

BY MISADVENTURE

BY FRANK BARRETT

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

I got to the palings by the park, and kept them in touch until at length I reached the carriage drive gate of Flexmore's house. By this time, what with one accident and another, it must have been pretty nearly four o'clock. There were lights in the house. Before the door stood Lynn Yeames' mare, Flexmore's gardener holding her head.

"Afternoon, sir," said he in an undertone that spoke of calamity. There was foreboding silence, also, on the part of the maid-servant as she opened the sitting room door.

Miss Dalrymple was on her knees before a big chair drawn near the fire, in which little Laure sat, her face buried in her hands. They were not aware of my presence. I left them, closing the door behind me in silence.

"Where is Mr. Yeames?" I asked of the maid who waited in the hall.

"Upstairs in master's room, sir," she replied lugubriously.

Yeames was standing by his uncle's bedside; he thrust his hands quickly in his pockets as the door opened and I entered. No one else was there. I went in silence to the bed and looked down. Flexmore's eyes were closed, but his jaw had dropped.

"You're a bit too late with that will," said Yeames, in a tone and with an expression on his face that implied a good deal—a tone of subdued jocularity, a cunning leer that bade me understand he knew why I hadn't come earlier.

"Why, what have you been doing?" he asked with surprise. "You're a sight to be seen."

"How long has he been gone?" I asked, indifferently to my appearance.

"Oh, not above a quarter of an hour. Gertrude's just gone down. She did all that was possible to restore vitality. But it's all over this time. He won't come back any more, as the song says."

"Have you sent any one for Dr. Awdrey? He ought to be here."

"Of course he ought, but I suppose he's got some interesting paper to look after. I went for him myself. The old boy was shocking bad when I arrived here after leaving you. I went over to Awdrey at once, but he was out; came back, and by that time nunky was pretty near the finish."

"Was he in a state of consciousness at that time or not?"

"Well, he was conscious enough to ask for you, and wonder why you hadn't turned up."

It occurred to me that Lynn Yeames, seeing his uncle's precarious condition, had himself stretched that cord for me instead of going for Dr. Awdrey, in order to prevent my arriving in time to get Flexmore's signature to the will.

"Do you know why I did not turn up, as you call it?" I asked sharply.

"Not I; but you're not sorry, I suppose, that you did not get here in time."

It was on the tip of my tongue to retort, "Not so sorry as you may have reason to be, Mr. Yeames;" but I said nothing, for I wished to see how far this young man's fatuity would carry him, and contented myself with thinking of the bitter punishment in store for him when he should find out how completely he had deceived himself. Certainly no self-deception could be more complete than his. Assured of my venality, led away by his own hopes and over-confidence in the successful issue of his cunning, he apparently felt as sure of being possessed of his uncle's fortune as though the thousands were already in his hands.

CHAPTER IX.

There are some men who have so little self-respect that they do not keep up a decent pretence of virtue when the object is achieved for which it was first assumed, and Lynn Yeames was one of these. He already took upon himself the airs of master in that house, and with a grand patronage bade me come down and have some refreshment. I complied, for after the shaking I had received I was in no mood to refuse.

We went into the sitting room. Laure was lying on the couch holding the hand of Miss Dalrymple, who sat on a stool by her side.

"Oh, haven't you got all that over yet?" Lynn asked petulantly, glancing at them. "Sit down, Keene." He touched the bell. "It's absurd nonsense to encourage morbid feeling and mawkish sentiment about a thing that's been foreseen for weeks—an inevitable thing—"

A little refreshment for Mr. Keene." The latter addressed to the servant who came to the door. "I say it's nonsense!"

"Lynn!" said Miss Dalrymple, in a tone of mingled surprise, regret and remonstrance.

"I say it's nonsense," he repeated harshly, "and you ought to know it, Gertrude, with your experience; the child has been petted and pampered till she's unhealthy. It's exactly what my mother has maintained all along. However, I shall alter all that—the girl will be packed off to a good, wholesome boarding school as soon as the funeral is over."

Miss Dalrymple looked perfectly amazed by this extraordinary outburst; she could not understand the meaning of it. I could well enough. Mr. Yeames had already thought better of his proposal to make the penniless Miss Dalrymple a partaker in his fortune, and did not care how soon there should be a breach between them. It was this rather than any sudden fit of dislike to Laure which had led him to make this savage onslaught.

Laure clung closer than ever to her only friend, and looked in terror at Lynn. Miss Dalrymple held her hand firmly. The servant brought in the tray and I helped myself. Lynn waited till the servant was gone, and then, going to the window, said:

"I shall go over and fetch Awdrey. The certificate must be seen about at once. Go and get my hat from the library, Laure. The child sprang up and sped from the room to fetch the bully's hat; Miss Dalrymple stood with heaving and close-pressed lips, and not a particle

of color in her face. She could not speak before me.

Lynn met her calm gaze with bent brows, and turned again to the window, flicking his handkerchief from his side pocket in a manner which by itself was insolent and offensive.

But in doing this he flicked a little pellet of paper out. It fell against my toe, and I quickly covered it with my foot. The next moment he thrust his hand sharply in the pocket from which he had flicked out this pellet, then shook his handkerchief and looked about the floor at his feet.

"What dreadful weather, Miss Dalrymple," said I, setting down my glass.

Lynn Yeames went hastily from the room, snatching his hat out of Laure's hand as he passed. I picked up the pellet of paper and slipped it into my waistcoat pocket.

"Oh, is this true, dear—is it true?" cried little Laure under her breath, as she joined Miss Dalrymple. "Will he send me away from you? Will he part us?"

"No, my child," said I, going up to them. "Take this assurance from an old man who loves you for your father's sake, and Nurse Gertrude for her own—you shall not be parted."

I left them. As I passed through the hall I caught sight of Lynn Yeames on the landing above with a lighted candle, looking about for the pellet of paper I was carrying away in my pocket.

CHAPTER X.

I have in my office what I call my "handy drawer"—a good large drawer that slides easily and fastens with a patent key, and divided into a score of compartments. In this I put away anything that I think may come in handy at some future time, and an alphabetical index on a side of paper tells me at a glance in which nest to find what I want.

I recommend a drawer of this kind to any one of a practical and methodical turn of mind; he will have recourse to it more frequently than he anticipates, and find it occasionally of inestimable value.

Well, into this drawer, Nest Y, I put that pellet of paper after making a careful examination of it, and indexed it thus: "Yeames.—Pellet of paper jerked out of his pocket, day of Flexmore's death, Dec. 18, 1888—." I shall have more to tell about this later on—a good deal more.

In the evening of that day I saw Dr. Awdrey; he came to me with a face as long as a fiddle.

"That's an unfortunate accident that happened to you this afternoon," he said.

"It might have been worse," said I, feeling my nose. "I came plump down on it. Wonder I didn't break it."

"I'm not speaking of that," said he, putting down his hat and seating himself.

"Oh, you're thinking of your property. The poor old nag had put his shoulder out and had to be killed, and both shafts of the gig were smashed."

"Well, if your old horse had not been thrown down, you would have been thousands out of pocket."

"You know what I mean; it is an unfortunate accident that prevented your arriving in time for Flexmore to sign the new will as he wished."

"There we differ. I do not regard the accident as unfortunate from that point of view."

"Well, what is to be done about it? The old will is virtually revoked."

"But actually it stands as good as ever it was, and so it shall stand."

"Supposing I refuse to accept the guardianship of Flexmore's child?"

"You can't refuse. Common sense will not let you; humanity will not let you; I will not let you. Have you seen Lynn Yeames since his uncle's death?"

"No; he had left the house five minutes before I arrived. I hear he called at my house, but I came by the other road. Since then I have been unable to find him anywhere."

"That's a pity. I should have liked you to see him as I saw him. He is so confident of being his uncle's heir that he has thrown off all restraint, every pretence of decency, and shows himself the hectoring bully, the heartless rascal I have always believed him to be."

"Impossible!" he exclaimed, looking incredulously at me, whom alone of all men he doubted and looked upon as misgaided by prejudice.

"I tell you it's a fact. He was brutal to little Laure, and he insulted Miss Dalrymple before my face. Why? Because, now that he believes himself master of his uncle's fortune, he wishes to break off his engagement with her. He has no more intention of marrying her now than he had the first day he came to Coneyford."

"I can't understand you—a man so clear in judgment on most things—"

"Get that nonsense out of your head, doctor. I tell you that I am no more prejudiced against him than I am in favor of you. He is a selfish, heartless scoundrel."

"You will never make me believe that of Lynn Yeames."

"He shall make you believe it of himself. Abstain from letting him know how Flexmore's money is to be disposed of, and watch him between now and the reading of the will. He already talks of sending the child away to a boarding school, and, as I tell you, reproved Miss Dalrymple before me for being too sympathetic and kind to her."

"But why should he believe himself to be his uncle's heir?"

"Because he fell into a trap, and was led to believe so by me. And I'll tell you something else, doctor. He believed that this new will was to revoke an existing will in his favor; and I am convinced that he stretched the cord that threw the gig over and delayed me, that this will might not be signed; and nicely he has defeated his own ends by it. I'd forgive him for that if my nose had been broken."

"I think I can upset that theory, at least," said Awdrey. "What time was it

when you were thrown from the gig?"

"About two o'clock, as nearly as I can reckon," said I.

"Good. He left Flexmore's house to fetch me at one o'clock; he was at my house at half-past, and he waited there for me until ten minutes past two."

He had proved an alibi for Lynn, and I had to admit I must be in the wrong on this point.

"And so you are, I am sure, on other points respecting him," said the doctor.

"We shall see that. Keep your mind unprejudiced, and watch that young man during the next four or five days," said I, as I opened the door to let him out.

Unfortunately, this chance of clearing his mind was denied to us. The next morning, when I called at Flexmore House, I heard that he had not been seen since he left, shortly after my departure, to fetch Dr. Awdrey; and in the course of the day I learned that he had gone to London. This did not surprise me. "He's gone to see a London solicitor about this affair," I thought; "and may be bled pretty freely by my learned friends!"

Betimes on Thursday I called again at the house, for I had made up my mind to visit the inmates there every day, knowing how long and dreary the days must be for them in the darkened house, and that the child, at least, looked upon me as a protecting friend. Miss Dalrymple was bending over her work with a worn and anxious look upon her sweet face. Little Laure started up with a terrified expression in her eyes, as though she expected to see Lynn Yeames with a rope in his hand to haul her off to boarding school, as I opened the sitting room door. Both of their poor faces lit up with pleasure when I said:

"It's only I—the old lawyer—come to bother you for some papers."

Laure ran up, threw her arms around my neck, and kissed me; and, still hugging me, she whispered:

"You don't forget what you promised?"

"No," I whispered back. "No one shall take you away from Nurse Gertrude."

"You are a nice old dear!" she said, giving me another kiss; and then she ran away laughing, to whisper to Miss Dalrymple all about her secret—at once a woman and a child.

I gossiped for the best part of an hour, raking up all the news of the village, for there's nothing like trifling chat for people in trouble; and then, when Laure went out of the room, I said:

"Well, my dear, have you had many visitors since I saw you last?"

"A few acquaintances and Dr. Awdrey—that is all."

"Have you seen him or heard anything about Mr. Yeames?" I asked.

"No; he has not come back from London. I am anxious about him. I fear he is ill."

It seemed to me that if he were ill, the first thing he would do, being a selfish brute, would be to write and tell his sweetheart of his suffering. The moment a man of this kind feels not up to the bullying point, he whines for sympathy. I considered it much more probable that Lynn had gone to London to spend some of his fortune in advance, and escape from the lugubrious condition of things at home whilst his uncle lay dead at Flexmore House. Of course, I kept this belief to myself; and, promising to drop in again during the day, I left the house, and went directly to Mrs. Yeames' villa.

(To be continued.)

Tennyson's Cynicism.

Sir Vere de Vere was the eldest son of Sir Aubrey de Vere, the sonneteer and friend of Wordsworth. His brother, Aubrey de Vere, was a more than well known, a famous poet, and to him in his youth Walter Savage Landor addressed the exhortation: Make thy proud name still prouder for thy sons.

He had no sons, however, never having married. Neither had his brothers, Vere and Stephen. Thus the name, as a family name, disappears.

The De Veres were early friends of Tennyson's, and it was from them that the poet took the name which he made proverbial and symbolical of a class—"the caste of Vere de Vere." Lady de Vere, the only Lady de Vere of fact then living, was inclined to complain that her name should be bestowed upon the black-hearted Lady Clara of fiction.

Tennyson wrote dainty verses, but was not master of dainty manners. He growled: "Why should you care? But of course you don't. I didn't make your namesake ugly, and I didn't make her stupid. I only made her wicked."

Cupid's Slide.

"I would like to get a sofa for our parlor," said the pretty girl in the furniture emporium.

"Er—excuse me, miss," responded the clerk with a low bow, "but—but have you a beau?"

The pretty girl blushed redder than an autumn apple and nodded in the affirmative.

"And is he bashful, miss?"

"Exceedingly. Why—why, he sits at the extreme end of the sofa."

"Ah, indeed! Then here is the very sofa you wish."

"That? Why, it looks like the letter V."

"Yes, it is called the 'Cupid Slide' sofa. No one can sit on it without sliding to the center."

More Frenzied Finance.

Mrs. Oldwed—I suppose you keep a household expense account?

Mrs. Newed—Yes; and I use the double-entry system.

Mrs. Oldwed—What advantage is there in that?

Mrs. Newed—Why, by putting down every item twice it leaves me more pin money.

A Word for Nero.

"Nero fiddled while Rome burned!" exclaimed the student.

"Well," replied Mr. Growcher, "that's better than the custom many violinists have of practicing at a time when everything is nice and quiet otherwise."—Washington Star.

The Longest Street.

Washington street in Boston is said to be the longest street in the world. It measures 17½ miles from end to end.

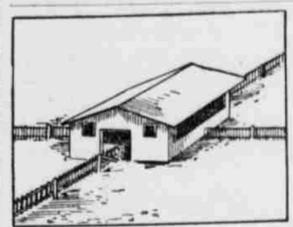


Good Sheep Barn a Poor One.

A good sheep barn is a poor one. This may seem to be absurd, but the facts support such a statement. There is no question but that many flocks are rendered unhealthy and therefore less productive by reason of too close housing. In few sections do sheep need more than a windbreak and rain shed. Some of our best shepherds have kept their flocks for decades with only such sheds as would prevent the flock being exposed to direct winds, rain and snowstorms.

The cut shows the type of sheep barn found on the farm of a successful shepherd, which might be copied with success. In this instance the sheep are kept upon forage crops grown in four adjacent lots. The flock may be turned into any lot at pleasure.

It is well to have this building equipped with a large ventilating window in the end near the gable or two small windows, such as shown in the sketch. These, however, should be



BOILING SHEEP FOLD.

equipped with a sash that may be closed in severe weather.

Many farms where sheep are kept are equipped with a barn cellar in which the flock has been kept with varying success. The barn cellar is an excellent place for sheep if rightly arranged. There should be plenty of openings to the south, allowing sun to reach all parts of the stable so as to keep it thoroughly dry. Thorough drainage is essential.

There must be ventilation at the rear of the stable. A bad practice is to keep the sheep in stables on stable manure, says Farm and Home. The fermenting manure destroys the color and texture of wool. A hint which has been worth many dollars to me is to use only long straw, hay or weeds for bedding sheep. If short straw or sawdust is used it gets into the fleece and is an everlasting nuisance.

Profitable Cattle Feeding.

The Missouri Experiment Station at Columbia has issued a very elaborate and handsomely illustrated bulletin on the most successful methods of fattening cattle, by Dean H. J. Waters.

This bulletin summarizes the experience and conclusions of about 1,000 of the most experienced and successful cattle feeders of Missouri, Illinois and Iowa, and contains also a summary of the results of a large number of tests with different kinds of feed, different ages of cattle, etc., conducted by the Experiment Station of Columbia.

It considers such practical questions as the most profitable age to fatten cattle, the proper weight, the best season of the year, the best method of preparing feed, the best of shelter, the market demands, the best sort of roughness, etc. It is illustrated with cuts of the different types of beef cattle, including excellent illustrations of the fat steer herd exhibited by the college this season at the Interstate Fair, Kansas City, the Missouri State Fair, Sedalia, the American Royal, Kansas City, and the International Live Stock Exposition, Chicago. These steers won nine championship prizes, seventeen first prizes, sixteen second prizes, seven third prizes and two fourth prizes. Every steer won at every show excepting one steer in one show.

Roots for Farm Animals.

If roots are stored in a pit in the field a high, dry place should be chosen. If the ground is clayey the roots should be placed on top of the ground. If it is gravelly and drainage is good a shallow pit about 5 feet wide and of necessary length may be shoveled out. The roots should be carefully placed in a gable shaped pile about 5 feet wide and as long as convenient. A thin layer of straw should then be laid over the pile and this covered with six or eight inches of earth. Another and thicker layer of straw and a final layer of earth will complete the work.

Ventilators should be placed at intervals of ten or fifteen feet, which should be closed when sweating has ceased. The pit should not be opened on warm days in winter. A ditch for drainage should be cut around the pit. Roots stored in this way do not keep as well as when stored in a good cellar; therefore, they should be fed out as early as possible.—New York Cornell Experiment Station.

Apple Tree Canker.

Treatment recommended for canker of apple trees by one of the experiment stations is to paint the affected trunk with a combination of one pint whale oil soap, three pints slacked lime and four gallons of water; thicken to right consistency with wood ashes or with Bordeaux mixture, thickening with lime until like whitewash.

Flax in the Northwest.

The second factor making for the new prosperity may be termed "the discovery of flax." For years there had been a few scattering flax fields, but it was only in the middle '90's that the Northwestern pioneer awoke to the discovery that linseed oil was of more truly golden hue, not only than the wheat field, but than any gold-bearing quartz California ever saw. And so the endless golden yellow of the fields in August and the tinkling bells in September or the flax field.

Those who have never heard the ringing of the flax bells have missed a truly wonderful sensation. The round seed pods, smaller than peas, which contain the seed, give a faint metallic sound which as one drives or walks through a field, setting thousands in motion, seems like myriads of infinitesimal bells tinkling so faintly as to be all but inaudible. Nor is the mere sight of a flax field in the mellow August soon to be forgotten. Imagine a 100-acre field, filled with flowers of a blue more delicate than violets. And of its profitable character one illustration will suffice. In June, 1900, Ole Janssen bought 100 acres in the heart of the great flax belt for \$10 an acre on the crop payment plan. Ole "broke up" that fall and the next spring 135 acres and planted it in flax. In round numbers, he thrashed in the fall eighteen and one-half bushels to the acre; sold it for \$1.30½ a bushel, total, \$3,500; a little more than twice enough to pay for his land out of his first crop. Not only was the flax immensely profitable itself, but it removed from the country the stigma, "one-crop country."

—World Today.

Buried Seed.

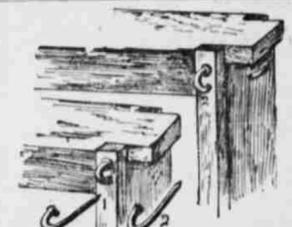
The Department of Agriculture has undertaken a series of experiments intended to answer, if possible, the old question, "How long can seeds remain buried in the soil and still retain their power of germination?"

Many extraordinary stories have been told of the prolongation of the vitality of seeds during many years, and even centuries, but very few actual experiments have hitherto been made.

Dr. Beal has reported that he has found seeds that responded to germination tests after having been buried twenty years. The seeds buried by the experts of the Agricultural Department at the Arlington farm last year were packed with dry clay in porous clay pots, covered with saucers and placed at various depths from 6 inches to 3½ feet. There are 32 complete sets, in 3,584 pots, representing 100 species, 84 genera and 34 families. Tests are to be made at the end of one, two, three, five, seven, ten, fifteen, twenty, twenty-five, thirty, forty and fifty years.

Hive Frame Spacers.

The arrangement here shown, if properly adjusted, is excellent; but, says the Gleanings in Bee Culture, in the first place it is difficult to bend the nails, and, in the second place, it



BENT NAILS IN FRAME.

would be more difficult still to bend them all with exactly the same curve, for it would be important to have the bee spaces alike. In the third place, one would have to bore a hole in order to drive them into the frame for the reason that the hammer head would strike one side of the line of penetration of the wood, bending the nail over. Taking it all in all, the ordinary staple is much easier to insert and far cheaper.

Location of Beehives.

Beehives should never be faced toward the north. In a northern latitude a northern exposure in winter is almost sure to cause the loss of the colony, by the rigorous north winds blowing in at the entrance, and the confinement of the bees, caused by the entrances being shaded on mild, sunny days when the bees in the hives facing southward fly freely.

Size and Capacity in Cisterns.

In digging a round cistern, 8 feet in diameter and 17 feet deep, will hold 202 barrels of 31½ gallons. If 10 feet in diameter and 11 feet deep, it will hold 205 barrels.

Farm Notes.

Do not have the sheep pens too warm. The natural coat of the sheep makes it able to endure severe weather.

If the members of the poultry flock which seldom or never lay could be weeded out, the feed bills would be less and the egg profits more.

Change the hog pasture often. Have a small house built on skids so it can be dragged around to a new pasture as desired. If hogs are fed long in one place the grass is killed out.

One poultry raiser says he feeds rosy chickens whole corn that has been well soaked in kerosene, and bathes the swollen heads and eyes with a mixture of equal parts of kerosene and lard.

In the highly fertilized garden the aim is to keep crops coming on in as rapid succession as possible. Plan so as to have one variety ready to take the place of the crop which has been matured and harvested.

THE WEEKLY HISTORICAL



1437—Murder of James I. of Scotland.

1525—Imperialists defeated the Turks at battle of Pavia.

1544—Diet of Speyer opened.

1547—Coronation of Edward VI, only 10 years of age.

1587—Thomas Cavendish passed the Straits of Magellan.

1621—Miles Standish chosen captain of Plymouth colony.

1746—Brussels taken by Marshal Saxe.

1774—William Scarborough, one of the builders of the Savannah, the first steamship that crossed the Atlantic, born in Belfast, S. C.

1777—Col. Neilson, with party of American militia, defeated British troops under Major Skelton.

1778—Lord North's conciliatory bill presented in Parliament.

1780—New York ceded her rights in western lands to the United States.

1781—Congress appointed Robert M. Weir superintendent of finance.

1783—British flag raised over Canada.

1797—Trinidad captured by the British under Sir Ralph Abercromby.

1800—French and Austrian resumed hostilities in Italy.

1803—Ohio admitted to the Union.

1809—Drury Lane theater, London, destroyed by fire.

1810—Andreas Hofer, the Tyrolean patriot, shot by the French.

1813—British and Canadian soldiers captured Ogdensburg, N. Y.

1814—Henry Kirke Brown, who produced the first bronze statue ever erected in the United States, born in Leyden, Mass.

1834—United States concluded a demerit treaty with Spain.

1858—City of Corinth, Greece, destroyed by earthquake.

1862—"Thad" Lincoln, favorite of the President, died at the White House.

1863—Jefferson Davis inaugurated President of the Confederate States at Richmond.

1863—Arizona territory formed by New Mexico.

1864—Second Confederate Congress at Richmond.

1866—President Johnson publicly announced the reconstruction policy and declared Congress in rebellion against the government of the United States.

1867—Maximilian entered Queretaro.

1868—House of Representatives resolved to impeach President Johnson.

1874—Business section of Panama destroyed by fire.

1880—Attempted assassination of Czar of Russia.

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