

In the Fowler's Snare

By M. B. MANWELL

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

Diana, who feared him with an intensity that increased as time sped by, was left more and more alone in the little set of rooms at Montreal, until life became a dull and hopeless burden for her. There was no ray of interest in her heavy face tonight as she asked for her husband's news. Paul on the other hand, was quivering with unexpressed excitement.

"I have got a fortune in my fingers, Diana—a fortune, I tell you!" he said jubilantly, as he drew up his chair to the little round supper table, from which Diana had risen to greet him.

Paul had so often brought home fortunes that seemed at his fingers' ends—fortunes that crumpled into dust ere they were grasped—that she felt little or no interest in them now. She was growing tired of the whole thing, particularly as she was now cut off from all participation in her husband's more intellectual ventures.

"I can't see what good it's going to do you," she said at last, when he had explained. "I guess this girl ain't going to die off to suit you, Paul, and you can't live on that bit of paper."

"What fools women are!" savagely broke in Paul. And his dark face took on an ugly look as he remembered that men, likewise, could be fools, when they saddled themselves with such burdens as that of the heavy, dejected woman opposite him.

"I'm going to Europe tomorrow—to England," he said shortly.

Diana looked up from her pie. "Shall you be gone long this time, Paul?"

"I can't quite say," slowly said the scientist. "It will depend on many things. But I promise you, Diana, that I shan't come back until I've got this in my clutch in hard cash." Paul's fingers played with the sheet of paper outspread before him.

Diana Andsell shivered, and her white, fair face grew still more pallid in hue. That this man, her husband, was capable of the vilest scheming to win his way she already knew. Nothing was sacred from such an arch-plotter. And as she furtively watched his frowning, dark face while he pored over the handwriting before him, Diana told herself half fearfully that Paul Andsell would keep his promise. He would return to her with the fortune, or he would never come back at all.

CHAPTER VII.

't was Christmas Eve, and true old-fashioned Christmas weather. The country round Temple-Dene was glittering with hoar-frost, every tree shining and sparkling in the sun, every pond and stream and pool fast bound in ice.

The low, red sun of the afternoon was shining full on the old house, surrounded by the frost-silvered pines, and its many windows twinkled a brilliant welcome to the expected and his bride.

There had been a great stir, a shimmer of wild excitement, under the old roof during the weeks preceding Christmas.

Lady Jane had done wonders in freshening up the tarnished and faded glories of the home. She had a free hand, to be sure, in her wholesale improvements; for could not Gervis afford to pay any amount of bills that might ensue?

"If I could only rouse up poor dear Francis, before they come home," the busy lady said, energetically.

But the master of Temple-Dene was the sole member of the household indifferent to the advent of the heir and his bride. Amid the turmoil of preparation he sat listless and silent in his library, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot."

If it had not been for Lella Desmond, it would have fared ill for the stricken man. The gentle-natured girl, with heart full of womanly instincts, felt irresistibly drawn to the lonely, silent man. He and she had a grief in common, and it bound them together. It was only at the sound of Lella's sweet voice, and the touch of Lella's tender hand, that Francis Templeton ever stirred from his trance of misery.

But even Lella could not make the unhappy man comprehend that Temple-Dene was saved, nor could he take in the meaning of the light-hearted preparations going on around.

"I'm glad, glad, that Uncle Francis doesn't care, that he won't care!" said little Syb almost viciously to her elder sister.

The mishapen girl looked on almost as gloomily at the hurry and fuss as did the master of the house. She clenched her thin little fingers every time the bland, self-satisfied tones, so new in Lady Jane's voice, fell on her ear.

"Little Syb"—Lella turned her wistful eyes on the girl—"it hurts me when you speak so!"

"Hurts you? Oh, I could beat you, Lella, if I didn't love you so dreadfully that I should kill anyone who struck you! Hurt you? Oh, why were you made so good and I made so bad? All the time I am wishing that some accident will happen to those two—a shipwreck or a railway collision—and that they will never reach Temple-Dene!"

"Syb!" again cried Lella. And this time she gathered the distorted little figure on her lap, and laid her own soft round cheeks against the passion-white lips. "What has come to you,

my dear one? Have you forgotten that 'Love worketh no ill to this neighbor, therefore love is the fulfilling of the law'? How can you 'put on the Lord Jesus Christ,' who died for you and me, and for those who are coming home to us, if you let yourself say such things? I know it is only saying them—I cannot believe you think them." Lella's fresh mouth kissed the angry eyes.

"But I do think them! I feel what I say, Lella, what right has that American girl to take you Gervis from you? Everybody knows it was you he wanted all the time, not any other. And everybody about the place is saying so!" hotly said little Syb.

"Hush!" Lella winced at Syb's last words. "As for her right, we must remember every minute in the day that God has given her that right—as Gervis' wife."

Bravely the words came, but they wrung the heart of the gentle speaker. "And, Syb, can't you take it in, once and for all, that we are not sent into the world to snatch at as much happiness and self-pleasing as we can? In order to copy our dear Lord, even faintly, we must each give up something, and go on giving up until the end comes. If Gervis had not given up his—his wishes, the old home would have been wrecked, his parents would have been beggars. I—I think it a great thing to sacrifice all yourself for those dear and near. Syb, I could give up anything for you."

"For me? Could you, Lella? Such a miserable, humpy, crooked little thing as I?"

Syb's lips quivered. "What matters it whether our bodies are straight or crooked? It is our souls that will live by and by in Paradise, if they are straight and true, the homes of pure thoughts and gentle deeds. Oh, Syb, try and cast out that passionate nature of yours. And when Gervis brings home his bride, let us be loving and kind to her, a stranger amid us—all—think of it!"

"But shall you, Lella?" Syb stared. "Shall you really welcome her and be nice to her—?" she demanded, wonderstruck at such a possibility.

"God helping me, I shall," gravely said Lella, and she meant it.

It was not that her old love for Gervis had died a sudden death; but because he was now the husband of another woman, bound to love and care for her "until death them did part," that Lella could put him out of her life, save as the man who had saved his old home and his parents from earthly ruin.

If Gervis could attain to such a sacrifice as he had made, could she herself not imitate his self-abnegation in her life? And the passion-distraught little sister must be brought round somehow, and taught to welcome the new comer into the family.

It was a difficult task to persuade the intangible spirit. Though Syb was but thirteen years of age, she had a grown-up mind and one as distorted as her poor little body.

"I should like to see her lying dead—that American girl!" said the deformed girl when Lella's persuasive voice ceased. "You see," went on Syb, "if she were dead, Gervis would have all her money, of course, and he could marry you."

Lella groaned. This horrible, inhuman wish was the only result of her efforts to soften the unloving heart.

"That's why I keep on wishing something would happen to them!" vehemently insisted Syb.

"Happen to whom?" Lady Jane's voice startled the sisters, and Syb slipped off Lella's knee. "I've just had a wire from Gervis. They are in London and will be here today," she went on hurriedly. "And they are bringing a friend with them, a Mr. Andsell. I fancy it is the same man who saved the whole train, you remember, from a terrible fire in the midst of the prairie."

"Yes, 'Andsell' was that man's name, dear sister," said Lella, "a well-known scientist, Gervis said he was."

Lella spoke the name of her lover she had lost in a controlled, calm voice. The help she had sought was vouchsafed her abundantly.

"Well, we must be good to him in that case. But our house has been filling up this week until there's hardly a decent room left for this stranger. And, Lella, my dear, I want your help again. Our arrangements are not quite finished."

Lady Jane rushed off as rapidly as she had come.

There was to be a large party of old and young on Christmas night at Temple-Dene. For years there had been almost no entertaining in the partially ruined home. The Christmas gathering was, therefore, looked forward to by the neighborhood with keen expectation.

"It is to be quite an old-fashioned Christmas party, with a tree and blind-man's buff and romps—neither more nor less," Lady Jane warned them. "It should have been, properly speaking, on Christmas eve; but our dear young people will not arrive until that day, so our merry-making must be on the twenty-fifth."

It was late afternoon when the family carriage, newly furnished, came up the steps from the roadside station, and reached the Temple-Dene avenue of tall firs, whose stately trunks were reddening in the sun's dying glare.

"We're at home now, Gladly! We're on our own land at last. Welcome, dear wife, to Temple-Dene!" Gervis bent forward and lifted in his the little hands lying listlessly on Gladly's lap. Perhaps, if they two had been alone, he would have kissed his wife as well as said it; but they were not alone. From a corner of the roomy old carriage a pair of dark restless eyes roved over the snow-covered landscape.

Gladly, at her husband's words, lifted her head to look out also, and it was startling to note how she had altered. There was a peculiarly wasted appearance and an unutterable listlessness not natural in one so young. It needed a distinct effort for her to survey her new home; to speak she made no attempt. Gervis drew back disappointed.

"Haven't you a word of praise, my dear, for your own home?" he asked. "It's all very nice, but it is so cold, and I never liked pine trees." Gladly forced herself to say. And she shivered under her Parisian wraps and her costly furs. "They always make me shudder, they are so gloomy," she added piteously.

"She's fearfully nervous," thought Gervis. But there was no sign of it when Gladly stepped out of the carriage and into Lady Jane's widely welcoming arms.

A self-possessed, wistful-eyed little bride it was who lifted her cold cheek for her mother-in-law's kiss; a dainty figure, in truth, in its costly furs.

But the face under the green velvet toque, with its diamond buckle and nodding feathers, was not the face of a shy, happy bride, and for a moment Lady Jane stared, half puzzled.

Then Gervis was clasped in his mother's arms and held tight. If her ladyship had a soft corner in her worldly, ambitious heart it was for her boy, the son who had done so much for herself and the old home.

The bride stood apart, a pathetic little figure in her momentary loneliness. Lella, who had been shrinking behind the person of Lady Jane, quickly noticed it, forced herself to go forward.

"May I bid you welcome? I am Lella. Perhaps Gervis has told you that his cousins, Sybil and I, have lived here since we were almost babies—Syb, at least, was a baby."

Lella's winsome, tender face was bent close to Gladly, who was slightly shorter in stature than she. Her low, rich voice, with its caressing note, stirred something in Gladly's heart, and she moved eagerly forward—so eagerly that their lips met in a clinging kiss before Lella had quite made up her mind to greet the bride with anything warmer than a stiff handshake.

"I didn't know there was any Lella," said Gladly, in her sweet, childish tones. "Gervis did not tell me. But I am so glad! Please take me away somewhere. Let us go together, you and I, I am so weary!"

Lella was startled. Go away together, the bride and she! It sounded bewilderingly strange.

And—and had Gervis forgotten her so utterly that her name had never been uttered to his newly made wife? The thought wrung her gentle heart.

FRUIT FLIES.

Small Insects Among Canned Fruit on the Shelves.

Often housekeepers who do not take sufficient pains with the sealing of the cans of fruit they put away in the fall, find on the surface of the contents little, slender maggots, feeding on the contents. These larvae are probably of the species called fruit flies.

They belong to a class of insects containing some thirty kinds. The flies are light brown in color. They are so small that they are commonly thought of as ordinary gnats. They are attracted by the acid odor of vinegar as well as fruit. Stone jars simply covered with a cloth to allow the fermentation of vinegar are easily invaded by the insects, which lay their eggs on the pieces of fruit that are projecting above the surface of the fluid. The hatching of the larvae is soon followed by the formation of the pupae, which are found on the sides of the cans, usually. Some four days later the flies issue and begin the round of production again, multiplying with great rapidity. It is a characteristic of the larvae of these flies to live only in upper layers of the fruit and this fact makes it possible to save at least a portion of the contents of the jars.

Fruit put in cans and sealed up airtight is safe. Eggs laid upon cloth tops or near slight openings between lid and can often hatch into worms that find a way inside. Pyrethrum powder used in the fruit room or cellar will have a good effect in clearing out the flies and this, with the precautions mentioned in connection with canning, should rid a place of the insects.—George Edwin Black in Indianapolis News.

Veterinary Surgeon's Hard Luck.

Veterinary surgeons are complaining of hard luck. With the cable cars, the trolley cars and now the automobiles, their business has gone to the dogs, metaphorically speaking. Soon there will be as many surgeons as there are horses. It is nearly as bad as that now, and, as automobiles become cheaper and the likelihood of airships coming in to supplement them grows, the prospect is not a bright one. Lots of New York veterinarians are giving up the attempt to make a living and are coming west.

There are at present thirteen incorporated automobile clubs in the United States.

State Capital Observations.

Expressions Emulative for the Good of Republican Supremacy.

Lincoln, Neb., December 3, 1900. Governor-elect Dietrich is starting out on his career as governor of Nebraska in a way and at such a pace as to warm to the uttermost the cockles of the hearts of those who are responsible for him being where he is.

He has already made some appointments and in each instance the choice has been a good one, and eminently satisfactory to everybody, save, of course those who had figured on the job and made an error in calculation. The remarks made concerning Mr. Dietrich's appointments are exceedingly complimentary, and come not only from his own political party people, but also from the other side.

Governor Dietrich is a firm believer in the efficacy of a board of control for state institutions, and he will incorporate in his message to the legislature a very strong recommendation for the passage of a measure providing for the appointment of a board which shall have the matter of purchasing supplies for all institutions and the disbursing of such as their especial duty. Governor Dietrich has from the outset declared most emphatically and unequivocally that the state institutions must be managed in a business-like manner, and he has gone a long way toward securing this desirability by appointing as heads of institutions men whose honesty and fitness are eminent to a very large degree. All citizens of the state will undoubtedly give to Mr. Dietrich their hearty support in his efforts to place the state institutions in the very best shape possible.

The republican state officers-elect held a meeting at the Lindell hotel Friday night last, and at this meeting, after Governor Dietrich had announced that he would appoint as the head of the Hastings asylum for chronic insane W. B. Kern of Wood River, the officers-elect went over the list of appointments, and a long time was spent in a discussion of political aspects of patronage distribution. When the meeting was over, Mr. Dietrich announced that he desired all applicants for positions in the various state institutions under the superintendents to make their requests for place to the superintendents he has named. He said that he would not appoint any of the subordinates without the consent of the superintendents and that in the future the word of the superintendent would have the greatest weight with him. This action is taken in accordance with the plan of the governor to hold the heads of institutions responsible for the work under their charge. The number of applicants has become so large that action of this kind was necessary for other considerations.

The question of the governor's message was an important one before the meeting. Mr. Dietrich is very favorably impressed with the proposition of lessening the number of district judges in the state and he has decided to advocate this measure in his address to the legislature. He did not state any details in connection with this and will probably leave all such matter to the legislature.

In addition Mr. Dietrich announced that he will advocate a bill providing for the appointment of a supreme court commission of five members for the purpose of clearing up the docket of the supreme court, which has become congested. The demand for this has become so general that the governor will advocate this measure for the relief of litigants. Another meeting will be held Friday, December 14.

A slight rest has been given to state patronage but a constant endeavor is being made to secure places though the opinion is quite general that applicants now stand but very little show. A new proposition which has been sprung of late is that lady clerks in the state house or the various departments where there is not strict need of woman's work, are less beneficial than the work of men. It is argued that women are in every sense less of politicians than men and that the reward of a man by a place when he is competent to fill it will do that much more good to the party. This plan would receive the hearty indorsement of campaign managers undoubtedly for the ladies have the reputation of being less liberal with their advances to the political funds unless the plan of the fusionists should be adopted where there is no choice. The scheme to shut out the ladies will hardly win, however, for sentimental reasons, if for no other. When the report was known that a movement was on foot to make some such demand, quite a flurry was created in feminine circles.

James Whitehead, register of the United States land office at Broken Bow, was in Lincoln recently.

"We feel pretty good," he said, "over the way Custer county went at the recent election. Our county was undoubtedly the home of populism in Nebraska. It popped in 1889 and has been at it ever since with alarming regularity. At the last election we elected a republican state senator, F. M. Currie, by 151 majority. Before the nominating convention Mr. Currie declined to be a candidate for re-election and offered to write out a check for \$1,000 if we would let him off. He believed another campaign would be that much of a loss to him in his business. We gave Kinkaid, republican candidate for congress, 34 majority. Bryan received a majority of only 11, whereas four years ago he carried the county by over 100, and last year Holcomb carried it by 600 majority. One republican was beaten this year by only 15 votes and he has commenced a contest. Four members of the county board were to be elected and we elected all of them, giving us a majority on the board."

Mr. Whitehead says the Broken Bow land office was established in 1890, has done a larger business this year than ever before. The homestead entries for the past four months will reach eighty for each month. The cattle industry is the great industry of the county. The district contains thousands of acres of grazing lands. This land has been largely used for several years and stockmen have grown rich upon it. In that country there is no talk of a clash between the homesteaders and the cattlemen.

Senator-elect A. R. Oleson of Cuming county, was among the legislators who were in Lincoln last week. Mr. Oleson is a bright young man who was reared in Cuming county. He left his home for a few months and was induced to run for office at Fremont, where he voted. During that time he visited his home in Cuming county every week or two and in all that time he kept his personal property there. His seat is to be contested on the ground that he had not lived continuously one year in Cuming county prior to his election. He will have been in the county one full year when he takes his seat in the senate. Notwithstanding the contest, Mr. Oleson has engaged rooms at the Lindell hotel for the entire session. He says he will be in Lincoln all winter regardless of the contest. A friend suggested that Mr. Oleson had better prove his residence in Cuming county and stand the consequences of voting illegally in Fremont. Mr. Oleson said he would not mind a short imprisonment for voting at the wrong place, but he believed the fusionists would not make anything by contesting his election for the reason that on their side was a similar case, only a much plainer case.

The threatened contest of the seat of F. G. Hawxby in the house has been fled. Notice has been served upon Judge Waters of Lancaster county that depositions will be taken before him in the case on December 8. Hawxby is the student, a member of the senior law class of the state university who voted in precinct A of the Fourth ward last April. He then swore that his residence was in this county and it is believed by his opponent, T. J. Crummel, thereby gave up his residence in Nemaha county where he was elected. The custom has been to permit students to vote at their homes even though they are away the greater part of the year attending school. In this instance Hawxby gave his residence with his parents in Nemaha county to vote in Lincoln. The settlement of the question promises to be interesting.

Myron Wheeler, who has lately held a position in the custom house at Havana, is here in the interest of Meiklejohn. A commodious furnished house has been rented where headquarters will be opened in the latest eastern style. As to possible tie-ups, or the probable strength of Meiklejohn when the contest opens Mr. Wheeler will not say, he intimated, however, that a lively time may be expected.

The statement of expenses filed by Mr. Edminster aggregate \$10,281.55; of that amount \$1,943.67 is unpaid, while the amount on hand is only \$59.54 with which to make the deficit good. It will thus be seen our fallen brothers have trouble of their own.

Mr. Thompson arrived in Lincoln recently from a trip over the state. He said there was no change in the situation. Matters are quiet now, but they are gradually shaping themselves as he believes satisfactorily.

Farmers' Frightensome Interpretation. A farmer in southern Missouri recently received some garden seeds from the Department of Agriculture in an official envelope, on the outside of which was printed the usual warning: "Penalty for private use, \$300." He immediately sent them back, with a letter to the effect that he had not used one of them and was not subject to any fine.

Youngest Officer in the World. Without doubt the youngest officer in the world is the son of the Turkish consul general in Taurus, Persia. He is only two and a half years old. A short time ago the wife of the Turkish plenipotentiary obtained an audience with the crown princess of Persia, and, as is the custom of the country, brought along her youngest son. The princess and her spouse busied themselves with the little boy, and the prince took such an interest in him that he made him an officer in the Persian army, and himself fastened the insignia of rank on the boy's breast.

Primitive Measuring and Weighing. Vegetables are usually sold in piles in Buenos Ayres, so that the purchaser has to measure quantity as well as quality by the eye. The butchers in that city do not sell meat by weight, but at so much per chunk.

Dismissed for "Gouging."

The secretary of the navy dismissed from the naval academy last week, on recommendation of the superintendent, a cadet found guilty of "gouging," which is the slang for dishonesty in work, in this case the copying as his own of a theme written by another cadet, and of falsehood. Fifty-six members of his class petitioned the secretary to exercise clemency, and are all placed in the third conduct grade for insubordination, which permits them to have liberty but once in four weeks.

When Her Luck Changed.

An actress who is now acting in a prominent New York theater found herself so little in demand a few years ago that she was about to abandon all effort to remain in her profession, learn how to manipulate the typewriter, and seek her fortune in that line of work. Just at the time when her prospects looked darkest, she inherited a small sum of money which she had never expected to get. It proved enough to enable her to make a start in the way she wanted, and after a while she went to New York, where she met with a degree of success that no actress so little known had ever enjoyed before.

Indian Pupils in New York Schools.

The first Indians ever admitted to public school pupils in New York City are two who entered last week. They are Buelah and Bessie Dark Cloud. Buelah is 16 years old, and has attended school in Montreal. Bessie, the typical Indian child of the Sierras, restless, quick, and gracious, entered the kindergarten grade. Dark Cloud, the father of the children, has been a model for prominent artists, including Remington and Deming. The mother, a woman of much beauty, is a full-blood Abenaki, and her husband is of the same tribe, and a well educated Indian, w.o. during the summer, "lectures" for medicine companies.

A miss is sometimes better than a male.

The man with a pull—the street car conductor.

Pleasure is but the refreshment that cheers us in the pursuit of true happiness.

David R. Snover of Orange, N. J., a lawyer who was convicted of embezzling \$1,375 from the estate of Catherine Breit of Rockport, Ind., was sentenced to six months' imprisonment.

AN ENEMY TO DRINK.

One Woman Who Has Done a Great Deal to Put Down This Evil.

Minneapolis, Minn., Dec. 3.—(Special)—When the Independent Order of Good Templars of Minnesota wanted a State Organizer they chose Mrs. Laura J. Smith, of 1217 West 33rd Street, this city. The American Anti-Treat League also selected Mrs. Smith as National Organizer. The reason is not far to seek. This gifted woman has devoted her life to a battle against Drink and Drinking Habits. Her influence for good in Minnesota is and has been very far reaching.

About two years ago however, it seemed as if this noble woman would have to give up her philanthropic work. Severe pains in her back and under her shoulder blades, made life a burden and work impossible. Physicians were consulted, and they prescribed for Kidney Disease. Three months' treatment however, failed to give Mrs. Smith any relief. Her husband was much exercised, and cast about him for something that would restore his good wife to health and strength. He heard of the cures effected by Dodd's Kidney Pills, and advised her to try them, which she did. She is now a well woman and says:

"Two weeks after I commenced taking Dodd's Kidney Pills, I felt much better, and at the end of seven weeks was completely cured. I have had no recurrence of the trouble, but I take a pill off and on, and find that it keeps me in good health."

Dodd's Kidney Pills are for sale by all dealers at 50 cents a box. They are easily within the reach of all, and no woman can afford to suffer, when such a simple, and sure Remedy is at hand.

Fortune is oftentimes kindest to those on whom she frowns.

The Census of 1900.

A booklet giving the population of all cities of the United States of 25,000 and over according to the census of 1900, has just been issued by the Passenger department of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, and a copy of it may be obtained by sending your address, with two-cent stamp to pay postage, to the General Passenger Agent of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. Jones—Oh, doctor, is my husband still irrational? Dr. Dosem—Extremely so. When I told him your mother was coming tomorrow he smiled.

CARBIDE.

We are the Nebraska selling agents for the Union Carbide Co., manufacturers of Calcium Carbide for making Acetylene Gas. Order your supplies from us. Pacific Storage and Warehouse Co., 912-914 Jones St., Omaha, Neb.

It is far easier to sell a dog than it is to give him away.

In Winter Use Allen's Foot-Ease.

A powder. Your feet feel uncomfortable, nervous, and often cold and damp. If you have sweating, sore feet or tight shoes, try Allen's Foot-Ease. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores 25 cents. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Corckers have sunk more people than cork jackets will ever save.

It is hard to avoid indigestible foods on Thanksgiving day, but it is easy to avoid indigestion—take Garfield Tea, it cleanses the system and acts on the liver, thus promoting good digestion.

Every dog has his day and every man has his hobby.