

# 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 Aunty 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 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, nigh 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 shrank 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." With a rustle of her faded silk skirts she left the room; but Lella sat on, clasping and unclasping her fingers ceaselessly.

Gervis married! For this girl the end of the world has come, then. To another belonged the right of loving her lover. Yes, he had been hers. Of that, at least, she could never be robbed. Lella, hurt and "sorrow-shot" to the soul, felt bitter and sore.

For the last couple of years—ever since the girl awoke to the knowledge that Gervis loved her—life had been a dream of happiness, into which no ray of doubt had crept. Then came the crash of all fair hopes in the knowledge that the love-dream must end. And now Gervis was married. With a moan Lella would have risen from the couch, but a pair of soft arms held her down.

"Darling sis," a breathless, quick voice said, "I know! I have heard the news. Aunty has just told me. I could kill him, I could! I hope all the sorrows and griefs in the world will come upon him and her, too. I hope they will be unhappy ever after." The hot words came raining fiercely, and a young face, working convulsively, was pressed against Lella's cold cheek.

It was Sybil, the younger sister, warped alike in mind and body, for the girl was deformed. A careless nurse had dropped the tender infant on the flagstones in the hall, injuring her spine irremediably. Never would Sybil Desmond walk this earth straight and tall; and she had grown up with a wild, distorted frame of mind at enmity with all mankind—all save the idolized sister, who was all the world to poor, misshapen Syb.

## 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, those 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 Gladys 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.

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

(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 tchuuala, or Kaffir 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: 20x10, 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.

# Novel Attempt to Reach North Pole

## Explorer Will Erect Trolley to Carry His Supplies

To the north pole with the aid of windmill and trolley line is the latest in Arctic exploration, and the plan is only just disclosed by the return of the steamer Gjoa to Hammerfest, Norway, after an unsuccessful search for the Abruzzi expedition, which it missed. The originator of this novel expedition is Lieut. Bauendahl, the German explorer, and on account of the secrecy maintained he reached the arctic before his plan for reaching the farthest north became known to the world. With the story of the methods to be employed the mystery of the absence of dogs in the expedition is cleared.

Lieut. Bauendahl, who is of some note in Germany as an explorer, left

size of the vessel as it passed out to sea, referring to it sarcastically as "Bauendahl's ice crusher."

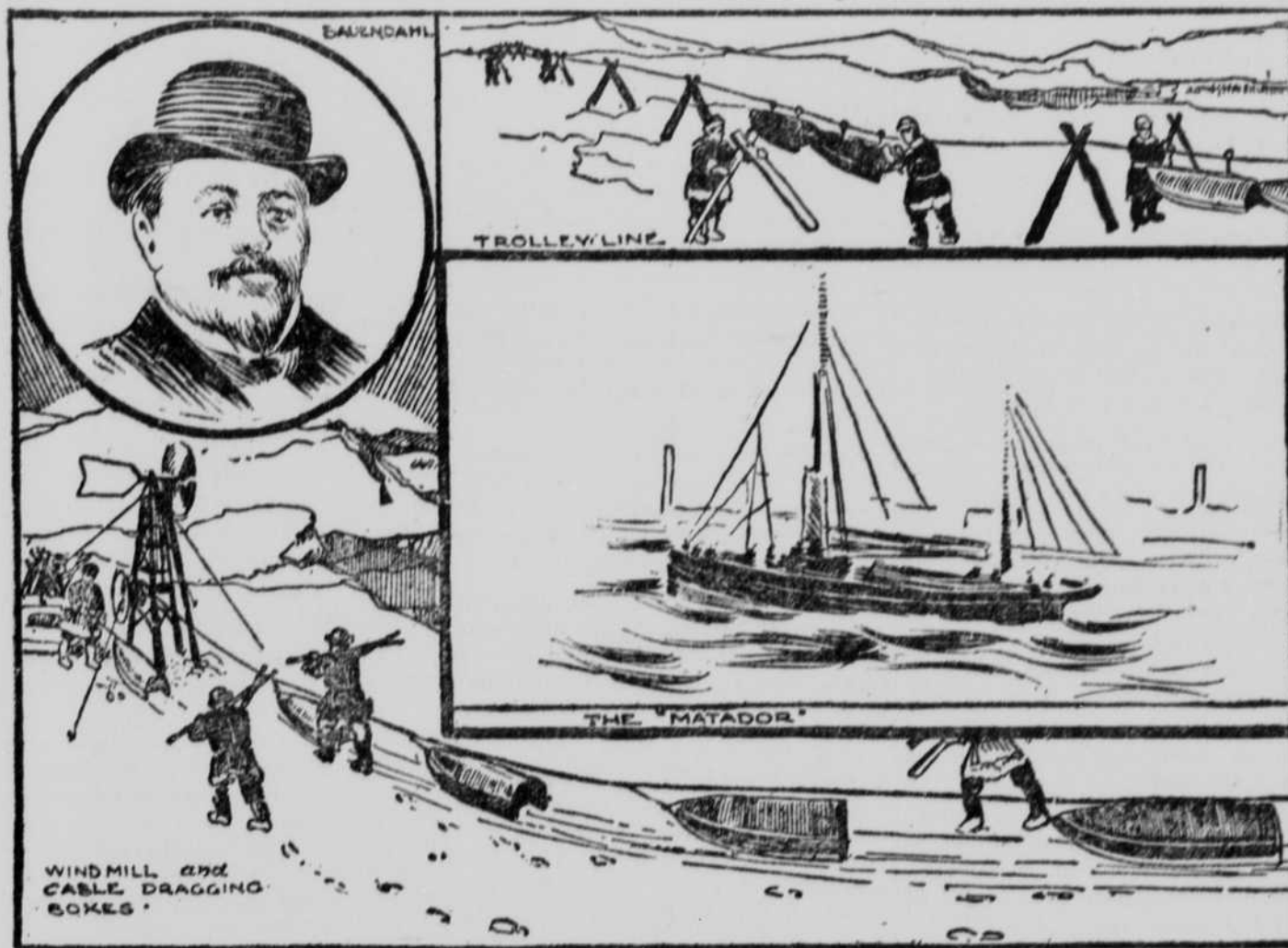
But with the return of the Gjoa light was cast on the plan to be pursued, and the story shows Bauendahl is nearly as daring and startling as the intrepid aeronaut for whom he is to search. The Gjoa fell in with the Matador at Cape South, and on a visit to Bauendahl by Captain Hagerup the former related how he expects to reach the pole.

His plan is to steam his vessel to the edge of the ice field, at about the eighty-first parallel of latitude, where he will disembark his forty water-tight supply chests, each weighing 300 pounds. Thereupon Bauendahl and an

and the performance will be repeated until the pole is reached. The number of chests to be dragged at one haul will depend upon the strength of the wind.

The chests were carefully constructed in Germany for the purpose. They are shaped like the pulkha, a sledge used in Lapland, and fitted out with low runners to facilitate their movement over the ice.

Where a space of water too large to pass around is encountered the chests will be lashed together to form a raft, on which the whole party will cross. When the ice is too broken or uneven to drag the chests by the windmill method, the trolley feature of the plan will be put into use. The cable will be strung on bamboo tripods brought along for the purpose. The chests will be hung to the trolley cable by means of hooks, and pulled along by the members of the expedition, who will remove each impeding tripod as they reach it after having fixed another just behind the traveling chests. Bauendahl calculates his company, split up



Hamburg with seven men on a little fishing steamer, the Matador, in August last. The objects of the expedition—an attempt to reach the north pole and an incidental search for Andree—were known, together with the fact that it carried provisions for two years. But just how he was to reach the pole, or make any progress at all through the arctic ice in his puny one-engine vessel, Lieut. Bauendahl kept to himself while still in Europe. There were many who doubted the sincerity of the expedition, and laughed at the

assistant will push ahead, dragging a windmill on a sledge. To the windmill will be attached a trolley cable, which will pay out as the sledge advances. When the length of the cable has been run out the windmill will be fixed on the highest ground available and set in motion. The action will turn a windlass, winding in the cable, to which the supply chests have been attached by the party remaining behind. When all the chests have been brought up in this manner Bauendahl will again push ahead with the windmill.

into parties of two along the line of the trolley, can erect and take it down as the chests are moved forward without great delay and without bringing the cases to the ground.

The explorer hopes with ten hours of work a day to make two or three miles each twenty-four hours, and in this way cover the 600 miles from his starting point to the pole in a year, allowing 100 days for delays due to storms, intense cold, etc. He figures he has just enough provisions for the journey to and from the pole.

# Gave \$10,000 to Eloping Couple.



W. C. McDonald, a wealthy ranchman, whose cattle feed on a thousand hills, and whose great stone house is located twenty-five miles from Cheyenne, Wyo., followed hard and fast on special trains last week to intercept his daughter Anna, who had eloped with Walter Hartwell, a drug clerk at Van Tassel's, the little town near McDonald's ranch. The old man had two big revolvers strapped to his waist, and he told every conductor and brakeman and engineer and fireman of each and every train on which he rode of the many things he was going to do to Walter when he caught him.

But when the old man reached Omaha his anger had cooled, and he fell on the hotel clerk's neck and said: "Say, pard, I was mad. Yes, I was. And I was a-going to fill that tenderfoot full of plaintive holes. Yes, I were. But, say, pard, it's all over now. I just want my little Anna, I'm a poor old lone fool dad, and I want my little girl, and I want to take her back home with me, and if she wants to bring that pill-mixin' dude back with her, why, all right. I guess I can stand it if she can. And, say, I've changed my mind about a-shootin' of him. Yes, I have, pard. Instead of that I'm a-goin' to give 'em \$10,000 for a weddin' present. And there's more

where that came from, pard. Just so I get my little Annie, pard. I won't have to look at him, anyhow, and if the Injuns don't steal him he can roost around the ranch and get his three square meals a day all of his sweet life. All I want is my little girl, pard, that's all."

And at last accounts the telegraph wires in every direction from Omaha were bending almost to the ground under the weight of messages which said: "Anna, come home and be forgiven. Ten thousand dollars for yer wedding present. I won't kick no more on the dude. Anna, come back to yer Poor Ole Dad."

## FLORA OF CHAUCER.

Gives Expression to Subjective Pleasure in Outer World.

Just 500 years ago in a little house within the garden of St. Mary's chapel, Westminster, and the sire of English poetry, Oct. 25, 1400, was a day on which a great light passed beyond the ken of men. Darkened for a time, its radiance has brightened and diffused itself down the centuries until now it is the guiding star of all who seek to know our mother tongue. Chaucer's verse marks an epoch in the English language and literature, but strongly as it appeals to the bookman, to the antiquary, and to the thoughtful observer of those earlier conditions of social life, its study is from a less salient point of view of almost equal worth. Among the many critical analyses which this anniversary calls forth, a word may well be given to Chaucer's poetry in its relation to the flora of England. Not only is living therein the charm of English fields, the song of lark, the fluttering leaves and breath of meadow sweet, but Chaucer, first, in some degree, gives expression to that subjective pleasure in the outer world so distinctively an

element in modern life, but hitherto unrecognized in literature and almost unknown to individual emotion. The intellectual enjoyment of nature is largely the outcome, the fine efflorescence, of scientific study. Slight trace of its existence is seen in the older classics. In its more subtle phases, even in Chaucer, the force is but nascent. The opening words of the "Canterbury Tales" tell how under the quickening influences of spring, "longen folk to go on pilgrimages," an impulse which was chiefly a physical exhilaration. Chaucer was himself a typical Englishman, with the love of outdoor life permeating his whole being, but the poet's fancy touched to finer issues that recipient temperament. His pages bubble over in gladness as

"The smale foules maken melodie," and even, when approaching old age, he sat down to write his marvelous tales, like his own Perkin Revelour, "Gaillard he was as goldfinch in the shaw."

—From the Modern Culture Magazine.

## Inconstant as Esau.

We are, for the most part, inconstant as Esau—full of good resolves today, and tomorrow throwing them to the winds; today proud of the arduousness of our calling, and girding ourselves to self-control and self-denial, tomorrow sinking back to softness and self-indulgence. Not once, as Esau, but again and again, we barter peace of conscience, and fellowship with God, and the hope of holiness, for what is, in simple fact, no more than a bowl of pottage.—Marcus Dods.

## Short-Service Conscrip Army.

The compulsory service act is expected to become a law in Chile in a few days. By this act the distinction between the regular army and the national guard is abolished and a short service conscript army established, with permanent instructors. About 20,000 men will be under arms at all times. All young Chileans will be liable for service from nine months to one year at the age of 20, thereafter passing into the reserve.—Robert H. Reid in Chicago Record.

Envy is the acknowledgment of the good fortune of others.