

# In the Fowler's Snare

By M. B. MANWELL

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

Diana, who feared him with an intensity that increased as time sped by, was left more and more alone in the little set of rooms at Montreal, until life became a dull and hopeless burden for her. There was no ray of interest in her heavy face tonight as she asked for her husband's news. Paul on the other hand, was quivering with unexpressed excitement.

"I have got a fortune in my fingers, Diana—a fortune, I tell you!" he said jubilantly, as he drew up his chair to the little round supper table, from which Diana had risen to greet him.

Paul had so often brought home fortunes that seemed at his fingers' ends—fortunes that crumpled into dust ere they were grasped—that she felt little or no interest in them now. She was growing tired of the whole thing, particularly as she was now cut off from all participation in her husband's more intellectual ventures.

"I can't see what good it's going to do you," she said at last, when he had explained, "I guess this girl ain't going to die off to suit you, Paul, and you can't live on that bit of paper."

"What fools women are!" savagely broke in Paul. And his dark face took on an ugly look as he remembered that men, likewise, could be fools, when they saddled themselves with such burdens as that of the heavy, dejected woman opposite him.

"I'm going to Europe tomorrow—to England," he said shortly.

Diana looked up from her pie, "Shall you be gone long this time, Paul?"

"I can't quite say," slowly said the scientist. "It will depend on many things. But I promise you, Diana, that I shan't come back until I've got this in my clutch in hard cash." Paul's fingers played with the sheet of paper outspread before him.

Diana Andersell shivered, and her white, fair face grew still more pallid in hue. That this man, her husband, was capable of the vilest scheming to win his way she already knew. Nothing was sacred from such an arch-plotter. And as she furtively watched his frowning, dark face while he pored over the handwriting before him, Diana told herself half fearfully that Paul Andersell would keep his promise. He would return to her with the fortune, or he would never come back at all.

CHAPTER VII.

It was Christmas Eve, and true old-fashioned Christmas weather.

The country round Temple-Dene was glittering with hoar-frost, every tree shining and sparkling in the sun, every pond and stream and pool fast bound in ice.

The low, red sun of the afternoon was shining full on the old house, surrounded by the frost-silvered pines, and its many windows twinkled a brilliant welcome to the expected heir and his bride.

There had been a great stir, a simmer of wild excitement, under the old roof during the weeks preceding Christmas.

Lady Jane had done wonders in freshening up the tarnished and faded glories of the home. She had a free hand, to be sure, in her wholesale improvements; for could not Gervis afford to pay any amount of bills that might ensue?

"If I could only rouse up poor dear Francis, before they come home," the busy lady said, energetically.

But the master of Temple-Dene was the sole member of the house indifferent to the advent of the heir and his bride. Amid the turmoil of preparation he sat listless and silent in his library, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot."

If it had not been for Leila Desmond, it would have fared ill for the stricken man. The gentle-natured girl, with heart full of womanly instincts, felt irresistibly drawn to the lonely, silent man. He and she had a grief in common, and it bound them together. It was only at the sound of Leila's tender voice, and the touch of Leila's tender hand, that Francis Templeton ever stirred from his trance of misery.

But even Leila could not make the unhappy man comprehend that Temple-Dene was saved, nor could he take in the meaning of the light-hearted preparations going on around.

"I'm glad, glad, that Uncle Francis doesn't care, that he won't care!" said little Syb almost viciously to her elder sister.

The misshapen girl looked on almost as gloomily at the hurry and fuss as did the master of the house. She clenched her thin little fingers every time the bland, self-satisfied tones, so new in Lady Jane's voice, fell on her ear.

"Little Syb"—Leila turned her wistful eyes on the girl—"it hurts me when you speak so!"

"Hurts you? Oh, I could beat you, Leila, if I didn't love you so dreadfully that I should kill anyone who struck you! Hurt you? Oh, why were you made so good and I made so bad? All the time I am wishing that some accident will happen to those two—a shipwreck or a railway collision—and that they will never, never reach Temple-Dene!"

"Syb!" again cried Leila. And this time she gathered the distorted little figure on her lap, and laid her own soft round cheeks against the passion-white lips. "What has come to you,

my dear one? Have you forgotten that 'Love worketh no ill to this neighbor, therefore love is the fulfilling of the law'? How can you 'put on the Lord Jesus Christ,' who died for you and me, and for those who are coming home to us, if you let yourself say such things? I know it is only saying them—I cannot believe you think them." Leila's fresh mouth kissed the angry eyes.

"But I do think them! I feel what I say. Leila, what right has that American girl to take your Gervis from you? Everybody knows it was you who wanted all the time, not any other. And everybody about the place is saying so!" hotly said little Syb.

"Hush!" Leila winced at Syb's last words. "As for her right, we must remember every minute in the day that God has given her that right—as Gervis' wife."

Bravely the words came, but they wrung the heart of the gentle speaker.

"And, Syb, can't you take it in, once and for all, that we are not sent into the world to snatch at as much happiness and self-pleasing as we can? In order to copy our dear Lord, even faintly, we must each give up something, and go on giving up until the end comes. If Gervis had not given up his—his wishes, the old home would have been beggars. I—I think it a great thing to sacrifice all yourself for those dear and near. Syb, I could give up anything for you."

"Fore me? Could you, Leila? Such a miserable, humpy, crooked little thing as I?"

Syb's lips quivered.

"What matters it whether our bodies are straight or crooked? It is our souls that will live by and by in Paradise, if they are straight and true, the homes of pure thoughts and gentle deeds. Oh, Syb, try and cast out that passionate nature of yours. And when Gervis brings home his bride, let us be loving and kind to her, a stranger amid us all—think of it!"

"But shall you, Leila?" Syb stared.

"Shall you really welcome her and be nice to her—you?" she demanded, wonderstruck at such a possibility.

"God helping me, I shall," gravely said Leila, and she meant it.

It was not that her old love for Gervis had died a sudden death; but because he was now the husband of another woman, bound to love and care for her "until death them did part," that Leila could put him out of her life, save as the man who had saved his old home and his parents from earthly ruin.

If Gervis could attain to such a sacrifice as he had made, could she herself not imitate his self-abnegation in her life? And the passion-distraught little sister must be brought round somehow, and taught to welcome the new comer into the family.

It was a difficult task to persuade the untamable spirit. Though Syb was but thirteen years of age, she had a grown-up mind and one as distorted as her poor little body.

"I should like to see her lying dead—that American girl!" said the deformed girl when Leila's persuasive voice ceased. "You see," went on Syb, "if she were dead, Gervis would have all her money, of course, and he could marry you."

Leila groaned. This horrible, inhuman wish was the only result of her efforts to soften the ungoverned heart.

"That's why I keep on wishing something would happen to them!" vehemently insisted Syb.

"Happen to whom?" Lady Jane's voice startled the sisters, and Syb slipped off Leila's knee. "I've just had a wire from Gervis. They are in London and will be here today," she went on hurriedly. "And they are bringing a friend with them, a Mr. Andersell. I fancy it is the same man who saved the whole train, you remember, from a terrible fire in the midst of the prairies."

"Yes, 'Andsell' was that man's name, dear aunt," said Leila, "a well-known scientist, Gervis said he was."

Leila spoke the name of her lover she had lost in a controlled, calm voice. The help she had sought was vouchsafed her abundantly.

"Well, we must be good to him in that case. But our house has been filling up this week until there's hardly a decent room left for this stranger. And, Leila, my dear, I want your help again. Our arrangements are not quite finished."

Lady Jane rushed off as rapidly as she had come.

There was to be a large party of old and young on Christmas night at Temple-Dene. For years there had been almost no entertaining in the partially ruined home. The Christmas gathering was, therefore, looked forward to by the neighborhood with keen expectation.

"It is to be quite an old-fashioned Christmas party, with a tree and blind-man's buff and romps—neither more nor less," Lady Jane, warned them. "It should have been, properly speaking, on Christmas eve; but our dear young people will not arrive until that day, so our merry-making must be on the twenty-fifth."

It was late afternoon when the family carriage, newly furnished, came up the steps from the roadside station, and reached the Temple-Dene avenue of tall firs, whose stately trunks were reddening in the sun's dying glare.

"We're at home now, Gladly! We're on our own land at last. Welcome, dear wife, to Temple-Dene!"

Gervis bent forward and lifted in his little hands lying listlessly on Gladly's lap. Perhaps, if they two had been alone, he would have kissed his welcome as well as said it; but they were not alone. From a corner of the roomy old carriage a pair of dark restless eyes roved over the snow-covered landscape.

Gladly, at her husband's words, lifted her head to look out also, and it was startling to note how she had altered. There was a peculiarly wasted appearance and an unutterable listlessness not natural in one so young. It needed a distinct effort for her to survey her new home; to speak she made no attempt. Gervis drew back disappointed.

"Haven't you a word of praise, my dear, for your own home?" he asked.

"It's all very nice, but it is so cold, and I never liked pine trees," Gladly forced herself to say. And she shivered under her Parisian wraps and her costly furs. "They always make me colder, they are so gloomy," she added piteously.

"She's fearfully nervous," thought Gervis.

But there was no sign of it when Gladly stepped out of the carriage and into Lady Jane's widely welcoming arms.

A self-possessed, wistful-eyed little bride it was who lifted her cold cheek for her mother-in-law's kiss; a dainty figure, in truth, in its costly furs.

But the face under the green velvet toque, with its diamond buckle and nodding feathers, was not the face of a shy, happy bride, and for a moment Lady Jane stared, half puzzled.

Then Gervis was clasped in his mother's arms and held tight. If her ladyship had a soft corner in her worldly, ambitious heart it was for her boy, the son who had done so much for herself and the old home.

The bride stood apart, a pathetic little figure in her momentary loneliness. Leila, who had been shrinking behind the person of Lady Jane, quickly noticed it, forced herself to go forward.

"May I bid you welcome? I am Leila. Perhaps Gervis has told you that his cousins, Sybil and I, have lived here since we were almost babies—Syb, at least, was a baby."

Leila's winsome, tender face was bent close to Gladly, who was slightly shorter in stature than she. Her low, rich voice, with its caressing note, stirred something in Gladly's heart, and she moved eagerly forward—so eagerly that their lips met in a clinging kiss before Leila had quite made up her mind to greet the bride with anything warmer than a stiff handshake.

"I didn't know there was any Leila," said Gladly, in her sweet, childish tones. "Gervis did not tell me. But I am so glad! Please take me away somewhere. Let us go together, you and I, I am so weary!"

Leila was startled. Go away together, the bride and she! It sounded bewilderingly strange.

And—and had Gervis forgotten her so utterly that her name had never been uttered to his newly made wife? The thought wrung her gentle heart.

(To be continued.)

### FRUIT FLIES.

#### Small Insects Among Canned Fruit on the Shelves.

Often housekeepers who do not take sufficient pains with the sealing of the cans of fruit they put away in the fall, find on the surface of the contents little, slender maggots, feeding on the contents. These larvae are probably of the species called fruit flies. They belong to a class of insects containing some thirty kinds. The flies are light brown in color. They are so small that they are commonly thought of as ordinary gnats. They are attracted by the acid odor of vinegar as well as fruit. Stone jars simply covered with a cloth to allow the fermentation of vinegar are easily invaded by the insects, which lay their eggs on the pieces of fruit that are projecting above the surface of the fluid. The hatching of the larvae is soon followed by the formation of the pupae, which are found on the sides of the cans, usually. Some four days later the flies issue and begin the round of production again, multiplying with great rapidity. It is a characteristic of the larvae of these flies to live only in upper layers of the fruit and this fact makes it possible to save at least a portion of the contents of the jars. Fruit put in cans and sealed up airtight is safe. Eggs laid upon cloth tops or near slight openings between lid and can often hatch into worms that find a way inside. Pyrethrum powder used in the fruit room or cellar will have a good effect in clearing out the flies and this, with the precautions mentioned in connection with canning, should rid a place of the insects.—George Edwin Black in Indianapolis News.

#### Veterinary Surgeon's Hard Luck.

Veterinary surgeons are complaining of hard luck. With the cable cars, the trolley cars and now the automobiles, their business has gone to the dogs, metaphorically speaking. Soon there will be as many surgeons as there are horses. It is nearly as bad as that now, and, as automobiles become cheaper and the likelihood of airships coming in to supplement them grows, the prospect is not a bright one. Lots of New York veterinarians are giving up the attempt to make a living and are coming west.

There are at present thirteen Incorporated automobile clubs in the United States.

### TALMAGE'S SERMON.

#### SPEAKS ON ONE OF THE CHIEF CHRISTIAN VIRTUES.

##### The Need of Grace in the Affairs of Daily Life—Treasures Discard Into Harp—Final Reward of Patience—Causes of Pessimism.

(Copyright, 1900, Louis Klopsch, N. Y.)

Washington, Dec. 2.—This discourse of Dr. Talmage is a full length portrait of a virtue which all admire, and the lessons taught are very helpful; text, Hebrews x, 36, "Ye have need of patience."

Yes, we are in awful need of it. Some of us have a little of it, and some of us have none at all. There is less of this grace in the world than of almost any other. Faith, hope and charity are all abloom in hundreds of souls where you find one specimen of patience. Paul, the author of the text, on a conspicuous occasion lost his patience with a co-worker, and from the way he urges this virtue upon the Hebrews, upon the Corinthians, upon the Thessalonians, upon the Romans, upon the Colossians, upon the young theological student Timothy, I conclude he was speaking out of his own need of more of this excellence. And I only wonder that Paul had any nerves left. Imprisonment, flagellation, Mediterranean cyclone, arrest for treason and conspiracy, the wear and tear of preaching to angry mobs, those at the door of a theater and those on the rocks of Mars hill, left him emaciated and invalid and with a broken voice and sore eyes and nerves a-jangle. He gives us a snap-shot of himself when he describes his appearance and his sermonic delivery by saying, "In bodily presence weak and in speech contemptible," and refers to his inflamed eyelids when speaking of the ardent friendship of the Galatians he says, "If it had been possible, ye would have plucked out your own eyes and have given them to me."

#### Patience Under Difficulties.

Some of the people ordinarily most excellent have a deficit in this respect. That man who is the impersonation of amiability, his mouth full of soft words and his face a spring morning, if a passing wheel splash the mud across his broadcloth, see how he colors up, and hear him denounce the passing jehu. The Christian woman, an angel of suavity, now that some social slight is put upon her or her family, hear how her utterances increase in intensity. One of the ablest and best ministers of the gospel in America, stopping at a hotel in a town where he had an evening engagement, was interrupted in his afternoon nap by a knock at the door by a minister who had come to welcome him, and after the second and third knock the sleeper opened the door and took the invader of his repose by the collar and twisted it with a force that, if continued, would have been strangulation. Oh, it is easy enough to be patient when there is nothing to be patient about. When the bank account is good and in no danger of being overdrawn, and the wardrobe is crowded with apparel appropriate for the cold, or the heat, or the wet, and all the family have attested their health by keen appetites at a loaded table, and the newspapers, if they mention us at all, put right construction upon what we do or say, and we can walk ten miles without getting tired, and we sleep eight solid hours without turning from side to side, the most useless grace I can think of is patience. It has no business anywhere in your house, you have no more need of it than a life preserver while you are walking the pavement of a city, no more need of it than an umbrella under a cloudless sky, no more need of it than of Sir Humphry Davy's safety lamp for miners while you are breathing the tonic air of an October morning.

#### Causes of Pessimism.

Now you understand how people can become pessimistic and cynical and despairful. You have reached that stage yourself. Now you need something that you have not. But I know of a re-enforcement that you can have if you will accept it. Yonder comes up the road or the sidewalk a messenger of God. Her attire is unpretending. She has no wings, for she is not an angel, but there is something in her countenance that implies rescue and deliverance. She comes up the steps that once were populous with the affluent and into the hallway where the tapestry is getting faded and frayed, the place now all empty of worldly admirers. I will tell you her name if you would like to know it. Paul baptized her and gave her the right name. She is not brilliant, but strong. There is a deep quietness in her manner, and a firmness in her tread, and in her hand is a scroll revealing her mission. She comes from heaven. She was born in the throne room of the King. This is Patience. "Ye have need of patience."

#### Warm Hearted Christians.

But here comes a warm hearted, sympathetic, Christian man. He says: "There is a man down in the ditch. I must get him out. God help me to get him out." And standing there on the edge of the ditch the good man scoldquizes and says to himself, "If I had had as bad a father and mother as he had and all the surroundings of my life had been as depraving as those that have cursed him I myself would probably have been down in the ditch, and if that man had been blessed with as good a father and mother as I have and he had been surrounded by the kindly influences which have encompassed all my days he would probably have been standing here looking down at me in the ditch." Then the good man puts his knee to the side of the ditch and bends over and says to the fallen one, "Brother, give me your

hand," and with one stout grip lifts him up to God and heaven. There are wounds of the world that need the probe and the sharp knife and severe surgery, but the most of the wounds want an application of ointment or salve, and we ought to have three or four boxes of that gospel medication in our pocket as we go out into the world. We all need to carry more of the "balm of Gilead" and less caustic, more benediction and less anathema. When I find a professed Christian man harsh and merciless in his estimates of others, I silently wonder if he has not been misusing trust funds or beating his wife. There is something awful the matter with him.

We also have need of patience with slow results of Christian work. We want to see our attempts to do good immediately successful. The world is improving, but improving at so deliberate a rate. Why not more rapidly and momentum? Other wheels turn so swiftly, why not the gospel chariot take speed electric? I do not know. I only know that it is God's way. We whose cradle and grave are so near together have to hurry up, but God, who manages this world and the universe, is from everlasting to everlasting. He takes 500 years to do that which He could do in five minutes. His clock strikes once in a thousand years. While God took only a week to fit up the world for human residence, geology reveals that the foundations of the world were cons in being laid, and God watched the glaciers and the fires and the earthquakes and volcanoes as through centuries and millenniums they were shaping this world, before that last week that put on the arborescence. A few days ago my friend was talking with a geologist. As they stood near a pile of rocks my friend said to the scientist, "I suppose these rocks were hundreds of thousands of years in construction?" And the geologist replied, "Yes, and you might say millions of years, for no one knows but the Lord, and He won't tell." It took so long to make this world at the start, he is not surprised if it takes a long while to make it over again now that it has been ruined. The Architect has promised to reconstruct it, and the plans are all made, and at just the right time it will be so complete that it will be fit for heaven to move in, if, according to the belief of some of my friends, this world is to be made the eternal abode of the righteous. The wall of that temple is going up, and my only anxiety is to have the one brick that I am trying to make for that wall turn out to be of the right shape and smooth on all sides, so that the Master Mason will not reject it, or have much work with the trowel to get it into place.

#### Patience Under Injury.

Again, we have need of patience under wrong inflicted, and who escapes it in some form? It comes to all people in professional life in the shape of being misunderstood. Because of this how many people fly to newspapers for an explanation. You see their card signed by their own name declaring that they did not say this or did not do that. They fluster and worry, not realizing that every man comes to be taken for what he is worth, and you cannot by any newspaper puff be taken for more than you are worth nor by any newspaper depreciation be put down. There is a spirit of fairness abroad in the world, and if you are a public man you are classified among the friends or foes of society. If you are a friend of society, you will find plenty of adherents, and if you are the foe of society you cannot escape reprehension. Paul, you were right when you said, not more to the Hebrews than to us, "Ye have need of patience."

I adopted a rule years ago which has been of great service to me, and it may be of some service to you: Cheerfully consent to be misunderstood. God knows whether we are right or wrong, whether we are trying to serve Him or damage His cause. When you can cheerfully consent to be misunderstood, many of the annoyances and vexations of life will quit your heart, and you will come into calmer seas than you have ever sailed on. The most misunderstood being that ever trod the earth was the glorious Christ. The world misunderstood His cradle and concluded that one so poorly born could never be of much importance. They charged Him with inebriety and called Him a winebibber. The sanhedrin misunderstood Him, and when it was put to the vote whether He was guilty or not of treason He got but one vote, while all the others voted "Aye, aye." They misunderstood His cross and concluded that if He had divine power He would effect His own rescue. They misunderstood His grave and declared that His body had been stolen by infamous resurrectionists. He so fully consented to be misunderstood that, harried and slapped and submerged with scorn, he answered not a word. You cannot come up to that, but you can imitate in some small degree the patience of Christ.

#### Patience Under Physical Pain.

Again, this grace is needed to help in time of physical ailments. What vast multitudes are in perpetual pain while others are subject to occasional paroxysms! Almost every one has some disorder to which he is occasionally subjected. It is rheumatism or neuralgia or sick headache or indigestion that old spell and you think you would rather have almost anything else, but that is because you have not tried the other. Almost everyone has something which he wishes he had not. There are scores of diseases ever ready to attack the human frame. They have been in pursuit of our race ever since Adam and Eve resigned their innocence as well as the world's health. It is amazing how persistent and methodic those disor-

ders are in their attack on the world and how regular is the harvest which with the sharp scythe of pain they mow down for the grave. No such disciplined and courageous army ever marched as the army of physical suffering. They do their work in the order I name, and you may depend upon their keeping on in that same order for a good while yet; first of all tuberculosis, next organic heart disease, next pneumonia, next in number of its victims is apoplexy, next Bright's disease, next cancer, next typhoid fever, next paralysis. Those eight diseases are the worst despoilers of human life. The doctors with solutions and lancets and anodynes and cataplasms are in a brave fight against these physiological devils that try to possess the human race. But after all the scientists can do there is a demand for patience. Nothing can take the place of that. It is needed this moment in every sickroom and along the streets and in business places and shops where breadwinners are compelled to toil when physically incompetent to move a pen or calculate a column of figures or control a shovel. But every pastor could show you instances of complete happiness under physical suffering. He could take you to that garret or to that hospital or to some room in his parish where sits in rocking chair or lies upon a pillow some one who has not seen a well day in ten years and yet has never been heard to utter a word of complaint. The grace of God has triumphed in her soul as it never triumphs in the soul of one who is vigorous and athletic.

#### Banishment of Care.

Now, let us this hour turn over a new leaf and banish worry and care out of all our lives. Just see how these perversities have multiplied wrinkles in your face and acidulated your disposition and torn your nerves. You are ten years older than you ought to be. Do two things, one for the betterment of your spiritual condition and the other for the safety of your worldly interests. First, get your heart right with God by being pardoned through the atonement of Jesus Christ. That will give security for your soul's welfare. Then get your life insured in some well established life insurance company. That will take from you all anxiety about the welfare of your household in case of your sudden demise. The sanitary influence of such insurance is not sufficiently understood.

Many a breadwinner long since deceased would now have been alive and well but for the reason that when he was prostrated he saw that in case of his decease his family would go to the poorhouse or have an awful struggle for daily bread. But for that anxiety he would have got well. That anxiety defied all that the best physicians could do. Suppose these two duties attended to, the one for the safety of your soul in this world and the next, and the other for the safety of your family if you pass out of this life, make a new start. If possible have your family sitting room where you can let in the sunlight. Have a musical instrument if you can afford it, harp or piano or bass viol or parlor organ. Learn how to play on it yourself or have your children learn how to play on it. Let bright colors dominate in your room. If there are pictures on the wall, let them not be suggestive of battlefields which are always sad, or partings which are always heartbreaking. There are enough present woes in the world without the perpetual commemoration of past miseries. If you sing in your home or your church do not always choose tunes in long meter.

#### The Reward of Patience.

This last summer I stood on Sparrow hill, four miles from Moscow. It was the place where Napoleon stood and looked upon the city which he was about to capture. His army had been in long marches and awful fights and fearful exhaustions, and when they came to Sparrow hill the shout went up from tens of thousands of voices, "Moscow, Moscow!" I do not wonder at the transport. A ridge of hills sweeps round the city. A river meanders it with brilliance. It is a spectacle that you place in your memory as one of three or four most beautiful scenes in all the earth. Napoleon's army marched on it in four divisions, four overwhelming torrents of valor and pomp. Down Sparrow hill and through the beautiful valley and across the bridges and into the palace, which surrendered without one shot of resistance because the avalanche of troops was irresistible. There is the room in which Napoleon slept, and his pillow, which must have been very uneasy, for oh, how short his stay! Fires kindled in all parts of the city simultaneously drove out that army into the snowstorms under which 95,000 men perished. How soon did triumphal march turn into horrible demolition. Today, while I speak, we come on a high hill, a glorious hill of Christian anticipation. These hosts of God have had a long march, and fearful battles and defeats have again and again mingled with the victories, but today we come in sight of the great city, the capital of the universe, the residence of the King, and the home of those who are to reign with him for ever and ever. Look at the towers and hear them ring with eternal jubilee. Look at the house of many mansions, where many of our loved ones are. Behold the streets of burnished gold and hear the rumble of the chariots of those who are more than conquerors. So far from being driven back, all the twelve gates are wide open for our entrance. We are marching on and marching on, and our every step brings us nearer to that city.

To teach one who has no curiosity to learn is to sow a field without plowing it.