THE SNARE

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WHO'S WHO.

Richard Butler, lieutenant in the Irish Dragoons during Wellington's campaign in Portugal, commits an offence during a drunken revelry, arousing the resentment of Portuguese officials. He disappears from his regiment.

Terence O'Moy, brother-in-law of Butler, and adjutant-general, is compelled to promise that Dick will be shot when taken.

Una O'Moy, Sir Terence's young wife, conceals her brother Dick.

Capt. Ned Tremayne, O'Moy's secretary, promises to help get Dick out of the country. Tremayne is in love with Sylvia Armytage, but Sir Terence is jealous of his friendship with Lady O'Moy. Tremayne is found stooping over the body of Count Samoval, who has been killed in a duel by Sir Terence, and is accused of the killing. He cannot clear himself without revealing the fact that Dick Butler is in hiding.

Colquhoun Grant, Wellington's secret agent, arrives on the scene in time to hear Sir Terence order Tremayne under arrest for disobeying Wellington's enactment against duelling.

CHAPTER XX.

THE WALLET.

"A queer, mysterious business this death of Samoval," said Colonel Grant to Wellington as they sat alone together in the enclosed garden. "It would be easier to read," he continued, "if it were not for the dueling swords. Those point unanswerably to a duel. Otherwise there would be considerable evidence that Samoval was a spy dealt with out of hand as he deserved."

"How? Could Samoval a spy?"

"In the French interest," answered the colonel without caution, quoting upon the perfidious of the Souza family. And Grant proceeded to relate what he knew of Samoval.

Lord Wellington sat awhile in silence, reflecting.

"Is this the evidence of which you spoke?"

"Partly only," was the answer. He produced a letter bearing the signature of a corporal, adding: "I will leave it with you, if you care to read it."

"What is certain has to do with it, Sir Terence?" the president resumed him.

"The question, sir, does not seem to me to be a vital point," replied O'Moy. "It is intended to enable us to form an opinion as to the lapse of time between Lady O'Moy's hearing the cry and reaching the balcony."

Grasping at the president admitted the point, and the question was repeated.

"Yes," came Lady O'Moy's tremulous, faltering answer, "I was in bed."

"But I asked you, or were you asleep?" rapped O'Moy again.

"I was not asleep," she told the court. "I heard the cry, and ran to the balcony at once. That is all."

"But what did you see from the balcony?" asked Maj. Swan.

"I saw a man lying on the ground, and another kneeling over him, and then I saw no one—Mullins came out, and—"

"I don't think we need take this story further, Maj. Swan," the president again interposed. "We have heard what happened after Mullins came out."

"Unless the prisoner wishes—" began the judge-advocate.

"By no means," said Tremayne composedly.

And so, Lady O'Moy made her way with faltering steps to the benches ranged against the side wall, and sat there to hear the remainder of the proceedings.

CHAPTER XXII.

AN UNEXPECTED ARRIVAL.

After the uninteresting and perfunctory evidence of the sergeant of the guard who testified that Tremayne had arrived at Monsanto a half-hour before the body was discovered, the prisoner was ordered under arrest, the next witness called was Col. Grant, his testimony was strictly in accordance with the facts which we know him to have witnessed, but when he was in the middle of his statement an interruption occurred.

A door opened and the members of the court looked around in sharp annoyance, which changed instantly to respectful surprise. There was a scraping of chairs and they were all on their feet in token of the respect for the slight man in the gray undress frock who entered. It was Lord Wellington.

"A chair here for me, if you please, sergeant," he called and, when it was fetched, took his seat at the end of the table, immediately facing the prosecutor.

Col. Grant continued and concluded his statement of what he had seen and heard on the night of the 28th of May in the garden at Monsanto.

The judge-advocate now invited him to turn his memory back to the luncheon party at Sir Terence's on the 27th, and to tell the court of the altercation that had passed on that occasion between Capt. Tremayne and Count Samoval. Grant gave a clear account of the incident, of Ned's slurring remark, and Samoval's rage.

"Have you any questions for the witness, Capt. Tremayne?" inquired the judge-advocate at the conclusion of Grant's story.

As before, Capt. Tremayne's answer was in the negative, coupled with the now usual admission that Col. Grant's statement accorded perfectly with his own recollection of the facts.

The judge-advocate called Priv. Bates, who had been on sentry duty on the night of the 28th, to corroborate the evidence of the sergeant of the guard as to the hour at which the prisoner had driven up to Monsanto.

Priv. Bates having been heard, Maj. Swan announced that he did not propose to call any further witnesses and resumed his seat. Thereupon, to the president's invitation, Capt. Tremayne replied that he had no witnesses to call at all.

"In that case, Maj. Swan," said Sir Harry, "the court will be glad to hear you further."

And Maj. Swan came to his feet again to address the court for the prosecution.

(To be continued.)

Don't bury the dead past. Cremate it. Quicker.

Recent Sayings of British Folk.

It has become a commonplace, but a true commonplace, that fear and suspicion are the great enemies of peace.—Viscount Cecil.

One of the most striking facts about this world of ours is that so much of it is uncultivated, unproductive, unoccupied.—General Bramwell Booth.

If we as private citizens in peace are as worthy as our soldiers were in war, there are no problems we cannot solve, no heights of destiny to which we cannot climb.—Stanley M. Bruce, Prime Minister of Australia.

One of the greatest ornaments of the British judicial system is expedition. Nothing is so subversive of public confidence as what Shakespeare called "the law's delay."—Sir Ernest Wild.

It is an extraordinary comment on the intelligence of human beings that a much larger population should be crowded into the streets and squares and slums of London than is to be found within the 3,000,000 square miles covered by Australia.—Harold Cox.

Our duties to posterity include paying our way, but also paying our debt to the past and the future by keeping in order the treasures which we have inherited.—Sir Flinders Petrie.

It is in a great consolidated Protestant church that we alone can meet the onslaught of the various influences at work undermining religion.—Lord Carson.

A one-minute pause after the daily petition, "Forgive us our trespasses, as we are in the habit of forgiving those who trespass against us," would lead to a little more charity.—Rt. Hon. J. H. Whitley, M.P.

Conscientiousness is no trustworthy guarantee of wisdom or intelligence.—The Bishop of Durham.

A person who is happy only when other people make him so strikes me as a rather miserable specimen of the human race.—Principal L. P. Jacks.

After a Rainstorm.

It rained heavily all the afternoon, and then, between the hours of five and six, it ceased.

Those who had decided to catch a bus changed their plans and walked.

The town was full of lights as if some brilliant thing had burst, and remained in the air and deep down in the ground.

There was a depth of exhilaration.

A tangible happiness drove one's feet along, lifting the chin and setting the face upward.

Everything was very high very long.

It seemed but the rain is dripping had caused all things to fall out of their natural proportions and remain thus in trembling uncertainty.

The men who walked ahead were suddenly become big—duplicated—their other half walking below them, upside down, in the pavement.

It was very blue down there, the tone one sometimes sees in a clear sky through rain that is still falling; a color drenched in atmosphere.

There were brown clouds, too, a little threatening; and there were many stars, strange shooting stars with tails that shook.

The daylight passed to late evening.

There came another shower which intensified the illusion.

The men walked faster and the lights became more bright.

It seemed the town had risen to the sky, and dropped to meet another sky below. A feeling that one was with one thin stretch of earth.

Our faces touched the stars.

And now our walk is done.

We scrape the mud from our shoes and close our doors behind us.

We tread on carpets in drawing-rooms.

We are just little men again.

"Accepted."

"Accepted!"
What a lovesome word!
What tingly, jingly thrills are stirred
In all who hear it!
Or see it written on a page!
In every land, in every age,
They rise and cheer it!

But there are only two, perchance
The lover and the born free lance—
Who taste its flavor
In fullest, finest plenitude.
With rosy rapture most endued,
Its sweetest savor!

And of these two, I dare attest,
The born free lance comes off first best
At every season.
Nearest to peace of heart's desire,
"Eh?" You full doubtfully inquire!
Well, here's reason:

The lover, when he hears that word
Although to rapture he is stirred,—
Begins to double
Exertions, toils, anxieties!
Oft the beginning that word is
Of stacks of trouble!

While the free lance may stretch, may slouch
Upon his rich, soft, wide plush couch
(Thus all free lances!)
And yawn serenely, snugly!
None pities the rash editor
Who took such chances!

Minnie Leona Upton.

Canadian Tree Seeds.

One of the many interesting activities of the Forest Service, Department of the Interior, Canada, is the collection and extraction of tree seeds. Four special seed extraction plants now operate in the western provinces for the purpose of securing seeds from the cones of coniferous trees. During the winter of 1925-26 these four plants extracted twenty-five hundredweight of seeds. Large quantities of seed are supplied to the Forestry Commission of the British Isles for use in carrying out the program of reforesting unoccupied lands in Great Britain. Seed has also been shipped to the Forest Service of New Zealand for a similar reforestation program in that Dominion. In the latter connection it is interesting to note that the New Zealand Forest Service is headed by a Canadian who received his forestry training in Canada.

Briar wood used in pipe making is obtained from a species of heath which grows in the Pyrenees and elsewhere. It has nothing to do with the brier.

WOMAN HOLDS HEAVIEST JOB IN SHOPS

Mrs. Annabelle Cooper, of Battle Creek, Mich., to use her own words, "was broke."

That was in the war days when jobs which formerly were considered strictly the prerogative of men, were going to women for the first time. Women were being employed in railroad shops, and Mrs. Cooper was one of those who secured work at the Canadian National Railways shops at Battle Creek.

Today she holds the heaviest job in the shops; a job of thrills, and is a lone woman among a shop force of 600 men. Hers is the job of operating all the cranes that lift locomotives which come into the shops for repairs, some of the engines weighing more than 150 tons. All day long she works on her little narrow platform, from 40 to 65 feet in the air. And during the years of her work she has never had the slightest mishap. Among other things it is her duty to detect defects in the wiring, fingers, contacts and brushes of the cranes and see that they are kept in repair. And to all the Bills, Joes, and Jims in the shops she is "Annabelle."

She went into the shops with 26 other women, and with armistice and readjustment the others went back to household or office tasks. Mrs. Cooper stuck to her job. She was filling the shoes of both father and mother to her little daughter Hilda, and her job meant a great deal to her.

"I love my home and my child," she said. "Of course, the work in the shops is not a woman's environment. As it is the practical thing to do, I wear overalls while doing my work. When I am through for the day I leave that side of my life behind me and go home housekeeping for the rest of the day. My one desire is to give my little child an education and the things that other children have. I love my work since I became used to it. Trade jobs with anyone? No, thank you!"

Undoubtedly the most powerful lifting device in Battle Creek, the huge crane operated by Mrs. Cooper is run by a travelling motor of 50 horse power and two hoisting motors of 50 horse power, one on each carriage. The bridge of the crane runs on rollers which are attached to each end. The bridges of all the cranes have the entire sweep of the erecting building, running the full length of the shop. The largest crane, which lifts locomotives, is 65 feet in the air, while the smaller cranes are about 15 feet lower. With the hand of a skilled mechanic, Mrs. Cooper operates the levers which whisk 150-ton engines high into the air, swing them over the top of other locomotives and place them on other tracks where they are to be repaired and adjusted.

Altogether there are eight cranes in the shop to be operated and inspected by Mrs. Cooper. They vary in lifting strength from 160 tons to 5 tons.

Surnames and Their Origin

RAINES.

Variations—Rains, Raynes, Reynes.
Racial Origin—English.
Source—A locality.

Here is a group of family names the source of which is not at first recognizable because the spelling of the source has changed since the names developed from it.

There is an entry in the records of certain medieval guilds in England referring to "mercerie, canvas, coninspanes flastane chalonse drape de Reynes and draps de says."

Those who know their modern French will recognize the word "draps" as cloth and the "reye" as the modern "raie," or silk.

"Draps de Reynes" was "cloth of Rennes," Chaucer refers to it as cloth of "Raines."

In the middle ages Rennes, in Brittany was one of the most important commercial and industrial cities of northern France, and was indeed famed for the quality of cloth it produced.

Among the English the name of this city was spelled in various ways, and judging from the fact that most family names developed from foreign cities were borne by merchants, and the fact that Rennes of the Middle Ages was particularly renowned for its commerce, there is little doubt that those who first used it in England were actually merchants, former residents of Rennes, who had settled in England.

Of course the surname at first had a prefix, probably the Norman French "de" or "de," and in its original form was "Thomas of Raines," "Hugo of Reynes," and other similar information.

MURRAY.

Variations—MacMurray, Moray.
Racial Origin—Scottish.
Source—A locality.

These family names were originally, and still are, of a Highland clan name and its variations. The Celtic form of the Clan Murray's name is "Siol Mhoirich" or "Siol Mhoirich." It is simply derived from the fact that the clan dwelt in that section of Scotland known as Moray.

Strangely enough, however, though the clan is distinctly Celtic, its founder was not. It was founded by the grandson of a Fleming who settled in Scotland during the reign of King David I., and who received from the monarch many favors, grants of land. The family founded by Freskin became thoroughly established in the nobility of Scotland, but it was a junior branch branch of it which developed the high land clan of that name. The first chief of the clan Murray was a son of the younger son of the Fleming settler in Scotland.

It has been claimed, however, that the Clan Murray does not in the strict sense of the term constitute a highland clan. In 1745 it was stated "The Murrays are no clan family, though the duke of Atholl is the head of a number of barons and gentlemen of the name of Murray in the lowlands, but he is deservedly placed here (among the list of highlanders) on account of his extensive following of about 3000 highlanders." It would seem that these members of the clan retained their membership in various other clans, though they lived under the leadership of the Murray chief.

The Sleepy Song.

As soon as the fire burns red and low,
And the house upstairs is still,
he sings me a quaint little sleepy song
Of sheep that go over the hill.

The good little sheep run quick and soft,
Their colors are gray and white;
They follow their leader nose and tail,
For they must be home by night.

And one slips over, and one comes next,
And one runs after behind;
The gray one's nose at the white one's tail,
The top of the hill they find.

And when they get to the top of the hill
They quietly slip away,
But one runs over and one comes next;
Their colors are white and gray.

And over they go, and over they go,
And over the top of the hill;
The good little sheep run quick and soft,
And the house upstairs is still.

And one slips over and one comes next,
The good little, gray little sheep.
I watch how the fire burns red and low,
And she says that I fall asleep.

Josephine Daskam Bacon.

You Cannot Find—

One great invention whose inventor was not called a fool at some time.

A savior of the world who has not been crucified at some time.

A real prophet who has not suffered some stonings.

A social convention that has not had some good reason for its existence.

Any law that does not work an injustice at some time.

Any traffic rule that will protect the man who runs past the signs.

Any excuse that will quiet your conscience indefinitely.

Climate and Sleep.

Sleep is largely a matter of climate, according to a new theory. In cold regions mankind needs a lot of fatty food and not too much sleep; in the tropics, on the other hand, a lot of sleep and very little fat in the diet is the best rule.

In His Head.

"Now," said the school inspector, "give me a definition of space."

Tommy stood up, flustered and red.

"Please, sir," he stammered, "space is where there is nothing. I can't explain it exactly but I have it in my head all right, sir."

Be Sure To Say

"SALADA"

GREEN TEA T71

It is by far the most delicious. Ask for it.

Flight of the Swans.

Picture them far above the shore of the Polar Ocean, an army of a thousand or two thousand swans, just launching forth upon their stupendous journey, challenging with loud, exultant trumpetings the leagues that lie before them. There is none to hear those wild voices, for their strong wings have lifted them to an altitude unattainable by the lesser tribes of the air. They look down, perhaps, upon regiments of brown cranes and shore birds of many kinds, but above them they see only the untraveled void and the pale Northern sky. They fly in a long wedge-shaped phalanx like the armies of the geese, but they fly faster by far than any goose or duck, and yet the beat of their wide white pinions is deliberate and unhurried, as though they held half their power in reserve. Often from their height they are far above the watchers on the earth, they are higher than the clouds. They are lower than the top of the Rocky Mountains, and [illegible] the sky [illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible] and