

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, Lella, 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 Lella. "I shall see little Syb safe in bed, then I shall return to you."

Lella 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 new 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 lull of expectancy until the daylight should come to allow action to be resumed.

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

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

"Lella! 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 so!" the deformed girl was saying, her teeth chattering as much from terror as from cold.

"Speak, Syb!" Lella 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 Lella 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 Lella! 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!" Lella'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, Lella?" he hoarsely shouted.

"Here! here! Quick!" Round the curve of the gallery they found Lella, 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, Lella 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 attention of Lella'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.

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 tool 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 quest brought out, bit by bit, partly from papers belonging to the dead man, partly from the unwilling evidence of Gladys, 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 Lella's tender, supporting arms, her weak hands clinging tight round Lella's soft throat, Gladys died peacefully.

"Take care of my Gervis, Lella. 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 Lella 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.)

CHILD POLITICS.

The "Junior Republics" Alarm the City of Detroit.

Detroit is learning that the "junior republics" established in the various schools of the city, which at first thought was a fine thing, is having evil results. The mayor protests and shows a condition that is hardly beneficial. The citizens of these junior republics, for example, balloted recently on such questions as these: Do you favor city ownership of the street railway system at the appraised value of \$17,500,000? Do you favor the erection of another high school building? Do you favor expansion? (this involving a discussion of the Philippine question.) But more than this the "junior citizens" developed so rapidly as to become lobbyists. Children were asked to interview aldermen or school inspectors to urge appropriations for schools. In short, the junior republics did not confine themselves to theory, but got into practical politics with a unanimity and dispatch that was something appalling. The Detroit Free Press protests that innocent children that are already struggling against ninety-nine fads in learning to read, write and cipher, ought not to have their heads further muddled by an attempt to master the methods and processes by which the people of the country are governed.—Indianapolis News.

Food's Lowest Daily Cost.

By actual experience the Ruskinites, a colony of socialists near Waycross, Ga., have demonstrated what is probably the lowest possible daily cost of food. They live at an actual cost per capita of less than 10 cents a day. Of course this could not have been accomplished except through co-operation. Everything they consume is bought at wholesale in large quantities and is cooked in the community. In the community dining room tables are set for 300 people. Those who do not wish to eat with the crowd are allowed the privilege of purchasing company stores and cooking them at home.

Ancient Deed in Philadelphia.

The first deed conveying property to the proprietor of Pennsylvania, William Penn, is written in old Dutch, and is now preserved in the city hall. The property was what is now known as Lemon hill, including the mansion and the Schuylkill river front, where the old Fairmount waterworks was located. There Penn kept his barge and some rowboats, the barge carrying an admiral's pennant. It is said there is only one man in Philadelphia who can read this deed.

It is not work that kills men; it is worry.

Work is healthy; you can hardly put more on a man than he can bear. But worry is rust upon the blade. It is not movement that destroys the machinery, but friction.—H. W. Beecher.

State Capital Observations.

Expressions Emulative for the Good of Republican Supremacy.

LINCOLN, Dec. 24.

Mr. Dietrich has announced that he will appoint to the position of recording clerk in his own office Miss Nellie M. Purcell, who has been in the office of Secretary of State Porter during his term and who was a clerk in the same office during the republican administration before the fusionists captured the state house. Miss Purcell has held her place under different administrations because she has been an efficient clerk and has performed her duties well under all circumstances. Miss Lena Myer of Hastings will be appointed stenographer in the governor's office to take the place to be made vacant by Henry Blum's retirement from active political life.

Two more additions have been made to Mr. Dietrich's staff. Invitation to become colonels in fact were sent to Ross Hammond of Fremont and W. N. Huse of Norfolk. The governor found that his staff would not be complete without the assistance of newspaper colonels. He desired to have members of his bodyguard selected from men who would know what to do under any and all circumstances even down to the trying situation of appearing in gold lace and a sword. The two gentlemen named were selected for their fitness and will be held up as models for the entire staff. Before the inaugural ball, the governor is thinking seriously of establishing a training school for his staff and when this occurs, he will have the two latest additions to perform in full uniform at a dress rehearsal going through the manual of the sword and the plumed hat for the instruction of less qualified members of the staff.

In discussing his newspaper enterprises Colonel Bryan said that the subscriptions were coming in at a satisfactory rate. He has decided to accept cord wood on subscription, according to the time honored usage of the profession, but expressed a preference for hard coal because it requires less labor to put in condition for burning.

He would accept potatoes if it were not for the fact that he is a farmer as well as an editor, and it would not be a good advertisement for his broad acres to intimate that they do not produce enough tubers for home consumption. The new paper is receiving an enormous amount of advertising, and the experts are figuring that this ought to bring in a bigger circulation than any other paper in Lincoln.

Of course it cannot hope to reach the Woodman, with its bona fide issue of more than 600,000, but it is possible that it may contribute as much to the postal department as the Free Presse, which is one of the big papers of the western country.

The new weekly will give the second class mail matter sent out from the Lincoln postoffice another big push upward. It will be remembered that the city now stands well up among the leaders in money taken in for newspaper postage.

State Superintendent-elect W. K. Fowler has appointed as his clerk L. C. Sarnly of Johnson county. Mr. Sarnly's experience includes three years as teacher in country schools, one year in the grammar department in the Sterling schools, and six years as principal of the Crab Orchard schools. He has also had some business experience, including charge of the bank at Burr, and as a deal in real estate, loans and insurance. He was enrolling and engrossing clerk in the legislature of 1895.

Land Commissioner-elect G. D. Follmer has announced the appointment of Miss Maggie Kresce of Lancaster county to be a clerk in his office.

F. M. Dorrington of Alliance was down to Lincoln one day last week quietly feeling the pulse of the senatorial race. He desired to learn if its pulsations indicated a disposition favorable to Senator Thurston in the event the selections are hard to make. While Senator Thurston has all along declared he was not seeking re-election, it is stated by persons who know John M. pretty well that he is very well pleased with the toga he now wears, and that the nearer the time comes when he must doff it the better and dearer it looks. Mr. Dorrington is a federal officer in the land office at Alliance.

Before leaving Lincoln last week for Hastings, from whence it is expected he would proceed to Chicago to spend a portion of the Christmas holidays with his daughter, who is attending Bryn Mawr college, Governor Dietrich announced the appointment of M. A. Metzger of Beatrice to be steward of the institute for feeble minded youth at Beatrice. Mr. Metzger has for years been the correspondent of the State Journal at Beatrice and he has taken a decided interest in Gage county politics.

Reports from Alma indicate that the republicans have gained one more senator as a result of a recount in the case of J. M. Johnson, contestant, against B. Hodges, fusionist, contestee. These were the two candidates in the Twenty-eighth senatorial district. Mr. Johnson has already deposited a big box full of papers with the secretary of state to be presented to the legislature. The district comprises Kearney, Phelps and Harlan counties. At a hearing held at Alma before Notaries R. L. Keester for the contestant and J. G. Thompson for the contestee, the evidence developed that Johnson has gained two votes in Kearney, from two to four in Phelps and four votes in Harlan county. The official count immediately after election gave Hodges two majority, but the evidence indicates Johnson's election by six majority, and possibly eight majority, on account of illegal votes being cast and counted for Hodges.

In Harlan county Johnson gained one vote in Orleans township that had been cast and counted for B. Hodges, which had written thereon "H. H. Parson" to distinguish it from the remainder of the ballots. He gained one vote in Turkey Creek township where a ballot had been cast and counted for Hodges, that had written thereon "This ballot cast by Mat Becker," one in Mullaly township, where the judges and clerks of the election board left the voting place, or room where the election was being held and went out into the public highway, taking with them an official ballot and permitting a fusionist to vote in his buggy for Hodges, taking the ballot back with them and depositing it in the ballot box and afterward counting the same for Hodges; and one in Republican City township, where the judges and clerks of election refused to count a ballot that had been cast for Johnson because the voter in voting for J. Faubion for constable, also wrote after the word constable, "city official."

During the taking of testimony W. F. Dale, defeated candidate for representative on the fusion ticket from this county, took a very active part in the contest, but at the conclusion of the taking of testimony, he, together with Mr. Hodges and Mr. Thomas, who represented Mr. Hodges, admitted that they were defeated and no doubt but that Johnson would be seated by the legislature.

An interesting story of the attitude of Peter Berlet is in circulation. Mr. Berlet was opposed by T. J. Majors and his friends in the convention at which he was nominated and in the election the opposition did not end. Now that Mr. Berlet is a member of the senate, he has announced that he will vote for Church Howe for senator. This does not come from a decided opposition to the leading South Platte candidate, but from a desire to make the sting of his action strike as deep as possible in Mr. Majors who was Howe's ancient enemy. Mr. Berlet has been quoted as saying that he would not vote for a candidate of a railroad for senator till that road should promise that Mr. Majors and his friends would be afterward compelled to "walk or pay fare." In short, he is after the absolute retirement of the blue shirt. The news is credited by many of Mr. Berlet's friends who are acquainted with the fight that has waged in Nemaha county for several years.

Attorney General Prout was in Lincoln last week, but declared his presence in the city had no especial significance. He did not, he said, come to take up the matter of banking appointments, for by agreement the board has to defer all action until after the new state officers take up their duties. It is believed that no important appointments will be forthcoming till the session of the legislature is well under way. This, so the wise ones say, is caused by the strong pressure of the senatorial struggle.

Auditor-elect Weston, who for some reason has not proceeded with the haste other state officers-elect exhibited in making selections for deputy positions, has finally relieved the suspense by the announcement that he had selected George Anthes of Omaha to be his deputy. Mr. Anthes is at present deputy treasurer of Douglas county, and his appointment as Mr. Weston's assistant meets with hearty approbation everywhere.

Duke Dresses Like Farmer. The Duke of Norfolk, though a rich man, dresses rather like a prosperous farmer and has a beard of considerable length, which he has trimmed, it is said, whenever he happens to think of having that operation performed.

Mosquitoes Deadlier Than Snakes. About 11,000,000 Italians are exposed to malarial fever. There are about 2,000,000 cases every year, with an average mortality of 15,000. This proves that mosquitoes are more deadly in Italy than snakes and tigers in India.

Brewers' Bonanza Days Over.

A leading representative of the brewing interest says that the days of fortune making in the brewing business have passed, and that the large breweries now fail to return a fair percentage on the money invested in them. His explanation of his statement is that there has been a great falling off in the saloon trade, where the profits are largest, and a corresponding increase in the home or bottled trade, where the profits are not so large.

The "No Door" Story Nonsensical.

Frank Sanborn takes to task Rebecca Harding Davis because of her article in the November Scribner's in which she gives some recollections of a visit to Concord forty years ago and tells about the summer house built by Alcott for Emerson, and which contained no door. This statement is denounced as pure nonsense by Mr. Sanborn, who says the house has a door, and a big one, which he has often entered, and which has been sketched by artists.

Female Hermits.

Women are seldom hermits, but the story is told of two women, mother and daughter, who lived in Akron, O., a life of seclusion. For sixteen years no neighbor darkened their door and they never wandered beyond the limits of their yard.

The brow of a hill may not be wrinkled but it is often furrowed.

FOUR DOCTORS FAILED.

A Michigan Lady's Battle with Disease and How It Was Won.

Flushing, Mich., Dec. 22.—(Special.)—One of the most active workers in the cause of Temperance and Social Reform in Michigan is Mrs. P. A. Passmore of this place. She is a prominent and very enthusiastic W. C. T. U. woman, and one who never loses an opportunity to strike a blow against the demon of Intemperance. Mrs. Passmore has suffered much bodily pain during the last three years through Kidney and Bladder Trouble. At times the pain was almost unbearable, and the good lady was very much distressed. She tried physician after physician, and each in turn failed to relieve her, let alone effect a cure. Home remedies suggested by anxious friends were applied, but all to no purpose. At last some one spoke of Dodd's Kidney Pills as a great remedy for all Kidney and Bladder Diseases, and Mrs. Passmore decided to try them. She did, and is now a well woman. She has given the following statement for publication:

At different times in the past three years, I have suffered severely with Kidney and Bladder Trouble, and after trying four of the best physicians I could hear of, two of them living in the state of New York, I found myself no better. I took any amount of home remedies suggested by kind friends, with little or no relief from anything. I decided to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. Less than one box has done me more good than all the other treatments combined. I am still using them, and can say from experience that they are an excellent remedy for Kidney and Bladder Trouble. I would heartily recommend them to all those suffering from these ills in like manner.

MRS. P. A. PASSMORE, Flushing, Mich.

When physicians and all other methods of treatment have failed try Dodd's Kidney Pills. What they did for Mrs. Passmore, they will do for any one similarly afflicted. 50c. a box. All dealers.

Exercise Saved Teddy.

Governor Roosevelt was thought as a boy to be of a weak constitution. He early devoted much attention to exercise and spent all the time that he could in the open air. To this he attributes his present health and endurance.

Dyeing is as simple as washing when you use PUTNAM FADELESS DYES.

New York's Bernhardtz Craze.

Long lines of Bernhardtz-Coquelin New York admirers or their messenger boys stood patiently in a drizzling rain Tuesday for the chance to get an early choice of single seats for that engagement. The subscription sale was a success, two five-seat boxes netting \$1,000 each and many blocks of the outside seats sold for the entire forty performances. Fancy prices were paid without a murmur.

The Bishop's Anti-Pin Order.

The bishop of Liverpool has issued a new code of rules for confirmation. He desires that girls should refrain from the use of long pins in the hair, as the presence of such pins frequently results in the bishop's fingers being lacerated during the "laying on of hands."

A Fireman Who Starts Fires.

In Waltham, Mass., an employe of the city fire department is under arrest charged with arson. It is asserted that he started a blaze in the fire house in which his company was stationed, and afterward turned in an alarm to summon aid in extinguishing the flames. What his motive was is unknown.

Up Against a Tough One.

President George Harris, of Amherst college, is one of the first college presidents to attempt, publicly, to solve the servant girl problem. At a recent meeting of women's clubs at Amherst, Mass., he read a paper on the subject.

Castle Was an Old Convent.

The castle in which Oswald d'Aurme, a Belgian artist, has offered Mr. Kruger a home was built by monks 309 years ago as a convent. It has had a varied career, a former owner having entertained royalty in it, and was bought only a few years ago by M. d'Aurme, who is wealthy and restored all the old splendor, besides instituting all modern conveniences and comforts.

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