

# OUT OF THE SNARE

BY S. N. HOOVER.

## CHAPTER III.

The time we spent on board the L'Etouffe de l'Ouest was brief enough, for two days after we were picked up by kind-hearted little Captain Semoulin, we fell in with an English frigate, the Terrible, ordered home from the West Indian station, who promptly took possession of us with but scant ceremony.

A cannon shot across our bows, an imperative signal to haul up, was notice enough, and, true to his pacific principles, the little captain did as he was bid, and soon an English officer and a boatload of English sailors came aboard to interview the captain and settle affairs. We were drawn up with the crew, but my lord stood near Semoulin.

It was the first lieutenant of the Terrible who had come on board, a youngish man, fair-haired and handsome. He spoke politely enough in English, but Captain Semoulin shook his head. Then the officer changed his language, but after a few words his vocabulary seemed to fall, and he, stumbling, stopped with a laugh.

At this difficulty Captain Semoulin turned to my lord and requested his aid, signing him to step forward. Then an odd thing happened.

For, as my lord came forward where the officer could see him clearly the young fellow started violently.

"Good God!" he cried in English, stepping back half involuntarily and turning a little pale. "Caryl—is it you—or your ghost?"

"Not my ghost!" said my lord, peering with his dim eyes, yet eyes that did not appear dim to others. "Certainly not my ghost, but who is it that knows my name?"

"Can't you see me?" said the young fellow. "Don't you know me? I'm Jack Halstead. We were on board the Resolution together. Surely you are Frank Caryl who was appointed to the Calypso? Surely you haven't forgotten Jack Halstead. I was senior midshipman. Can't you see me, or am I so changed? Why, we thought you had gone to Davy Jones' locker long ago. Where have you been?"

He had sprung forward and caught my lord's hands in his, and, looking up into his face, guessed his affliction, and I saw the tears of pity, affection and emotion cloud his bright brown eyes, while my lord's trembled so that he could scarce frame his words.

"Remember Jack Halstead," he said at last. "I should think so, indeed. But I am nearly blind, Jack, and wholly stupid with misfortune and grief and disappointment. Jack, Jack, will you take me home and swear to my identity, for they will not believe me when I say who I am?"

"Swear to your identity?" cried the young officer, "I should rather think I would, Caryl! But you must come on board the Terrible, and tell your tale to the captain. It is Hallford—you knew Hallford. But first let us settle with this good man. You know the lingo, so let us fire away."

So after a short time matters were settled. The Etouffe de l'Ouest had become the prize of the Terrible, and Captain Semoulin and most of his crew were taken on board the frigate, while some of the English sailors, under command of the second lieutenant, were sent to take charge of the French vessel and navigate her home. But as hands were short, Tom and I were left on board the Etouffe, while my lord and David Boosenut went with the Terrible.

But though it was hard to part, we reckoned not to be divided long, for we were both bound for Plymouth, whither the Etouffe was to be taken. So we said farewell to one another, thinking in a week or fortnight at longest to meet each other on Plymouth Hoe.

"God bless you, George," said my lord, "and you, too, dear Tom. I'm loth to part with you, but it will not be for long. I trust. God bless you, and grant we may very speedily meet again."

So the boat that carried them away grew small and black in the golden haze of the setting sun was casting over the heaving floor of the ocean, and we watched them clamber up the sides of the hull of the frigate.

It was the day after we lost sight of the Terrible that coming storms grew more and more imminent. The wind, which came in gusts from various quarters, uncertain and wandering, at last settled down and blew with a hollow moan, out of an ominous cloud, big with mischief and coming rain.

All that night the weather grew worse and worse, and when the late morning dawned all we could see was a vista of torn, gray, writhen water, and a low, gray sky, of flying, indefinite cloud, while the driving rain stung like hail, and it was bitter cold.

So the dreary time passed. We were but a small crew to have sailed the ship in fair weather, and now we had scarce time to snatch a mouthful of food—biscuit or salt junk, or the water we had shipped when the rudder went had put out the galley fire, and we could get nothing hot, even if a man could have been spared to cook it.

"Breakers ahead," shouted the voice of a sailor, and then ere the words were scarce out of his mouth, a jar—a crash—a shiver and jolt through every plank and timber, a wild turmoil of falling mast and spar and beaten foam and roaring billow, and we knew we were on the rocks.

A great cry arose from the vessel audible above the roar and shriek of wind and wave, a great, an awful cry of despairing, dying men. We clambered up the deck, steep as a roof now,

and waist deep in water to where the bow of the vessel with part of the foremast was driven high upon the rocks, and there we clustered together, a little above the worst sweep of the waves, clinging on to what was left of the shrouds and ropes.

So we clung through that night, frozen with cold, sick with hunger, wet, shivering, gasping wretches, knowing not if we should ever see the morning again, or whether the dawn that would be vouchsafed to us would be the mystic light of the world beyond the grave.

At last, at last the dawn came, and with the first gleam of light the worst ferocity of the storm abated a little, and presently as the darkness slowly melted away we understood more of our situation. Our ship had struck on a long and jagged reef of rock, running parallel with the shore, whose rugged cliffs loomed dimly through a haze of flying foam and spray. If we could only cross those intervening yards of raging, foaming waters, that tempestuous whirlpool of swirling, surging, torn and broken waves, we might be safe.

"How is the tide?" I said to Tom, who still clung by me. "Is it ebb or flow d'ye think?"

He shook his head. "How can one tell?" he said, in a hopeless tone.

"If one could get a rope across," I said, "it is not far!"

"The lieutenant gave me permission to try, though from his face I saw he only thought I was going a little quicker to my death."

Then I got a coil of thin rope, and fastened one end round my body; while the other was spliced to a strong cable, so that, if I got to land, I could haul the rope to shore, so as to make a help and stay for the others through the broken smooth of surf. Then I slid down the side of the vessel on to the reef, which now at its highest part was beyond the worst sweep of the waves, though the foam slid up knee deep, frothing and hissing as every hollow broke.

But I succeeded almost better than I hoped and, breathless, panting, gasping, cut and bleeding in a dozen places, I reached the last point of rock visible to me, when to my dismay I found I was much farther from the real shore than I had anticipated, and that still a wild smother of foaming water stretched between me and safety.

And as I fought and struggled, my strength failed me more and more, and a sharp, strange pain in my side seemed to choke what little breath I had left, and I had never reached that shore alive, but that just as I felt all my power fail, someone clutched and dragged me up.

"The cord!" I gasped, and fumbled at my waist, "the cord—pull—pull!"

"God be thanked! Yes! It's the cord round him he is maning. Is it fixed aboard your vessel, honey?" he asked me.

"Yes, yes," I panted. "Pull—pull for the love of God! It's on a cable, and then the others can come ashore!"

And so, sheltering under a rock from the worst keenness of the wind, I had the infinite joy of seeing my friends come safe ashore, for the cable, held taut and fast by the kind islanders, served as a good support in the whirling waters. The last to reach shore was the young lieutenant, and then he and I, and Tom, for Tom would not quit me, though the others were carried on to the house, climbed painfully the steep path, and so reached the old Grey House built up there on the slope of the hill, and looking nigh as gray as the crags by which it was sheltered.

## CHAPTER IV.

Once within its walls, we were supplied with dry, warm raiment. Then we were brought into a great hall, with a noble, grained stone roof, supported on pillars, with strange carven capitals. At one side was a great open fireplace, wherein a huge peat fire burned and glowed, filling the apartment with its strange odor, and a table had been drawn up, whereon stood a large tureen of steaming, fragrant soup, and the young lady who had been on the beach was lading the generous stuff into basins and passing it round to our comrades, who sat clothed and dry, but yet had scarce ceased shivering, and whose hollow cheeks and still trembling limbs told of the sufferings they had endured.

But I could not eat by reason of being in so much pain, which I reckoned to be the result of a blow I had received through being dashed violently against a rock in coming ashore through those terrible waves. I saw the maiden cast anxious glances at me as I sat back, white and sick, leaning against the old oaken settle. Presently, signing to a peasant woman, who lingered about in the hall, gazing at us, to take her place at the soup tureen, she went away, and, after a short absence, she returned, and coming to me, she said she feared I was hurt and ill, and that it would be best for me to lie down in bed, so that she had a room prepared for me.

By this time I was fain to acknowledge to myself that I could sit no longer, so with Tom Dart's help, I managed to get to the apartment assigned to me; a large and lofty room, where was a great four-post bed, hung with faded silk embroidered hangings, and high enough to make it difficult for a man with two fractured ribs to climb into.

Yes—that was the result of Mick

blacksmith's examination of my hurt. There was no doctor within thirty miles and more across the wild and desolate country at Ballina, but Mich, everyone averred, knew more about the bones of man and beast than any doctor in all Connaught, which was probably pretty near the truth.

I must have slept some hours, for when I waked a level feeble ray of watery sunshine stole in sideways at one of the high narrow windows that lit my apartment, and the howling of the wind had fallen to a low and melancholy wail, like a dirge for the destruction and death that its fury had wrought.

"Dear Meg," I heard the soft voice of a child saying eagerly, "do let me just see him; Oh, I will be so quiet, but I do so want to see the brave man who saved them all!"

"Hush, darling—whisper—you must be very quiet for he was sleeping just now and the other sailor also. Sleep will do him good. Well, just creep in and take one peep!"

I closed my eyes, pretending to be asleep, but I did not quite shut them, but let in a glimmer of light so as to see my visitors. They came in very gently, tiptoeing over the old oak floor as quiet as two mice.

It was the maiden who had been on the beach, and who seemed to preside over the old place. She was tall and slight and very fair with sunny hair and gray blue eyes, and by her side, clinging to her hand, was a little maid of 7 or 8 summers, whose dark eyes and curling dark hair made a wonderful contrast with her pale little face, and who gazed at me with a sort of awe and wonder as if I were some curious and wonderful creature, the like of which she had never seen before. Then as she looked a sudden flash of light and merriment came over her face.

"Monsieur sleeps not!" she said in her soft little voice with a quaint foreign accent, "he is playing foxes."

"Mademoiselle has caught me!" I said, laughing. "Yes—it is true—I was playing foxes."

"And are you better?" she said, coming nearer and looking pitifully into my face. "Is your pain better?"

"Oh! ye. I answered cheerily. "And I am so warm and comfortable. But," and here I turned my eyes to the older maiden, "will you tell me now where I am, and the names of those to whom we owe all this kindness and hospitality?"

"This is the home of Clonben," she answered, speaking as I had noticed before, with no trace of Irish accent.

"It is the Irish coast on which we have been cast," I said, questioningly.

"Yes, the Irish coast indeed, and at its farthest and wildest portion. For yonder promontory you can see thro' the window," here she drew the curtain back a little, "is Eris head, and behind us landward lie long leagues of bog and heath and desolate mountain ere you reach a town or village of any size."

"And you, madame, you are the mistress of this ancient house? Faith, you and your little sister are young indeed to be here alone as you seem to be."

"This young lady is not my sister!" she answered smiling down on the little maid. "She is cousin to the earl who holds this property, and I am her attendant and nurse, and, till better can be procured, her governess."

"You are Meg, my dear, dear Meg," cried the little creature. "Ah, I wish indeed, you were my real own sister, but you are like it—my dear grown up sister!" and she kissed the hand she clasped so tenderly.

"But you must not talk any more now," went on the young lady. "Ah! we have waked your comrade," for Tom Dart here began to stretch and yawn, and then scrambled confusedly to his feet, as he became aware of who was present.

"Will you come with me?" she said, speaking to him, "and I will get some broth for your friend, for he should have something now."

Tom brought me a cup of broth; but I could take but little, for I grew feverish and full of racking pain thro' ever limb, beside my broken ribs. Indeed, I remember but little for some days but a medley of wandering terrible dreams, when I was once more struggling with the waves and beaten against the rocks, or I was back in prison, ever escaping, but always failing to do so.

Besides Tom I knew I had another nurse, tender, gentle, untrifling, who always soothed my anguish even in my worst moments, and that was Miss Margaret, as they called her. What father was her name, I had not heard.

(To be continued.)

The new treaty, abrogating as it does the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, is not only important in removing the obstacle to the construction of the transisthmian canal under American control, but is most significant as a recognition by England of the Monroe doctrine. This was practically done before when, after the United States and England were apparently brought to the verge of war in 1893-94 over the Venezuelan boundary question, England consented to comply with the request of President Cleveland to submit that issue to arbitration.

It is God's plan to give to everyone that asketh. Sometimes the gifts seem small. Store them up; they grow as we gather. Keep the cup turned upward; no blessing ever comes to the heart which spends itself in looking downward. Suppose the corn plant should draw its leaves so tight together that no drop of dew or rain could trickle into its tiny cup. Soon the stalk would be dry and dead. Upward, ever upward, turn thy gaze, and he who watches for and heeds thy every act will surely let fall the life-giving treasure of His love.—New York Observer.

## THE SNOWDRIFT.

(Joel Benton in Country Life.)  
When night dropped down, the fields were dark and dun.  
Storm sprites were out—we heard the north wind blow;  
Then when arise the slowly wading sun,  
Morning came mantled in a robe of snow.

White grew the landscape; every field and knoll  
Shone forth transfigured by the snowstorm's spell;  
The trees and fences stood in motley droll,  
Half dark, half whitened by this miracle.

But where the stone wall held its Parian weight,  
Of snowdrift, like some Alp or Apennine,  
We saw a sculpture man could not create,  
Smoothed off and chiseled by some touch divine.

Mute wonder of the myriad molded snow,  
Pure as the stars that sentinel the sky,  
What art could improvise and fashion so,

Unless some godlike power sped processant by?  
Here plinth and cornice, architrave and frieze,  
Lift up a beauty to the day and sun,  
Amidst the silver of the tinseled trees,  
That never Phidias or Canova won.

## FRILLS OF FASHION.

The small figured velvets are extremely popular, especially in the brown, gun metal and fawn shades. One sees them in fine line stripes and pin dots in white very close together.

A point for sleeves in the evening coat is a long tight cuff nearly covering the forearm and finished with frills of lace at the wrist. The upper sleeve falls into this with a baggy sort of puff over the elbows.

The mattress pincushion which enjoyed considerable popularity a few years ago has made its appearance again this season in an especially attractive form, those of striped silk ribbon being particularly pretty.

For the table as a substitute for the old-fashioned cozy is the dainty three panel screen of old brocade. The screen makes a pretty bit of decoration in addition to keeping off draught from the pot in which the tea is brewing.

A pretty bodice for the lace-trimmed crepe de chine skirt is tucked below a yoke which in front points down very deep to accentuate the fashionable long line. The yoke itself is of mousseline de soie tucked and striped with a narrow thin lace insertion and heavier lace like that on the skirt outlines this.

Long coats are made of faille silk in the light colors and trimmed with ermine miniver and white baby lamb. The fur is in a wide shaped band which flares around the feet, extends up either side of the front, narrowing toward the neck, and forms a deep collar and cuffs partly covered with heavy cream lace.

Crepe de chine, both in velvet and pale tints, makes lovely high-necked dinner gowns—since it has all the virtues of the thinner fabrics without being transparent. Lace is the favored trimming for the white and it is used in vertical lines of insertion from the waist line to the top of the shaped flounce which is in a graduated width.

A home made music portfolio frequently answers the purpose as well as an expensive one purchased at the shop. The covers of a large old book encased in a decorated slip of silk, satin or linen makes a satisfactory portfolio. Harps, lyres or other appropriate designs may be painted or embroidered on the upper cover and the folio tied with ribbons.

In cream, ecru and white lace gowns of the high-necked variety there is no limit to the changes which are rung on them. One is trimmed with bands of silk matching the tint of the lace and covered with stitching. Black velvet ribbon stripes the gown up and down at intervals, giving a very odd effect and tucked mousseline de soie forms the yoke and frills on the sleeves.

According to an authority, white ostrich feathers can be cleaned by making a mixture of white soap shaved into small pieces, boiling water and a little soda. After this has been dissolved and cooled, dip the feathers into it and then draw them gently through the hand, repeating the operation several times. Then rinse thoroughly in clean water, with a trifle of bluing added. Shake, dry and curl. Feather curling, however, is work that calls for special training and amateurish efforts in this direction are not always successful.

## TALK ABOUT WOMEN.

There is a lady, Miss Penman, who has control of more than 500 conductors in the employ of one of the London tramway companies, but the only woman jockey hails from the United States.

A pearl necklace worth \$500,000 is among the possessions of the empress of Germany. As a matter of fact it contains three necklaces and is regarded as the most magnificent thing of the kind in existence.

Miss Katharine Hughes of Ottawa is the originator of a new enterprise in the field of Canadian philanthropy. She has started a movement to provide employment for Indian children who are graduated from the government schools.

It is said the Queen Wilhelmina is a believer in total abstinence, and refuses wine in the most marked manner at all times. How doubly unfortunate she is to have married a man who is said to both eat and drink far too much, and who is extravagant, quarrelsome and mean. Even queens may ask to be more fortunate in marriage than she is.

## Electric Power in the Country.

THERE are today 91 miles of interurban road in the state of Wisconsin operated by electricity. In addition to this there are 155 miles projected, which will be constructed next year. Then scores of miles more are in contemplation. All of this is in the southern portion of the state. To make interurban roads return dividends a populous country is necessary. Little towns or hamlets scattered along at short intervals connecting with larger cities is the first thing that the promoters of electrical lines look for. With that as a foundation they feel sure that in time the dividends will be commensurate with the financial outlay.

The northern portion of the state thus far has heard little of electrical roads save in the large cities. But that part of the state is settling up rapidly and it is only a few years when electric roads will begin to spread out in every direction in that section as well as in the southern and older settled portion of Wisconsin.

The lines now in operation are the Milwaukee-Waukesha line, the Milwaukee-Racine and Kenosha line, the road connecting Oshkosh with Appleton and Kaukauna, passing through Neenah and Menasha, and the short line to North Milwaukee. Surveys already have been made with the view of extending the Waukesha line out through the lake resort region to Oconomowoc, and it will be built in a short time, possibly next season. The Kenosha line will be extended to connect with the line extending north from Chicago, forming a through electrical line between Milwaukee and Chicago.

The Fox river valley line, which now ends at Kaukauna, will unquestionably be extended to Green Bay, in order to connect the string of cities and large towns which stretch along the river valley and have mutual interests. In addition to this a line is about completed between Manitowish and Two Rivers, a distance of twelve miles, which is the first link in the chain that will eventually be extended southward to Sheboygan and northward to Algoma and Sturgeon Bay and possibly up the Door County Peninsula, which at present has no railway facilities of any kind, and with its numerous prosperous hamlets would be a paying investment.

NEW ROAD IS PLANNED.  
The ordinance is in the common council at Milwaukee for a franchise to a company which has a line projected from Milwaukee to Geneva Lake, and if the franchise is granted it is stated that the line will be built and ready to bring the people of the southern part of the state to the next stage fair. Then Oshkosh and Fond du Lac are to be connected by an electrical line, the company having been just incorporated. This would bring the Green Bay line south as far as Fond du Lac, and from there it will, in a very short time, be extended southward through Washington county until it touches the Milwaukee lines that are being extended northward.

Over in the central part of the state a new line will be built next season, which will connect Madison with Janesville, touching the cities in between. This is one of the most populous portions of the state, and the line is certain to become one of the most valuable properties of its kind.

## When the Youngsters Cry.

WHEN the baby cries there is a reason for it. Sometimes it is useful and important for a baby to cry. Dr. L. Emmett Holt, New York's best known authority on infants, in a remarkable little book called "The Care and Feeding of Children" (published by Appleton & Co.) has a chapter on crying. Among other instructive questions and answers for mothers and nurses, Dr. Holt says:

When is crying useful? In the newly born infant the cry expands the lungs, and it is necessary that it should be repeated for a few minutes every day in order to keep them well expanded.

How much crying is normal for a very young baby? From fifteen to thirty minutes a day is not too much. What is the nature of this cry? It is loud and strong. Infants get red in the face with it. In fact, it is a scream. This is necessary for health. It is the baby's exercise.

When is a cry abnormal? When it is too long or too frequent. The abnormal cry is rarely strong, but it is a moaning or a worrying cry, sometimes only a feeble whine.

What are the causes of such crying? Pain, temper, hunger, illness and habit.

What is the cry of pain? It is usually sharp and strong, but not generally continuous. It is accompanied by contraction of the features, drawing up of the legs and other symptoms of distress.

What is the cry of hunger? It is usually a continuous, fretful cry, rarely strong and lusty.

What is the cry of temper? It is loud and strong and accompanied by kicking or stiffening of the body and is usually violent.

What is the cry of illness? This is usually more of fretfulness and worrying than a real cry, although crying is excited by very slight causes.

What is the cry of indulgence or from habit? This is often heard even in very young infants, who cry to be rocked, to be carried about, sometimes for a light in the room, for a bottle

While the present plans of those back of the road do not contemplate any further extensions, it is reasonable to suppose that this or another company will push out in the direction of Beloit, only ten miles away, very soon after the main line is completed. This would bring it to the state line, where it would be easy to connect with an interurban line extending up through Harvard and other cities from Chicago.

All this goes to show that within the next three or four years the southern portion of Wisconsin will be gridironed with the new system of transportation, giving the people of the crossroads and isolated sections very prompt and easy communication with their home markets.

This is what the promoters are aiming at. Looking ahead, they see the time coming when the farm products of the lighter kind will be transported to market by electric cars stopping at every farmstead for their load, and thus saving the farmer the cost and time of slow transportation with team. All of the lines projected have secured their own right-of-way, which will permit them to use their cars for transporting freight as well as passengers.

FREIGHT ROADS BY NIGHT.  
Those who are giving the most attention to these problems say that it is only a matter of a few years, or possibly months, when the lines which during the day are used for passenger traffic will after midnight transport the farm produce to market, delivering it fresh every morning for the consumer, saving the farmer and the gardener the long ride now necessary and consequent loss of time. Nor will the passenger service be eliminated when the sun goes down or the clocks strike midnight. A man connected with one of the various lines now under way said recently, in discussing the new transportation, that inside of three years sleeping cars would be run on the electrical lines.

With the coming of the electrical lines will come, say those who are posted, an era of cheap transportation. Lines now in use are well patronized, though thus far the cost of transportation has not been materially reduced, but the ability to get back and forth every hour and oftentimes every half hour leads many to patronize the electric lines exclusively, especially when time is no particular object. Still it is asserted that the lines now building will cut down the present running time, so as to compete more on even terms with the steam roads. If this can be done and the fares reduced there is no reason why the bulk of the local traffic should not be carried by the electric lines.

Even as it is, the ability to drop off right at one's door instead of riding several miles beyond and then return by horse power is a very attractive proposition for those living within easy distance of the line. It is a perfectly safe proposition that within five years there will be a continuous electric line from Green Bay to Chicago, and possibly the northern terminal point may be many miles above Green Bay to Chicago, and possibly the northern terminal point may be many miles above Green Bay. From this main line will radiate short line feeders reaching out into the populous sections within easy reach.

to suck, or for the continuance of any bad habit which has been acquired.

How can we be sure that a child is crying to be indulged? If it stops immediately when it gets what it wants, and cries when it is withdrawn or withheld.

What should be done if a baby cries at night?

One should get up and see that the child is comfortable, the clothing is smooth under the body, the hands and feet warm, and the napkin not wet or soiled. If all these matters are properly adjusted, and the child simply crying to be taken up, it should not be further interfered with.

How is an infant to be managed that cries from temper or to be indulged?

It should simply be allowed to cry it out. A second struggle will be shorter and a third rarely necessary. Is it likely that rupture will be caused from crying?

Not in young infants if the abdominal band is properly applied, and not after a year under any circumstances.

I find that it conduces to my mental health and happiness to find out all I can which is amiable and lovable in those I come in contact with, and to make the most of it. It may fall short of what I was once wont to dream of, but it is better than nothing. It keeps the heart alive in its humanity, and till we shall all be spiritual this is alike our duty and our interest.—Moravian.

The Attorney General of Minnesota decides that under the state constitution the Lord's Prayer cannot be used in public schools. He bases it on this provision, "Nor shall any man be compelled to attend, erect, or support any place of worship." It is quite possible that this is a Griggs interpretation. To apply his principle a phrase from the higher criticism might be adapted, and the prayer might be read as "literature."

The weather man isn't to blame for the mean temperature.