

# In the Fowler's Snare

By M. B. MANWELL

CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

"Better send the young people to bed, it is now daylight almost," suggested the elders, and they carefully avoided looking at each other.

That some terrible calamity had happened even Lady Jane, whose first fear had been that the bride had run away, was fully convinced.

"But, Leila, you will stay by me?" quavered the mistress of the house, suddenly transformed into a broken-down old woman.

"I will, dear aunt," gravely said Leila. "I shall see little Syb safe in bed, then I shall return to you."

Leila Desmond, slenderly graceful, soft and caressing, womanly to the finger-tips, was yet one of those loyal, strong natures we turn to lean upon in the "day of trouble."

Gervis gave her one look of reverence, then he placed his arm round that mother for whom he and this "perfect woman, nobly planned" had sacrificed themselves so fatally.

Every hour was bringing home to him the terrible blunder he had made in his life. Love between man and woman was God-given, to be prized as sacred; but under the specious pretext of sacrificing himself for the good of his house, he had torn love from his heart, and then sold that empty shell for gold. That it had been a bitter, sinful bargain he now knew.

Perhaps this impending calamity which he was helplessly waiting for the now day to discover might be heaven's punishment for what he had done.

It was still and quiet in the old house. There was a hush of expectancy until the daylight should come to allow action to be resumed.

In Leila's room it was silent as the grave. Beside the white-draped bed knelt Leila herself. She was praying, with frightened tears now no one was to see them—praying earnestly for the hapless girl who had shadowed her life.

That something dire had happened Leila instinctively knew; but all she could do was to pray for help from above.

"Leila! Sis!" A hoarse, shrill voice made her spring to her feet.

Close at her side stood Syb, shivering in her little blue dressing-gown, her face working convulsively.

"I can't keep it from you any longer! I dare not, though I do hate her!" the deformed girl was saying, her teeth chattering as much from terror as from cold.

"Speak, Syb!"

Leila gripped the thin wrist, her breath coming thick and fast. Syb knew, then!

"I heard a cry, a smothered scream from the old oak chest, as I walked round the gallery; but I hated her so that I would not speak before! And when I saw you, through the open door between our rooms, praying with sobs, I knew it must be for her. So I must tell, and you'd better be quick!"

Syb slipped to the floor in a swoon. But Leila was already gone. With flying feet she was rushing downstairs from the third floor, where her bedroom and Syb's were.

"Gervis! Gervis! Come, and come quickly! Bring Barnes!" When she had reached the gallery she shrieked loudly. Her voice, sharp with fear, rang through the old house and made Gervis leap to his feet.

"It's Leila! She has found out something! Mother dear, stay here, I pray you!"

He pressed Lady Jane back on her seat.

"No one knows what we have got to face!"

"Bring Barnes! Oh, be quick!" Leila's voice cried again in an agony of haste.

Barnes, the white-haired old butler, was stiff and rheumatic. It seemed as though he would never reach the top of the wide, crimson-covered staircase, and yet the old man was doing his best, though Gervis would fain have dragged him up two steps at a time.

"Where are you, Leila?" he hoarsely shouted.

"Here! here! Quick!"

Round the curve of the gallery they found Leila, tearing frantically the holly and moss decorations from what had been a bank of greenery.

The blood was trickling down her hands and wrists, as the holly tore them cruelly. But, unconscious of pain, Leila continued to pull, until the old black-oak chest, which had been the foundation of the green bank, was displayed.

"Press the spring, Barnes! Nobody in Temple-Dene knows the secret but you. Press, for Gladdy's dear sake!" panted the girl, madly beside herself.

"Whatever—" Barnes was beginning, and fumbling with his spectacles.

"Man, do as you're bid!" shouted Gervis, catching the infection of Leila's frenzy. And he dragged Barnes forward.

Something in his blazing eyes made the old man pull himself together.

He stooped forward. With shaking hands, he felt along the carvings; but how slow he was! The watchers caught their breaths and shivered.

"Tis in the sham-lock, I do mind me. 'Tis bound to be in the sham-lock, the spring," he was muttering. In an instant Leila was by her

knees, and there, among the carved leaves and flowers of oak, was a single dainty saamrock.

It was the spring!

Pressing it hard as she could, the carved lid clicked as it opened about an inch. Then Gervis, with strong arms, forced it back on its hinges, and a muffled cry broke from his lips.

CHAPTER XI.

Lying huddled in the musty chest was a little figure in gloaming olive brocade, stained here and there with bunches of crushed holly berries.

It was Gladdy, stiffened and immovable, but with widely opened, round blue eyes.

That she was dead was the first muttered thought of both Gervis and Leila.

"No! 'Tain't death!" quickly said old Barnes, glancing at their white faces. "See ye, Mr. Gervis, there's a row of air-holes down each side of the chest. I saw 'em made myself in the old soure's time, purpose-like, in case of this very kind o' thing that's happened now!"

But Gervis was not listening. He and others who had rushed to the gallery were carefully lifting the small, stiffened form. A mounted groom had already been dispatched for a doctor.

"But something must be done at once," said Gervis, as they laid the unconscious girl on an Indian rug on the polished floor of the gallery.

Somebody was trying to force brandy through the marble white lips.

"Not a drop will go down! What are we to do until the doctor comes?" piteously cried Leila, who, kneeling down, had slipped her arm under the little sunny-brown head.

"Fetch Mr. Ansdell!" commanded Gervis, with a sudden inspiration. Surely the American could give some help in the pressing emergency, otherwise, what was the value of his so-called scientific reputation?

Mr. Ansdell! Everybody then remembered that, oddly enough, the scientist had not been once seen during the hours of anxious search. It was curious, to say the least of it. And still more curious did it appear that no Mr. Ansdell hurried to the gallery in answer to the summons.

"Never mind, here's young Doctor Goring himself, which is better," ejaculated Lady Jane, who had struggled upstairs more dead than alive from sheer fright, and looked on helplessly.

"It's a trance!" at last pronounced the doctor, a young man, with all the latest medical and scientific theories at his finger-ends. "She has been hypnotized! Who has done this mischief?"

He stood up and glanced round upon the awe-struck group atherly.

There was no answer, and Doctor Goring went on wrathfully:

"Somebody has got to answer for this night's work! The poor young lady has been brought to death's door, evidently, by some vile experiment. Now, then, clear out of this every one of you! Excuse my bluntness, Lady Jane, but this is not a moment for polite speech. I've got a life to win back if I can, and I can't have a crowd round me. Your ladyship can remain, and, yes, I must have Miss Desmond, if I've anybody."

One by one the spectators departed from the gallery, and the young medical enthusiast set to work, with the result that in a quarter of an hour Gladdy feebly opened her lips and spoke.

"I want Leila," was the whisper. And when she saw that it was Leila herself who was supporting her head the bride's round eyes closed contentedly.

"She will sleep now. We must carry her to her bed," said Doctor Goring, well satisfied.

"You are wanted, sir, at once," came an urgent whisper; while Gervis, lifting his wife in his arms, carried her away.

"What! another case?" The doctor wheeled around, and he was silently beckoned to the quarter of the house known as the bachelors' wing.

Lying back in his chair in front of a writing table, and grasping a folded paper, was a dead man.

The room was in perfect order. There had been no assault, no murder, no suicide, so far as one could judge at the moment.

But that death had entered the half-open stare of the black eyes, the dropped jaw, and the marble hue of the long, lean fingers gripping the sheet of paper spoke all too clearly.

Little wonder that Paul Ansdell had failed to join in the search for the missing bride, failed to obey the summons for his helpful skill.

"He has been dead quite a couple of hours," said Doctor Goring gravely, secretly wondering what would be the outcome of this double tragedy.

"You must keep this business from the ladies as long as you can," he said, turning to Gervis, who had been hastily sent for. "There must be an inquest, of course; and, meantime, I should take possession of that folded paper. See, I've managed not to tear it. You'd best lock it away until you hand it to the coroner, Mr. Templeton."

"Why," gasped Gervis, as he caught sight of the close, upright handwriting, "my wife wrote that! What villainy is this? See here!"

"It was the last will and testament

of Gladys Templeton, and, in correct legal form it assigned everything the estate possessed to Paul Ansdell of Montreal, revoking all former wills and bequests. The document was duly signed, and the signatures and addresses of two Americans were appended.

Not a flaw was there from beginning to end of the deed.

"You hold the key that unlocks the whole of this night's mystery," briefly said the young doctor. "This unfortunate man must be a reckless adventurer, whose wits have put in his hands a most dangerous weapon. He is, we will discover, a criminal hypnotist, a so-called scientist, seeking some cool to further his own ends. Yes, yes; you'll see we'll find out that's what he is—was, I mean," said the medical man.

He was right in his surmise, as the inquest brought out, bit by bit, partly from papers belonging to the dead man, partly from the unwilling evidence of Gladdy, who had been more or less under hypnotic influence since the night of the fire in the snow-shed.

As for the villain's own death, it was proved to be from natural causes, and due to long-standing heart disease, that caused a breakdown at the crucial moment of his career.

But the jury's verdict was the popular one—"By the visitation of God."

Five years have passed away.

So many changes have happened to Temple-Dene and the Templetons that Lady Jane has come to look back upon the days when she wore faded silks and lived a sorely pinched life as the happiest she has known.

Today she no longer wears her favorite blue, for Francis Templeton has gone to his grave, his heart eaten out by the melancholy nothing would dispel.

So Lady Jane wears widow's weeds and has learnt the old lesson that "contentment is great gain."

The dainty American bride, so fragile and highly strung, never managed to weather the repeated shocks to her frail system. Like a broken flower she withered, until decline set in.

In Leila's tender, supporting arms, her weak hands clinging tight round Leila's soft throat, Gladdy died peacefully.

"Take care of my Gervis, Leila. You will do it better than I," with the wondrous intuition of the dying she whispered at the last.

And now that the years have gone round, Gervis begins to think it is time Leila was taking care of him.

Between the two there is a perfect understanding, and by and by their wedding bells will ring out; for though "sorrow endureth for the night, joy is bound to come in the morning."

(The End.)

## SLAY FOR PLEASURE

### Massacre of Christians Renewed By Turks

#### MOHAMMEDAN FANATIC TAKING THE LEAD

##### Hoards of Murdering Two Hundred Himself—Government Utterly Indifferent to the Outrages

A dispatch from Vienna, Austria, says: Further reports of the Turkish massacres of Christians show that their instigator is a Mohammedan fanatic, named Haiduk Islam, who brags of having slain 200 Christians with his own hands. The Turkish authorities have shown utter indifference to the outrages and those being perpetrated on Christians are beyond description.

At Bitche men were crucified on trees with stakes driven through their hands and feet. Women were attacked and mutilated.

Children were murdered by mutilation before their parents' eyes. Women were maltreated at Gramma before the eyes of their husbands, brothers and fathers and then carried into the bondage of harems. Men were tortured to death slowly by various means, their limbs cut off successively and children were thrown into the river.

The flocks tortured the Christians at Riharitz by slicing flesh from all parts of their bodies before killing them. A Greek orthodox priest was tied in a sack and pitched into the river. The Serbian consul at Mitrovitz estimates that 1,100 persons have been killed and 400 women attacked and placed in harems.

### DECLARES THE STRIKE OFF

#### The Santa Fe Telegraphers Abandon the Struggle

A Topeka, Kan., dispatch says: President Dolphin of the order of railway telegraphers has declared the strike of the operators on the Santa Fe off. All the striking operators have received orders from Mr. Dolphin that the strike would continue no longer. The operators were beginning to speculate as to whether they would be reinstated in the employ of the company. They now have the permission of the organization to work if they can secure work.

General Manager Mudge would not talk of the situation, nor say anything whether the strikers would be taken back. "Let the operators get new officers," he said, "and then we will talk."

#### Attempted Hold Up

A report tells of an attempt to hold up the stage running between Callaway and Broken Bow. The stage carries the mail, what passengers can be accommodated and sometimes valuables. The men stopped the stage about midway between the two towns. Both were armed and had selected a canyon as the best place to operate. The driver refused to halt when commanded and whipping his horses up almost ran down the highwaymen. They fired at the flying stage, but no one was injured. There were a number of passengers aboard who praise the pluck and prompt action of the driver. Sheriff Armstrong is searching for the would-be robbers.

#### Worsteds Mills to Assign

Announcement is made that the Prospect and Globe worsteds mills in Lawrence, Mass., have made, or will before Monday, make an assignment. The amount of their indebtedness is said to be about \$200,000. The capital of the Globe is \$70,000 and it employs 150 hands. The output is principally worsted yarns. The cause of the failure is said to be competition of the American Woolen company.

#### Tap Safe in Newspaper Office

The safe in the Polk County Independent office was tapped at Osceola. When Editor Beltzer went to it to get a little change he found the money bag gone and with it about \$14.00. The sheriff has gone after a man who left here for Silver Creek Jan. 20. There were two persons besides the editor who had the combination, and one of them went away Jan. 20.

#### Fall May Prove Fatal

While on his way to Gandy, Neb., the team belonging to John Newburn, an aged and well-to-do citizen of Logan county, became frightened and ran away. Mr. Newburn was violently thrown to the ground and sustained injuries which will prove fatal. He is eighty-one years old, and was an early settler in this country.

#### Charges Corruption

Congressman John J. Lentz of the Twelfth Ohio district has announced that he would contest the seat in the next congress of Emmitt Tompkins, by whom he was defeated in the late election by a majority of eighteen votes. Mr. Lentz claims to have evidence of the alleged corrupt use of money to secure the election of Mr. Tompkins.

Lawyer Max E. Bittner and Rev. J. Deiks, the pastor of the German M. E. church at Osceola, Neb., came very near finding a watery grave. They had started to attend a meeting of the Epworth league of their church at Duncan. There was no bridge to get across the channel of the river and they thought they could ford it. The river was high, they did not get across, but they took a cold bath in the river.

Oscar L. Booze, a former West Point cadet, died at his Philadelphia home as the result of a hazing.

### LATEST OF CONGRESS.

Saturday, December 22.

No business was transacted by the senate yesterday. The news of the death of Mrs. William P. Frye, wife of the president pro tem of the senate, was conveyed officially to that body and out of respect to her memory immediately adjournment was taken until January 3, 1901.

Senator Fairbanks of Indiana called the body together, and Rev. Dr. W. H. Milburn pronounced a beautiful invocation.

The secretary then read a letter from Senator Frye appointing Senator Fairbanks presiding officer during his absence from the senate. Meantime a conference of senators had been held as to the order of business. The reading of the journal was suspended and at 12:05 p. m., on motion of Mr. Hoar, the senate adjourned until January 3, 1901.

Saturday, December 22.

The house was in session only twenty-five minutes yesterday, when it adjourned out of respect to the memory of Representative Wise of Virginia, who died Friday morning.

When the house met there were less than 100 members on the floor. The majority of the members had already departed for their homes to spend the holiday recess. The chaplain, in the morning prayer, referred to the death of Mrs. Frye, wife of Senator Frye, and of Representative Wise of West Virginia.

After the approval of the journal some routine minor business was transacted by unanimous consent. Bills were passed to fix the times for sessions of the district and circuit courts for the eastern districts of Texas.

Mr. Jones of Virginia then announced the death of Representative Wise of Virginia which occurred at Williamsburg, Va., yesterday morning.

He offered the customary resolutions, which were adopted, and the speaker appointed a committee of seven men to attend the funeral. Then, at 12:25, as a further mark of respect to the deceased, the house adjourned until January 3, 1901.

#### State Press People

The executive committee of the Nebraska press association, consisting of President D. H. Cronin of the O'Neill Frontier, Secretary E. N. Merwin of the Leaver City Tribune, A. L. Williams of the Blair Pilot, H. P. Marble of the Humboldt Leader, C. M. Hubner of the Nebraska City News and W. N. Huse of the Norfolk News met at Omaha the other day to make arrangements for the annual meeting of the association on January 22 and 23.

It was decided to introduce a novelty in the shape of a daily paper to chronicle the doings of the association. W. N. Huse was appointed editor-in-chief and given power to draft his assistants from the membership. Allan D. May of the Falls City Journal will contribute the annual poem and papers will be contributed by Captain McLeod of Grand Island, John Hull of Norfolk, F. O. Edgcomb of Geneva, Albee Hart of North Dakota and S. W. Kelley.

The local committee on entertainment was represented by W. M. Mumpkin of the World-Herald and Mel Uhl of the Daily News.

#### Still Unsolved

The attempt of burglars to rob the state treasury at Lincoln, Neb., reported by Night Watchman F. M. Good at an early hour Thursday, Dec. 20, created tremendous excitement, and was the one topic of discussion during the day. The facts as related in these columns still stand uncontroverted. Very little additional information was brought to light during the day.

#### Bail Refused

The preliminary hearing of J. W. Haguewood, the Crawford saloonkeeper, for killing "Little Bat," the noted Sioux Indian scout, was had Dec. 20. The attempt of the defense was to prove that "Little Bat" was a quarrelsome, drinking man, who always carried a six-shooter and was looking for trouble. The purpose was to make it a bailable case, but the court refused bail.

#### Sutherland Wants Investigation

Representative Sutherland of Nebraska Thursday, Dec. 20, introduced a resolution for the appointment of a special committee of seven to investigate the whole subject of the government ownership of railroads in Europe; as well as in this country, with a view of future legislation upon the subject.

#### Schley to Be Retired

A special from Washington says: Rear Admiral W. S. Schley will be detached from duty as commander-in-chief of the South Atlantic station during the coming spring, in anticipation of his retirement next October, when he will be sixty-two years old.

#### Think Railroad is Sure

The Wade Construction company has opened an office in Gandy. The civil engineer, Mr. Wright, is completing a map and from all appearances the Callaway, Loup Valley and Northern railroad is being pushed as fast as possible.

#### New Nebraska Postmasters

Fourth class postmasters appointed by President McKinley are, Huxley, Custer county, H. A. Lowry, vice A. Hendricks, resigned; Whitman, Grant county, L. B. Weave, vice A. S. Chamberlain, resigned.

#### Albany Goes Aground

The navy department at Washington received a cablegram from Admiral Remy saying that the cruiser Albany went aground in Subig bay, but has been floated. The extent of damage to the ship is not stated.

#### Murder or Suicide

Word has reached Gering that the body of John Colton was found in the stable on his farm east of Ashford Wednesday morning with his throat cut. It is a case of murder or suicide.

## SAYINGS and DOINGS

### Architects in a Row

Henry Ives Cobb, George E. Harding and William Tyson were practically expelled from the American Institute of Architects at a recent session of the association. The committee that had been appointed to investigate reported that "the board of directors, in view of the find Henry Ives Cobb, George Edward Harding and William Tyson Gooch, have found the parties guilty of unprofessional conduct and of conduct prejudicial to the best interests of the profession, but have permitted them to remain fellows of the institute, in good standing and in full enjoyment of all the privileges of membership." The committee then recommended that it be resolved that "the continued membership in the institute of persons adjudged guilty of unprofessional conduct is repugnant to its members and is an anomalous condition" and that copies of the regulations be sent to each member of the institute. The alleged unprofessional conduct of Messrs. Cobb, Harding and Gooch was in connection with the building of the state house at Harrisburg, Pa., to replace the structure destroyed by fire.

### Coffee of Mexico

The emperor of Germany drinks nothing but Mexican coffee, and a year's supply is sent to him regularly after each harvest from a plantation in the state of Michoacan. That intended for the use of the emperor's personal household is known as the Caracollo, carefully selected and sent to him in bags made of silk, while that for the court goes in the ordinary gunny bags. Coffee is at best when three or four years old, and as the supply from each harvest is received it is put aside to ripen in the emperor's garret.

### Mutilated Plymouth Rock

The X show where the pieces have been knocked off the foundation stones of the canopy, which protects the historical rock on which the Mayflower pioneers landed in America. A woman relic-hunter is suspected, and is being sought by the police of Plymouth and other cities.

### Origin of Christmas

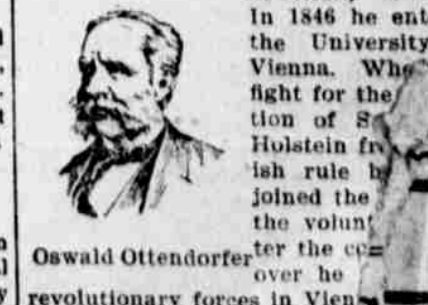
Christmas is a survival, an adoption of the centuries old pagan festival of the winter solstice celebrated during the week preceding Dec. 25. It was a season of present-giving and good cheer and that good will to man was made practical, for quarrels were discontinued, debts remitted, prisoners liberated and absolute equality prevailed among the people. This festival was adopted by Christendom, and modes of celebrating the day varied as it spread into other climes and as the tastes of the different peoples dictated. In making the circuit of the seasons the sun reaches his lowest point on Dec. 21, and for three days is apparently stationary; on the 25th day he begins to rise—is born again. The Christmas legend is a very pretty one, and when given its proper application it is a very practical reality.

### Great German Editor Dead

Oswald Ottendorfer, proprietor of the New York Staats Zeitung, died the other day at his home in that city. Mr. Ottendorfer was a philanthropist. He was born Feb. 26, 1826, in Zewittan, Austria. In 1846 he entered the University of Vienna. When the fight for the liberation of Schleswig from Danish rule broke out he joined the volunteers. He was captured by the Prussians and spent several months in a prison. He was released and emigrated to Austria where he began life as a journalist. On becoming a naturalized citizen he connected himself with the revolutionary party. In 1851 he became its editor.



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