

In the Fowler's Snare

By M. B. MANWELL

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

In America people need not restrict their honeymooning to a distance of 20, 30, or 100 miles. Over there a bridal journey may mean 4,000 or 5,000 miles, and entail some days and nights aboard a train. Gervis Templeton and his newly made wife were quite content with the prospect of the long journey as they sat in the palace car, hand-in-hand, gazing out upon the strange, unchanging landscape.

To the new wife, life was warm and sweet; while for Gervis, who had taken up his cross manfully before he crossed Gladly's vision, there was the underlying sense of having given up his all for others, which in itself is a certain reward.

"It seems like years since we left old Frisco, doesn't it, Gervis?" the bride broke the silence to say blithely. "It's a bit queer to leave the old life behind like this," she went on, half dreamily. "I never realized that I was married, I think, until we stepped into this car at Vancouver. And now here we are, you and I, flying along through plains and canons, through snow and ice, on our way to old age together. If one were superstitious the look-out is ominous."

Gladly waved her white hand at the landscape whirling past, rocks and hillsides, gray rivers and shimmering, still lakes, and in the distance the great, frowning Rockies.

"Look on this picture, not on that," Gervis with his hand gently turned the small, round face, and Gladly's eyes fell on the cheerful, warm luxuries of the car.

He was careful not to omit the lover-like attentions a bride would naturally look for, and it was only those who knew him better than Gladly did, who would miss the spontaneous element that was absent.

"Never mind the wintry outlook," went on the young husband. "I don't believe you've as much as glanced at our fellow-travelers yet. They seem rather a decent lot."

"Do they?" Gladly turned her brown head to give a comprehensive look round the palace car. "They're not bad," she added indifferently. Then she broke off, and there was a dead silence.

The round, blue eyes of the bride had encountered another pair, black and inscrutable, that were fixed with a strange, tense gaze on her. Something—she knew not what—instinctively arrested her attention, and a faint shiver ran over her whole being.

The owner of the magnetic eyes was a man of perhaps 40, perhaps older. His crisply curling hair matched his intensely black eyes, and the olive tint of his bare, shaven face went admirably with the darkness of eyes and hair.

That he was of a studious disposition was vouched for by the stoop of his narrow shoulders. He was carefully, even punctiliously, dressed, and as he leaned back in a large, red-plush easy chair there was a certain distinction about his appearance.

He seemed to know none of his fellow-travelers, and while they chatted and laughed, he sat, with loosely clasped fingers, silent and watchful.

The strange thing was that nobody seemed to be aware of his presence in the car. People talked across him, colored waiters passed and repassed him, but nobody disturbed the thinking man.

The train jolted on its way to the great mountains, the "everlasting hills." It sped in and out of the snow-sheds, which man's ingenuity has constructed to protect the railway line from snowfalls, in which thousands of tons of snow, suddenly loosened, came down with irresistible force to devastate the low-lying country.

The startling whiteness of the outside world was growing blurred. The day was waning, the dusk gathering slowly, and a few feathery flakes began to show up against the deepening gray behind them.

"We are going to have a tremendous snowfall tonight, judging from the smallness and dryness of the flakes," observed Gervis presently; but he got no answer.

The young man pulled out some home letters to read.

In a few moments he was back again in the old home. Loyal and true as he was to the young wife at his side, Gervis could not keep his memory from straying to the fair, summer glades of Temple-Dene, through which wandered a youth and a maiden whose hearts were united though their lips failed to speak of love.

For a brief moment he wondered how Leila had taken the news of his marriage, which by this time must have reached Temple-Dene. Now, with his face turned to begin an everyday, practical existence, bereft forever of the old love Gervis suddenly felt faint qualms. Had he—had they—sought to achieve more than human strength was capable of?

Leila he revered too deeply to doubt. Her pure, saintly woman's nature would be a certain shield. And that sweet purity of hers would act, likewise, as his own safeguard.

Little wonder that the gravity in the bridegroom's eye deepened as he sat idly turning over the loose sheets of Lady Jane's pointed writing. So absorbed was he that he did not observe a sudden hush that crept over the gaily-chatting occupants of the car.

Then men sprang to their feet hurriedly, there were faint screams from the women; a colored waiter ran in, the whites of his eyes turned up in wild fear, and, with a frightened shout, fled out of the car along the corridor. By this time Gervis was fully aroused to the surrounding commotion.

Gladly sat perfectly motionless. Her eyes were fixed on the now empty chair in which had been seated the owner of the black, inscrutable eyes. She did not turn even when the excitement in the car ended in a stamped accompaniment by frenzied shrieks.

"Fire! Fire!" The train, with its engine and carriages—so huge and so handsome to eyes unaccustomed to American travel—must be on fire!

CHAPTER III.

"Gladly! my dear Gladly, rouse up. What is it? Are you asleep? The fright has paralyzed her!"

Gervis Templeton stooped and gathered up his wife's form in his arms. Like most American girls, she was small and slight, an easy weight for any man's arms; but somehow Gladly was an almost impossible burden. She was still and motionless, and it was like carrying a lay-figure.

"Place your arms around my neck, dear, and I can carry you the faster!" he hurriedly said. But there was no responsive obedience.

His bride's arms hung loosely down. It was not that she had faintly, Gervis knew, for her eyes were wide open and staring, and there was no time to puzzle over her strange inertness.

Nearly every one was out of the magnificently furnished car. The train, which had been slowing, was now at a standstill. It was quite dark when Gervis stood on the steps with his burden; but, to his wonder, he now saw what he had been unaware of before.

The train was in one of the snow-sheds—in fact, in one of the longest of these structures, and one a mile in length.

Under its roof, which was shaped as a continuation of the slope of the mountain-side, the train was drawn up. And Gervis gasped, for he now discovered the cause of the frenzied excitement. The train itself was not on fire; it was the snow shed.

"Why, what can it mean? How on earth could a snow shed take fire in this wintry weather?" he exclaimed.

"Easily enough," said a quiet voice at his ear, and a pair of black eyes met those of Gervis. "A snow shed can catch fire as the forests do, from the engine's sparks. This must have been burning some time, I should say. As a rule, men on trolleys patrol the sheds after every train to inspect it; but this has broken out after they have passed."

The speaker pointed a long, thin finger to the wall of flame ahead of the engine, which loomed black and weird against the bright glare. Even in the alarming situation Gervis could not but be struck at the calm tone of the stranger's voice, and his serene demeanor.

Below the two men, as they stood on the steps of the car, the terror-stricken passengers were rushing to and fro in wild alarm. There seemed to be nobody to appeal to. The driver and stoker gazed helplessly from their engine into the barrier of fire. The guard had quietly leaped out and sped back in search of the hose always found in every snow shed in case of fire.

The flames were roaring and shooting up through the roof into the black night. Each moment the danger was becoming more and more imminent.

"If this goes on we shall be roasted alive!" Gervis shouted, as he essayed to step down.

"Stop! Let me lift her out of your arms." The stranger who had addressed Gervis was already on the ground, his arms stretched out to receive the burden Gervis held.

Gathering the slight form to him he held the motionless girl on the ground, and as Gervis sprang down the steps the stranger's hand made a few quick passes before the fixed, white face of the prostrate Gladly.

"Thank you kindly," said Gervis hastily. "It is good of you. She is my wife, and somehow the shock seems to have frozen her. She is unable to speak even. I fear it has affected her deeply."

"Oh, Gervis, take me away some where!" A long, sobbing cry came from her lips.

Gladly had come back—she was herself again; and Gervis almost wished the frozen stupor had continued.

"My poor little girl!" He bent down over her, kneeling on the ground to draw her little head to his shoulder. At any cost he must hide the hideous wall of flame from her frightened eyes.

As he strove to comfort her he did not see the sneer on the dark, olive-skinned face that looked down upon the youthful husband and wife.

"I must save her!" Gervis looked up presently to say, in a hoarse whisper, and encountered the pitiless gaze of his new friend. "You must help me!" Gervis struggled to his feet. "I tell you my wife must be saved! It was I who brought her into this plight, and I am ready to give my life for hers! Help me. Suppose I rush the whole thing? Do you think I could get her through the flames to the other side of them, and to the open beyond?"

"Are you mad?" was the icy rejoinder. "Better reverse the engines and back the train to the end we came in at. But see, here comes the guard back again. Well!"

"It's anything but 'well,' I guess," growled the guard, glancing uneasily at the women folk. Lowering his voice, he went on to the male passengers: "The plain truth is, we're in a death trap. God help us all!" Then he hesitated.

"Man, speak out. What is it?" "I've bin way back a goodish bit, and found a worse thing behind us almost than this!" He pointed to the wall of flame. "Gentlemen, there's bin a terrible snow slide happened on our heels. It has smashed through into the shed and blocked the line from floor to roof. Never saw such a big snow slide in the Rockies, not even in the springtime of year."

"'Twas the warmish spell we had lately has loosened the snow on the mountain-side, and now it's come down all in a heap—tons of it! Besides frozen cargoes of snow, there's hull trees torn up by the roots and boulders all blocking up the shed. We're choked in behind, and you can see for yourself what's afore us. We're bound to die like rats in a hole!"

As the last words were added, breaking in an irrepressible cry from the man's white lips, the huddled groups of terrified passengers shrieked and shouted in unison; for, gazing up, their starting eyes discovered that the fire was spreading in the roof toward them.

"We must be very near the outlet of this snow shed!" quickly ejaculated the stranger who had assisted Gervis.

"Why?" hoarsely screamed the passengers. Somehow they turned instinctively to this man, as human beings will to any true leader.

"In that case, it would be worth while to rush it," said Gervis. He had raised Gladly from the ground; and stood holding her close to him, carefully hiding her eyes with his left hand.

"Well, then, let us rush it together in the train, and God in His mercy help us through!" came the suggestion from a passenger.

"And suppose we are burnt up like chips?" gloomily said another.

And, truly, the long, fierce tongues of fire were gaining along the roof.

Strong men shuddered, while all the women were now covering their eyes, and some were praying wildly. Here and there a child, with frightened sobs, hid its little face in its mother's skirts. It was, in truth, a terrible death trap. The helpless human beings, herding together, were paralyzed. Those of them for whom their Father in heaven was an ever-present reality cried out from their hearts for His merciful help; others were mute.

"God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble; therefore we shall not fear—!" The clear voice of a woman that began bravely ended abruptly in a smothered sob.

The flesh was weaker than the spirit, and a pair of dark eyes critiqued, with a sneer in their black depths, the speaker as she covered down on her knees.

"It would be as well not waste the minutes in talk," said the owner of the eyes. "It's time for action now if we are to save our lives."

With a swift glance at Gladly's shrinking figure lying in her husband's arms, he strode forward to the front. Gathered round the engine was a group of excited passengers, arguing, ordering and pleading with the bewildered stokers, who stubbornly refused to risk all and rush the fire.

(To be continued.)

Balmoral Castle Not Large.

As palaces go, Balmoral castle is by no means large. When it was originally built it was intended to be purely a private palace for Queen Victoria and her family to retire to for complete rest and recreation. There were to be no visitors, no lords-in-waiting, and, moreover, the queen's children were children. Now, when her majesty's family had grown to a swarm, and it is a common thing for her to have nearly a dozen of them staying with her at once, besides some other visitors, Balmoral court provides insufficient accommodations for the court. It is true that the latter is cut down to the smallest limits. There are still no lords-in-waiting. The minister in attendance has to leave his secretary behind. Still there is not room for all the guests, so they are scattered up and down in various annexes. Birkhall, to the southeast of the castle, is allotted to one family; Aberfeldie castle and Aberfeldie manse, both to the north of Balmoral, are given to others. The rest are stowed away in the castle itself and when the accommodation becomes cramped, some of them have a way of drifting off to stay with the duke and duchess of Fife at Mar lodge, which is not far off.

Wales as a Soldier.

The Grenadier guards is the only regiment in which the Prince of Wales really served as a soldier. It was in the first battalion of the most distinguished regiment that he served as a subaltern and learned his drill. He was stationed with them at the Curragh camp, Kildare, in the year 1858.

Lightning Rods in Brooklyn.

There does not seem to be any way of clearly accounting for the fact that lightning rods have suddenly become fashionable in Brooklyn. There is quite a boom in suburban building there and nearly all new residences are being crowned with metal spikes.

Men have lost more by crowding than they have by waiting their turn.

Formaldehyde in Michigan.

A man must be indeed deprived that will, to make a living for himself, sell a poisonous drug to be used in milk that people are to drink. Yet we find such rogues traveling through the rural communities and inducing the producers of milk for human consumption to purchase large quantities of the stuff. In a recent report the Dairy and Food Commissioner of Michigan says:

During August the published and undisputed statements from the local authorities in the city of Detroit show that a large per cent of Detroit dealers were using formaldehyde in the milk distributed to the homes of that city. Following this statement samples of milk were received at this department's Detroit office, and which on examination almost invariably were found to contain formaldehyde. It was urged as incumbent upon the State Dairy and Food department to expend a fair share of its resources in Detroit, as well as throughout the state, and although a large sum of money is expended every year for the detection and prosecution of violations of the food and dairy laws in Detroit, it was finally thought best to make at least a partial inspection of Detroit's milk supply. Accordingly the inspection was undertaken about the middle of the month, and disclosed the fact that over 75 per cent of the samples procured were found to contain formaldehyde as a preservative. It is possible, of course, that the department's inspectors happened to strike in their inspection just those dealers who were using formaldehyde and that the per cent shown by this inspection is not a true one when applied to the whole city. But these samples were secured in portions of the city peopled by the best classes, where one would naturally expect pure milk would be obtained if anywhere.

Complaint was immediately lodged against every dealer whose milk contained formaldehyde, or thirty-five separate and distinct dealers. The department was at once assailed by these dealers through advertisements in the Detroit dailies, denying the charge. The assailants attributed various motives, political and otherwise, for, to them, unheard of action, and invited the public to attend the police court on the day of examination and witness the vindication of the accused. The day set for examination was Sept. 28th, and after consultation, the attorneys for the defendants stated to the court that they wished to submit certain legal technical objections in these cases, and did not think it advisable to go into the facts upon examination, and that they requested further time in which to prepare their arguments upon the legal technicalities. The court accordingly set Friday, Oct. 5th, for the hearing of arguments upon the alleged questions of law raised by defendants.

In the meantime it is reported that the Detroit board of health, at the first meeting after the complaints were filed against the thirty-five dealers, instructed their health officer to allow the accused milk dealers access to the board's records in order to prove their innocence of the charges preferred against them by this department.

After looking the ground all over, it is plain that a strong effort has been made during the present summer to introduce and push in Michigan the sale of formaldehyde and boracic acid for use in preserving milk. The department is advised by the best authority in the state that the use of such preservatives in milk is absolutely injurious. Prosecutions of milk dealers brought by this department are for the purpose of killing this practice as soon as possible. Believing that no more despicable proof of the love of gain can be had than is furnished by the introduction into the milk supply of our homes of a poisonous acid preservative, prosecution will be instituted wherever and whenever the necessary proofs can be secured, the sole object being to protect the one and destroy the other.

Nearly 900,000 hogs at eleven markets the first two weeks of October are unheard of receipts this time of year, says Drovers' Journal. The total this week was 436,000, and the previous week 440,000, making 876,000, of which Chicago is credited with 335,000, or 43,000 more than we received a year ago. Of course, prices have declined some, but the way packers lick them up is a caution, especially when the numbers are considered and the fact that prevailing prices are the highest in seven years and with one or two exceptions the highest in twenty years for this time of the year. The average price at Chicago this week was about \$5.15, or 85c above the average for the entire month of October, 1899, \$1.50 above the average for the month of October, 1898, and \$1.90 above the average for October, 1896, which was only \$3.25. Since January 1, 1900, to date, the eleven markets received 17,660,000, or 116,000 less than a year ago and 338,000 more than two years ago. For the twelve months of 1900 the eleven markets will receive nearly 22,000,000, by long odds the largest year's receipts on record.

It is a matter of old observation that, if some kind of peat be mixed with fresh stable manure in the proportion of two or three loads of peat to one load of dung, and the mixture be then allowed to ferment, there will be obtained a compound as efficient, load for load, for many fertilizing purposes, as pure stable manure. The fertilizing properties of the peat are utilized, and the fermentation which it undergoes conduces to this end.

White blackberries and green roses have been propagated in Louisiana this year. One good action is worth more than a hundred good intentions.

THE COUNT IN NEBRASKA.

McKinley Has the State, but Remainder Is Not Decided.

OMAHA, Nov. 10.—The Bee says: "Returns from the legislative districts now received leave no doubt that the republicans control both houses of the legislature and have a decisive majority in the joint session that will elect the two United States senators. While the fusionists have been making all sorts of absurd claims, they have finally been forced to reduce their estimates to a tie vote in each house, but even this is not justified by the actual facts. In the senate the republicans have elected, without question, eighteen senators, while three more are still in doubt. Of the eighteen one is A. R. Oleson of the district composed of Cuming and Burt counties, against whom the charge is made that he is ineligible. There is now no more doubt about the result on the state ticket than there is on McKinley, though Dietrich's plurality will be much smaller. All but three counties are reported official or unofficial and on the face of these returns Dietrich has a plurality of a few less than 800. The three counties from which nothing has been heard last year gave republican pluralities and can be counted on to bring the total up to between 1,000 and 1,500. On the returns entered in the table, six counties missing, Dietrich has a plurality of 1,722. Custer county is not included, but it is known that it only gave Poynter a plurality of 112, as against almost 400 two years ago."

The World-Herald gives this version: "Complete returns from eighty-four of the ninety counties in the state indicate a small plurality for Governor Poynter and part of the state ticket. It is apparent that the official canvass will be required to determine the outcome in the case of some of the officers. The situation more closely approximates that of 1890 than the general run of people had supposed would occur again in a lifetime. Governor Boyd's plurality of 1,149 over John H. Powers promises to become a splendid majority in comparison with the lead that will be recorded for the successful gubernatorial candidate in this election. The corrected returns from eighty-four counties give Poynter 107,646 and Dietrich 107,904. The remaining six counties, which in 1898 polled 8,600 votes, two years ago gave Poynter a plurality of 291. With the same percentage of loss that has obtained in the counties that have thus far reported this would be reduced to 270, or barely enough to offset the lead of 258 that now stands to the credit of Dietrich. In view of this, it is evident that it will require the final returns to determine the result."

McKinley Has 292 Votes.

According to reports McKinley will have 292 votes in the electoral college, or twenty-one more than he got in 1896.

The appended table shows the result in the various states:

	McK. Bryan
Alabama	11
Arkansas	8
California	9
Colorado	4
Connecticut	6
Delaware	3
Florida	4
Georgia	13
Idaho	3
Illinois	24
Indiana	15
Iowa	13
Kansas	19
Kentucky	13
Louisiana	8
Maine	6
Maryland	8
Massachusetts	15
Michigan	14
Minnesota	9
Mississippi	9
Missouri	17
Montana	3
Nebraska	8
Nevada	3
New Hampshire	4
New Jersey	19
New York	36
North Carolina	11
North Dakota	3
Ohio	23
Oregon	4
Pennsylvania	32
Rhode Island	4
South Carolina	7
South Dakota	4
Tennessee	12
Texas	15
Utah	4
Vermont	4
Virginia	12
Washington	4
West Virginia	6
Wisconsin	12
Wyoming	3
Totals	292 155
Total electoral votes	447
Necessary to choose	224
McKinley's majority	144
States for McKinley	28
States for Bryan	17
In 1896 McKinley got 271 electoral votes, Bryan 176.	
States for McKinley in 1896	22
States for Bryan in 1896	23

Heads to Come Off.

PEKIN, Nov. 8.—(Via Shanghai, Nov. 10.)—Four of the leading officials of Pao Ting Fu, including Ting Yang, the acting viceroy of Pe-Chi-Li, and General Kusi-Hing, were executed November 5, under the sentence imposed by the tribunal of the allies.

Renewed reports of the death of the empress dowager are in circulation, but they lack verification and are discredited.

McKinley Answers Bryan.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 10.—President McKinley answered Mr. Bryan's message of congratulation in the following dispatch: "Executive Mansion, Washington, D. C., Nov. 9.—Hon. William J. Bryan, Lincoln, Neb.: I acknowledge with cordial thanks your message of congratulation and extend you my good wishes."

WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

Mr. Bryan's message to the president reached Canton after Mr. McKinley had started for Washington and was forwarded to him here.

Low Wallace's Present.

General and Mrs. Low Wallace have presented to the Wash college library the original manuscript of "The Prince of India." There are over 2,000 pages on 6 by 9 paper. The pages are in the fine handwriting of General Wallace, and show corrections and suggestions in the handwriting of Mrs. Wallace. "The Prince of India" was begun in 1885 on the Kankakee river and was finished in 1892.

Russia Getting Our Oil Customers.

In Great Britain only a few years ago American petroleum had almost a monopoly. From January 1 to August 1, 1900, the imports were 3,920,000 gallons of American and 2,840,000 gallons of Russian petroleum. The reason for this is said to be the fact that large Russian oil fields have been acquired by Englishmen.

Whether we have been absent a day or a year, we always feel that something of moment must have happened while we were gone.

HELPED THE CHIEF.

How a Loyal Engineer Did His Brother Great Service.

Meadville, Pa., Nov. 12.—(Special)—The loyalty of the members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers is proverbial. A circumstance occurred in this city some days ago, which emphasizes this feeling.

Frank J. Zeller, is Chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers No. 143. He is extremely popular among his fellow railway men, and one of the best known Engineers running out of Meadville. When the announcement was made a short time ago that Frank was pretty sick, it caused a great deal of regret among the boys. Soon he was missed from his engine, having had to "lay off" on account of his back. A brother of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, who had been ill with similar symptoms, some time before, and who had been pulled through, called to see Mr. Zeller, and in a brotherly way, took with him a box of Dodd's Kidney Pills, the Remedy which had cured him. He advised Mr. Zeller to try them, with the result that after seven boxes had been used, he was entirely well, and able to work.

In an interview Mr. Zeller states: "I had suffered for four years with this affliction, being often kept awake at night with pains, and at times unable to work. I tried several of the advertised remedies, and found that they did me no earthly good. Finally, a member of our Order, who had been cured of Kidney Disease by Dodd's Kidney Pills brought me a box, and asked me to try them. I had little faith in them, but as a drowning man grasps at a straw to help him, so I took the Pills. I used seven boxes, and am today as well and strong a man as there is in Pennsylvania."

Naturally, Mr. Zeller feels very grateful, and his complete recovery has delighted his many friends, and none more than the good Brother, who feels that he was instrumental in saving the life of the Chief.

Dodd's Kidney Pills never fail to cure Kidney Trouble.

Sold for 50 cents a box. All dealers.

Big Year at Eton.

Eton has a roll of over 900 pupils this year, and even its famous playing fields, which are larger than those of any other school in England, are crowded. The school is fortunate, however, in having plenty of room to expand if necessary, for all the grass land about has been acquired on the condition that it shall not be built upon.

Canton's Roofed Street.

Canton, China, possesses the queerest street in the world. It is roofed with glazed paper fastened on bamboo, and contains more signboards to the square foot than any street in any other country. It contains no other shops but those of apothecaries and dentists.

Remove the causes that make your hair lifeless and gray with PARKER'S HAIR BALM. HENDERSON'S, the best cure for corns. 15c.

The reign is worth ambition, though in hell.—Milton.

NEW COLONY.

A new colony to "finish homes to thousands of people to locate in Oklahoma Territory, is now being organized by the founders of the Georgia colony. Mr. P. H. Fitzgerald of Indianapolis, Indiana, is banking it. Information sent free, showing how to get good homes. Good farmers wanted.

Labor, you know, is prayer.—Bayard Taylor.

MARRIAGE PAPER.

Best Published FREE. J. W. GUNNELS, Toledo, Ohio. Custom doth make dotards of us all. Consider well, thou wilt find that Custom is the greatest of weavers.—Carlyle.

A Good Complexion.

is obtained by purifying the blood and cleansing the system with Garfield Tea—an Herb Medicine praised the world over.

It is too much to expect a good talker to spoil a good story by sticking too closely to the truth.

There is no other ink "just as good" as Carter's Ink. There is only one ink that is best of all and that is Carter's Ink. Use it.

Woman is the organ of the devil.—Varennes.

Washington and Return.

Account W. C. T. U. Convention November 27th to 30th, Dec. 1st and 2nd, the Big Four Route will sell tickets from all points at one and one-third fare for round trip, good returning until Dec. 11th. This line via Cincinnati and the Picturesque Chesapeake and Ohio is unquestionably the finest route between Chicago and the Capital; more river and mountain scenery and more battlefields than any other line. For maps, tickets, sleeper reservations, address J. C. TUCKER, G. N. A.,