

In the Fowler's Snare

By M. B. MANWELL

CHAPTER I.
"The dear boy! It is almost too good to be true! By this time they must be married, and Temple-Dene is saved!" Lady Jane Templeton sat tapping her feet restlessly on the floor, her dark-blue eyes flashing and sparkling as again and again she read over a closely written letter spread out upon her lap.

Good news—the best of all news—had come that day to the old home of the Templetons. The long, weary years of grinding poverty were at an end. More, the utter ruin that threatened Temple-Dene was averted once and for all. Little wonder, then, that Lady Jane's eyes danced, and her mouth twitched with unaccustomed smiles.

"I must tell somebody!" she went on excitedly. And she stretched out her hand to the bell handle.

"Send Miss Lella to me, Somers," she looked round to say to the footman who answered the summons.

While Lady Jane waited a slightly anxious pucker came into her brow. There's bound to be a shadow behind each human joy, however bright, and it would be a difficult task for her to tell the good news to the "somebody" whom she had summoned.

It was a cheerless, cold December day—the first of the month. From the distant belt of the Temple-Dene woods a faint mist was rising.

Could the blue skies and the warm sun ever have laughed down on a world so dun and sodden? Would they ever again break through the gray pall of sadness?

A slim figure of a girl, with hurt, bewildered eyes and a drooping mouth was moving listlessly along the corridor in obedience to the footman's message, and in Lella Desmond's eyes the gray day seemed to fit in with her own "sorrow-shot" heart. She almost hoped it would be always like this now—dull and dun, lifeless and loveless.

"You sent for me, aunty?" She parted the heavy, faded blue-plush portiere between the south and the east drawing rooms, and looked straight at Lady Jane.

"Oh, Lella, yes!" Her ladyship started and she spoke nervously. "Quick! How slowly you move, child! Come and sit here by me." She patted the blue-satin couch on which she sank.

Everything about and around the mistress of Temple-Dene was blue—pale blue—for Lady Jane had been a blonde beauty of the fairest order in her palmy youth.

Time had faded the hangings and satin coverings, the frilled cushions and the hue of her own once rich robe, for Lady Jane Templeton was a miserably poor woman. Evil days had come upon her and her belongings, but they had not quenched the proud woman's spirit as they had that of her husband, Francis Templeton, the dreary, broken man, who sat all his days in the library, a victim to a form of melancholy.

The masterful spirit of the woman had never rested, seeking a way out of the dark cloud that shrouded Temple-Dene. All her hopes of deliverance from sheer ruin were placed in Gervis, the heir and only child she and Francis Templeton ever had.

By day and night she had spent her energies in rousing Gervis to the rescue of his family.

So the words that had trembled on the lips of Gervis Templeton day after day were unspoken after all. From boyhood his heart had been filled with one image—that of the girl, Lella Desmond, his mother's eldest niece. They were orphans—Lella and Sybil—daughters of Lady Jane's passionately loved younger brother. When he died his sister gathered the desolate children, motherless as well as fatherless, into her home, bringing them up and educating them.

But the instant the mother recognized that the girl, Lella, had grown to be the one woman in the world for her son the springs of love for her brother's orphan froze up. She almost hated Lella, even after she had gained her point and separated the two lovers. But it was Lady Jane's hour of triumph, and she could today at least afford to be gracious.

"Come, my dear Lella," she repeated, "I have news—great news—from my boy."

A shock of fear ran through the girl, who had crept slowly up to the faded blue couch.

Lady Jane, busily engaged adjusting her eye glasses and spreading out the foreign letter on her lap, did not observe blanching cheeks and trembling lip.

"I have heard from Gervis. A wonderful thing has happened, Lella. You will be astonished. My boy is engaged. He has met a sweet girl in San Francisco—a great heiress; and—and—well, I suppose they are actually married, for the wedding was fixed for the last day in November. This is the first of the month, so, if all is well, they are married. Can you believe it, Lella? And, child, Temple-Dene is saved. Her money will redeem the dear old home. Oh, how good God is!"

Lady Jane's voice ended in a choking sound. She was honestly, from her very heart, sending up a thanksgiving for what she thought a crowning mercy.

The words rang through the brain of the listener.

God was possibly good to some folk—to Aunt Jane, for instance, and to the happy girl-heiress whose gold had bought up Lella's own heritage; but God seemed terribly cruel to her. He had stripped and robbed her of all that had made life sweet and fair. So Lella sat dumb, twisting her slim, small fingers together on her lap; and Lady Jane's jubilant voice went on in her ears.

"Such a letter, my dear; brimful of all particulars and details. Everything I wanted to know is set down clearly. Dear boy, what a head he has for business! The settlements are most generous—quite extraordinary. If she dies without heirs, everything absolutely goes to Gervis; if he dies first, Temple-Dene is hers, supposing there is no heir. So in any case Temple-Dene is saved, and my life-prayer granted."

"It seems to be a good bargain for both."

Lella spoke at last, and her voice sounded harsh and bitter, though the elder lady did not notice it.

"A splendid bargain," she was repeating, in all innocence. "And, you see, Gervis was able to arrange the settlements himself without delaying, for I suppose you know, Lella, that Temple-Dene is already the dear boy's own by mortgage. All his uncle's money left to Gervis was swallowed up in it when he came of age; but that was, after all, a drop in the ocean of debts and difficulties."

"However, all that misery is now at an end. This dear girl's wealth will set the old place on its feet. My poor husband's life is a frail thread now, high spun out; but Gervis will see to it that my future is an assured one. And, of course, that in its turn touches yourself and little Syb. My home shall be yours always. So, Lella, the good news travels in a widening circle, and reaches one and all of us."

Lady Jane laid her hand on the girl's shoulder, but Lella shrunk away quickly.

"I shall be able now to take you out, my dear. You shall see the world and marry well. I shall manage that, never doubt it. Oh, how life has changed all in an hour! I can scarcely realize it that all the money worries are to be smoothed out. But my poor Francis! If he could only have held out as I have done. Indeed, he will not even comprehend the glad news when I carry it to him. Lella, they say there's a black shadow to every joy. What if—that if my poor husband's mind goes altogether? It would be better far if God took him!"

Lady Jane stood up, shuddering with horror.

"I must go to him—Francis must be told of the mark. Gervis Templeton certainly had a past of his own locked carefully away—honorably away now."

For the young man meant the vows he took upon himself when he and trembling, shy Gladly stood together at the altar. He would love and serve as well as he could the sweet, young helpmeet God was trusting to his care. Never should she know, if he could help it, that she had come second, not first, into his heart to remain there.

So another youthful pair set out for weal or for woe—who might say as yet?

(To be continued.)

CHAPTER II.
"And you're going to take me to England for Christmas, to your own home, Gervis?"

"To our home, my wife. You must learn to say 'ours,' not 'yours,' Gladly."

A newly made husband and wife sat hand-in-hand in the handsome palace car of a train speeding over the Canadian Pacific railway. Outside was the white world of new-fallen snow, while in the car, with its mirrors, its inlaid furniture, its flowers and fruit, its silken hangings, and its scented warmth, the atmosphere was like midsummer.

They had been married but a few weeks, these heedless, happy lovers, and the honeymoon had not as yet waned. For the young pair the course of true love had flowed with a smoothness altogether unprecedented.

There had been the first meeting, when the good looking, tall young

Englishman, upon whom all eyes were turned with admiration, first encountered the slim, round-eyed heiress of Hiram Fairweather, the Chicago man, whose corner in iron had made him world-famous.

Gladly's mourning for the dead father had only just blended into tender grays and virginal whites, and the girl, liberally adorned otherwise with shy blushes, cunning dimples and happy smiles, was entering the widely welcoming arms of society.

Gervis Templeton was the first Englishman of good birth Gladly had as yet known. Hiram Fairweather's "boom of luck" had not come in time for him to take his place in the top-most circles of American society.

It had arrived all too late for the patient, meek helpmate who was lying in a shady corner of a country churchyard, with tired, hard-working hands folded restfully.

It had come too late to polish their only child into a fashionable lady by means of a European education; but Gladly's was young—scarcely nineteen—and rarely dainty of face and form, so society willingly accepted the rose, uncultured as it was, and petted her unstintingly. But society could not keep its new idol for long.

After the first shy look, the first few stammering words, Gladly had no longer a heart to boast of, though she herself was innocently ignorant of the fact. For this girl there would never be any other man than the chivalrous English stranger whom fate had introduced into her life. No other love could ever take the place of that which filled her veins with its blissful ecstasy. Her simple heart secret was an open page—Gladly knew no guile wherewith to hide it.

The astute dame of fashion who, for a certain handsome sum allowed by the trustees of the wealthy heiress, took Gladly under her wing, contented herself with smiling blandly at the pretty love scene going on under her eyes.

"Happy's the wooing that's not long a-doing," Gervis Templeton did not let the grass grow under his feet until he had secured the matrimonial prize of the hour.

And, to do this young Englishman justice, he fully meant to "have and to hold . . . to love and to cherish," this fair, sweet woman whom he had won, until death should part them.

"He's got what he came over here for," moodily said one of many disappointed swains.

"That's so," observed another. "It's always like that. Those dandy English chaps have only to throw the handkerchief, and the richest of our heiresses, as well as the smartest of our summer girls, are at their feet. Bah! It's sickening!"

"Oh, come," broke in a kindlier spirit, "surely it's not so barefaced as all that? Though, now I think of it, he does not seem over-head-and-ears in love with that little Fairweather girl. There's a look in his eyes as if he had missed the chief aim in life, and consequently didn't much care how things went."

Perhaps the last speaker was not wide of the mark. Gervis Templeton certainly had a past of his own locked carefully away—honorably away now.

For the young man meant the vows he took upon himself when he and trembling, shy Gladly stood together at the altar. He would love and serve as well as he could the sweet, young helpmeet God was trusting to his care. Never should she know, if he could help it, that she had come second, not first, into his heart to remain there.

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(To be continued.)

King Khama.
Khama is king of the Bamangwato tribe. His 40,000 subjects are called Bechuanas, because they live in Bechuanaland; but they resent this name themselves, and do not acknowledge it as a tribal term. Khama is an old man now—lean, hungry and as ugly as can be; but he is a very good old man, and in his way has probably done more real good to the cause of the natives in his part of the country than any other two dozen native chiefs. He will not allow any intoxicating liquor whatever to be sold anywhere within his dominions. He and all his people are strict teetotallers, and there is a heavy fine for making tshuala, or Kafir beer, a comparatively harmless decoction of fermented mealie meal.

Humorous Census Returns.
Many humorous features were developed in the taking of the census of 1900. One question was indicated by the remark "length of residence," which was expected to show how long the people living in various localities at the time of the census had been there. When the reports came in it was found that many of these queries were answered in figures in this way: 20x40, 15 30, etc. The enumerators had gone around with a foot rule and had measured the length of the residences of the people they counted.

Highest Chimney in World.
Antwerp has the highest chimney in the world. It belongs to the Silver Works company and is 419 feet high. The interior diameter is 25 feet at the base and 11 feet at the top.

Artificial Nutmegs Analyzed.
A German chemist has analyzed the artificial nutmegs that are made in Belgium in large quantities. They include various vegetables and 20 per cent of mineral substances.

A MOORISH EVENING.

Frogs Serenade the Moon from a Neighboring Ditch.

Now the green tea goes round, brewed in a metal pot, which stalks of mint and cubes of beetroot sugar—sickly concoction, in truth, yet preferable to the spiced coffee that is the only alternative in a land where the sons of men appreciate neither alcohol nor cold drinks of any sort, and the daughters of men lend not the grace of their presence to the festive board. Quantity, however, makes up for quality, and the tiny cups are replenished a dozen times ere the wealthier visit has paid his last compliment, and glanced longingly at his drowsy mule that has just abandoned its third attempt to bite the near leg of the soldier slumbering just out of reach. And with him the saintly visitor, gathering up his rag and clasp his arms, glides away, assuring his host that he may, at his special intercession perhaps have the top attic of a pavilion in Paradise, and that his reward will thus be great though the price paid was miserable. (In other words, he must not rate heaven as trashy because it is cheap.)

The Moorish evening follows swiftly on the day; the night on the evening. Hawks and kits are shrieking and whistling overhead; frogs serenade the moon from a neighboring ditch, breeding place of mosquitoes; scorpions and centipedes meander in languid fashion from the foot of crumbling masonry and prospect for plump feet fitting loosely in their yellow slippers, and mosquitoes, after having abstained during the hottest hours of the afternoon, renounce their ledge as the temperature falls with the light and return to their drinking troughs with renewed thirst. The call to evening prayer sounds plainly from the not distant mosque—very real, very penetrating. "The God He is God, and Mohammed is His Prophet." And the pious glide, slippered and silent, to the mosque, and offer up their prayers to Allah in the name of their prophet.—The Cornhill.

HEAVY ELEPHANTS.

The Weight of Sid is Given at 8,258 Pounds.

There has been little said about the size of elephants since the death of Jumbo a few years ago at St. Thomas, Canada. It is now claimed that "Sid," the giant elephant of the Forepaugh & Sells Brothers' circus herd, is not only the largest elephant in captivity, but weighs more than Jumbo in his palmiest days. Sid's weight is given at 8,258 pounds, while that of Jumbo was advertised broadcast as being 8,176 pounds. The latter was taller, but did not have Sid's massive proportions. Readers will recall a novel race run about a year ago in which a comparison was made between the sprinting ability of an elephant, a camel, a horse, a bicycle, and an automobile. The race was pulled off at Ridgewood Park, Brooklyn, and three heats furnished proof that the elephant racer was Sid, whose great tusks were extended just in time to save the day.

But Sid will win no more races with his tusks. In a fit of rage two weeks ago at Columbus, O., he killed his keeper, Patsy Meagher Forepaugh, whereupon he was placed under chains and the ivorys were sawed off close to his chin. Sid furnished objection to the sawing proceedings, but to no avail. The tusks were polished and gold mounted and now adorn the home of Lewis Sells at Columbus, O.

LAND-PRODUCING TREE.

It Arises from the Sea and Adds to the Surface of the Earth.

Every one has read of large islands being produced by the mineral deposits of innumerable coral animals, but few people know that there exists a tree which, like the coral island, arises from the sea and adds to the surface of the earth. Some twenty years ago a schooner, while sailing along the South American coast, was wrecked on a sand bank. The captain of the vessel chanced to have a number of seeds, which we now know were given him as a token of friendship by a Mexican. In the confusion of the wreck these seeds were lost in the sand, and, finding their way into the soil, took root. The tree which arose is such as is found only in the tropical countries of America. Like a monstrous vine it crawls along the ground and spreads with marvelous rapidity. Its huge branches interlace and form a surface as solid as earth. The immense vine first grows under water along the sand, and then, like the coral rising upon itself, at last comes above the sea. The sand stretches for miles and miles beneath the surface of the ocean, so that there seems no limit to this monstrous tree.

Chinese Minister to France.

Gu Keng, the Chinese minister to France, lives in a luxurious house near the Arc de Triomphe. He is 60 years old, and has served his country since his youth. He fought with distinction under General Gordon in 1864, and, being descended from an old Manchu family, rose rapidly at court. He is an advocate of western civilization for China.

Diamond King of South Africa.

Alfred Beit, the diamond king of South Africa, is only forty-six years old. His whole fortune, estimated at \$200,000,000, was made in twenty-five years.

The traveling man wants full fare at hotels, but he doesn't object to half fare on the railroads.

THE COUNTRY'S COUNT

Total Population of the United States is 76,275,220.

THE GAIN MADE IN TEN YEARS

All of the Returns in the Census are Complete with the Exception of Alaska and Certain Military Organizations Abroad—Nebraska's Showing.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 1.—The official announcement of the total population of the United States for 1900 is 76,295,220, of which 74,627,907 are contained in the forty-five states, representing approximately the population to be used for an apportionment purposes. There is a total of 134,168 Indians not taxed.

The total population in 1890, with which the aggregate population of the present census should be compared, was 63,069,756. Taking the 1890 population as a basis, there has been a gain in population of 13,225,464 during the past ten years, representing an increase of nearly 21 per cent.

Following is the official announcement of the population of the United States in 1900 by states. In the figures the first column represents the census for 1900, the second for 1890, and the third column, when given, represents the number of Indians not taxed:

	1900	1890	Ind. n.
Alabama	1,828,697	1,513,917
Arkansas	1,311,654	1,128,179
California	1,485,063	1,208,150	1,549
Colorado	539,760	412,198	597
Connecticut	908,350	746,258
Delaware	184,235	188,437
Florida	528,542	391,122
Georgia	2,316,329	1,837,352
Idaho	161,771	84,382	2,397
Illinois	4,851,521	3,829,724
Indiana	2,516,463	2,192,404
Iowa	2,231,829	1,911,896
Kansas	1,468,096	1,427,698
Kentucky	2,147,174	1,868,425
Louisiana	1,381,627	1,118,871
Maine	684,396	661,086
Maryland	1,183,946	1,012,790	4,719
Massachusetts	2,865,346	2,238,943
Michigan	2,419,782	2,023,889
Minnesota	1,701,395	1,391,939	1,768
Mississippi	1,551,512	1,289,639
Missouri	5,197,117	3,679,184
Montana	243,829	132,159	10,746
Nebraska	1,968,301	1,968,310
Nevada	42,384	45,791	1,060
New Hampshire	411,588	376,530
New Jersey	1,833,669	1,444,322
New York	7,208,999	5,987,879	4,719
North Carolina	1,891,912	1,617,947
North Dakota	319,949	182,719	4,662
Ohio	4,197,545	3,923,316
Oregon	193,332	138,737
Pennsylvania	6,391,365	5,258,914
Rhode Island	428,636	345,906
South Carolina	1,340,312	1,131,149
South Dakota	401,539	328,839	10,862
Tennessee	2,622,723	1,791,518
Texas	3,948,828	2,235,323
Utah	276,666	207,965	1,472
Vermont	343,641	323,122
Virginia	1,554,184	1,655,990
Washington	517,672	349,390	2,531
West Virginia	468,990	762,734
Wisconsin	2,998,969	1,988,808
Wyoming	62,913	60,705
Total 45 states	74,627,907	62,116,811	44,617

State	1900	1890	Ind. n.
Alaska (est.)	44,000	32,052
Arizona	122,212	59,629	24,644
Dist. of Columbia	278,718	220,323
Hawaii	154,001	88,999
Indian Territory	391,960	180,182	66,032
New Mexico	193,777	153,991	2,937
Oklahoma	398,245	61,324	5,827
Persons in the service of the United States stationed abroad
Indians, etc., on Indian reservations, except Indian Territory	84,400
Total seven territories	1,667,113	952,945	89,415

The Alaska figures are derived from partial data only, and all returns for Alaska and for certain military organizations stationed abroad, principally in the Philippines, have not yet been received.

The total population in 1890, with which the aggregate population at the present census should be compared, was 63,069,756, the gain during the last decade being 13,225,464, or very nearly 21 per cent.

BOTHA WILL NOT SURRENDER.

Will Fight on as Long as Boers are of That Mind.

LONDON, Nov. 1.—A belated dispatch from Pretoria tells of the failure of the British negotiations with General Botha for the surrender of the Boers. Botha received General Paget's fig of truce courteously and admitted his defeat, but said it was impossible to treat for surrender as long as any burghers wished to continue the war. President Steyn was more irascible. He refused to even see the bearer of a flag of truce.

Reception to Mrs. Bryan.

CINCINNATI, O., Nov. 1.—When Mr. Bryan's train arrived in this city at 8 o'clock Mrs. Bryan was received by Mrs. David Baumgarten and driven to her elegant home on Walnut Hills, where dinner was served to Mrs. Bryan and a large number of invited guests. Mrs. Baumgarten presented Mrs. Bryan with a fine silver loving cup. After the supper there was a formal reception. In the receiving line, in addition to the hostess and the guests of honor, were Mrs. Judge W. H. Jackson, Mrs. Franklin Alter, Mrs. Louis G. Bernard and wives of prominent democrats.

American Banks to Help.

BERLIN, Nov. 1.—Dr. Van Siemens, president of the Deutsche bank, is in Paris arranging negotiations for financing the Swiss railroads. The transaction, it is said, involves a loan of 300,000,000 francs at 4 per cent, which will be raised principally by American banks, assisted by English, French, German and Swiss financiers. The matter attracted much attention on the bourse today.

To Sail Fifty Miles an Hour.

NEW YORK, Nov. 1.—Charles A. Flint's Arrow, under contract to be the fastest ship ever designed, was launched at Ayres ship yard at Nyack, N. Y. She has been built under the guarantee by her designer of forty-two miles an hour, and it is expected that under pressure she will be able to make fifty miles. The impression has been given out that she was constructed as a yacht for Mr. Flint's personal use, but the impression gains that she was built under contract with one of the South American governments as a torpedo boat.

DEATH LIST EXAGGERATED.

First Reports of Big New York Fire Prove to Be Unwarranted.

NEW YORK, Oct. 31.—All night long a gang of several hundred laborers was at work among the ruins caused by the explosions in the building occupied by Tarrant & Co. It is not believed that the list of dead will exceed thirty and some estimates place the total dead at below twenty. One hundred and twenty-seven injured persons were received at the hospitals and of that number over a score were discharged after their wounds had been dressed. The list of missing was large at first, but many of those supposed to have been buried in the ruins have been accounted for and as far as known not more than thirty-nine persons are missing this morning. The property loss is variously estimated at from \$1,500,000 to \$2,000,000.

Chemicals probably entered into the origin of the fire. The first smoke that was seen was dense and very black. This changed into what appeared to be a light vapor, greatly increasing in quantity. Then began a series of minor explosions, not heavy enough to disturb persons in the street further than to warn them from too near an approach. Suddenly an explosion of much greater force drove the glass from the windows, showering it upon the firemen and policemen and the thousands of spectators who had gathered in the streets.

This was followed almost immediately by another explosion of far greater intensity that worked much disaster. There was an interval of perhaps two minutes, when there came a third explosion that exceeded those that had preceded and which brought the buildings on both sides of Warren street in that block tumbling to the ground as though they were built of pasteboard.

GOVERNMENT STANDS ALOOF.

France Will Not Participate in the Kruger Demonstration.

PARIS, Oct. 31.—The foreign officials believe former President Kruger will travel incognito during his visit to the capitals, relinquishing it in each city only long enough to permit an exchange of visits between Mr. Kruger and the head of the nation. His stay in Paris will not exceed forty-eight hours and possibly only twenty-four hours. The French government will not offer Mr. Kruger any formal function, though it is expected the city will tender him a demonstration which will be the scene of enthusiasm. The government will not take part in the reception, but will not, however, put any obstacle in the way of private plans of welcome. In short, the government will not take any step likely to be construed as an offense to Great Britain, though it is certain President Loubet and Mr. Kruger will exchange visits. The same proceeding, it is believed, will be followed at each European capital visited.

Gates Sells Out the Road.

NEW YORK, Oct. 31.—It is learned on excellent authority that John W. Gates, who recently purchased a controlling interest in the securities of the Kansas City Southern railroad (formerly the Kansas City, Pittsburg & Gulf), has just sold such control to a syndicate representing various connecting roads. The new purchasers include James Stillman, representing the Rockefeller interests in the Missouri, Kansas & Texas; Cohn, Loeb & Co., representing the Union Pacific; E. H. Harriman, representing the Chicago & Alton, and George Gould, representing the Missouri Pacific.

Wore Only Their Nighties.

ALLIANCE, O., Oct. 31.—Three students of Mount Union college were suspended today for participating in a midnight demonstration, when a crowd of students clad in night robes entered the ladies' dormitory and pushed the president's cow into an upper hall, where they tethered it. Today about 175 students met on the college campus and decided to go on strike pending the reinstatement of the suspended men. The faculty, however, remain firm in their decision.

Mangled by Enraged Lion.

PARIS, Oct. 31.—A lion tamer, who daily enters a cage containing three lions in the Paris Hippodrome, was terribly mauled last evening. His foot slipped and the largest animal sprang on him, tearing his arms and face with his teeth and claws. Without losing his presence of mind he kept the animal at bay by the aid of his whip until he was rescued. In the excitement the cage door was left open, but the occupants did not attempt to escape.

Alvord Arraigned in Court.

NEW YORK, Oct. 31.—Cornelius L. Alvord, the embezzling note teller of the First National bank, arrested yesterday in Boston, was arraigned in police court here today and remanded to police headquarters in order to give the authorities time to decide whether he shall be tried before the United States or state authorities. Alvord was accompanied by his counsel. A conference has been arranged to determine Alvord's status.