AN EMOTIONAL AUTOMATON

Written by Ingersoll Lockwood, Author of "Baron Trump," "Giant Boab," Etc.

CHAPTER I.

"Brockholst," said Professor Hesketh to me, "you smiled when I used the term 'pranks of heredity,' but I had no intention of trying to amuse you. I used the expression in all seriousness, as a self-respecting scientist." "Nature, my dear boy," continued the professor, "is not lovable in all her moods; but in the manifestation of this mysterious force which we call heredity she plays such fantastic tricks that at times I feel a genuine affection for her. To me she appears in the guise of a dainty Ariel or a tricksy Puck, setting the brow of Olympian Jove on Snug the joiner, or Snout the tinker, or the delicate nose of a Psyche on a fishwife; making a Shakspeare of a wool-carder's son, or a poet of a baby like Chatterton, giving a shop girl the eyes of a Sappho, or teaching the melody of a syren to a Patti and tricking her out of a soul—a mere delicious singing machine; making a monster in men like Mirabeau as silver-tongued as Cicero or filling a Demosthenes' soul with eloquence and giving him a defect of speech!"

Hesketh and I had strolled up to the Park and taken a seat in the Mall. It had been a delicious May day—a bit of June weather come before its time. I was very proud of Professor Hesketh's friendship, mere boy that I was, a student in the law school and he assistant professor of biology and psychology at the Polyclinic. I was half inclined to think that he liked me because I was such a good listener, but on this occasion I rather surprised him by piping up and saying:

"Why, Professor, you surely don't mean to assert that whatever our natural characteristics may be they can only come to us through inheritance? May they not be mere accidents?"

"Accidents, my dear Adrian," repeated Hesketh. "I don't like the word; it's distasteful to a scientist. There can be no such thing as an accident, strictly speaking, in racial development. If I have a vein in which it's because some one of my ancestors had one. True, a murderer in washing his hands might leave a single red corpuscle underneath his thumb-nail, and be convicted on scientific testimony. That would be an accident, but the mental trend of a Eugene Aram toward the taking of human life was not an accident. It came to him by inheritance. He may have tried to control it, but in the end it controlled him. The tricksy Puck may have treasured it up for generations, for that matter, and finally dropped it into her kneading-trough the day she met Aram. But," continued Hesketh, "in her 'pranks of heredity,' Nature not only bestows emotions and promotes guiltless of their country's blood, as I have intimated, but she amuses herself by all sorts of quaint contrasts and curious conjunctions, as, for instance, when she creates the kleptomaniac, the well-to-do robbing his poor brother of some trifle, or the wretched miser starving on his miserable pallet which contains thousands of dollars in yellow gold, or when she lends the Yankee boy's jack-knife a cunning that would have put a Phideas to shame, or sets burning sapphics on lips not above the sweetness of chocolate caramels!"

I laughed heartily at these quaint conceits of Hesketh's, and was just congratulating myself on being alone with him while he was in such a happy vein, when Jack Olney, called "Handsome Jack," a fellow student and sort of chum of mine, joined us and proposed to go over to the Casino and get a stein of cool beer.

"I would be nectar for the gods on such a sultry evening as this," urged Olney, and as I knew the brew would be no use trying to shake him off, I turned to the Professor and pressed him to join us, although to be frank about it, I was not particularly fond of Olney, and for the life of me I never could see why he cared to be in my company, for we were about as unlike as two human beings could be. Possibly, it was the law in physics that unlikes attract each other. I was now nearly 24, and had been in New York a little more than two years. It was my last year at the law school. My father, Adrian Brockholst, for whom I had been named, had been a thoughtful and studious man, taking life very seriously, and I grew to resemble him more and more. It may be that the fact that I had been left an orphan at an early age and been confided to the guardianship of a maiden aunt, Sarah Ann Brockholst, a woman of morbid predilections for the good opinion of her fellow creatures, had clogged my character with a certain sedateness and tendency to literalness. "Conform" had been the one word forever on my aunt's lips, and now as I approached the twenty-fifth year of my age I was to be brought face to face with a very curious problem, and a very important one, too, for me, inasmuch as it meant either "conform" or lose a quarter-million of dollars.

My father had made a very strange will. He owed the bulk of his fortune to a friend, one Asa Bartlett, who in early life had made a valuable invention, a machine for rounding the backs of books, work which until that time had been performed by hand labor, and, for a small sum, had transferred to my father a half interest in the invention. It enriched them both, and as Bartlett had but one child, a daughter, Vera by name, and as I was an only child, my father conceived the idea of perpetuating the community of interest between the two families by having me marry Vera upon my attaining my twenty-fifth year; and so in earnest was he about it that in order to whet my purpose should it become blunted, he inserted clause in his will making the testing on me of one half of his property contingent upon such marriage. The clause was so worded that if I became the party recusant, the property would go to Vera Bartlett absolutely, but she was empowered to rob this provision of its binding effect by filing with my father's executors a written declination to become my wife.

Up to the time of my entering college the conditions seemed in no wise onerous, for Vera Bartlett, some five years my junior, was verging toward womanhood with every promise of making an uncommonly handsome woman, but strange to say these bright signs failed utterly and when I returned home in the summer of 1887 my "little sweetheart" appeared to have been suddenly transformed into a most uninteresting and unpoetic looking girl.

"She's as good as gold!" exclaimed my maiden aunt almost reverently.

"I know she is," was my reply with a perceptible tinge of malice in it, "but I'm sorry she has turned out to be so dreadfully plain-looking."

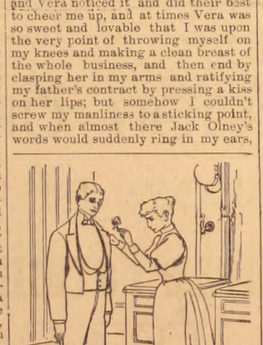
"For shame!" cried my aunt, "would you select your wife as a fop does his waistcoat, for show?"

I need hardly add that I didn't deserve this sharp reproof, for I knew quite as well as my aunt what sterling qualities Vera had, how thoroughly good and sweet-tempered she was; but I had written so many verses to my "Beautiful Vera," to my "Fair Mate of Boyhood's Hours," to "Vera, the Dream Child," whatever that was, that I felt chagrined to think that I should never dare read any of them to her. But that was not the only difficulty. If I should now address my verses to "Vera, Angel of Light," or to "Vera, My Comfort and My Soul's Support," she would see in a moment that I felt the loss of her childhood's beauty and her dear heart would be troubled with the suspicion that I no longer loved her. I confided my perplexity to my aunt, who solved it in a most practical and effectual manner by informing me that upon my return to college she would write me a letter, which of course, was to be read to Vera, peremptorily forbidding me to make any more verses, a habit which, be it said, she held it lofty and dignified contempt. Several weeks went by. I graduated and returning to New York, entered the law school, but neither "contingent remainders" nor "incorporeal hereditaments" occupied my mind so closely that I didn't find time to chafe a little under that restriction in my father's will.

It is strange what obstinate creatures men are. As my old aunt used to say: There's only one way to get a pig to market and a man to your way of thinking; make him believe he's going in the opposite direction. But it's my belief that Jack Olney had a great deal to do with making me dissatisfied with Vera.

"A woman ought right to be plain-looking, Jack would say in his dogmatic way; "Nature started the sex in the right direction by creating great grandmother Eve perfect in loveliness, and it was Nature's intent that woman should continue in that way just as every fawn has grace and every heifer beautiful eyes. If woman has fallen from her high estate, it's her own fault, and let her pack off to a nunnery and not attempt to palm off bogus brands of beauty on unsuspecting men. It's an outrage."

Much as I despised Jack Olney and his cynicism and selfishness, the man exercised a peculiar fascination over me. I couldn't shake him off or close my ears to his audacious masonry of his sentiments. While I could feel the utter hollowness of his friendship, I didn't seem to have the will-power to cast him off. The explanation of course is easy enough. Poor justification is better than none when a man contemplates the commission of a mean act. Jack knew of my increasing repugnance to marrying such a plain-looking girl as Vera, and Mephisto-like he prodded me deeper and deeper into the slough of selfishness every chance he got. I was wretchedly low spirited; so much so that both aunt Sarah Ann and Vera noticed it and did their best to cheer me up, and at times Vera was so sweet and lovable that I was upon the very point of throwing myself on my knees and making a clean breast of the whole business, and then end by clasping her in my arms and ratifying my father's contract by pressing a kiss on her lips; but somehow I couldn't screw my manliness to a sticking point, and when almost there Jack Olney's words would suddenly ring in my ears,



VERA WAS AWAITING MY RETURN.

and I would sink down in my chair limp of limb and infirm of purpose.

While in this condition one day a classmate dropped into dine with me, and after dinner was over, proposed that I should go up town with him to attend a small reception to be given by some friend of his.

"You'll meet some interesting people," said he.

"Yes, go, Adrian," urged Vera, gently. "It will do you good to see some new faces. You've been so low-spirited of late."

So I let them persuade me, and went up stairs to dress. Vera was awaiting my return with a white rosebud in her hand, and having pinned it in my button-hole wished me a pleasant evening.

The coffin-shaped parlor so common in New York houses was uncomfortably filled with guests. I was glad of this, for it enabled me to ensconce myself in a corner where I could see and hear without being noticed. I soon discovered that I was not in a mood to be entertained, for I barely took cognizance of the fact that first some one sang and then some one recited, and that then ices were handed around. I took one like everyone else—not that I wanted it, but because "posiness," if I may coin the word, in the use of her arms, that delighted me. No master low high she raised her hands the curves were invariably full of grace. One of the strands of her dark hair having become loosened, she arose and straightening out her nymph-like figure before the pier glass curved her arms and set to work rearranging the rebellious tress. She was a sculptor's dream as she stood there, and I longed to throw myself at her feet and worship her, tell her how divine she was, tell her how I adored her.

The conversation turned upon married life.

"Bah!" exclaimed Beth, her full lips curled in strong contempt, but her large round eyes as introduced to me they were in another's hand, "I pray you, don't use the expression 'marriage contracts,' for in my philosophy love makes no contracts, for that would presuppose that love was suspicious and not sure of its lover. True love says: 'Will thou be mine?' but it knows what the answer will be just as well as it does when it says: 'Thou lovest me not!' Those who love by contract have no more right to expect to be happy than the guests of a Barmecide feast have to satisfy their hunger. Formality is the blue mold of love, and hence marriage is a failure. You can't keep love in good health by administering caresses like physicians' remedies on certain hours. The lover who reads his devotions is no more worthy of respect than the Hindoo devotee turning the crank of his prayer machine. If it were possible to formulate the infinite you would destroy it by so doing, and as love is a human infinity, and not a human weakness, you destroy it when you treat it as such and throw a sop to it. In plain English," said Miss Brewie, "marriage is a failure, not because a husband spends three evenings of the week at his club, but because he miss-spends the other four," and then bringing her discourse to an abrupt end, love's beautiful de-

MISS BREWIE MADE HER APPEARANCE.

fender opened a box of chocolates which she had taken from the mantel and holding it out for us to help ourselves, added: "Ah, me, I adore chocolates! And, as if to prove the truth of her words, fell upon them ravenously.

In a moment or so her friend arose and left the room, and I made one or two attempts to turn her thoughts back to the subject we had been discussing, but without success.

"Trash, trash, trash!" she cried, with a curl to her upper lip so contemptuous that it would have startled me had not her large, round, mysterious eyes been fixed upon me so steadily, so calmly.

Not without an effort did I rise to take my leave, for so fascinated, so bewildered, so enthralled were my senses by the charm of her strange personality that I feared that I might turn about and beat against the door when I should hear it close behind me.

For an hour I wandered up and down the streets. I could not bring myself to pass under the roof that shielded Vera. I could not resolve to carry my glowing heart into that home where life was so commonplace and that so damp and inelastic, and everything so cold and conventional. By mere chance I halted in front of a florist's window, and with a bound I entered the place. The odor of the flowers calmed and soothed me. I ordered the man to carry a basket of his finest roses to Miss Beth Brewie in the morning, and with his act of adoration I turned my footsteps homeward. I felt that now possibly I could sleep. Sleep! I could not sleep. Shutting the lids of my eyes only served to make Beth's more visible to me. Forcing my thoughts in another direction for a brief moment only made them return to her with greater strength.

In the morning both Vera and my aunt urged me to go to a physician. I obeyed, but to the only one who could reach my ailment. It was a week, however, before she deigned to administer the slightest remedy, and then it came in the shape of a faint smile when I called her Miss Beth. "Beth! Beth Brewie!" in that a weird melody, what a mysterious sweetness was exhaled by that quaint but delightful name! It seemed to me that if she had borne some trival name, such as Kate or Cora, she would not have been half so fascinating.

I yearned for the moment to come when I might catch the first faint glimmer of her love for me, so that I might throw myself at her feet and ring a thousand changes on that sweet name, and couple each with a caress—dainty Beth! delightful Beth! dark-eyed Beth! divine Beth! The prospect of being loved by this poetic child who could so easily lift her heart to her lips and double love's sweet potency by telling it in glowing syllables made me supremely happy. Till then I had not known what love was. To carry out a father's foolish whim I had comforted myself with a pretty dream, played with a toy counterfeit without even suspecting the existence of the entrancing realty. Was it any wonder that my soul, upon discovering that it had wings, should yearn to use them? Thus far, neither my aunt nor Vera had any suspicion of Bath's existence or that I had fallen in love with any one, for by devoting my afternoons to Miss Brewie I was able to spend most of my evenings at home, as usual.

TO BE CONTINUED.

National Anthems.

There is no certainty about the national anthem of the United States. Some persons think that "Yankee Doodle" is; others consider "Hail Columbia," and others "The Star Spangled Banner." Perhaps the last has the best right to be so called. The national anthem of France is "La Marseillaise;" that of Germany is "Deutschland."

TWENTY-EIGHT DEAD TWO HUNDRED DIE.

BURIED IN A MINE UNDER THE MICHIGAMME RIVER.

Caught by a Cave-In and Overwhelmed by a Flood of Water Which Filled the Mine to the River Level—Only One Escaped of an Entire Crew.

Death in Rushing Waters.

With a roar and rush the waters of the Michigamme River broke through the Mansfield mine, at Crystal Falls, Mich., shortly after nine o'clock on Thursday night, drowning twenty-eight of the employes at work directly under the stream. The eighteen men who escaped were employed in the lower levels. None of the bodies have been recovered, and it is believed it will be necessary to divert the channel of the river before they can be secured. Following is a correct list of the dead:

SAM PETERS, married.
JAMES STRONGMAN, married.
W. H. PIERCE, married.
SWAN JOHNSON.
MIKE HARRINGTON.
FRED ROCCO.
AL TORREBANT.
FRANK JOHNSON.
SAM JOHNSON.
SHILLIMO ZADRA.
PETER TURBY.
NICOLI FONTANI.
CHARLES POHL, married.
JOHN REGULA.
OLE CARLSON, married.
JOE KOLA, married.
JOHN HOLMSTROM.
ROSC. FORTMATO.
JOHN KIRSHE.
JOHN RANDALA.
JOHN WARNER.
OSCAR LUNDQUIST.
CHRIS ARCANGELO.
ANTO STEFANO.
AUGUST COLOGNA.
O. CONSTANTE.
VIOLEN ZADRA.
CELESTI NEGRI.

The Mansfield mine is one of the Schlesinger group and is operated by Corrigan, Ives & Co. of Cleveland. The mine reaches out under the river, but the earth between the workings and the stream was supposed to be of such thickness as to make the flooding of the mine impossible and no extra precautions had been taken against a disaster of this kind. The night shift of men went into the mine at the usual time and were deep in the pit when the break occurred. The men had no warning of the impending calamity. The main shaft of the mine extends under the Michigamme river and the subsiding of the ground turned the stream into the mine, flooding it almost instantly.

The accident occurred at 9 o'clock at night. The mine filled with water in two hours, and those that escaped were in the shaft, and were literally blown out by the rushing water and air, which made it impossible for a rescuing party to leave the cage for rescue of others. Nearly all are Italians and Swedes. The situation was awful and the scenes around the cave-in were heart-rending.

Weeping women and crying children crowded up to the gaping pit to view the last resting place of husband and father. The spot has been visited by thousands of curious people, and the tragic event is the one topic of discussion in the Lake Superior country. No specific censure of the mining company is being manifested.

The generally accepted theory as to the cause of the disaster is that the timbers on the fifth level gave way and allowed the levels above and at last the river to wash down upon the doomed men. In the process of mining all the levels save the sixth have been stopped out, leaving only timbers and pillars of ore above. John M. Longyear, of Marquette, one of the chief owners of the Mansfield mine property, said that the land had been leased to Calhoun & Tenney of Chicago and that they had formed the Mansfield Mining Company. Mr. Longyear's belief is that the disaster was caused by "robbing" the mine; that is, by working in a reckless manner and tearing down pillars of ore in the upper levels that should have been left to support the roof.

There has been much trouble with water recently, and predictions have not been wanting that the river would come down through the roof of the mine. The depression in the iron trade has closed practically all the mines in the Crystal Falls district, and the Mansfield was almost the only one from which any ore was being raised, the fine quality of its product enabling it to keep on working. The night shift had gone down, and though some one noticed that more water than usual was coming into the mine no special alarm was felt, as the pumps seemed to be able to keep the drifts free. So the work went on in its usual course until the roar of water made the first announcement of danger. So fast came the flood that it is doubtful if the men in the upper levels were able to reach the shaft at all.

Tony Buletto, the skip-tender at the fourth level, was standing near the shaft with Frank Rocco, a night boss, or foreman, when the first crash came. They knew what had happened and anticipated the result, but Rocco heroically refused to go up in the skip until he had warned his men of the danger imminent. He went back into the drift and perished with his comrades. Buletto came to the surface in the skip, and is the only man who went to work on the fourth level that fatal night left to tell the story.

Louis Ashlemin, under whose direct supervision the mining was done, said the roof of the fifth level had been shifty for several days, but nothing that miners consider indicative of imminent danger appeared. "To secure the thing, however," he continued, "we placed new timbers in the level and it appeared to be perfectly safe. I believe the cave started on the fifth level."

Telegraphic Clicks.

ALL Chinese have been driven out of Cove, Ore.

THE total admissions to the World's Fair to date are 14,027,821.

REV. EDWARD D. NEILL, the historian, is dead at St. Paul.

THE Mexico Fire Brick works at Mexico, Mo., have resumed.

IT is now stated that Archbishop Kenrick has not been deposed.

NELLIE GRAY, the notorious Valparaiso (Ind.) horse thief, has been declared insane.

TERRIBLE RESULTS OF THE SOUTHERN STORM.

Near Barataria Bay, a Colony, Including 150 Oyster Fishermen, Is Annihilated—Further Reports from Mobile Show the Havoc Wrought Is Not Half Told.

Awful Loss of Life.

Late reports from the Gulf coast as to the damage by the great storm are of the most alarming character. The worst news is from Bayou Cook, whence New Orleans gets its supply of oysters. This is midway between Barataria bay and the mouth of the Mississippi. Here a colony of oyster fishers numbering 150 is reported to have become totally annihilated, with nearly the entire population killed or drowned. The following is a summary of the number of lives lost so far as is known up to the time this is written:

Below Barataria bay	120
At Pointe-a-la-Hache	4
Empire mill	3
Hingles	2
Daisy postoffice	2
Point Celeste	1
Fort St. Phillips	1
Gaspar Smith's	2
Nichols postoffice	3
Fosterling	4
Grand Bayou and Bayou Shute	20
St. James	1
Pigneola	1
Grand Prairie	4
Total	200

Most of these were by drowning. The remaining were from falling timbers. A number of refugees have reached New Orleans from the lower portion of Plaquemine Parish. They are all more or less bruised and injured from the storm. The water from the Gulf was driven up over the land to a depth of three to five feet, while the fury of the storm was terrible.

At Grand Isle much damage is reported. The new Ocean Hotel was blown down and the island flooded. The jetties sustained considerable damage from the storm.

Mississippi's Swollen Torrent.

The Mississippi rose nine feet, being forced up by the wind, while the water from the Gulf was driven over the land to a depth of from two to five feet. In this water the people stood for hours, their houses being destroyed, until boats or skiffs could come to their relief. For a distance of forty miles below Pointe a la Hache, on both sides of the Mississippi, there is not a single house which does not show signs of the storm, and most of them are wholly destroyed or rendered uninhabitable. The crops are a complete loss. The country is devoted mainly to the raising of rice, oranges, and early vegetables. The rice had been harvested and packed in stacks ready to be milled. These were swept away by the storm and the flood, and the loss is complete. The oranges are stripped from the trees and have rolled in the water, while they have laid for two days. The garden truck is almost completely destroyed.

The damage by the storm in New Orleans will amount to $376,000, divided as follows: West End, $30,000; other lakeside resorts, $20,000; vesselmens' leves, $20,000; clubhouses and yachts, $25,000; canal boats sunk and driven ashore, $18,000; damage to shipping, $75,000; damage to fences, trees, yards, etc., $54,000; market and other buildings and railroads, $100,000; miscellaneous, $30,000. Outside of New Orleans as far as can be estimated the damage will be $800,000, making the total losses something over $1,250,000.

Reports from Mobile, Ala., almost a perfect wreck. At this time the damage can only be conjectured, but it is safe to estimate it at nearly $1,000,000. Several deaths are reported. In the district across the river dwelt twenty-three families. Only one of these homes can be seen standing. In the same region it is certain that 300 or 400 head of cattle have been lost.

Terrible Fatality in the Marshes.

The damage to the Louisville and Nashville Railroad is beyond computation at this time. There are 400 trees across the track between Bay Minette and Dyas Creek, a distance of about ten miles. No trains can get any farther south than Bay Minette. A rowboat trip of the marshes made by an Associated Press reporter reveals a state of desolation and death that will almost equal that of a month ago at Savannah and the Sea Islands.

At every point touched houses were completely gone, while the upper eastern shore was swept as if by a western cyclone. From Blakely as far southeast as reports could be had the natives report only death and destruction.

It will be fully a week or more before the story of the storm with all its attendant tales of death and desolation can be told in detail.

RAINS DO MUCH GOOD.

Western Section of the Country Benefited by Showers.

The weekly crop report of the Weather Bureau says that over the western portions of the Carolinas, Southern Virginia, the Lower Ohio Valley, and generally to the westward of the Mississippi, the rainfall of the week has been heavy, and the Western and Northwestern States, over which severe drouth has prevailed for several weeks, have received abundant rains which were much needed. Abundant rains also fell over the central and Northern plateau regions, and generous showers fell on the North Pacific coast. In the Middle Atlantic States the last week has been favorable to maturing crops and for the work of securing the same, and the absence of heavy rains, with generally fair weather over the greater portion of the cotton region, has been favorable for cotton-picking, which is now being rapidly pushed. The abundant rains over the Central and Western States have put the ground in good condition for plowing, and will greatly improve pastures.

Missouri—Plowing and seeding behind, but being rushed; light acreage assured; pastures revived; water plentiful.

Illinois—Ground generally in excellent condition; fall plowing and seeding retarded; corn being cut; bulk will be ready to crib in th. Indiana—Corn ripening rapidly; cutting up nicely; corn nearly all in shock; tobacco housed.

Ohio—Wheat seeding nearly completed, early sown up and looks fine; corn all shocked and husking commenced; potatoes about all dug, light yield; killing frosts for so far days, destroying corn, tobacco and other vegetation then standing.

Michigan—Corn, potatoes, buckwheat and beans improved; light yield, except in scattered localities; all crops about secured; fruit crop immense; frosts damaged latest potatoes and garden truck.