

The Lambert Mystery.

By MRS. ALEXANDER.

CHAPTER IX. 16
Continued.

After some little time Lady Gethin turned to Elsie and said, gravely, "Will you forgive me, my dear young lady, if I ask you to leave me with your father and Mr. Glynn? I have one or two matters to speak of." She paused.

"Certainly," said Elsie, rising; "you will send for me when you want me," and with a smiling, wondering look at Glynn she left the room.

The door being closed, Lady Gethin, turning to Lambert, said, "At the risk of awakening painful memories, I must ask you a few questions! Your daughter so closely resembles a dear friend, or rather one who was a dear friend of mine long ago, that I cannot refrain. Pray, has she any relations named Acton?"

"No," said Lambert, eyeing her suspiciously; "she has no relation in the world but myself."

"She must have some others, Captain Lambert," persisted Lady Gethin. "Strange ideas rise in my mind, coupling the likeness with Deering's efforts to find her. The friend Miss Lambert resembles, and whose daughter she might be, was Isabel Acton, who married Gilbert Deering against the will of her people, and went away with him abroad, where she died."

"My God!" cried Lambert, turning ghastly white. "This is incredible!" He remained silent for a minute, his hands clasping and unclasping the arms of his chair, his mouth twitching. "Ring the bell!" he said at length to Glynn. "Get me some brandy and water. I will tell you my whole story. You look like a good woman, Lady Gethin. You will not turn against my girl, though her father has been a bit of a blackguard in his time."

"I will not," said Lady Gethin, stoutly.

"Do you wish me to leave you?" asked Glynn.

"No; my confession is as much for you as for my lady here. I must go a long way back. It was about fifteen years ago when, after knocking about in Texas and California, I found myself at Chile in a very low condition, both as to money and prospects. Just at that time a railway had been begun by a clever adventurer who had been kicked out of Frisco, but persuaded the Government of Chile to take up his scheme. This railway was to a village up in the mountains, in the middle of a rich mineral district, teeming with wealth. The difficulty was to find ready money to pay current expenses; they were never more than a week ahead of the men's wages. To provide for this outlay, Jefferson, the Yankee promoter, got together three or four gamblers to meet the men at the village where they were paid, and win back the cash just given out, and have it ready for the next payday. I was one of these fine gentlemen," bitterly.

"We had a percentage on our winnings, and lots of food and drink at the bars, kept by the company—that is, Jefferson. Among the employes there was a certain Deering, a cold, stern Englishman, an engineer. He was a silent, self-possessed fellow, proud and plucky as the devil. He had had a wife with him, but she was dead. I never saw her." He paused. Both Lady Gethin and Glynn drew a little nearer with breathless interest.

"Well," resumed Lambert, "one night I met Deering in a hotel in Lima with a tall Englishman not unlike himself, only fair, with whom he was talking over a bottle of wine; and they had papers and money lying on the table between them. They seemed greatly occupied with their conversation. I had had a hard ride and a hard drink, and I couldn't resist trying to get up a quarrel with Deering, so I broke in on him and his friend and offered to stake as much as lay there and play him for the whole at poker, euchre, anything he liked. He answered me contemptuously, and rising, left the room. I was in an awful fury, and swore that I'd have his life, and a deal more. The tall friend who remained laughed and laughed, and gave me more drink, so we grew a bit familiar. The upshot was, I went to see him in his private room; there we got abusing Deering to dirt, and I swore I'd have his life. When this man had listened awhile, says he: 'If you are in earnest, I know a party who would give a bigger pile than that' (meaning the money that had been on the table) 'to know that he was safe under the sod, and not only the serpent but the spawn, too,' says he, 'he has a child who may prove worse than the father.' This sobered me. Ay, you may look hard; it had an ugly sound, and blackguard as I had been, I was no cowardly assassin.

"I parleyed with him a bit. However, I could get little out of him, except that there was a good sum to be mine if I would shoot my enemy. Next day I mounted my horse, and rode away to find Deering to warn him against the treacherous deed which was thirsting for his life. It's truth I am telling you. Do you believe me?" interrupting himself feverishly.

"I do," said Glynn, earnestly.

"Pray, go on," urged Lady Gethin.

"Deering lived away at one of the stations in the mountains with a lot of Indians and half-breeds around him. The railway was pushed so far, and the next payments were to be made there. So men were busy rigging up a bar and a gambling saloon, with logs and what not, when I rode in and found Deering kicking up no end of a row, wanting to prevent the saloon being finished and opened. I spoke to him, as I hope, full of the best intentions. I asked him to come away out into the open

resumed Lambert. "After that spurt I went back to Melbourne. Presently Mrs. Kellett wanted to go home; her brother was a widower and wrote for his sister to keep his house; so I came with her and left my precious child there, where she thrived like a lily for near five years. I settled in Paris. I declare to God, I used to forget she wasn't my own child. When she was, as I reckoned, about twelve, I put her into the convent and used to have her out on holidays. She never enjoyed them more than I did, and she grew fonder and fonder of me. Then I made a snug little nest for her, and took her home for good. Then I met you, Glynn, and now I'm coming to the trouble. You remember Vincent. Well, when I first met him in Paris, I was puzzled with the notion that I had seen him before, and I told him so. Then he grinned and said that he was the boy that had witnessed my duel with Deering. We agreed to bury the past. Then he proposed for Elsie, and I refused him; still he hung on, and asked a second time; after that he got spiteful. You know all about that time, Glynn! You were at the Davilliers' the evening I came in, and saw Deering talking to my Elsie and looking at her. By heaven, I understood his looks! and if I had had my knife in my belt, as in the old days, he'd have looked his last. I thought the sight of me would have frightened him."

Lambert paused, and lay back in his chair.

"Did he recognize you?" cried Lady Gethin, with breathless interest.

"Ay, that he did. He came the next day to call, and sat talking so softly and elegantly to my blessed child. At last he begged for a private interview with me, said he had something of importance to say. I was obliged to go to his hotel, there was no use refusing. As soon as the door was closed he asked me to come up by his writing table. Then looking straight at me he exclaimed, 'You lied to me. You did not strangle Gilbert Deering's infant! I recognized the girl's likeness to her mother at the first glance.'

"'What's that to you?' said I. 'There's a crime the less on your conscience.'

"He laughed harshly. 'I confess she was worth sparing; she is a charming creature. You seem to have brought her up remarkably well, but I think you have done enough. I propose to assume her guardianship in future.' I saw his infernal scheme, and I burst out in a fury. I threatened to expose him. 'Try,' he replied, 'and see what will become of it. I shall simply tell my story. I went to Chile to find my cousin, who had succeeded to the family estate of Denham. I had a considerable sum of money with me for his use. A desperate scoundrel sees us discussing business matters, and the money on a table before us. He follows poor Gilbert, murders and robs him; incites the ruffians of the place to force Deering's house. In the scuffle Gilbert's little girl is supposed to be burnt—years after I discover her in Paris. I denounce the murderer, save my young cousin, unveil the monster on whom she has lavished her filial affection—and—'

"'Lose your estates,' I interrupted. 'You didn't want to murder Gilbert Deering for nothing. How would my story tell against yours?'

"'My good friend, not a soul would believe your word against mine.'

"'You would need a witness or two,' said I.

"'I might find one,' he said. I thought of his strange intimacy with Vincent. 'I'll give you a few days to reflect,' he went on. 'This is my proposition. Hand over the girl to my custody. I'll give you two hundred a year while you are above ground. Refuse, and I'll lodge information against you in consequence of revelations made to me by your friend Vincent. Now take your choice. Of this I am resolved—to get rid of you. He would not say another word, and I left him, feeling more than half-mad with helpless rage—ay! with terror. I am no coward. I could face death as steadily as any man; but to leave my Elsie at the mercy of such a villain—no, I could not face that. Then to hand her over to a wretch who would destroy her if he could; that idea drove me wild. I appealed to Vincent. Vincent coolly told me that I had shot Deering in the back.

To be Continued.

German Literary Production in 1906.

According to a recent issue of Die Woche, the number of literary productions of Germany in 1906 were as follows:

General bibliography, literary works, encyclopedias, collective works, publications of learned societies, universities' works, 409; theology, 1214; legal and political science, 2313; medical science, 1626; natural science, mathematics, 1233; philosophy, theology, 307; education and instruction (juvenile publications), 3558; science of language and literature, 1265; history, 981; geography, maps, 1358; military science, 620; trade, manufactures, intercommunication, 1435; architecture and engineering, 720; domestic economy, agriculture, forestry, 816; polite literature (plays, popular tales, etc.), 2,931; art, 733; directories and annuals, 604; miscellaneous, 582. Total, 22,715. The total shows a decrease of twenty-four over 1905.—Philadelphia Record.

Only Two in Office.

A man in a certain township was elected constable. The members of the family were much elated and could scarcely contain themselves with their newly acquired civic honors. At last one of the smaller children said to the wife: "Ma, are we all constables?" The mother replied, "Gwan, child; nobody's constable but me and your pa!"—Acheson Globe.

Norwegian butter is rapidly growing in popular favor, especially in England. In 1905 the amount exported from Stavanger was 600,000 pounds, an increase of nearly 200,000 pounds over 1906, and 325,000 pounds over 1903.

There are no apples in China beyond the small crab apples.

Household Matters.

Maple Frosting.

Cook one pint of maple syrup and one-fourth a cup (two ounces) of butter to 248° on the syrup gauge, or until a little will form a pretty consistent "soft ball." Tested in cold water. Just before the syrup and butter are cooked enough add three or four tablespoonfuls of boiling water to half a pound of marshmallows, and set them over hot water. When the marshmallows are partly melted, beat them into the syrup mixture, and continue beating until the whole is smooth and cool enough to remain upon the cake. This will make a thick icing for a large sheet of cake. It will be found soft and creamy, and will cut without cracking.—Boston Cooking School Magazine.

Outing Lunches.

For the outing lunch cheese sandwiches are very appetizing and easily made. Grate the cheese fine and rub it to a paste with melted butter, seasoned as liked with salt and pepper, and spread on the slices of bread. A lettuce leaf between the slices of bread makes a nice addition to the filling. Brown bread, cut in very thin slices, make delicious sandwiches when filled with any filling suitable for white breads.

Meats chopped fine and used for filling sandwiches are much more convenient than put up in slices or "chunks," and chicken, boned and pressed, then sliced, makes much more dainty handling for the consumer.

Old-Fashioned Indian Pudding.

Scald a quart of milk. Beat a scant cupful of cornmeal with a cup of molasses and a teaspoonful of salt and stir into the boiling milk. Let it cook ten or fifteen minutes, then set aside to cool. Add half a pint of cold milk, a heaping teaspoonful of butter, a little allspice or clove and cinnamon and two well beaten eggs. Pour this mixture into a well buttered baking dish and cook in a steady oven three or four hours—the longer the better. When the pudding has baked nearly an hour pour over it half a pint of cold milk, which must not be stirred, but allowed to soak in gradually.

The pudding requires in all three pints of milk, and should be allowed to stand nearly half an hour after it is taken from the oven before it is served. In baking, if it should become too brown, cover with a pan or thick plate.—Religious Telescope.

Oysters and Macaroni.

If you have never served oysters and macaroni do try this recipe just as soon as an opportunity affords itself. It is such a tempting hot dish to serve with cold sliced meat, or it may be well introduced into any simple home luncheon or supper. It is an excellent way to make use of a pint of oysters if one has not a larger supply on hand. If people were more careful in cleaning oysters there would be less discomfort in eating dishes made from them. Put oysters in a strainer placed over a bowl. Pour cold water over oysters, allowing one-half cupful to each quart of oysters. Carefully pick over oysters, taking each one separately in the fingers, to remove any particles of the shell which adhere to the tough muscle. Cook three-fourths of a cupful of macaroni, broken in one-inch pieces, in salted boiling water until soft; drain and rinse with cold water. Put a layer in the bottom of a buttered baking dish, cover with oysters, sprinkle with salt and pepper, dredge with flour and dot over with two and one-half tablespoonfuls of butter; repeat, and cover with one-half cupful of buttered cracker crumbs. Bake twenty minutes in hot oven.—Woman's Home Companion.

Who Wants the Liquor Saloon?

Who wants the saloon legalized in our communities? Who wants the liquor traffic to become a factor in all our State, county and municipal affairs? Who wants the rum-sellers to set themselves up as bosses in ward, town, city and State management? Who wants the degrading influence of saloons to offset the influence of our churches and schools? It is easier to tell who does not want it. No good citizen wants it. No man with a family of growing boys wants it. No one who has the good of the community at heart wants it. No man with a business which the profits of the saloon would interfere with wants it. No man who loves his fellowmen wants it. No one who hopes for the welfare and happiness of the rising generation wants it.

Even the man who has an appetite for strong drink and who realizes the harm it is doing him and his family would be pleased to have no temptation put in his way. It is simply a question of greed rather than of appetite. The rum-seller is the real party who wants the saloon, and he wants it solely for the money it will bring him. Shall he have it?—Christian Work and Evangelist.

Abominable Liquor Dives.

A good deal has been said of the horrible passion inflaming pictures of a local white man and one Negro man found in the abominable liquor dives of Atlanta, Ga. The indignation of the community has been justly aroused to know that these things have been going on in the Negro dives of Atlanta and of other cities.

Temperance Notes.

Chaos reigns among the liquor interests of Georgia to-day.

In Mississippi only a dozen places now sell liquor. Meridian, with a population of 25,000, boasts an empty jail. Jackson, the capital, has long had prohibition.

Dallas, Texas, wants the National Prohibition convention in 1908. An invitation, backed by the Commercial Club and business interests of the city, will be forwarded to the Prohibition National Committee.

The new residence district option bill passed by the Wisconsin Legislature provides that there can be but one saloon license granted hereafter for every 250 of the population.

Oklahoma has joined hands with the Southern and Southwestern States to try to limit or abolish the liquor traffic as a breeder of disorder and a clog on industrial progress.

For twenty years Mississippi has had a local option law. On petition of one-third of the electors of a county, the Board of Supervisors must order an election, whether any liquor or alcoholic liquors shall be sold or given away therein.

THE WARFARE AGAINST DRINK

TEMPERANCE BATTLE GATHERS STRENGTH EVERY DAY.

One of the Marvels of the Age is Expressed in the Phrase, "Kentucky is Going Dry"—The State May Become Prohibition.

"Whisky, whisky, all around; but not one drop to drink!" the words of the Ancient Mariner, thus paraphrased, are appropriate to-day in 100 of the 119 counties of Kentucky. Strange as it may seem to a public educated in its notions of the Blue Grass State by the jesters of the comic press Kentucky, the home of fine whisky, is in imminent danger of becoming a prohibition State.

At the present time, despite her 253 distilleries, turning out thousands of barrels of the fluid to fill the "cup that cheers," Kentucky has but four counties sufficiently irrigated to be classed as really "wet" counties. Prohibition leaders say that Appellate Court decision in pending cases will make entirely dry the four of the counties now classed as partially wet.

Even in the nineteen where liquor is sold it is in most cases in but one or two precincts. Anomalous though it may seem, Bourbon, the county from which one variety takes its name, has but one place—Paris—within its limits where whisky may be purchased.

The four counties which are largely wet are Jefferson, Kenton, Campbell and Meade. All, with the exception of Meade, are still wet because they contain large cities. Jefferson has Louisville, Kenton has Covington and Campbell has Newport. The latter two are directly across from Cincinnati, with its German beer drinking population, and possibly, it sets the example.

While the anti-saloon forces have been making a steady fight for over thirty years, it is within recent years only that rapid progress has been made. The passage of the County Unit law by the Legislature last winter put the most formidable weapon in their hands. With this they have been able to carry county after county. Their efforts have to this time been confined to counties having no large cities because of a compromise amendment of the law excepting from its provisions all counties containing cities of the first, second and third classes.

The prohibition leaders already have given notice that at the next session of the Legislature, next winter, they will seek the amendment of the law so as to cover all counties. They will then invade some of the counties containing larger cities, among them Fayette in which is Lexington.

Though they have given this city little attention, the prohibitionists call attention to the fact that there are even two dry precincts in Louisville itself.

The sweeping change which has come over Kentucky on the liquor question first came home to most of the people during the recent Democratic Senatorial primary. Both Beckham and McCreary made their fights on the prohibition platform.

The move was a shrewd one, it proved, for the vote of the country districts in the State is overwhelming, compared with the city vote, which might be expected to be against prohibition.

The campaign was a novelty for Kentucky, where, according to tradition, candidates in the olden days were in the habit of knocking in the heads of barrels of whisky and allowing voters to help themselves with the contents.

With 100 of the 119 counties in the State dry, and 253 distilleries turning out their endless stream of whisky, the question naturally occurs where all this product is going. Kentucky is rapidly putting herself in a queer position. She is forbidding her own sons to drink that which she is manufacturing for the rest of the world.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS FOR DEC. 15 BY THE REV. I. W. HENDERSON.

Subject: The Boy Samuel, I. Sam. 8: 1-21—Golden Text, I. Sam. 8: 9—Memory Verses, 8:10—Read I. Samuel 1-4.

The prophet Samuel, says Rev. W. G. Blake, D. D., in his commentary on Samuel, like the book which bears his name, comes in as a connecting link between the Judges and the Kings of Israel. He belonged to a transition period. It was appointed to him to pilot the nation between two stages of its history: from a republic to a monarchy; from a condition of somewhat casual and indefinite arrangements to one of more systematic and orderly government. The great object of his life was to secure that this change should be made in the way most beneficial for the nation, and especially most beneficial for its spiritual interests. Care must be taken that while becoming like the nations in having a king, Israel shall not become like them in religion, but shall continue to stand out in hearty and unswerving allegiance to the law and covenant of their father's God.

Samuel was the last of the judges, and in a sense the first of the prophets. The last of the judges, but not a military judge; not ruling like Samson by physical strength, but by high spiritual ties and prayer; not so much wrestling against flesh and blood as against principalities and powers, and the rulers of the darkness of this world, and spiritual wickedness in high places. In this respect his function as a judge extended with his work as a prophet. Before him, the prophetic office was but a casual illumination; under him it becomes a more steady and systematic light. He was the first of a succession of prophets to whom God placed side by side with the kings and priests of Israel to supply that fresh moral and spiritual force which the prevailing wickedness of the one and formalism of the other rendered so necessary for the great ends for which Israel was chosen. With some fine exceptions, the kings and priests would have allowed the seed of Abraham to drift away from the noble purpose for which God had called them; conformity to the world in spirit if not in form was the prevailing tendency; the prophets were raised up to hold the nation firmly to the covenant, to vindicate the claims of its heavenly King, to thunder judgments against idolatry and all rebellion, and pour words of comfort into the hearts of all who were faithful to their God, and who looked for redemption in Israel. Of this order of God's servants Samuel was the first. And called as he was to this office at a transition period, the importance of it was all the greater.

The first thing that engages our special attention in this chapter is the singular way in which Samuel was called to receive God's message in the temple.

The word of God was rare in those days; there was no open vision, or rather no vision that came abroad, that was promulgated to the nation as the expression of God's will. From the tone in which this is referred to, it was evidently looked on as a want, as placing the nation in a less desirable position than in days when God was constantly communicating His will. Now, however, God is to come into closer contact with the people, and for this purpose He is to employ a new instrument as the medium of His messages. For God is never at a loss for suitable instruments—they are always ready when peculiar work has to be done in the world. Now, however, God is to come into closer contact with the people, and for this purpose He is to employ a new instrument as the medium of His messages. For God is never at a loss for suitable instruments—they are always ready when peculiar work has to be done in the world.

What will be the gain of a merry heart? The Bible says it will be a good medicine. That is to say, it will enable a man to look on the bright side of things, and surely this will be of the very highest benefit. We have been placed here by a great Being to do a certain special work. Well, to work that we can do, no one else but us; to us whom it has been entrusted. Therefore, anything and everything that will assist a Christian in his life work is a gain and an advantage; and most truly a merry heart is a good medicine, a brave determination to look on the bright side of things will make a man a blessing, not a curse to his fellow men.—Rev. George Dowling, Rector of Christ Church, West Islip, in the New York Herald.

Pitiableness of Self-Pity.

Desert life has its dangers as well as its blessings. To one man, disappointment and affliction bring only smallness of soul. He spends his time, when he cannot get some patient person to listen to him, in quietly pitying himself. His own pain is given such big place that he forgets his brother's fight. Well, to work that we can do, no one else but us; to us whom it has been entrusted. Therefore, anything and everything that will assist a Christian in his life work is a gain and an advantage; and most truly a merry heart is a good medicine, a brave determination to look on the bright side of things will make a man a blessing, not a curse to his fellow men.—Rev. George Dowling, Rector of Christ Church, West Islip, in the New York Herald.

That turns earth's smoothness rough.

—Sunday-school Times.

A Cause of Waste.

Think of the millions of horsepower of energy that has been going to waste these centuries when man did not know how to put on the electric harness. And think of the incomparably greater amount of energy that is still going to waste because men have not learned to wear the harness of the will of God instead of rushing down the precipice of self-will.—Brethren Evangelist.

An Evening Thought.

Certainly, in our own little sphere it is not the most active people to whom we owe the most. Among the common people whom we know it is not necessarily those who are busiest, not those who, meteor-like, are ever on the rush after some waste because stars have not learned to wear the harness of the will of God instead of rushing down the precipice of self-will.—Brethren Evangelist.

Gold Leaf as Brain Covering.

Richard Swanger, of Baltimore, was unconscious for eleven days from a depressed fracture of the skull, caused by a tree falling upon him, is recovering from a remarkable surgical operation as a result of which he will carry a quantity of gold leaf in his head. The surgeons at Maryland University Hospital found a part of the brain covering and a part of the brain itself adhered to the dura mater. The brain covering and the gray matter were separated and the gold leaf was placed between the parts.

Australia Has Most Churches.

Australia has more places of public worship in proportion to population than any other country.

ROYAL HELPS DITHERED FOR THE QUIET HOUR

SOUL'S PARADISE.

All zones I searched—in pain—in gloom—
In Paradise, sweet Paradise,
Its stately towers ne'er could see:
Faint Paradise, far Paradise.

Still on I toiled courageously,
Toward Paradise, dear Paradise,
As I approached, its walls would flee:
Sad Paradise, fool Paradise.

I ceased my quest! It then found me!
Close Paradise, self-Paradise!
Now hourly, where I go or be,
In Paradise, soul's Paradise.

—James H. West, in the Christian Register.

The Bright Side of Things.

A merry heart is a good medicine.
—Proverbs, 17:22.

A noted lawyer when asked the secret of his success, replied: "I always tried to make people believe I was in deadly earnest. I would look and act as though the other side had not the slightest chance to controvert my arguments. In a word, I did my best to create an atmosphere that would be the means of helping me win my suit."

This answer has a profound truth in it. It was the deliberate action of a man of the world to bring about the success of his own ends. It was the result of an entirely selfish motive to effect one's own aggrandizement.

And yet the explanation can touch us who acknowledge the supremacy of Christ very deeply; for truly the children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light. The successful lawyer always tried to create an atmosphere in order to make an impression for purely selfish ends; the Christian, the follower of the Master, ought also to strive to create an atmosphere by carrying the spirit of the Lord Jesus Christ around with him, to build up the kingdom of God among men and advance the cause of his Saviour among the nations of the earth.

A simple, buoyant, merry, trustful disposition will do more good in the world than tons of sermons, wagon-loads of supercilious criticisms, carloads of biting and sarcastic comments. No one but God knows how far the influence of one personality reaches in this world. We shall never realize until the day of judgment how much we have damned or blessed our fellow men. Therefore, it is of vast importance that we carry around with us an atmosphere of health, not disease; of light, not darkness; of life, not death.

How can men and women secure a merry heart, a cheerful disposition, a sun illumined soul? Well, to begin with, we must have faith in God. This lies at the root of all our thinking. We cannot face life bravely and unshrinkingly without belief in Providence. "To see life steadily and to see it whole" we must have some conception of a power outside ourselves, that guards us, guides us and protects us.

If we have faith in God, a strong conviction that there is a heavenly Father who knows and cares for His children, then the next ingredient for a merry heart is to work—to lose one's self in some enterprise, to labor early and late for the accomplishment of some great end, to be a creator in a small way and thus be like God who made the universe.

What will be the gain of a merry heart? The Bible says it will be a good medicine. That is to say, it will enable a man to look on the bright side of things, and surely this will be of the very highest benefit. We have been placed here by a great Being to do a certain special work. Well, to work that we can do, no one else but us; to us whom it has been entrusted. Therefore, anything and everything that will assist a Christian in his life work is a gain and an advantage; and most truly a merry heart is a good medicine, a brave determination to look on the bright side of things will make a man a blessing, not a curse to his fellow men.—Rev. George Dowling, Rector of Christ Church, West Islip, in the New York Herald.