some two weeks and afterward greased with mutton tallow to make them pliable. Two weeks underground will not improve a linen or hemp rope, but the greasing I would strongly advise; only be careful where you hang up your lasso when not using it, for grease has a very penetrating quality. The art of throwing a lariat cannot be reduced to rule. No two men do it alike. If you ask a cowboy to teach you he will say that every man must learn to do it for himself, by practice. He will be quite willing to show you how he throws the rope, but his style will be quite different from the very next cowboy you meet, and is certain to be entirely different from the method you finally adopt. The illustration shows the characteristic position assumed at the moment of delivery; but it can only suggest; practice is the only master who can teach less throwing.—Chicago Record.

Purchase a House on Paper. One of the most absorbing amusements possible to find for children is the making of scrap books. The rainiest of days may be made enjoyable by a few large sheets of strong wrapping paper, cut in the size desired for the book and folded into two leaves, with a collection of old magazines and papers full of pictures. A novel kind of scrap book recently made represents a doll house, each page being a room. Advertisements furnished the pictures, each article illustrated being carefully cut out in outline and pasted in an orderly manner on the page to which it belonged. The kitchen has a range, table, chairs, broom, cooking utensils, iron and ironing board. In the drawing room are sumptuous couches, chairs and cabinets, with a perfect love of a fireplace, and vases on the mantel. Windows, doors and fireplaces for all the rooms were found in the advertising pages of magazines, and added greatly to the charm of the surroundings.—New York Tribune.

They Watch the Milkman. The Germans are careful about the purity of the milk which they drink, and have a novel device for assuring themselves that the milkman will not water or adulterate it. In Berlin every milk wagon is divided into compartments, which are connected with rows of faucets on the outside. At the creamery the milk is sterilized by being passed through special apparatus, and then sorted into grades—sweet milk, skim milk, cream, milk for babies, and so forth—and the compartments are filled. Then the wagon is locked and the milkman drives over his route and delivers from the faucets under the watchful eyes of the Berlin matrons.

Mrs. Red Squirrel. Mrs. Red Squirrel sat in the top of a tree. "I believe in the habit of saving," said she; "If it were not for that, in the cold winter weather I should starve, and my young ones, I know, altogether; But I'm teaching my children to run and lay up Every acorn as soon as it drops from its cup. And to get out the corn from the shocks in the field; and the end of the knife works in the slot as shown in figure 3, which guides the knife blade. Figure 1 shows how the end of the knife is hung to an upright piece so fitted that the end of the knife works in the slot as shown. Figure 2 is a handy little tool made of a block of wood six inches square with a handle of convenient length, the tool being used to push clover or other green food to be cut under the knife, and thus avoid any possibility of injury to the operator. The knife is fashioned from a piece of an old scythe blade ground sharp, and is fitted into a handle of convenient size and shape. Figure 4 in the illustration shows the manner in which the slot should be cut in the board, and through which the knife is to work. This device may be readily fashioned at home by any one who is at all handy with tools, and by cutting the roots and clover for fowls the greatest feeding value is obtained. Secure a good substantial spraying outfit this spring and spray thoroughly. Spraying half done is labor lost. The other half means possibly a little more invested in the outfit, and no more labor. A force pump in a barrel, which should be mounted on a truck or cart, and thus avoid any possibility of injury to the operator. The cost will be about \$3 to \$4, without the truck. For large orchards wagon sprayers are made, where the wheels pump air to force the stream. Also steam outfits that eliminate the manual labor of pumping. These cost from \$25 upward. If you have only a few trees a brass bucket sprayer will be sufficient, cost about \$3. For a few bushes there is nothing better than the small hand sprayer or atomizer, costing 50 cents to \$1, or on a larger scale the compressed air hand sprayers costing from \$4.25 to \$6.25 each. These sprayers can usually be obtained from dealers in hardware, agricultural implements, seedsmen, etc.—Up-to-Date Farming.

Lightning and Feathers. There is a woman in the Adirondacks who no longer believes that a feather bed is a protection against lightning. Time was when she used to crawl under the bed in a storm or put a pillow on her head. Now, says the New York Tribune, she simply sits and moans until the lightning stops. A New York woman who spent the summer in the North Woods was one of a party who took refuge in her humble home. They rushed in out of a blinding storm without waiting to knock. She was rocking back and forth in a chair and moaning as hard as she knew how. She had her apron over her head and a tight grip on the arms of the chair. After a particularly brilliant flash she simply uttered a shriek, and covered her face with her handkerchief. "The lightning is awful," replied the other, "but I'm hardly frightened enough for that." "It's just as well," said the woman of the house, again covering her head with the apron. "I used to have faith in them things, but something happened last week which drove it all away." "And what was that?" asked one of the party. "Two of my ducks got hit by a streak of lightning and stripped as clean of feathers as pop's head, an' pop ain't had a sign o' hair for nigh on ter fifteen years."

Handed Over the Office. Not many people stop to think that one in every 100 American voters is a fourth class postmaster. Yet such is the case, and as suggested by an official of the postoffice the other day, there are some odd specimens of humanity among them. "Up in Vermont, said he, "I know of an old fellow who kept a store across the road from the postoffice. There were two rival stores at the cross roads and they fought each other pretty hard. The postoffice was changed when Mr. Cleveland was elected and went from its old Republican stopping place to the establishment across the way. One morning early in November the news came over the mountains that Mr. Harrison had been elected. Without a moment's waiting the Republican storekeeper ran across the road and burst into the store kept by the Democrat. 'I got the postoffice back!' he exclaimed. 'Harrison's been elected!' And the Democrat handed over the marking stamps and other supplies without a word. The new postmaster was appointed officially some months later, but the actual transfer occurred the day after the election and I don't believe any one ever noticed it."

Not Worried by the Leak. Strange replies are often received by wives who wake their husbands for burglars, leaky water pipes, etc. In the early morning Mrs. C., wife of a certain government official in Baltimore, is decidedly nervous and has frequently "heard things." One morning last week she thought she smelled gas. A heavy came to her mysteriously and she crept down stairs to investigate. After smelling about for some minutes she rushed upstairs, called Mr. C., then shook him, and at last aroused him. Then this was heard: "John, there's a leak in the gas pipe in the kitchen. We'll all die if it is not fixed." Leaks had been heard of before, and Mr. C. sleepily asked: "Is it a-leaking much now?" "Not much," screamed his wife, and then as Mr. C. turned over, this soothing advice was given: "Put a bucket under it and come to bed."

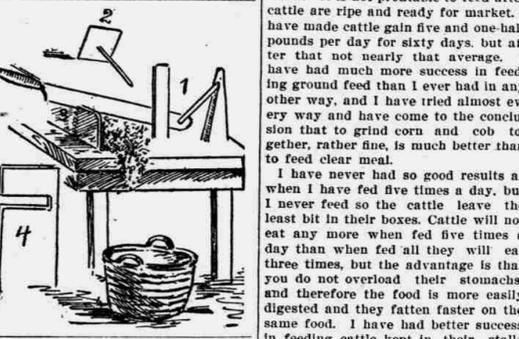
Profits in Strawberry Growing. Quite in line with the more approved methods of culture is the idea that to get the best results from the strawberry plantation some care must be given to the preparation of the ground long before the plants are to be set. The old plan is to set the plants on any land they happen to have no immediate use for, and pick the fruit the first season. The best land for strawberries is that which has been in sod, and to prepare such land it should be planted to some hoed crop like corn for two years before strawberry plants are set. This is necessary in order to rid the soil of the white grub, the greatest enemy of the strawberry plant.

Crops with Small Fruits. As a rule it is the better plan to keep the small fruit plantation free from other crops, although, if one has fertilized the soil reasonably heavy, hoed crops may be grown between the rows of raspberry and blackberry plants the first season after the plants are set. Beans, potatoes or peas may be thus



FARMS AND FARMERS

Home-Made Clover Catter. A simple device is here shown for cutting green food for poultry that are confined. The idea is clearly shown in the illustration, and little explanation is necessary. An old table that is strong and firm on its feet, is fitted with a square trough with a slot cut in it, as shown at figure 3, which guides the knife blade. Figure 1 shows how the end of the knife is hung to an upright piece so fitted that the end of the knife works in the slot as shown. Figure 2 is a handy little tool made of a block of wood six inches square with a handle of convenient length, the tool being used to push clover or other green food to be cut under the knife, and thus avoid any possibility of injury to the operator. The knife is fashioned from a piece of an old scythe blade ground sharp, and is fitted into a handle of convenient size and shape. Figure 4 in the illustration shows the manner in which the slot should be cut in the board, and through which the knife is to work. This device may be readily fashioned at home by any one who is at all handy with tools, and by cutting the roots and clover for fowls the greatest feeding value is obtained.

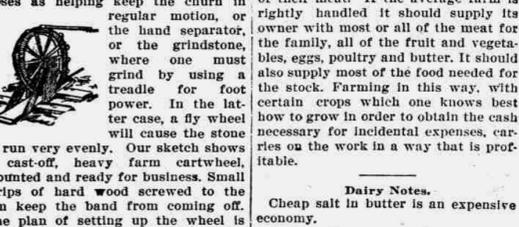


being used to push clover or other green food to be cut under the knife, and thus avoid any possibility of injury to the operator.

Alfalfa in Favor. Montana has the alfalfa fever. The Northwest Live Stock and Wool Growers' Journal says: "The large number of prizes carried home from the international live stock show at Chicago by Minnesota is proof that stock can be grown and fattened at a profit outside the corn belt. It has been contended for years that this was impracticable, and that the corn belt had a monopoly on the feeding business. However, States outside the corn belt have found other feeds that are quite as cheaply grown and are quite as efficient in beef-making as corn. We are doing well here with alfalfa, and ought to do much better. Utah is making rapid progress with lucern, and Minnesota of late years, after being told by the railroads what to do, is now carrying the war right into the cornfield and wins honors that are entirely convincing that Oregon, Utah, Colorado, Wyoming, Washington, Montana, the Dakotas and Minnesota may all prove feeding a profitable business.

Raise More—Buy Less. In the older days of farming such a thing as a farmer patronizing a butcher was unheard of. The butcher was the buyer and not the seller, and similar relations existed, to a less extent, between the farmer and the dealer in stock foods. There is no good excuse for farmers placing themselves in a position where they must buy all or most of their meat. If the average farm is rightly handled it should supply its owner with most or all of the meat for the family, all of the fruit and vegetables, eggs, poultry and butter. It should also supply most of the food needed for the stock. Farming in this way, with certain crops which one knows best how to grow in order to obtain the cash necessary for incidental expenses, carries on the work in a way that is profitable.

Dairy Notes. Cheap salt in butter is an expensive economy. A loss of appetite and a drooping head are among the first symptoms of cow sickness. With the dairy cow there should always be a due proportion of concentrated and bulky food. If you have a cow that keeps fat and sleek on little feed, keep her heifer calf. Butter is bitter because of impure foods or from holding the cream too long. Cows will give more milk and of better quality if fed and milked regularly. One important item in building up a reputation for butter is uniformity in the quality. Do not put the calves on skim milk too soon. Give them the rich milk for ten days or two weeks. The heifer calf does not need fattening food, but plenty of bone and muscle-forming food should be supplied. A cow is a machine for reducing feed to milk. She consumes the raw material, eliminates the waste matter and furnishes a finished product. Cows differ in their capacity to consume food and in their power to produce milk; both as regards quality and quantity. To be a profitable dairy cow she must convert her surplus food into rich milk rather than fat or flesh. A good dairy cow rarely gets fat while producing milk, no matter how well fed.



Convenient Fly-Wheel. A fly wheel on the farm is a great convenience at times for such purposes as helping keep the churn in regular motion, or the hand separator, or the grindstone, where one must grind by using a treadle for foot power. In the latter case, a fly wheel will cause the stone to run very evenly. Our sketch shows a cast-iron, heavy farm cartwheel, mounted and ready for business. Small strips of hard wood screwed to the rim keep the band from coming off. The plan of setting up the wheel is plainly shown. Where the rim of the wheel used is of sufficient thickness, the old iron tire can be removed and a very thick, but narrow, tire put upon both edges of the rim, leaving a chance for the hand to run between them. In the case of a cast-off cartwheel this plan would answer admirably.—C. G. Hill, in Farm and Home.

Profits in Strawberry Growing. Quite in line with the more approved methods of culture is the idea that to get the best results from the strawberry plantation some care must be given to the preparation of the ground long before the plants are to be set. The old plan is to set the plants on any land they happen to have no immediate use for, and pick the fruit the first season. The best land for strawberries is that which has been in sod, and to prepare such land it should be planted to some hoed crop like corn for two years before strawberry plants are set. This is necessary in order to rid the soil of the white grub, the greatest enemy of the strawberry plant.

Crops with Small Fruits. As a rule it is the better plan to keep the small fruit plantation free from other crops, although, if one has fertilized the soil reasonably heavy, hoed crops may be grown between the rows of raspberry and blackberry plants the first season after the plants are set. Beans, potatoes or peas may be thus