

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, Leila, you will stay by me?" quavered the mistress of the house, suddenly transformed into a broken-down old woman.

"I will, dear aunty," gravely said Leila. "I shall see little Syb safe in bed, then I shall return to you."

Leila 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 Leila's room it was silent as the grave. Beside the white-draped bed knelt Leila 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 Leila instinctively knew; but all she could do was to pray for help from above.

"Leila! 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!" Leila 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 Leila 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 Leila! 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!" Leila'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 find him have dragged him up two steps at a time.

"Where are you, Leila?" he hoarsely shouted. "Here! here! Quick!"

Round the curve of the gallery they found Leila, 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, Leila 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 Gladys'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 infection of Leila'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.

"Tis in the shamrock, I do mind me. 'Tis 'bund to be in the shamrock, the spring," he was muttering. In an instant Leila was on her

knees, and there, among the carved leaves and flowers of oak, was a single dainty snamrock.

It was the spring! Pressing it hard as she could, the carved lid clicked as it opened about an inch. Then Gervis, with strong arms, forced it back on its hinges, and a muffled cry broke from his lips.

CHAPTER XI. Lying huddled in the dusty chest was a little figure in gleaming silver brocade, stained here and there with bunches of crushed holly berries.

It was Gladys, stiffened and immovable, but with widely opened, round blue eyes.

That she was dead was the first muttered thought of both Gervis and Leila.

"No! 'Tain't death!" quickly said old Barnes, glancing at their white faces. "See ye, Mr. Gervis, there's a row of air-holes down each side o' the chest. I saw 'em made myself in the old squire's time, purpose-like, in case o' this very kind o' thing that's happened now!"

But Gervis was not listening. He and others who had rushed to the gallery were carefully lifting the small, stiffened form. A mounted groom had already been dispatched for a doctor.

"But something must be done at once," said Gervis, as they laid the unconscious girl on an Indian rug on the polished floor of the gallery.

Somebody was trying to force brandy through the marble white lips. "Not a drop will go down! What are we to do until the doctor comes?" piteously cried Leila, who, kneeling down, had slipped her arm under the little sunny-brown head.

"Fetch Mr. Ansdel!" commanded Gervis, with a sudden inspiration. Surely the American could give some help in the pressing emergency, otherwise, what was the value of his so-called scientific reputation?

Mr. Ansdel! Everybody then remembered that, oddly enough, the scientist had not been once seen during the hours of anxious search. It was curious, to say the least of it. And still more curious did it appear that no Mr. Ansdel hurried to the gallery in answer to the summons.

"Never mind, here's young Doctor Goring himself, which is better," ejaculated Lady Jane, who had struggled upstairs more dead than alive from sheer fright, and looked on helplessly.

"It's a trance!" at last pronounced the doctor, a young man, with all the latest medical and scientific theories at his finger-ends. "She has been hypnotized! Who has done this mischief?"

He stood up and glanced round upon the awe-struck group sternly.

There was no answer, and Doctor Goring went on wrathfully: "Somebody has got to answer for this night's work! The poor young lady has been brought to death's door, evidently, by some vile experiment. Now, then, clear out of this every one of you! Excuse my bluntness, Lady Jane, but this is not a moment for polite speech. I've got a life to win back if I can, and I can't have a crowd round me. Your ladyship can remain, and yes, I must have Miss Desmond, if I've anybody."

One by one the spectators departed from the gallery, and the young medical enthusiast set to work, with the result that in a quarter of an hour Gladys feebly opened her lips and spoke.

"I want Leila," was the whisper. And when she saw that it was Leila herself who was supporting her head the bride's round eyes closed contentedly.

"She will sleep now. We must carry her to her bed," said Doctor Goring, well satisfied.

"You are wanted, sir, at once," came an urgent whisper; while Gervis, lifting his wife in his arms, carried her away.

"What! another case?" The doctor wheeled around, and he was silently beckoned to the quarter of the house known as the bachelors' wing.

Lying, Jack in his chair in front of a writing table, and grasping a folded paper, was a dead man.

The room was in perfect order. There had been no assault, no murder, no suicide, so far as one could judge at the moment.

But that death had entered the half-open stare of the black eyes, the dropped jaw, and the marble hue of the long, lean fingers gripping the sheet of paper spoke all too clearly.

Little wonder that Paul Ansdel had failed to join in the search for the missing bride, failed to obey the summons from his helpful skill.

"He has been dead quite a couple of hours," said Doctor Goring gravely, secretly wondering what would be the outcome of this double tragedy.

"You must keep this business from the ladies as long as you can," he said, turning to Gervis, who had been hastily sent for. "There must be an inquest, of course; and, meantime, I should take possession of that folded paper. See, I've managed not to tear it. You'd best lock it away until you hand it to the coroner, Mr. Templeton."

"Why," gasped Gervis, as he caught sight of the close, upright handwriting, "my wife wrote that! What villain is this? See here!"

"It was the last will and testament

of Gladys Templeton, and, in correct legal form it assigned everything the testator possessed to Paul Ansdel of Montreal, revoking all former wills and codicils. 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 inquest 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 spow-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 Leila's tender, supporting arms, her weak hands clinging tight round Leila's soft throat, Gladys died peacefully.

"Take care of my Gervis, Leila. 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 Leila 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 appropriation of \$150,000 for 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.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

FOR THE WORLD'S DISENTHRALMENT.

A Sermon Especially Appropriate for the Christmas Season—The Mission of the Saviour of the World—Proof That God Is Love.

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

Washington, Dec. 23.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage describes in a new way the sacrifices made for the world's disenchantment and deliverance. His text is I. John iv., 16, "God is love."

Perilous undertaking would it be to attempt a comparison between the attributes of God. They are not like a mountain range, with here and there a higher peak, nor like the ocean, with here and there a profounder depth. We cannot measure infinities. We would not dare to say whether his omnipotence, or omniscience, or omnipresence, or immutability, or wisdom, or justice, or love is the greater attribute, but the one mentioned in my text makes deeper impression upon us than any other. It was evidently a very old man who wrote the chapter from which I take the text. John was not in his dotage, as Prof. Eichhorn asserted, but you can tell by the repetitions in the epistle and the rambling style and that he called grown people "little children" that the author was probably an octogenarian. Yet Paul, in mid-life mastering an audience of Athenian critics on Mars hill, said nothing stronger or more important than did the venerable John when he wrote the three words of my text, "God is love."

Indeed the older one gets the more he appreciates this attribute. The harshness and the combativeness and the severity have gone out of the old man, and he is more lenient and aware of his own faults, is more disposed to make excuses for the faults of others, and he frequently ejaculates, "Poor human nature!" The young minister preached three sermons on the justice of God and one on the love of God, but when he got old he preached three sermons on the love of God and one on the justice of God.

Christ's Descent to Earth. If high intelligences looked down and saw what was going on, they must have prophesied extermination, complete extermination, of these offenders of Jehovah. But no! Who is that coming out of the throne room of heaven? Who is that coming out of the palaces of the eternal? It is the Son of the Emperor of the universe. Down the stairs of the high heavens he comes till he reaches the cold air of a December night in Palestine and amid the bleatings of sheep and the lowing of cattle and the moaning of camels and the banter of the herdsmen takes his first sleep on earth and for 33 years invites the wandering race to return to God and happiness and heaven. They were the longest 33 years ever known in heaven. Among many high intelligences, what impatience to get him back! The Infinite Father looked down and saw his Son slapped and spit on and supperless and homeless, and then, amid horrors that made the noonday heavens turn black in the face, his body and soul parted. And all for what? Why allow the Crown Prince to come on such an errand and endure such sorrows and die such a death? It was to invite the human race to put down its antipathies and resistance. It was because "God is love."

Now, there is nothing beautiful in a shipwreck. We go down to look at the battered and split hulk of an old ship on Long Island or New Jersey coast. It excites our interest. We wonder when and how it came ashore and whether it was the recklessness of a pilot or a storm before which nothing could bear up. Human nature wrecked may interest the inhabitants of other worlds as a curiosity, but there is nothing lovely in that which has foundered on the rocks of sin and sorrow. Yet it was in that condition of moral break up that heaven moved to the rescue. It was loveliness hovering over deformity. It was the lifeboat putting out into the surf that attempted its demolition. It was harmony pitying discord. It was a living God putting his arms around a recreant world.

Our World's Wickedness. But for this divine feeling I think our world would long ago have been demolished. Just think of the organized wickedness of the nations! See the abominations continental! Behold the false religions that hoist Mohammed and Buddha and Confucius! Look at the Koran and the Shastra and the Zend-Avesta that would crowd out of the world the Holy Scriptures! Look at war, digging its trenches for the dead across the hemispheres! See the great cities, with their holocaust of destroyed manhood and womanhood! What blasphemous assails the heavens! What butcheries sicken the centuries! What processions of crime and atrocity and woe encircle the globe! If justice had spoken, it would have said, "The world deserves annihilation, and let annihilation come." If immutability had spoken, it would have said: "I have always been opposed to wickedness and always will be opposed to it. The world is to me an affront infinite, and away with it." If omniscience had spoken, it would have said: "I have watched that planet with minute and all comprehensive inspection, and I cannot have the offense longer continued." If truth had spoken, it would have said, "I declare that they who offend the law must go down under the law." But divine love took a different view of the world's obduracy and pollution. It said: "I pity all those woes of the earth. I cannot stand here and see no assuagement of those

sufferings. I will go down and reform the world. I will medicate its wounds. I will calm its frenzy. I will wash off its pollution. I will become incarnated. I will take on my shoulders and upon my brow and into my heart the consequences of that world's misbehavior. I start now, and between my arrival at Bethlehem and my ascent from Olivet I will weep their tears and suffer their griefs and die their death. Farewell, my throne, my crown, my scepter, my angelic environment, my heaven, till I have finished the work and come back!" God was never conquered but once, and that was when he was conquered by his own love. "God is love."

Christ the Comforter. If one paragraph of the creed seems to take you, like a child, out of the arms of a father, let the next paragraph put you in the arms of a mother. "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." Oh, what a mother we have in God! And my text is the lullaby sung to us when we are ill, or when we are maltreated, or when we are weary, or when we are trying to do better, or when we are bereft, or when we ourselves lie down to the last sleep. We feel the warm cheek of the mother against our cheek, and there sounds in it the hush of many mothers: "God is love."

This was the reason the Bible was written. The world needs no inspired page to tell it that God will chastise sin, for that is proved in the life of many an offender. You can look through the wicket of any prison and see the fact which the world understood thousands of years before Solomon wrote it—"The way of the transgressor is hard." The world needed no Bible to tell it that God is omnipotent, for any one who has seen Mont Blanc or Niagara or the Atlantic ocean in a cyclone knows that. The world needed no Bible to tell it of God's wisdom, for everything, from a spider's web to the upholstery of a summer's sunset, from the globe of dewdrop to the rounding of a world, declares that. But there was one secret about God that was wrapped up in a scroll of parchment, and it staid there until apostolic hand unrolled that scroll, and let out upon the world the startling fact, which it could never have surmised, never guessed, never expected, that he loved our human race so ardently that he will pardon sin and subdue the offender with a divine kiss and turn foaming malefactors into worshippers before the throne. Oh, I am so glad that the secret is out and that it can never again be veiled! Tell it to all the sinning, suffering, lying race; tell it in song and sermon, on canvas, and in marble, on arch and pillar; tell it all around the earth—"God is love."

The Domination of Fear. Notice that the wisest men of the nations for thousands of years did not, amid their idolatries, make something to represent this feeling, this emotion. They had a Jove, representing might; Neptune, the god of the sea; Minerva, the goddess of wisdom; Venus, the goddess of base appetite; Ceres, the goddess of corn, and an Odin, an Osiris, and a Titan, and a Juggernaut, and whole pantheons of gods and goddesses, but no shrine, no carved image, no sculptured form has suggested a god of pure love. That was beyond human brain. It took a God to think that, a God to project that, a God let down from heaven to achieve that.

Fear is the dominant thought in all false religions. For that the devotees cut themselves with lances and swing on iron hooks and fall under wheels and hold up the right arm so long that they cannot take it down. Fear, brutish fear! But love is the queen in our religion. For that we build temples. For that we contribute our alms. For that we contribute our souls. For that we contribute our lives. For that we contribute our brains. For that we contribute our hearts. For that we contribute our hands. For that we contribute our feet. For that we contribute our tongues. For that we contribute our eyes. For that we contribute our ears. For that we contribute our noses. For that we contribute our throats. For that we contribute our souls. For that we contribute our lives. For that we contribute our brains. For that we contribute our hearts. For that we contribute our hands. For that we contribute our feet. For that we contribute our tongues. For that we contribute our eyes. 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