

HERR STEINHARDT'S NEMESIS

BY J. MACLAREN COBBAN.

CHAPTER XII—Continued.

"It is not for me, Fraulein," 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 town, to try 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 was Herr Steinhardt's best friend when he 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 now ruin him outright. I must therefore return; and this, Fraulein, is my only hope of effectually hindering Herr Steinhardt from doing what he will—by frightening him with my knowledge. But I do not yet know enough to do that.

It will thus be seen that I told Fraulein Haas just enough of the case to convince her of its urgency; but she guessed something I had not told her. "I understand now, Herr Pastor," she said, "why you are so interested in Emmanuel Steinhardt's crime; it is more love than vengeance that pushes you on. And that, too, Herr Pastor, will make you better understand why I am interested in Emmanuel Steinhardt," she said, simply, looking not at me, but at her thin clasped hands. "He was many years ago not the Herr Steinhardt he seems to be now; he was good and gentle, though his heart and mind were set on being rich. But I detain you," she added, glancing up suddenly. Her hands tightened their grasp on each other. "If," she said, with rapidly growing vehemence, "I tell you what I have seen, in order that you may be able to deliver the distressed young Fraulein, promise me, Herr Pastor, for the sake of my past, and as you hope to be happy and peaceful in the future—promise me that you will use what I tell you only for the purpose you say, and that you will keep it, so far as ever you can, from becoming public!"

I gave the promise at once without reserve.

"And," she said, "you will leave Emmanuel Steinhardt's punishment in the hands of Almighty God?"

I answered I would—though it was a strange question to have to answer. She then turned almost away from me, partly, I thought, that she might be less conscious of my presence, but more that she might concentrate her attention on her recollections. Her hands clasped and unclasped several times before they settled, the one in the other, and she began:

"It was, I think, in the March month of a year ago. I had slept a long time very soundly, for I had been very tired, when suddenly I felt as if I were taken up and carried away—far away; and I was made to look at Emmanuel Steinhardt. He looked at me as if he wished me to help him; at his feet was a large wooden box, the lid of which, I was made to understand, would not close. From the opening protruded a human hand, strangely discolored. I awoke all trembling. I put out my own hand to make sure I was in my own bed; my mother was sleeping quietly beside me. I tried to dismiss the vision from my mind—foolish dream, I thought it. But I could sleep no more. In two or three hours it was daylight, and I arose. I went about my duties all the day as usual; I was busy, and had the impression of the vision much worn away when I went to bed in the evening—rather early, because I was very tired. I had slept not very long, when again I was as if seized up and whirled away, again to see Emmanuel Steinhardt, with something at his feet again—not now the wooden box, which was aside, but three packages of canvas. Again Emmanuel Steinhardt looked at me, as if he wished me to go to him, and again I awoke, all trembling."

She paused in her story of the visions, took her handkerchief and wiped her damp brow with trembling hand. I watched her intently, a sensation of creeping excitement and mystery held me bound to her quiet but intense recital. She resumed suddenly, without looking at me.

"I slept no more that night for thinking of what I had seen, and so I saw Emmanuel Steinhardt no more; I tried to sleep in order that I might, but I could not. A terrible night to me it was. But next night I was sleeping a light, disturbed sleep, when I was taken away again to 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 conscious I was in my own bed at the same time as I was held where he had left me, 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 before he had done it—fasten the rope in an iron something on the other side of the wall and pull it over. I do 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. In a little while he pulled, and the wall fell flat, and, curiously, unbroken, covering over the newly dug spot and all around it. Then I awoke, as with the noise, and slept no more. After that night I saw him again for several nights, for a dim moment or two, at the same place. They were but glimpses, which, as the nights passed on, became dimmer and dimmer,

and then ceased altogether—until some weeks ago, when again I was summoned to face him at that same place with the fallen wall. He looked at me earnestly, and then over his shoulder at some one whom I did not see but who I knew he feared was watching him. This happened three, four times, and then no more. There has been no more yet, but what may be, God only knows. That is all," she said, with a sigh as of relief, turning to me. "And now, Herr Pastor, you know what I have had to tell, and you will not forget your promise to me—you will not set yourself to bring punishment on Emmanuel Steinhardt."

"I shall hold my promise to you, Fraulein," said I, "as sacred."

Possessed as I was with the exciting thought engendered by her story, I was almost forgetting that I had no result of my mission which I could show or tell to Steinhardt, and the time at my disposal must be very short. I looked at my watch; I had half an hour to spare. There was no time for the expression of wonder, or of any kind of fitting comment upon what I had heard. Seeing me look at my watch, she rose.

"And now," she said, "you must go quickly, I suppose, to your hotel, and then to the station."

"Yes," I said. "But there is one thing, Fraulein, I had almost forgotten; not of a painful sort," I made haste to add, for she had reassumed her expression of close endurance and resignation. "I came as 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. When she had written she handed the paper to me, saying, "You may read."

I read (the words were in German)—"Repent, and turn away from your evil, before it is too late."

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 Fraulein Haas, 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 made 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 turned away from me, and the next I was out of the room, and had seen my last of Fraulein Haas.

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 laid down. The poor lady might have been looking at it before I entered her room. This was the form:

"Meine Verlobung mit
Fraulein Emilie Haas von Liestal
zeige ich hiermit ergebenst an
Basel, November, 1854.

"Emmanuel Steinhardt."

(My engagement with Fraulein Emilie Haas of 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 stay to describe. The story of Lacroix's fate I could now fill in 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 Haas, so that remained for me to do was to bring the fact of my knowledge home to Steinhardt in a manner so forcible that he could not refuse to make terms to me—more than this I could not accomplish, even if I would, considering my promise to Fraulein Haas. But in the sequel I had my conviction re-impressed that I was in this business but the agent of a Higher Power.

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; I had warned him of my coming by telegram from London. I found him waiting for me, and with him, as I had hoped, but scarcely expected, his ward Louise. I fear his cheerful greeting passed for almost nothing with me in comparison with hers. Her manner was undemonstrative, but there was, I felt, a cordial sincerity in it which came from her true heart, and I was flattered with hope. There were, however, things more serious and immediate to be talked of than matters of love could then be considered.

I inquired concerning Steinhardt, and was told that they 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 shan't go back to him, unless she likes; I'll find some roof to shelter me and her.

Yea," said he, turning his bright face upon her, "we'll get thro' it all right."

"You are both very good to me," said she, going to him, and shedding some tears on his shoulder.

"There now—there," said he, patting her. Then turning to me, "She means you, too, my lad."

"Yes," said she, resuming her seat and looking down, "Mr. Birley has told me all you have done for me to find out about my poor father—and all that he and you suspect, too. And I cannot—oh, I cannot!" she cried, shuddering and pressing her hands to her eyes—"look at that terrible, cruel man again!"

"I could not help telling her, my lad," said Birley, in answer to a look of reproach from me. "The old chap wrote questions to her about th' papers you found, and I had to explain."

"But," said I, in some alarm, "you know, Miss Lacroix, we must not, we cannot denounce him—we must not, I don't 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, so 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 rose to go to my lodgings, where my landlady, I knew, or her hibernian son, would still be sitting up for me.

Birley accompanied me to the door, talking according to his wont. 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 Fraulein Haas'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 her visions. We had thus left the house some minutes, how many I cannot tell, when several sounds like screams in rapid succession rose behind us into the still night. We stopped together and looked at each other.

"By the L—d!" exclaimed Birley. "I left the door open!"

We were hurried back by a common impulse. We found the door ajar, apparently as we had left it, but when we entered and approached the room in which we had been sitting we heard Steinhardt's voice.

"Well, 'Manuel,'" said Birley, when we were in the room, "so you've come; I expected you wouldn't be long."

Steinhardt turned (Louise watched him from the other side of the table with fear in her eyes); he did not answer his brother-in-law, but stared at me.

"What is the meaning of this?" he asked. "Were do you come from?"

"From Basel," I answered, "where I was not wanted. Fraulein Haas wished to see you, not me; she is well, and it is for you she is anxious, not for her-self. She sent you a line by me," I handed him the letter.

He impatiently tore the envelope, and read with a frown. I knew the words; I tried to read from his face how they affected him. Their point, I thought, found a joint in his harness; he evidently winced; he looked on the floor, on this side and on that, as if for once he were made to pause and consider. But this was only for a moment; he looked up at me and then at Birley, the same insistent, masterful Steinhardt as before.

(To be continued.)

SIGNIFICANT NUMBER SEVEN.

Woven into the History of the World in Many Peculiar Ways.

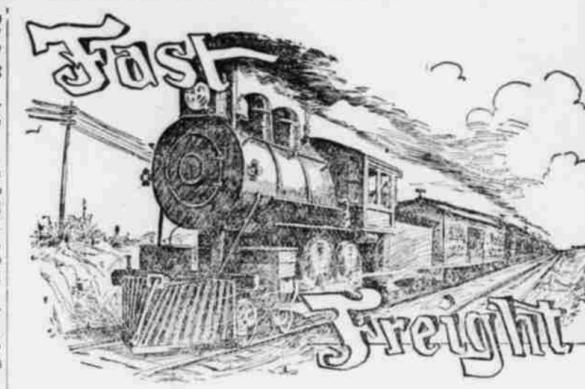
The number seven is not only considered a lucky number by the superstitious, but it was a symbolical number in the Bible, as well as among nations of antiquity. In the Old Testament we note that the Creator took seven days, and on the seventh was a sacred day of rest. Every seventh year was sacred, and the seven times seventh year ushered in a year of jubilee. There are seven principal virtues—faith, hope, charity, prudence, temperance, chastity and fortitude—and there are also seven deadly sins—pride, covetousness, lust, anger, gluttony, envy and sloth. There were seven champions of Christendom—St. George, England; St. Andrew, Scotland; St. Patrick, Ireland; St. David, Wales; St. Denis, France; St. James, Spain, and St. Anthony, Italy. There were seven ages of man, also seven wise men of Greece. Christ spoke seven times on the cross. Rome was built on seven hills, and there are innumerable other traditions which go to prove that seven was a number to cling to. In these modern times it is wonderful how often the number prevails. For instance, vaccination must take place every seven years, in order to escape small pox; fashions change every seven years, and seven years is always a milestone in a person's age.

Characteristics of Gold.

Many people suppose that all gold is alike when refined, but this is not so. An experienced man can tell at a glance from what part of the world a gold piece comes, and in some cases from what particular gold district the metal has been obtained. Australian gold, for instance, is distinctly redder than that from California. The Ural gold is the reddest found anywhere.

Happy Recollections.

Visitor—Well, my man, what are you in for?
Convict—"Oh, I'm in fer a good time, lady."
Visitor—I don't understand you.
Convict—I'm in fer lickin' me mother-in-law, lady.—Judge.



THE car service department of a big railway can at almost a moment's notice tell a shipper of fast, or what the railway people call manifest, freight, just where any particular car is on the line. The system which makes this possible is one which is only in use on about four roads in America, and was introduced on the line of the Grand Trunk by M. C. Sturtevant, who previously operated the system on the Illinois Central under the supervision of the inventor, John M. Daly.

Mr. Sturtevant, in explaining it to a newspaper writer, said that to his mind it was what might be called a graphic system, for the reason that the operator had before his eyes at all times the exact position of every car of fast freight on the line.

To get an idea of this system it will be necessary to refer to the accompanying illustration. It will be seen from this that a large board representing the line between Chicago and Portland is one of the principal adjuncts. This board or chart is divided up into sections showing the division points and the principal stations between these points. It is on this board that the po-

sition of every moving car or fast freight train is shown.

All Shown Upon a Tab Board.

The system is conducted by telegraphic reports, and consists of a special way bill, which accompanies each car of freight; a label which is placed on each car, and which tells switchmen and others that it is manifest freight, and that it must not be held back; a report for wiring the contents of the train and the manifest numbers of the cars; a report for wiring the arrival and departure of manifested cars at manifest stations; a report used by conductors for reporting disabled cars set out of trains short of their destination and a board twenty-four feet by five divided into train districts—stations being shown longitudinally in the center, wooden blocks representing cars, and wooden pegs representing cars.

All important stations are made manifest stations, and are assigned a letter or combination of letters, to designate them in telegraphing, and are also assigned a series of numbers to be placed on way bills for cars manifested. Some stations are assigned more numbers than others, according to the amount of fast freight originated. The lowest series of numbers assigned is 00, while the highest is Chicago with 890. When a station reaches its highest number the plan is to revert to number one again and start over.

The Manner Check Is Kept.

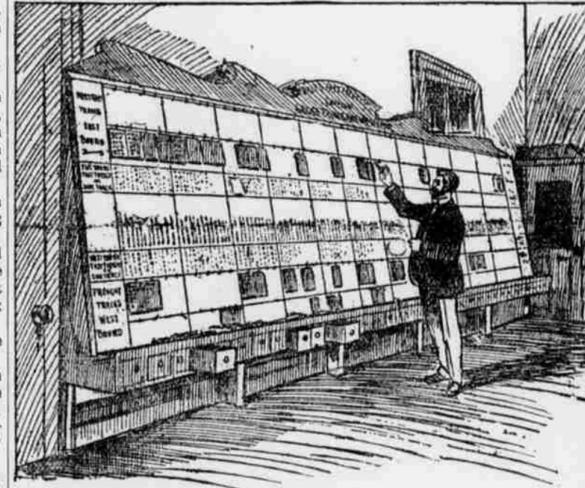
When a train of high class freight is assembled the agent fills out a separate manifest way bill for each car in the train, inserting the station letter or cipher and manifest number in the spaces provided for that purpose. This way bill is made out in two forms, one a car form which supersedes the ordinary tally slip, the other an envelope to be used in case the regular billing accompanied the freight. After way bills are made out, consecutively numbered and the cipher letter affixed, the agent fills out a report showing the consist of the train and wires the same to the car service agent in Montreal, in whose office is located the board and other paraphernalia employed in connection with operating of the system. This consist report shows the origin, number, contents and destination of all cars manifested, and in the margin at the left the manifest number of each car.

The use of manifest numbers to represent the cars in the train simplifies the operation of the system and admits of a telegraphic check being obtained on the movement of all high class freight for about one-eighth of the expense where the cars reported by

their own numbers. Upon receipt of this report small wooden pegs bearing the station cipher, numbered to correspond with the manifest numbers reported, are placed in a block which is known as a train block and represents the consist of the moving train. There is also placed in this block a peg representing the destination station of the train. This block is then hung on the board, its position being determined by the train district on which it is located and the direction of its movement. If east bound the block will be hung on the upper part of the board, and if west bound on the lower part.

By a System of Pegs.

As the train proceeds each district terminal point wires a report to the car service agent at Montreal showing the time of arrival and the time of departure. The train block is then moved along to the next district. In telegraphing this information to headquarters the lowest and highest manifest numbers are sent, and thus the movement of twenty-five cars is obtained at no greater telegraphic expense than that of reporting only two cars. If a car is set out of a train between district



KEEPING TAB ON FAST FREIGHT TRAINS.

terminals on account of defects, the conductor is required to wire a report showing the point at which it is left and the reason why. When this occurs the peg representing the particular car is removed from the train block and placed on the board opposite the station at which it was set out. There it remains with the conductor's report until such time as it is lifted by another train. In case a conductor fails to make a report showing that he is running one car short of what he took over, the fact will make itself known when the train reaches the next terminal point and another conductor turns in his report. Then the wires are made hot to find out where the particular car is, and it does not take long to do it. In this way all delays are detected, and the car service agent knows exactly how his trains are running. As the reports are received showing the movements of the trains the information becomes a matter of record, the time being transcribed from the consist and district terminal reports to a register. When the train reaches its destination the time consumed is computed, the time on each district and at each terminal point being taken into account, and if the schedule time is not made the causes of the detention are noted.

Find Any Car on Short Notice.

In cases where the line has been interrupted on or account of accident or other cause, the amount of business affected is at once apparent, the entire situation being observable at a glance. If in such cases it is necessary to make a detour in order to pass the point on the line where the trouble exists the check on the traffic is not relinquished, as a record is made of its delivery to the connection handling it in order to make the detour. Upon its return to the Grand Trunk line the record is re-established.

What are the advantages of this system over the old system is a question which naturally crops up in the mind of the uninitiated. A personal inspection does not take long to make this apparent. In the first place it is not so expensive, and instead of taking a month's time to get at the bottom of any trouble it can be accomplished in a few hours.

Another advantage which the system has is that it lends itself to the making arrangements for the arrival of trains at a certain time, which is something that cannot be counted on under the old system.

It has been found also that the system has done a great deal in keeping what is known as the dead freight on the move, as when the fast freights are

making schedule time the trainmasters on the different districts have a knowledge of just exactly what time they have for moving this class of freight.

The following list will give an idea of what the railway company considers fast freight:

Agricultural implements, butter, canned goods, cheese, coffee, dressed beef, dressed poultry, dry goods, eggs, fresh fish, fruit, glucose, high explosives, leather goods, liquors, ale, beer, live stock (through shipments), machinery, merchandise, packing house products, paper, provisions, rubber goods, sugar, syrups, tobacco, tea, vegetables, hides, paint, tinware, vehicles, beans, pulp wood, chair stock and whitties.

The above articles may be manifested at any time without asking any questions, but for articles outside of this list a special order must be received from the car service office.

It would seem that the one great feature about this system is that the shipper does not have to watch his freight. The company does that for him.—Montreal Herald and Star.

DEAR TRAVELING IN CUBA.

It Is Comfortless, but a Change in Railroad Is Near.

Cuba has 124 railways, with more than 2,000 miles of track for the lot, yet traveling in Cuba is not cheap. There are lines which charge passengers 12 cents a mile.

The average rate is about 7 cents for first-class passengers and 5 cents for second-class, and travel on some of the lines means many hours of miserable jolting over a wretched roadbed. Freight rates are as exorbitant as passenger rates. So detrimental is the railroad extortion to the welfare of the country, in fact, that a modification of rates by military order was taken, but the legality of the step was doubtful.

The entire railroad system of the island is valued at \$70,000,000. But of the 124 lines only seventeen are public lines in the generally accepted sense.

The rest are private roads, built for the transportation of sugar cane to the grinding mills. It is a curious fact that five of the principal lines, representing nine-elevenths of the public roads, are controlled by British capitalists.

Cuba had a railroad forty-three miles long between Havana and Guines, which began to run only a few years after the first American line was opened, but the development of railroading under Spanish rule was on a very different scale. Some people might not call it development at all.

But all that has changed under American occupation. A new line now in process of construction by Sir William Van Horne and his associates of the Cuban Central Railway, connecting at Santa Clara with the line from Havana to Cienfuegos, will revolutionize the island's railroad system, open communication with Nipe, the best harbor at the whole Cuban coast line, and prepare for profitable cultivation an area estimated at 10,000,000 acres, or about one-third of the total area of the island.

Concerning Millionaires.

A writer who is himself a multi-millionaire, says it will be a great mistake to shoot these gatherers-in of the yellow metal, for, as he says, they are the bees that make the most honey, and contribute most to the hive even after they have gorged themselves full. The remarkable fact is stated, that the masses of the people in any country are prosperous and comfortable just in proportion to the number of millionaires in that land.

In Russia, with its population little better than serfs, living at the point of starvation, upon the meanest possible fare, such as none of our people could or would endure, you do not find scarcely one millionaire excepting the Emperor and a few nobles who own the land. It is the same, to a great extent, in Germany. There are only about two millionaires in the whole German Empire. In France, where the people are better off than in Germany, you cannot count one-half dozen millionaires in the whole country. In the old home of our race, Britain, which is the richest country in all Europe—the richest country in the world save one, our own—there are more millionaires than in the whole of the rest of Europe, and its people are better off than in any other. In our land, the same thing holds true; we have more millionaires than all the rest of the world put together.

She Had "Sized" Him Up.

There is an institution in Duluth that employs about fifty people, and among others is a genial, jolly, good fellow, who long ago lost faith in hair restoratives, and is the possessor of a waist measurement of many inches.

An East End lady dropped into the store a day or two ago, accompanied by her pretty little 4-year-old daughter. The big man was somewhat attentive to the child, and when the lady had finished the business she had come to transact the little girl said, in a clear voice, as they left the office:

"Who is the man bigger 'round 'n our rain barrel, with the awful shiny head?"—Duluth News Tribune.

Profitable.

In the great glove houses of Brussels and France the cutters can earn even higher wages than the cutters of the most fashionable tailors of London and New York. So difficult is the art of cutting gloves that most of the principal cutters are known to the trade by name and by fame, and the peculiar knives which they use in the business are as highly prized that they are handed down from generation to generation as heirlooms.

Time Across Siberia.

The journey from Vladivostok to Irkutsk is now accomplished in fifteen days.