

In the Fowler's Snare

By N. 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.

"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.

"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."

Diana Ansdell 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.

"But shall you, Lella?" 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 Lella, 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 then did part," that Lella 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 Lella'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."

Lella 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 Lella'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. Ansdell. 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, 'Ansdell' was that man's name, dear aunts," said Lella, "a well-known scientist, Gervis said he was."

Lella 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, Lella, 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.

my dear one? Have you forgotten that 'Love worketh no ill to his 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." Lella's fresh mouth kissed the angry eyes.

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

"Hush!" Lella 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 wrecked, his parents would have been beggars. I—I think it a great thing to sacrifice yourself for those dear and near. Syb, I could give up anything for you."

"Fore me? Could you, Lella? 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!"

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

"We're at home now, Gladly! We've 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 shudder, 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. Lella, 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 Lella. 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."

Lella'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 Lella had quite made up her mind to greet the bride with anything warmer than a stiff handshake.

"I didn't know there was any Lella," 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!"

Lella 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.

BIG DAY AT SPRINGFIELD.

Inauguration of Governor Yates a Splendid Affair.

THE CAPITAL IN GALA GARB.

Grand Parade on the Streets—Tanner Introduces His Successor—Yates' Address—Statehouse Brilliantly Illuminated—Formal Reception in Evening.

Richard Yates was inaugurated as governor of Illinois amid a blaze of glory of Springfield, Monday. Although there was no inaugural ball or banquet, in other respects the ceremonies were more extensive and elaborate than in the past. The citizens of Springfield showed keener and more general interest in the festivities than was usual. The governor-elect is popular with a large part of the population of the state, outside of his political supporters, because he is the son of the late Richard Yates, war governor of the state. Mr. Yates arrived from Jacksonville Monday morning and met the outgoing executive.

The two men reviewed the procession from a stand on the south side of the public square. The parade itself formed on North Fourth street at Madison street. After marching over the route laid out by the committee it passed the reviewing stand, where the state officials were stationed.

After the procession had passed the stand the inaugural party proceeded to the Leland, where it was joined by Mrs. Tanner, Mrs. Yates, and Mrs. Catherine Yates. The party rejoined the procession on Capitol avenue and then proceeded to the state house.

Beide the party in carriages there were the Fifth regiment, nearly 1,000

governor-elect reached the statehouse the military organizations at its head drew up on either side of the main entrance, permitting the veterans from Chicago, who served as the escort, to pass through their ranks. A salute was fired and muffled bands played "Hail to the Chief." In the meantime the senate and house had assembled in their respective chambers. The door-keeper of the house informed the sergeant-at-arms of the senate that the house was in session, whereupon the senate, with Lieutenant Governor Northcott in the lead, proceeded to the hall of the lower house. Here the members were seated immediately in front of the speaker in places vacated by the representatives. The lieutenant-governor presided and the roll of each house was called by its own clerk.

Tanner Introduces Successor. When the governor-elect arrived he was escorted to the platform by Governor Tanner. The prayer was offered by the Rev. David Bradford, chaplain of the house. Chief Justice Boggs of the supreme court, escorted by a special committee, administered the oath of office and Governor Tanner introduced his successor.

The feature of the day was the electric illumination of the Statehouse at the formal reception in the evening. Four thousand lights were used in the interior and exterior decoration. The dome of the building was decorated with festoons of colored lights, strung on wires and running from the top-most pinnacle to the farthest corner of the building. Surmounting the dome there was a great star fifteen feet in diameter and made of gold, white and ruby lights. The largest piece was placed at the base of the dome on the east side of the statehouse and contained the dates 1861 and 1901 with the letters "Y-A-T-E-S" in the center. The receiving party was as follows: Governor and Mrs. Richard Yates and Mrs. Catherine Yates, Lieutenant Governor and Mrs. William A. Northcott,

I am satisfied that such is the wish of the people. There is a widespread feeling in all states that there may be too much government and too many laws. I participate in this feeling myself and so do many of you. Indeed, it is in part, because of this feeling that I have decided not to make any recommendations to you concerning legislation. There is no doubt never was a law so good but that it might not be bettered by amendment. There doubtless are many of our laws which could be improved. There are, perhaps, a few which ought to be abolished. There probably are some which ought to be abolished, provided other better ones could be put in their place. And lastly, there are many bills, which, in my opinion, ought to be passed. As a matter of course, proper appropriation bills and an equitable reappropriation are absolutely essential.

There does not, however, seem to be any pressing necessity or demand for a large quantity of new legislation. No hidden mine of treasure is to be discovered. I have no plans for legislation. I have in contemplation no statute which I would pass or repeal, if such passage or repeal were in my power. But, perhaps, to my inexperienced ears, I have been much impressed and indeed, somewhat startled by the multitude of suggestions which have come to me urging me to recommend amendments and additions to our statutes. Hundreds of such propositions and suggestions are on their way to the legislature. Doubtless the greater part of them are worthy of most serious and earnest investigation. Such investigation will be earnestly demanded.

Prophecy for the Country. The coming century is to be one of performance of duty, financial rights having been in large part obtained. It presents its claims. And aggressive as it has been in the past in the fight for human rights, America will be more aggressive still in the duty work of the new century. And in the glorious future, in which America will be the central figure, leading all nations, she will be expected to perform her part as well as to be now, in population, a fifth part of the nation. It is, in political influence, much more than a fifth part.

Its ever-increasing influence will probably affect the nation and the world, within a generation, much more vitally than we now can imagine or conceive. What a manly century that will be! If it is, in all respects, started right. What a thing it is to be entrusted for even a short time with the care of the interests of the people of such a state at the beginning of such a century. What a power there is in our humble hands at this time to contribute to the progress of this state toward its destined destiny. That progress may be troubled or it may be tranquil. Whatever the complications may be, whether they involve peace or war, let us remember that so far as we are concerned we stand in the shadow of our mighty act. We can now realize all that it may involve. But we approach it with the thought that it may involve much.

Mrs. John R. Tanner sat in the executive mansion Sunday afternoon and said: "It has been worth while. I came here a bride four years ago and I have lived four glorious years and am content." Her voice trembled ever so little, but she didn't seem to mind. "Why shouldn't I be?" she asked. "I consider the position of governor's wife quite as good as anything that can be offered."



Secretary of State and Mrs. James A. Rose, Treasurer and Mrs. M. O. Williamson, Auditor and Mrs. J. S. McCullough, Attorney General and Mrs. Howland J. Hamlin. Following are the members of the reception committee who assisted the receiving party: Fred H. Rowe of Jacksonville, Henry Yates of Springfield, A. C. Wadsworth of Pekin, H. F. Wadsworth of Jacksonville, James McKinney of Alledo, James S. Neville of Bloomington, Arthur L. French of Chapin, Hawes Yates of

Taking Up His Father's Mantle.

Among the throng assembled in representative hall Monday there were old comrades of that other Gov. Yates, who, when the oath of office was administered, saw not merely a governor assuming the obligations of office, but a son reverently taking up the mantle of a father who brought a giant intellect and a dauntless heart to the service of his state in that perilous time, and wrote his name indelibly upon the history of his age. There was another for

whom the inauguration day of 1901 was full to the brim—a woman. Mrs. Catherine Yates stood beside her son when he became Gov. Yates, as she stood beside her husband when he became Gov. Yates. When more than a year ago the son gave, as one spring of his ambition to hold the office his father had held, a desire to take his mother back to the executive residence, there were some who sneered at what finally came to pass.

fashionable tea party, and it is really amusing to see how many phrases she has picked up. She will gravely receive her imaginary guests and spread for them a miniature table, around which she will seat her dumb charges, and then all the details of the evening will be served them in the most approved style. Catherine is named for her lovely paternal grandmother, whom she resembles in many ways. She is a more quiet child than her sister, and is nine years old, while many regard her rather mature for her years. Her

The Monday evening reception at the Free-for-all, there were, of course, needed. It is a very pleasant surprise to whom the members assembled with a cheery salutation for "Little Diana"

arms, laughed and bowed and stretched out a chubby hand to the baby, who gold lace and brass buttons decorated her dress, and she was surrounded by a

The New Governor's Charming Little Daughters.

Jacksonville has many lovely children, but none are more popular than sweet little Dorothy and Catharine, the children of Judge Yates. They have been reared by a judicious mother and wise father, and while love has been the ruling motive in the household, discipline has not been wanting. The children are unlike in many ways, but both are lovable and popular with all who know them. Dorothy is 5 years of age, and is much given to dolls and her pet dog Beauty. The little miss has a number of make-believe babies, and she plays with them in many ways. Sometimes she will have a

SCENES OF FORTY YEARS AGO

The inauguration of Gov. Yates the second, Springfield, fittingly represented to the million the material side of the forty brilliant years which have passed since Gov. Yates the first was installed. It could not express the sentiment which, for a few, permeated the occasion. Half a dozen militia companies escorted Gov. Yates in 1861 from his hotel to the statehouse. Regiments and brigades of soldiers and hundreds of the ununiformed in civic and political clubs escorted Gov. Yates in 1901 over the corresponding route and personalities, as well as memories, linked the present with the past. On that inauguration day of forty years ago, an infant equipped in his nurse's

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