

## KARL GRIER

went back to his Mexican mother's tongue, you see, when the lightning struck him), urged the horse to charge the oncoming Colossus. But the horse knew better than that, and swerved into the open space in front of the Duke of York's column. The unoccupied square was traversed at full speed. Ere the steed, far wiser than the man, could check his wild progress, he was flying down the long flight of steps into St. James's Park.

Most happily, the Jew's lunacy involved no further tragedy. At that particular hour, even on a summer night, central London is fairly empty. Therefore, the few privileged spectators of this unparalleled feat by a horse, cab, and man, saw the mad descent and heard Steindal's incoherent shrieks without being called on to tend some other unhappy sufferer from the escapade.

The horse, thoroughly frightened now, lost his coolness when the level ground was reached once more. He dashed on blindly, caught the vehicle against a tree, and the policemen and startled passers-by who then came on the scene extricated the insensible Jew from the ruins of the cab. He had been badly injured by the plunging hoofs, and fully six months elapsed before he was restored to health and Paris. In that time a great many things had happened