

In the Fowler's Snare

By M. B. MANWELL

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

"Yes," Gervis spoke, with a certain amount of stiffness. He had undoubtedly sought his young wife and won her for her wealth; but, apart from that fact, he was determined to make her a loyal and devoted husband. Already it hurt him that money and the sacred name of wife should be roughly bracketed together.

"And did you know my wife, then, as Miss Fairweather?" Gervis asked, after a silence, while the two stood and surveyed the limitless expanse of white waste around them, with its boundaries of forest-covered, bear-infested hills.

"No; I never saw her until last night in the car. She is very young, and seems to be a high-strung nature. Is that so?" Paul waited for an answer.

"I think she is," Gervis slightly hesitated. In truth, though he would not have confessed it, Gladty's nature was as yet an unknown country to him.

"Very imaginative, and given to alternate fits of depression and gaiety?" Paul went on. Then he hastily added: "I ask your pardon. You see, it is part of my trade to analyze human character. I am always doing it—sometimes unconsciously. I dare say you think me an ill-conditioned Goth, and I hardly venture to request an introduction to Mrs. Templeton."

Paul Ansdell turned his face toward Gervis, and there was a new expression in it. The old sneer had died out, or had been smoothed carefully away. His dark, deep eyes looked straight into the Englishman's face, and there was a certain wistfulness in them.

"I have made up my mind already about you—we all have," quickly said honest Gervis, holding out his hand in all simplicity to the other. "We owe our lives to you, and each one of us would esteem it an honor to call you friend."

"There was a hearty British ring in the words that spoke for their genuineness.

"You are very good," quietly observed the scientist. But the sneer had come into his eyes once more, and he turned the conversation abruptly to the situation in which the trauful of human beings found themselves.

"If you had not been in such a hurry to get back to England I could have shown you some pretty sport yonder." He pointed to the rocky fastnesses in the distance. The falling snow had stopped, and overhead was a brilliant blue. A stiff wind had got up, howling and swirling the snow into deep drifts.

"Hears, I suppose?" said Gervis. "Just what I should have liked! If—well, under other circumstances, I dare say you could tell me some yarns about the grizzlies yonder?"

Paul Ansdell nodded briefly, and the two men turned to retrace their steps to the little prairie station.

"Do you live in Montreal, then? Is it your home?"

"I have no home," was the brief rejoinder. "I suppose I am what you call a cosmopolitan—one who makes a nest in every one of the world's great cities. But here we are back at the prairie station. The weather's clearing, so I suppose our people will start on their way."

In the station and round the cars there was a stir of excitement, and people were getting aboard the train.

"There is my wife! She is standing at the window of the car!"

Gervis caught sight of a little figure in a pale green and gold brocade tea-gown, trimmed with yellow lace.

It was Gladty, and her small pink and white face, with its pointed chin, was now bent toward them as she gazed downward at the two men.

She was waving a little white hand in welcome to her husband; but when she caught sight of his companion her face blanched, and she shrank back from the window, at which Paul Ansdell frowned at once. Two minutes later, however, he was bowing before her as Gervis introduced him.

"We had a jolly good tramp, Gladty," Mr. Ansdell and I, over the hard snow. It has made me as hungry as possible. And, if it had not been for your small ladyship, I shouldn't have come back. I'd have gone after the grizzlies in the mountain, yonder; but I warn you that next year I shall come back to pot a bear or two, and leave you at Temple-Dene." Gervis laid a kindly hand on the slight little shoulder.

Gladty looked up timidly, and, to her surprise, Mr. Ansdell had taken out a pocketbook crammed with snapshots, which he proceeded to show and explain to Gervis, taking no further notice of her.

If the stranger wished to restore the young bride's confidence, he could not have devised a better mode of doing so.

Before the end of the day Gladty was herself again, gay and lighthearted. She and her husband and Paul Ansdell were the merriest, friendliest trio on board the cars speeding through the snow over the vast Canadian Pacific railway.

And despite all their forebodings of evil, the train made a safe and speedy trip to its destination.

CHAPTER VI.

Nothing builds up a friendship between man and man like being thrown

note of command, almost of menace; and instantly Gladty sat up straight, with the pen held firmly in her fingers. Her eyes were wide open and sleep had flown.

Edging the screen a little forward, Paul got it adjusted so that Gladty did not see the sheet of blank paper, then he gently guided her hand around the edge of the screen and placed it upon the paper.

"Write!" he said, harshly, and Gladty obeyed. But from her position she could not see what she was writing.

Presently, as Paul's dark eyes intently watched the motionless pen in the slim, small fingers, it moved. Gladty was writing something carefully, and in a slow, painstaking manner, much as a child under the eye of a master would do.

And while she wrote Paul watched her breathlessly. On, on the pen traveled over the sheet.

Gladty's handwriting was small and upright and unlovely, the handwriting of the up-to-date girl of today. Paul's breath grew labored as he watched the pen moving. He could have dashed off the sentence in half the time; but then between Gladty and himself there was at least a quarter of a century in age. At last the end of the page was reached, and the stylographic pen dropped from the limp, white fingers.

"Sign it! Sign your full name!"

The command came in breathless syllables, as though the speaker was greatly excited.

The pen was instantly lifted.

There was just room for the brief signature—Gladty Templeton. Then, with a low sigh of exhaustion, the girl slipped backward into her chair, and Paul Ansdell, after carefully blotting the sheet of paper, folded it and placed it in his pocketbook.

"I must get the names of a couple of witnesses, and the thing's done! But that's an easy matter in Montreal."

As silently as he came Paul Ansdell departed. Down the wide staircase he sped, and out into the clear, white stillness of the starry night, his dark eyes blazing with a strange, triumphant light.

"Is it you, Paul? You have come home?"

A sweet, vibrating voice called out gently as his latchkey opened the door of the little suite of rooms or flat which he called home in the gay city of Montreal.

"Yes, I have come, Diana; and I have good news—rare, good news for you."

A large, golden haired woman, with a milk-white skin, came out of one of the rooms opening into the hall, where the skeleton loomed quaint and hideous. She was Paul Ansdell's wife. Gladty had been right in her surmise; but Mrs. Ansdell was not a happy wife, to judge by her dejected, limp appearance.

Years ago when Paul first saw Diana standing in front of the little New England homestead that nestled under the great maple trees, he had thought her the prettiest girl this world held. The poor, shabby, little house was dignified by the morning glories that climbed all over it, purple and pink and white, making a dainty background for the girl's fairness. It was a picture that stirred the man's imagination rather than his heart.

Already vast possibilities were looming in this vision of womanly fairness, he saw a valuable assistant for his enterprise.

But Paul Ansdell had made great strides since the days when his masterful will took Diana from her simple home, and from her first love, to make her his wife and his tool. No longer for him did the humble provincial exhibitions of his mesmerizing skill and his power over the minds of others suffice. Higher flights were today his aim, and more than one abstract work on hypnotism bore his name on its title page.

To be continued.

WORTH IMITATING.

Indians of the Omaha Tribe Train Their Children.

Mr. Francis La Flesche, an Omaha Indian, has recently published an account of the training of children in the tepees of that tribe. No child is permitted to interrupt an elder person, or to pass between two persons who are speaking," says the author, "still less to come between them and the fire. We were strictly enjoined never to stare at strangers, nor to address any one by his personal name without a title. From his earliest years the Omaha child was trained in the grammatical use of his native tongue. No mistake was allowed to pass uncorrected. No Indian parent ever whips his child. When it commits a fault the entire family assembles in solemn conclave, and it is summoned and reproved with such gravity that it never forgets the lesson." These are not civilized red men, but the class known to us as "savages." London Truth lately gave an account of the training given in Tokyo in the prefecture of police. The Japanese policemen are taught to knock gently on the doors of houses before they enter. Under no circumstances are they to talk roughly. "Rough talk intimidates the innocent, while the hardened criminal does not mind it." In executing search warrants they must not disturb sleeping children or invalids. They must deal kindly with dogs belonging to strangers; hospitality is due to animals as well as to men. No amusement must ever be shown at the mistakes of foreigners. Every effort must be made to impress strangers with Japanese politeness and all people with the kindness as well as the justice of Japanese law.

THE NEXT NEBRASKA LEGISLATURE.

Complete List of Senators and Representatives—Their Residence, Nationality and Business.

Dist.	COUNTIES.	NAME.	RESIDENCE.	NATIONALITY.	BUSINESS.
1	Richardson and Pawnee.....	Frank Martin.....	Falls City.....	American.....	Lawyer.
2	Nemaha and Johnson.....	Peter Berlet.....	Brock.....	French.....	Stockman.
3	Otoe.....	H. Arends.....	Syracuse.....	German.....	Merchant.
4	Cass.....	V. H. Newell.....	Plattsmouth.....	American.....	Stone merchant.
5	Saunders and Sarpy.....	Dr. Meredith.....	Ashland.....	American.....	Physician.
6	Douglas.....	H. H. Baldrige.....	Omaha.....	American.....	Lawyer.
		Frank Ransom.....	Columbus.....	American.....	Physician.
		John Liddell.....	Omaha.....	American.....	Attorney.
		A. R. Oleson.....	West Point.....	Swede.....	Lawyer.
7	Cuming and Burt.....	T. F. Zeigler.....	Hartington.....	American.....	Merchant.
8	Dixon, Dakota, Knox, Cedar and Thurston.....	Chris Weeber.....	Spalding.....	German.....	Merchant.
9	Antelope, Boone and Greeley.....	Lorenzo Crouse.....	Fort Calhoun.....	German-American.....	Farmer.
10	Washington and Dodge.....	W. W. Young.....	Stanton.....	American.....	Lawyer.
11	Wayne, Stanton, Madison, Pierce.....	J. E. Paschay.....	Columbus.....	American.....	Editor.
12	Platte and Colfax.....	Frank Campbell.....	O'Neill.....	American.....	Merchant.
13	Holt, Garfield, Wheeler and Boyd.....	J. R. VanBaskirk.....	Alliance.....	American.....	Stockman.
14	Brown, Keya Paha, Cherry, Sheridan, Dawes, Box Butte, Sioux.....	F. M. Currie.....	Sargent.....	American.....	Stockman, teacher.
15	Custer, Valley, Loup and Blaine.....	J. E. Miller.....	Majora.....	American.....	Farmer.
16	Buffalo and Sherman.....	J. A. Woodinholm.....	Grand Island.....	German.....	Merchant.
17	Hall and Howard.....	Chas. Krumbach.....	Stacy.....	German.....	Merchant.
18	Polk, Merrick and Nemco.....	H. E. Cummins.....	Seward.....	American.....	Physician.
19	Butler and Seward.....	Richard O'Neill.....	Lincoln.....	Irish-American.....	Physician.
20	Lancaster.....	J. J. Trompen.....	Lincoln.....	American.....	Editor.
21	Gage.....	W. M. Eagar.....	Beatrice.....	American.....	Editor.
22	Saline.....	F. H. Mcarger.....	Crete.....	Canadian.....	Stockman Dealer.
23	Jefferson and Thayer.....	C. E. Steele.....	Fairbury.....	American.....	Merchant.
24	York and Fillmore.....	N. V. Harlan.....	York.....	American.....	Lawyer.
25	Clay and Hamilton.....	Henry Reuling.....	Baronville.....	German.....	Editor.
26	Nuckolls, Webster and Franklin.....	D. E. Pluey.....	Lincoln.....	American.....	Physician.
27	Adams.....	J. N. Lyman.....	Hastings.....	American.....	Physician.
28	Kearney, Phelps and Harlan.....	B. H. Hodges.....	Atlanta.....	American.....	Farmer.
29	Red Willow, Furnas, Hitchcock, Dundy, Gosper, Frontier, Chase and Hayes.....	E. N. Allen.....	Arapahoe.....	American.....	Merchant.
30	Dawson, Lincoln, Logan, Keith, Cheyenne, Thomas, Grant, McPherson, Deuel, Scotts Bluff, Banner, Kimball and Perkins.....	E. D. Owens.....	Cozad.....	American.....	Lawyer.

Reserving Seats for Legislators.
 LINCOLN, Nov. 20.—Choice desk positions in the legislative halls are in big demand and already places have been reserved by Secretary of State Porter for seven senators and twenty-five representatives. As many more applications are awaiting consideration and they will be taken up in the order in which they were received. In the senate chamber desks have been reserved for Liddell and Ransom of Douglas in the second row of one of the center sections. In the same row, desks have been reserved for Lyman of Adams and Young of Harlan.

The State Canvassing Board will soon meet at Lincoln.

Figures On Governor.
 LINCOLN, Nov. 20.—Duplicates of official returns received at the secretary of state's office from every county in the state show that Charles A. Dietrich was elected governor by a plurality of 861 votes. The Douglas county abstract of election was brought to Lincoln this afternoon by H. M. Waring, D. M. Haverly and E. G. Solomon and was left at the secretary's office at 5 o'clock, completing the list of ninety counties. If the figures contained in the duplicate reports are correct Dietrich received 112,879 votes and Poynter 113,028.

Drowned in Alaskan Waters.
 TABLE ROCK, Neb., Nov. 20.—A telegram has been received here from Alaska reporting the accidental drowning there of Mr. and Mrs. Taylor and an Indian girl whom Mrs. Taylor had long had with her. Mrs. Taylor was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Baker of Table Rock and lived here many years.

To Pay Freak Election Bet.
 NELSON, Neb., Nov. 20.—One of the freak election wagers is to come off here. Call Dudley, assistant cashier of the First National bank, wagered with Bert Roberts that if McKinley was elected he would roll a pea nut down the middle of the street with a tooth pick. Distance three blocks.

Farmer Badly Injured.
 CALLAWAY, Neb., Nov. 20.—Charles Patchen, a farmer living a short distance from town, started to market with a load of corn, and while walking and driving in a narrow cut down a bad hill he slipped and fell, one of the wheels passing over his body, breaking four of his ribs. He is in a critical condition.

Humphrey Editor Married.
 COLUMBUS, Neb., Nov. 20.—L. A. Ewing of the Humphrey Democrat and Miss Celia Wagner, a teacher, were united in marriage at the Catholic church in this city by Rev. Father Marcellinus Kollmeyer in the presence of a large number of guests.

Is To Be Steward of the Asylum.
 HASTINGS, Neb., Nov. 20.—Governor-Elect Dietrich has offered Harry Haverly the stewardship of the Hastings asylum and Mr. Haverly has accepted. Mr. Haverly has resided in Hastings for fifteen years, during which time he has held several responsible positions, in which he always acquitted himself with credit. Mr. Dietrich says that he is in no hurry to make appointments, as he considers that one of his gravest duties and at all events he is very anxious to put the right man in the right place.