THE SNARE

BY RAFAEL SABATINI.

The Master Tale-Teller, Author of "Bardelys the Magnificent," Another Stirring Story of Adventure and Love in a New Setting—The Peninsular War.

WHO'S WHO.

Lt. Richard Butler of the Irish dragoons, on a foraging expedition during Wellington's campaign against the French in Portugal, commits an offence during a drunken revelry, which arouses the resentment of Portuguese officials, and disappears from his regiment.

Terence O'Moy, brother-in-law of Butler and adjutant-general, is visited by

Miguel Forjas, Portuguese secretary of state, who warns Sir Terence that Butler must be shot for his offence. O'Moy promises.

Principal Souza of the council of regency is opposed to Lord Wellington's plan to devastate part of Portugal, and interferes with military operations until the British commander-in-chief has issued the ultimatum that unless Souza be removed from the government he, Wellington, will withdraw from the country.

Una O'Moy, Sir Terence's wife, and Butler's sister, hides Butler, unknown to her husband.

Count Samoval, avowedly an ardent supporter of Wellington, assures Una that he will aid Dick if given an opportunity.

Capt. Ned Tremayne, O'Moy's secretary, is in love with

Sylvia Armytage, Una's cousin, a clear-thinking, intelligent young lady.

CHAPTER XVIII.—(Cont'd.)

As he sat at his desk staring into vacancy there came a rush of steps in the hall outside, the door of his study was flung open and Miss Armytage came sharply to rouse him.

"Mullins has just told me that Capt. Tremayne has been ordered under arrest for—for killing Count Samoval. Is it true?" he demanded wildly.

"It is true," he answered her.

"But—" She stopped, and put a hand to her throat. "Oh, you can't mean it. Tremayne is not the man to fight a duel," he

[illegible] dim, and [illegible] Wellington's [illegible] closely, and [illegible] into his [illegible] wonder [illegible] bastard,

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[illegible] rising, and [illegible] "I escape to [illegible] thought, [illegible] leave it to you." [illegible] him

[illegible] Sylvia, [illegible] understanding of men." [illegible] seeing him [illegible] drawing-room [illegible] outside Una's door, [illegible] need of companion [illegible] that for a moment she [illegible] thought of going in, but abandoned [illegible] Had she but obeyed the [illegible] impulse to seek Lady O'Moy [illegible] she would have [illegible] discovered that the truth [illegible] at once. For she would have [illegible] her husband in a frame of mind [illegible] as different as daylight as her own; [illegible] would have come upon Richard Butler at the same time.

[illegible] view of what had happened, [illegible] summoned to Dick that she was going to be husband with the whole truth.

"It is all your fault, Dick," she reproached him as he stood with his back to the door to bar her intended egress. "If only you had been ready on time, you would have got away before any of this happened."

"Was it my fault that I should have reopened my wound in attempting to get down that damned ladder?" he asked her. "Tremayne should have come up at once to assist me, instead of waiting until he had to. Then time would not have been lost, and very likely my life with it." He came to a gloomy conclusion.

"Your life? What do you mean, Dick?"

"Just that. What are my chances of getting away now?" he asked her. "The Telemachus will sail without me, and the only man who could have helped me to get out of this damned country is under arrest. And you have so little sense that you want to run straight off to Terence and explain to him what Tremayne was doing here."

"I won't, Dick," she promised hastily. "You know I didn't realize, or I should not have thought of it, even. I was so concerned for Ned."

"There's not the need," he assured her. "Ned will be safe enough, devil a doubt."

CHAPTER XIX.

HIS LORDSHIP.

Sir Terence came to breakfast next morning, gray-faced and haggard, but miraculously composed. Voice and glance were calm as he gave a good-morning to his wife and to Miss Armytage.

"What are you going to do about Ned?" was one of his wife's first questions.

"What am I going to do?" he echoed. "Why, nothing. I may be asked to give evidence, but my evidence can hardly assist him."

Her teaspoon rattled in her saucer. "I don't understand you, Terence. You know that he did not kill Samoval."

"Indeed?" His glance quickened a little. "Why do you say that? Do you possess some knowledge that you have not revealed?"

She made a good recovery. "I possess the knowledge that you should possess yourself," she told him. "I know Ned for a man incapable of such a thing. I am ready to swear that he could not have done it."

"I see; evidence as to character. It may weigh with the court."

Her ladyship looked at him wildly. "The court?" she cried. "Do you mean that I shall have to give evidence?"

"Naturally," he answered. "You will have to say what you saw."

"Oha no, no!" In her alarm she half-rose, then sank again to her chair. "You must keep me out of this, Terence. I couldn't—I really couldn't."

He laughed with an affectation of indulgence, masking something else.

Mullins coming to set fresh covers, the conversation was allowed to lapse. Nor was it resumed, for at that moment, with no other announcement save such as was afforded by his quick step, a short, slight man entered the quadrangle from the doorway of the official wing.

Sir Terence caught his breath in an exclamation of astonishment.

"Lord Wellington!" he cried, and was immediately on his feet.

At the exclamation the newcomer checked and turned. He halted a moment, then advanced quickly, and bowed with a mixture of stiffness and courtliness to the ladies.

"Do not suffer me to disturb you," he begged them. "Sit down, O'Moy. I did not intend to break in on your privacy."

Sir Terence placed the hospitality of his table at his lordship's disposal. But the latter declined graciously.

"A glass of wine and water, if you will. No more."

The party made conversation, while the great soldier sipped his wine and water. When at last he set down an empty glass Sir Terence took this as the intimation of his readiness to deal with official matters, and, rising, he announced himself entirely at his lordship's service.

Lord Wellington claimed his attention for a full hour, and having done, he rose at last from Sir Terence's desk, announcing his intention of leaving at once.

Sir Terence advanced to open the door. But Wellington checked him with a sudden sharp inquiry.

"You published my order against dueling, did you not?"

"Immediately upon receiving it, sir."

"Ha! It doesn't seem to have taken long for the order to be infringed, then."

Sir Terence was conscious of a quickening of his pulses. Nevertheless his answer was calmly regretful:

"I am afraid not."

The great man nodded. "Disgraceful! I heard of it from Fletcher this morning. Capt. Tremayne had just reported himself under arrest. I understand. He was one of your military secretaries, was he not?"

"He was."

O'Moy's honest soul was in torturing revolt against the falsehood he had implied. He was in such a mood that one more question on the subject from Wellington and the truth must have come pouring from his lips. But no other question came. Instead, his lordship turned on the threshold and held out his hand.

"Good-bye, O'Moy. I shall hope to find the ladies in the garden so that I may take my leave without inconvenencing them."

In the garden his lordship came upon Miss Armytage alone.

"I was seeking Lady O'Moy," said he, "to take my leave of her."

"She is on the terrace, I think," said Miss Armytage. "I will find her for your lordship."

"Let us find her together," he said quickly, and so turned and went with her toward the archway. "You said your name is Armytage, I think? Once I had a great friend of the name of Armytage. We were at school together in Brussels."

"That would be John Armytage, my uncle," she surprised him by saying.

"God bless my soul, madam!" he ejaculated. "So you're Jack Armytage's niece. Give me news of him, my dear."

She did so, while he listened with interest, and out of his boyhood friendship for her uncle sprang there and then a kindness for the niece.

"My dear," he said, "if I can serve you at any time both for Jack's sake and your own, I hope that you will let me know of it."

"You tempt me, sir," she said with a wistful smile.

"Then yield to the temptation, child," he urged her kindly, those keen penetrating eyes of his perceiving trouble in hers.

"It is about Lt. Richard Butler," she began.

He knit his brow in thought. "Butler?" he muttered questioningly, though he remembered and his thin lips tightened. "Yes?" he inquired, but the tone was now forbidding.

Nevertheless she was not deterred. "Mr. Butler is Lady O'Moy's brother," she said.

He stared a moment, taken aback. "Good God! Her brother! O'Moy's brother-in-law! Hum! But what can I do, Miss Armytage? What were the actual facts, do you happen to know?"

She recited them, putting the case bravely for the scapegoat, Mr. Butler.

"I gather, sir," she concluded, "that he was to be a sort of scapegoat."

He swung round sharply, and the sudden blaze of his eyes almost terrified her. "Ah! You are oddly well informed throughout. But, of course, you would be," he added, with an appraising look into that intelligent face. "Well, well, my dear, I am very glad you have told me of this. If Mr. Butler is ever taken and in danger send me word of it, and I will see what I can do. By the way, who told you this about a scapegoat?"

"Capt. Tremayne."

"Capt. Tremayne? Oh, the man who killed Samoval?"

"He didn't," she cried. "Capt. Tremayne says that he didn't and if he says so it is so."

"Oh, of course, Miss Armytage!" He was a man of unparalleled valor and boldness, yet so fierce was she in that moment that for the life of him he dared not have contradicted her.

"As for this tale of a duel," she continued. "I ask your lordship: Had Capt. Tremayne desired a secret meeting with Count Samoval, would he have chosen the enclosed garden of O'Moy's residence of all places in which to hold it?"

Wellington was overcome with astonishment, and he showed it.

"Upon my soul," he said, "I do not appear to have been told any of the facts. This certainly puts a monstrous strain upon belief. Why did not O'Moy acquaint me with these facts?"

"I don't know," she said quietly. She was tempted to tell his lordship of the odd words that O'Moy had used to her last night concerning Tremayne. But she hesitated, and whilst she hesitated came Colquhoun Grant clanking across the quadrangle looking for his lordship.

"And, indeed, you arrive very opportunely, Grant," Wellington confessed.

He turned to take his leave of Jack Armytage's niece.

"I'll not forget either Mr. Butler or Capt. Tremayne," he promised her, and his stern face softened into a gentle, friendly smile. "They are very fortunate in their champion."

(To be continued.)

The Northern Lumber Town.

All day the whirring of the sawmills,
And the sun shining on the town in the valley,
Gleaming along the wooded hills beyond,
And dancing on the blue river filled with logs.

Lumber is heaped in towering, stately piles
For miles along the curving of the river.
The sharp, resinous fragrance of the sawdust
Mingles with the warm cedar of the pine trees.

Three bridges span the glinting, sun-filled river;
And dandelions glow along its border.
Church bells sound faintly from the Indian village
And mingle with the murmur of the sawmills.

I have seen violets, blue and small and tender,
Forcing their way through icy snows in April,
On a little winding path among the pine trees
On the hill that leads into the Indian village.

At nightfall, walking in the quiet valley,
I see the mills ablaze with lighted windows,
And watch the pines with their green, pointed turrets
Burn in the dying orange fires of sunset.

—Beatrice Mary Billing.

Johnson's Royal Pension.

"To the right Honourable the Earl of Bute.

"My lord—When the bills were yesterday delivered to me by Mr. Wedderburne, I was informed by him of the future favors which his Majesty has, by your Lordship's recommendation, been induced to intend for me.

"Bounty always receives part of its value from the manner in which it is bestowed; your Lordship's kindness includes every circumstance that can gratify delicacy, or enforce obligation. You have conferred your favors on a man who has neither alliance nor interest, who has not merited them by services, nor courted them by officiousness; you have spared him the shame of solicitation, and the anxiety of suspense.

"What has been thus elegantly given, will, I hope, not be reproachfully enjoyed; I shall endeavor to give your Lordship the only recompense which generosity desires, the gratification of finding that your benefits are not improperly bestowed. I am, my Lord, your Lordship's most obliged, most obedient, and most humble servant, Sam. Johnson.

From Boswell's "Life of Johnson."
"July 20, 1762."

Story Words.

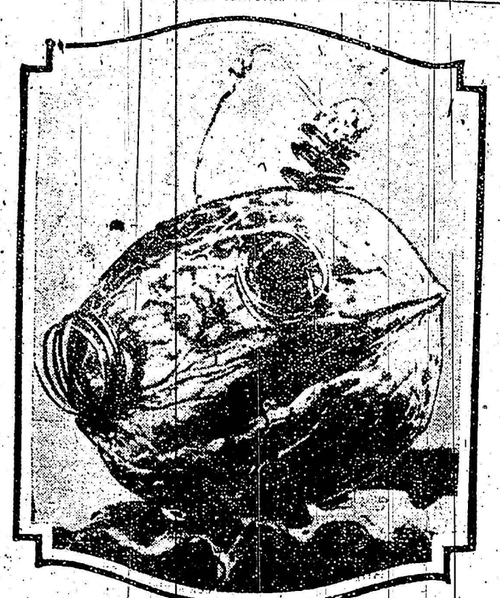
Macadam.

No more fitting tribute to an inventor could be paid than that the product which he invented should bear his name. Thus is John Loudon McAdam, the highway engineer of Scotland, who instituted the use of crushed stone as a paving material, remembered through the use of the words "macadam," macadamize" and other derivatives.

Although McAdam rose to the position of general surveyor of metropolitan roads with a grant of £10,000 from the English Government for carrying on the work of highway improvement, there is evidence in the now obsolete word "macadamite" that the McAram system of road-making met with opposition. The fact that "macadamites" was used to designate those who advocated macadamized roads indicates that there were others who did not favor the method.

In the mid-nineteenth century the word was used figuratively for breaking up anything into pieces. "Flinty hearts," for instance, are spoken of as "macadamized."

Easy enough, in these days of radio, for one to air his views, but not always without interference.



Master Dennis Woods, a 15-year-old Liverpool boy, constructed this little crystal radio set in a walnut shell. He says it will work two pairs of earphones a mile and a half away from the Liverpool station. A fixed coil is in the nut, and it is designed for Liverpool only.

KING AND QUEEN ARE HOSTS AT YULETIDE

SPECIAL DISTRIBUTION OF GIFTS.

The Royal Servants Receive Dresses and Pieces of Solid Silver-Plate.

The best of employers at all seasons, King George and Queen Mary outdo themselves at Yuletide. They treat their servants to festivities such as are enjoyed by the servants in no other household in the kingdom, perhaps in the world.

The Christmas of the royal servants really starts a week before the actual day, when there is a distribution of special gifts from their majesties to all those in their employ. These gifts consist for the most part of dresses for the female servants and pieces of solid silver-plate for the male servitors. Every female can go to a well known firm of modistes and order whatever kind of gown she chooses; it may be an evening or afternoon gown or a two piece suit.

The same firm of modistes has executed this order for the king and queen for many years. The pieces of silver-plate given to the menservants are all solid and substantial, and servants who have been in long period in the royal service have accumulated quite valuable collections of silver.

The two chief items in the program of the Christmas entertainments for the royal servants are the time-honored Christmas tree and the servants' ball. The former is always held at Sandringham, the latter usually at the Mews at Buckingham Palace.

All the servants in the royal employ are bidden to the Christmas tree, as well as their majesties' own guests at Sandringham House.

The ceremony is held in the great servants' hall at Sandringham at eight o'clock in the evening. The royal menservants on duty for the night are clad in their full state livery of scarlet and white, but they attend the Christmas tree as guests. The other servants, male and female, wear ordinary evening dress.

The tree is an immense one and on its branches is a gift for every person present, including royalties. The royal party, with the guests, enter the servants' hall at eight o'clock and the distribution of gifts begins at once.

Six Servants at Tree.

Six servants stand by the tree and dispense the gifts at a very rapid rate. Each person—royalty or servant—on entering the room receives a red ticket bearing a number and the words "Sandringham Christmas Tree" and the figure denoting the year.

Every gift on the tree has attached to it a number corresponding to a number on the ticket. When all is ready for the distribution of the gifts to begin the servant standing by the tree calls out a number and the holder of the ticket bearing that number—it may be the king or queen or the Prince of Wales or a servant—at once walks to the tree and receives his gift.

The royal party sing about the tree, but there is no ceremony of any kind observed at this entertainment. There is, for example, no curtsying or bowing to the royal party by anyone going to the tree to receive a gift.

Roast turkey and Christmas pudding are the chief items at the supper which follows.

After supper come speeches and songs, the evening ending with the drinking of the health of their majesties.

The servants' ball is generally held on Twelfth Night (January 6). In the spacious Royal Mews—the stables—at Buckingham Palace, where there is a hall which makes a splendid ballroom. Sometimes it has been held at Sandringham.

All the royal servants are invited and the king and queen are always present. The king opens the ball by dancing with the housekeeper at the palace while the queen dances with the head of the menservants' staff.

Thought and Care.

Of the thought and care members of the royal family have at all times, and especially at Christmas, for their servants much could be written, but one story will suffice. It was told to the writer by William Church, a royal servant at Buckingham Palace for many years, in the employ of the late king.

Church was deputed to pack up and address the various gifts as Queen Alexandra was sending out to her relations some twenty-five or thirty days before Christmas one year.

Church began his work at ten o'clock in the morning and was still hard at work at eleven o'clock at night. The room where he was engaged on his task adjoined Queen Alexandra's private apartments.

A little after eleven o'clock the door of the room opened and Queen Alexandra appeared bearing a tray on which were a plate of freshly cut sandwiches and a bottle of champagne.

"I thought you might be hungry," she said, "so I have brought you a little supper. When you have finished it go to bed—you must be tired—and you can finish packing to-morrow."

The festivities and entertainments now provided for the royal servants were in the main first instituted by the late King Edward. In Queen Victoria's reign there was no special entertainment for the servants at Christmas. The season was celebrated at Windsor Castle by the sovereign with somewhat gloomy solemnity, the religious aspect of it being more emphasized than any other.

Sun Magic.

Where cradling leaves sleep green unfold,
The Sun-King weaves a web of gold.
The sweet air swims with the bright silver
Where his hand skims the trembling twine,
And the maiden-flush of flowering thorn
And the silver hush so lovelorn
Of sleeping bud, and wingly flower
Sprung in the soft shower April showers
His fingers speed o'er brake and hollow,
Which way they lead, the fresh winds follow,
And every branch, set swaying, herds
An avalanche of golden birds.

—Thomas Heath, in "Down Here in Hawthorne."

Italy.

And now, fair Italy!
Thou art the garden of the world, the home
Of all Art yields, and Nature can decree;
Even in thy desert, what is like to thee?
Thy very weeds are beautiful, thy waste
More rich than other climes' fertility.

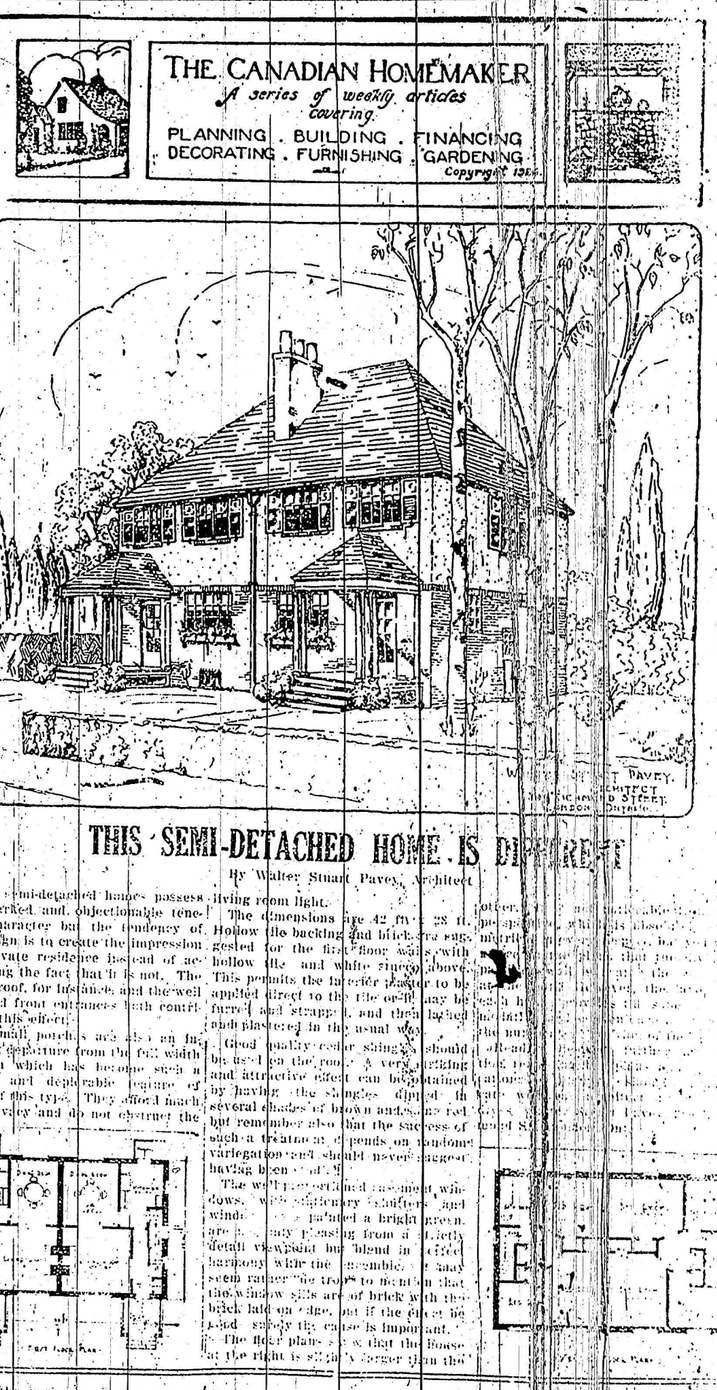
—Byron.

Following.

I will bend myself to Thy will, at last, and follow. Thy direction—
Oh, carry me forward to my task, and to worship lift me up!

—Marguerite Wilkinson, in "Citadels."

The housekeeper who wants to make both ends meet might start the dinner with beef broth and end with mince pie.

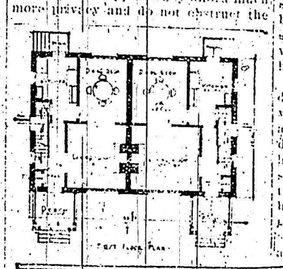


THIS SEMI-DETACHED HOME IS DIFFERENT

By Walter Stuart Pavey, Architect

Many semi-detached homes possess very marked and objectionable tenement character but the tendency of this design is to create the impression of a private residence instead of accentuating the fact that it is not. The cottage roof, for instance, and the well separated from entrances both contribute to this effect.

The small porch, are also an interesting departure from the full width veranda which has become such a common and deplorable feature of houses of this type. They afford much more privacy and do not obstruct the living room light.

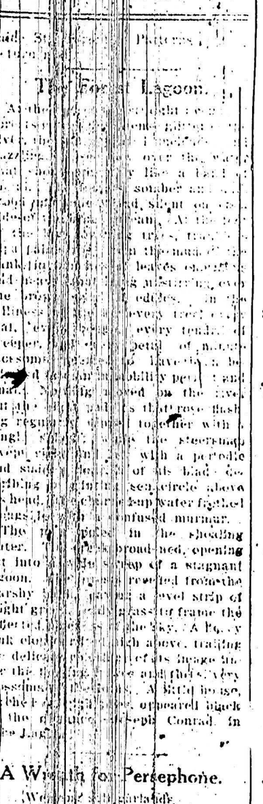


The dimensions are 42 ft. x 28 ft. Hollow tile backing and block are suggested for the first floor walls with hollow tile and white stucco above. This permits the interior plaster to be applied direct to the tile or if may be furred and strapped, and then lathed and plastered in the usual way.

Good quality cedar shingles should be used on the roof. A very pleasing and attractive effect can be obtained by having the shingles dipped in several shades of brown and red, but remember also that the success of such a treatment depends on random variegation and should never seem designed having been so.

The woodwork and casement windows, with exterior trimmings and windows, are painted a bright green. This may be pleasing from a strictly detail viewpoint but blend in good harmony with the ensemble. It may seem rather the trouble to mention that the window sills are of brick with the brick laid on edge, but if the effect be judged solely the cause is important.

The floor plans show that the house at the right is slightly larger than the other.



A SMART RAGLAN COAT FOR THE JUNIOR MISS.

Soft woolen material makes this girls' raglan-sleeve coat. The comfortable armhole is always a joy to the growing girl. The tailored collar, which is convertible, may be fastened closely about the neck as illustrated, or left open. The large patch pocket and wide turn-back cuffs, together with the smart cut, make No. 1074 a practical and easily fashioned style. Cut in sizes 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 10 requires 2⅞ yards 36-inch, or 2⅛ yards 54-inch material. 20 cents.

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The Forest Lagoon.

[illegible] broad-bed, opening out into [illegible] of a stagnant lagoon. [illegible] received from the marshy [illegible] a level strip of bright green [illegible] grass for frame the reflected [illegible] the sky. A few pink clouds [illegible] which above, trailing [illegible] delicate [illegible] image in the [illegible] and the very kissing [illegible] A little house, reflected [illegible] appeared black in the [illegible] Joseph Conrad, in "The Inheritors."

A Wreath for Persephone.

We [illegible] garlands,
The [illegible] she roved;
Th[illegible] flowers
Pe[illegible] loved.

Ai[illegible] asphodel,
Vi[illegible],
Myr[illegible] and acoroam,
Ro[illegible] and rue,
Lil[illegible] and [illegible] buds,
Pa[illegible] myrtle,
Am[illegible] crowfoot
An[illegible] vine.

Dr[illegible] of summer
Da[illegible] meadows she roved
Th[illegible] the flowers
Pe[illegible] loved.

Marie [illegible], in "Wide Pasture."

Bobby Knows.

A guest [illegible] expected for dinner said Bobby, had [illegible] 5 cents as the price of [illegible] dinner during the week. He was [illegible] possible until discovering [illegible] dessert was being served [illegible] could no longer [illegible] he drew the coin from [illegible] and rolled it across the [illegible] saying: "Here's your nickel. [illegible] like to have it, but I'd rather [illegible]