

BY MISADVENTURE

FRANK BARRETT

CHAPTER III.

After this I said to Flexmore: "Why on earth don't you marry Miss Dalrymple?"

"Do you think that she would have me?" he asked, with a composure that showed that the idea was not unconsidered. "She is worthy of a better man than I am, and I have no wish to marry."

"That isn't much of a reason. You have to think of what is best for your daughter and Miss Dalrymple. Your little one ought to have a mother—some one from whom she will be inseparable when you are gone; and there's not a soul in the world better fitted to take the place of a mother than that girl."

"She must marry Awdrey; that is the husband for that sweet girl."

"Dr. Awdrey!" I exclaimed in astonishment, for I had never thought of him as a marrying man.

"Yes. He loves her—I know he does. Who could see her and know her, and not love her? And he is an excellent fellow. I wish he were a little lighter and better looking; but I couldn't wish him to have a better heart, or a more lovable disposition. He's a fine man, Tony."

"He won't marry her, for all that. It's as much as ever he can do to keep his head above water now, and fool as he is—in worldly matters—he wouldn't tie a millstone round his neck."

"Miss Dalrymple is not a millstone," said poor old Flexmore, warmly.

"I know that. She's a good woman and would work herself ill to help her husband, or worry herself ill if she couldn't. That is what Awdrey would not have his wife do, and the only way to prevent it is to keep single. And single he'll keep."

"No, Keene, no; he must marry Gertrude. I have thought it all out. My little Laure must have a father as well as a mother when I'm gone—and I don't think that is long hence, Tony. I shan't see sixty-four."

I tried to combat this notion, though I myself was far from thinking it improbable; and then to turn the conversation, I said:

"Well, to go back to what you have been thinking out—what's your idea?"

"I wish to put Awdrey in a position to marry Miss Dalrymple. I know he is poor, but I am rich. I would leave him every penny I have on the condition that he adopts Laure as his daughter."

"I see your notion. There will then be a second inducement for him to make Miss Dalrymple his wife in the fact that the child is inseparable from her. I think the idea is an extremely good one, so good that I wish I had thought of it myself."

"Very well, then; draw up a will in accordance with it. Settle everything upon Awdrey, subject to deduction for a few smaller legacies that I will write in. Let me have the draft of it in a week at the outside, Tony," he said eagerly.

I promised to do this, and went home, turning the matter over in my mind. I considered it from time to time during the week, and finding no material objection to the scheme, I put Flexmore's notion into legal form, with certain modifications, and then took a rough draft for his inspection.

"Is your master at home?" I asked the girl who opened the door.

"Yes, sir; he's in the library with Mrs. Yeames and Mr. Yeames."

"Mr. Yeames? what Mr. Yeames?" I asked the little maid, sharply.

"Mr. Lynn Yeames is his name, I think, sir; a young gentleman."

"Mrs. Yeames' son. I know him," said I; and then I stood, rubbing my feet on the mat and wondering what on earth brought him upon the scene for. No good, I felt sure.

Mr. Lynn Yeames was the son of Mrs. Yeames by her second marriage. This was not much in his favor, but the rest was much less to his advantage. I had been twice employed by Flexmore on his account; once to settle some college debts which Mrs. Yeames declared she could not meet, and a second time to stay an action for breach of promise, threatened by a townsman's daughter with whom he had got entangled. Fellows brought up by foolish women on bad principles are always either getting out of scrapes or getting into them, and I asked myself which purpose had procured his uncle the doubtful pleasure of this visit.

I shook myself together, and went into the library with my wits on the alert. Lynn Yeames was at this time about four-and-twenty and his looks would have deceived anyone but a lawyer. A sturdy young fellow of average height, but very thick-set. His skin was very fair, his eyes very blue, his lips very red; his hair was combed down on one side of his forehead, and he had a small carrotty mustache. Most people, I believe, would have been favorably impressed with him, but I did not like him.

He had come down, it seemed, to spend a few days, and he had only been here a day and was awfully bored already—not a decent billiard board in the place, and not a light to be seen after ten-thirty. He wanted to know if there was any fishing or shooting, or any mortal thing a man might do to earn a night's repose.

"There's the piano, Lynn, dear," suggested Mrs. Yeames, anxious to show off her son's accomplishments.

"Have you heard anything lately from Miss Kite?" I asked. This was the name

of the injured young lady at Oxford.

"If you please, do not mention the name of that horrid, designing, worthless person," said Mrs. Yeames.

"She's worth four hundred pounds more than she was, madam," said I; "for that's what I had to pay to make her withdraw her action."

Mrs. Yeames flicked the dust off her silk gown and looked decidedly uncomfortable.

"No new scrape, I hope, Mr. Lynn?" I continued.

"Not exactly. What in the world should make you suppose there was?" he asked sheepishly, for it takes very little to upset the equanimity of these boisterous young gentlemen.

"Why, seeing you here!"

"I want to find some shooting. That's all I came for."

"I can let you have it, if you are prepared to pay. I have a client who will let you the shooting over two thousand acres. Come to my office and I will arrange it at once."

I wanted to get him away from there, for already I scented the purpose with which he had been brought; and I was anxious to let him the shooting which was twenty miles off.

"Oh! you cannot go yet, dear," interposed Mrs. Yeames; "you have not seen Laure. How is that little darling, George, dear?"

"Very well, thank you. She has gone for a walk with Miss Dalrymple."

"Miss Dalrymple? Who is she? a governess?" asked Lynn.

"Something more than that—quite a friend of the family—a most estimable young lady. She was a professional nurse, but—what do you think?—it turns out she is the niece of the Earl of Dunover!"

This change in Mrs. Yeames' regard towards Gertrude was not surprising, considering what a sycophant the widow was; but nothing could make me believe that in the past twenty-four hours she had said not a word about her to Lynn.

"I should like to see the young lady—if she is young," said Lynn.

"Oh, she is, I assure you, and excessively charming and pretty," said Mrs. Yeames; "quite superior! You really must see her."

"We'll go to the office and settle about that shooting," said I, rising.

We left Mrs. Yeames at her cottage, and went on to my place of business. Nothing was said about my old friend Flexmore until we had settled about the shooting, when Lynn said, as he took up his stick and deerstalker:

"Poor old nuncy looks precious shaky, should you? He's sixty-two, you know."

"His life's worth ten years' purchase," said I emphatically.

"Is it, though?" Then after a pause—

"I suppose he's pretty warm?"

"I would give fifty thousand for his estate at this moment."

"Who's this Miss Thingumbob the matter was talking about?"

"Miss Dalrymple. She is a particularly sensible young lady," I replied.

"Wouldn't mind marrying the old man if she had the chance, eh?"

"I hope not, sincerely."

"Oh, you approve of his marrying Miss Dalrymple, do you?"

"Undoubtedly—for his own sake and the sake of his child. It's the very thing I have been persuading him to do."

He was not sharp enough to see that my object was to put him on a wrong scent, and avert his suspicion from our actual wish and purpose.

"Well, if it is really to nuncy's interest to marry the girl, I hope he may get her," said he, giving me his hand; and we looked straight into each other's face before saying good-bye. I read in his eyes, "But he shan't marry her if I can help it." What he read in mine I cannot say.

Business took me to London, and kept me there hard at it for a fortnight. I had scarcely time to think of old Flexmore, but I went straight to him the moment I returned. I found a perceptible difference in his appearance; he looked a couple of years older.

"I am glad to see you, Tony," he said, holding my hand in his and giving it a trembling shake from time to time. "I am getting anxious about the will. I can't last long, I know; and I am very unsettled in my mind about many things."

"You shall sign the draft and that will hold good in case of accident while the copy is being drawn up in form. We'll settle that after dinner—for I mean to dine with you, George. There's game cooking; I can smell it."

"Yes; we have had a good deal of game lately. Lynn brings something nearly every day."

"What, he came to stay a week, and is not gone yet?" I cried.

Flexmore shook his head. "I don't think he means to go away, either," he said.

"What does he come here for? Do you know, George?" I asked.

"To see Miss Dalrymple, I believe. He is paying her marked attention."

"I knew it!" I cried. "I saw what he was after."

"Do you think he means to marry her? Is that what you saw?"

"No; but I saw he had made up his mind to prevent you marrying her!"

CHAPTER IV.

What I had not foreseen was the means by which Lynn Yeames precluded an offer

of marriage being made to Miss Dalrymple by his uncle. I had not thought of him making love to her himself; rather I anticipated his taking some underhand measures, in conjunction with his mother, to prejudice Flexmore against her. "You have not encouraged your nephew's visits, have you, George?" I asked.

"No; at the same time I could not refuse to receive him. There is nothing in his behavior I could take exception to. Indeed, he has tried his utmost to make himself agreeable."

"I don't doubt that for a moment, hang him! He can make himself pleasant if he likes, or unpleasant, either. I warrant he's clever enough to keep his mother out of sight. What effect has he made on Miss Dalrymple with his agreeable ways?"

"I am afraid she likes him. It is only natural she should be brighter and gayer in his society. I am very dull, and there are no visitors here—none of her own age—and then Lynn is clever and lively, he plays nicely, and sings well, too. He is very attentive, and she could not be ungracious."

"We must stop it at that. There's no time to be lost," said I.

"Do you think he intends to marry her?"

"Not unless he's sure she has money. If your money were settled on her, he would. We will set his mind at rest on that subject. You must sign your will, and give me permission to make its provisions known to Dr. Awdrey. I wager that we will soon put Master Lynn's nose out of joint."

I took care to be on the road about the time Awdrey was starting on his rounds, and when he came up in his gig I asked him to give me a lift as far as Langly. He had to shift half a dozen books from the seat beside him to make place for me.

"What on earth are you carting your library about for?" I asked.

"They're only books of reference. Going along straight roads and up hill I can give the old pony the reins and do a bit of work."

"You're burning the candle at both ends; it's bad enough to sit up half the night over your books. Families don't care for bachelor doctors. You ought to marry!"

"Marry!" exclaimed Awdrey with a grim laugh; and then he looked ruefully into the distance.

"Yes, marry," I repeated. "There's Miss Dalrymple; you ought to marry her."

"What, do you think she likes me?" he asked, with eager quickness.

"I don't know who doesn't like you."

"Oh, in a general way," said he in a tone of disappointment. "Well, supposing she had liked me well enough to risk the chance of poverty, do you think it would have been fair to take advantage of her courage, knowing what an unlucky beggar I am?"

"But you're not an unlucky beggar," said I. "Read that," and I put the draft of old Flexmore's will into his hand, open, that he might have no hesitation in glancing at it.

He just ran his eye down the draft, which could be read at a glance, for I pride myself on writing legibly and boldly, and then exclaimed, turning to me in astonishment:

"Great powers! Why should Flexmore leave me all this money?"

"That you may marry the girl you love, and that his child may have a good woman as well as a good man to protect and befriend her."

He dropped his hand, and I folded up the draft and slipped it back in my pocket. When I glanced at him again he was staring into the distance, and there was moisture on the lower lash of his eye.

"Too late, too late!" he faltered. "If I had only known this a week ago!"

"Well, what difference would that have made? The draft was made out a fortnight ago."

He shook his head. "Don't you know that Lynn Yeames is in love with her?" he asked. "He came to me and in a frank and loyal manner told me that he had heard that I was an old friend of Miss Dalrymple; he asked me if I were more than her friend—if I intended to make her my wife. I knew what that meant, and answered that I had no intention to marry her, and that she was free so far as I was concerned. 'In that case,' said he, 'I shall make her my wife.' And we shook hands on this understanding. With my hand in his, he asked if he might consider me his friend, and I answered heartily, 'Yes!'"

"Confound Lynn Yeames!" I cried, unable to control my exasperation.

"You must admit that he acted openly and loyally," said Awdrey. "You are deceived in him."

"Yes," I replied. "For I did not think he was such a clever rascal as he is. Awdrey," I added, after a minute's thought, "you must forget last week."

"Forget that I renounced all hope of making Gertrude my wife! Forget an understanding made with a man to whom I gave my hand as a friend! You don't know me, Mr. Keene."

"Oh, yes I do," said I savagely. "Put me down here. I might as well try to soften the Lord Chief Justice with a sigh as convert you from your principles with reasoning, you obstinate, stiff-backed old pill-monger; here, give me your hand." I added, as I got to the ground, and I tried to hurt him with my grip. "There! I've done with you; go on," said I. But as we parted, I added, speaking to myself, "But I've not done with Lynn Yeames yet, drat him!"

(To be continued.)

A Superior Sort.

"No wonder this chicken is tough," growled the city boarder; "here is a piece of rubber in it."

"Well, that's all right, neighbor," drawled the old farmer. "I advertised automobile-killed chickens, didn't I?"

WANTS BIG ARMY.

Major General Bell Says Uncle Sam Should Have 250,000 Men.

A United States army of 250,000 men. That is what Maj. Gen. J. Franklin Bell, chief of staff, says Uncle Sam would need if involved in war with any first-class power. "We should not allow ourselves to nurse a false sense of security," says this man, who is in charge of the United States army, in his annual report, "or continue to entertain the illusion that a brave, but untrained, unorganized people can grapple successfully with another nation better trained and organized."

This is from Gen. Bell's report, in which he asks the government to consider important facts, recommending an increase in the army and the restoration of the canteen.

"It is a modest assumption," says Gen. Bell, "to say that the United States will, if involved in war with any first-class power, require the immediate mobilization of 250,000 men, to be speedily followed by as many more, with a possible ultimate additional increase of four times that number."

"One division, 18,000 troops, is, of course, not sufficient to meet any need at a time when isolation has become a thing of the past, and we have points of a possible friction in so many directions. That we can first in any popular outburst raise volunteers in great numbers may be admitted. We



GEN. J. F. BELL.

have the men, the money, etc., but we will not have the time to convert these men into soldiers able to cope with the trained soldiers of other nations. It can be safely relied upon that the remoteness of war largely depends upon preparation to meet it. Unless other great nations are wrong and wasting time and money, they are giving us an object lesson which Americans will some time have to learn by costly and humiliating experience, and which it is the urgent duty of professional soldiers to point out; namely, that time and training are both necessary to convert an untrained volunteer into a soldier, whether for infantry, cavalry, artillery, engineers' or signal corps. The last great war clearly demonstrated that the side which is ready and acts promptly gains a decisive advantage.

"The engineer force as now organized is insufficient for the needs even of proper peace training of the army. During the past two years, on not less than ten or twelve occasions, actual necessities for engineer troops have arisen which could not be met, because of the relative smallness of this branch of the service."



Reports are to the effect that the Wisconsin Central is securing a through route between Chicago and Winnipeg by the way of Duluth.

The management of the Pennsylvania road has issued instructions that wherever possible business shall be transacted by train letters instead of telegraph. The order is in the interest of economy and has resulted in reducing the daily number of messages sent from the Broad street station, Philadelphia, by nearly 2,000.

On New Year's eve culminated a unique movement for industrial temperance when a pledge of total abstinence signed by 25,000 employees of the North-western railroad went into effect. It started among the employees after it had been made known that the management was selecting the drinking men for dismissal in reducing the force.

The railroad companies doing business in Missouri have about decided not to contest the State 2-cent fare law, because they are now confident that the reduction of traffic shown by their figures since the law went into effect will satisfy the courts that it is inequitable and confiscatory. A Missouri Pacific official said the receipts had declined 30 per cent in the last ninety days, and a Wabash man said that the combined loss to all the roads in passenger traffic alone was \$6,000,000.

ARMY DISCOURAGED IF PAY IS NOT RAISED

Officers Deeply Concerned Over Future if Men Are Not Given Adequate Compensation.

MORE INFANTRY IS NEEDED.

Half-Filled Regiments Result of Low Wages for Work—Enlightening Article by General Carter.

Washington correspondence:

One could not exaggerate if he would the spirit of actual hopelessness with which the officers of the American army will view the future if Congress fails at the present session to pass the bill granting an increase of pay to the rank and file. At some of the posts there are barely enough soldiers to do guard duty as it ought to be done. It is a present condition with which the army officers are concerned first, and it is a future condition over which they are concerned second. The future condition is the more serious, because it means that if things go on as they have been doing the country and its island possessions will be defenseless.

Men who have worn shoulder knots since the days of the civil war say in all seriousness that unless the people bring pressure to bear upon Congress to provide adequate pay for the soldiers the people will find themselves, as far as the regular army enters into the matter, practically without defense, and reduced almost to the stage of having no seasoned force as a nucleus of efficiency for untrained national guardsmen and green volunteers. Post libraries, recreation rooms, field athletics, comfortable quarters, good food, good clothing, free medical attendance and plunge and shower baths all avail nothing to attract men to a life which would draw them by the thousands if a decent allowance of pay for the service they render in peace, and always have been willing to render in war, were added to the inducements.

Joint encampments of the regulars and the national guardsmen will be held next summer. The regulars enjoy camp as well as garrison service, though the duties are harder. It is the belief of officers of the army that these encampments, into whose military life the national state soldiers enter, would induce enlistments from the national guard by the hundreds if the men knew that their pay would be commensurate with the work they are willing to do for their country.

In a recent number of the North American Review General William H. Carter, commanding the Department of the Lakes, has an enlightening article under the strongly suggestive title, "When Diplomacy Fails." It is written by an officer not given to sounding trumpet alarm notes and who for the worth of his service was made a Brigadier General years before the time when under the ordinary rule of promotion he would have been entitled to wear his star.

Army officials believe that if the establishment were enlarged post life would be far more attractive because of the greater number of soldiers in the garrison. If the proposed advance in pay is passed by Congress the officers also believe that there will be no trouble in keeping the ranks filled, and that re-enlistments will be the rule rather than the exception, as they are to-day.

Low Death Rate in Navy.

Much interesting information in regard to the navy is found in the recent annual report of Surgeon General Rixey. With an average strength, including the Marine Corps, of about 42,000, both afloat and ashore, the total number of deaths in the navy for the year was 241, a ratio of 5.96 per 1,000.

It is natural that a picked class of men under constant surveillance should make a better record than the heterogeneous population of a city. But the contrast between a rate of 5.96 in the navy and a rate of from 80 to 35, or even higher, in the cities is a good showing for the former.

Of these 241 deaths only 144 were from disease. The remaining 97 were from injury, including poisons.

Photos Sent by Wireless.

Pascal Berjonneau, an inventor, recently exhibited before the Postmaster General at Paris a new telephotography apparatus which can be adapted to the wireless system or to the ordinary telegraph wire system. He transmitted the picture of the postmaster without the aid of wires from one end of the hall to the other. The inventor claims that distance does not interfere with the effectiveness of his method. Photographs, he says, can be sent by it between New York and Paris.

The man who digs artesian wells is something of a bore.