

# BY MISADVENTURE

BY

## FRANK BARRETT

### CHAPTER V.

When I got back to my office I set about drawing up Flexmore's will from the draft he had agreed to, and every word of it gave me pleasure, for I saw that it would bring everything right in the end.

"While Lynn Yeames is doubtful as to the disposition of his uncle's property," said I to myself, "he will refrain from committing himself to an actual promise of marriage. His affair with Miss Kite will make him prudent in that respect; for he'll know very well that he won't get off a second time, if I can help it, and there'll be no uncle to pay the costs. And when he does know that his uncle has not left him a stiver, he'll drop Miss Dalrymple; then Awdrey will be freed from the quixotic obligation he was lured into making, he will marry Nurse Gertrude, and all will end like a fairy story."

I was talking to myself in this strain as I proceeded to engross the will, when who should come into my office but the very person uppermost in my thoughts—Lynn Yeames.

"I have called to speak to you about the shooting, Mr. Keene," said he, offering me his hand. "I should like to rent the shooting for another month, if I can," he said.

"There's no difficulty about that. Sir Bartley Vere is going to Scotland, and I shall be only too glad to let the shooting for him—especially as it may keep you here longer than we hoped for."

He seemed rather puzzled at my civility; he had not received much before. He looked at me keenly, could not make much by that, and then proceeded to look at his gaiters, tapping them carelessly with his stick.

"I suppose a man could live here for a couple of hundred a year," he said.

"In a quiet way, he could live on that sum undoubtedly," said I.

"That's all I want. I made a fortunate investment that brings me in about two hundred. Living with my mother, who thinks of buying a cottage, I hope to settle down to a peaceful life. I feel better already with the prospect of it."

I shook his hand in cordial felicitation, though it cost me an effort to swallow the humbug, without making a wry face. But I saw suspicion in the corner of his blue eye.

"This will be good news indeed for your uncle, Mr. Lynn," said I.

"Do you think he takes any interest in me?" he asked, trying to look indifferent.

"I assure you he does. He was speaking about you only yesterday—saying how much you had changed for the better in the last fortnight. It is only natural he should feel very deeply in this matter, and watch this change in your character with keen delight. He is in failing health, you know. I twiddled my thumbs, and looked at him significantly. "You are his kinsman—remotely," I paused. "He is particularly anxious about the future of his little daughter." I coughed. "And though he may have unbounded faith in my integrity, he would naturally prefer to place her welfare in the keeping of a relative who could devote himself exclusively to her interest. Up to the present time I have had the management of your uncle's estate, but of course it would be optional on his successor to employ me as agent."

"I should not wish to take it out of your hands, Mr. Keene—that is," he said quickly, seeing the mistake into which he had been led by the excitement of the moment, "if the property ever should become mine."

"Thank you, Mr. Yeames. I'm sure I shall be most happy to serve you, as I have served your uncle, faithfully, and upon the lowest possible terms."

"I shan't question your terms. Faithful services should be liberally rewarded, in my opinion."

I thanked him effusively, and sighed as if I had a load taken off my mind.

"Well, sir," said I, "you cannot, of course, wish me to divulge professional confidence; but I may tell you this: Your uncle has instructed me to draw up his will, and this is it." I laid my hand on the will. "And I may add for your further satisfaction that had your character been other than he has found it in the past fortnight, the terms of this will"—I patted the sheet impressively and dropped my voice—"would have been very different from what they are."

He was completely taken in; and so overcome with astonishment and delight to find, as he believed, that he was an heir, that for some minutes he could not command his thoughts, but simply answered yes or no to my remarks without really following what it was I talked about. He was thinking what he would do with that money when he got it. However, he recovered his self-possession before he left, and when we shook hands in parting, that cunning look was in his eye. I knew well enough what was in his thoughts.

"You old rascal," he was saying to himself. "I can see now why you were so precious civil. You want me to let you go on fingering the fortune when it is mine." That was just what I wanted him to believe.

In the evening there came a couple of brace of partridges with his card attached. At the first moment I felt disposed to pitch them into the yard, but as the result of second thoughts I ate them, and found them just as good as if I had

given an honest poulterer half a crown a brace for them.

### CHAPTER VI.

I do not know whether I am particularly sharp in penetrating character—though I have a decent opinion of my ability in that respect—or whether other people are particularly obtuse; but this is a fact—Lynn Yeames succeeded in deceiving everybody but me.

He was of that class of charitable people who will give a guinea at any time to have their names in a subscription list, no matter what the object be—and five to head it Lynn Yeames, Esq., of "The Hut" (as with affected humility he called his mother's cottage when she had bought it), was down for everything. He interested himself in local matters, siding always with the majority; he became a member of the County Club, bought a horse and got admitted to the hunt; and with his good looks, manly bearing, admirable horsemanship and skillful free-handness, made himself generally popular. One way and another I reckoned he was living up to nearer eight hundred than two hundred a year.

"A pretty rod you're laying in pickle for yourself, my boy," said I to myself, and chuckled to think how he would have to draw in his horns when he found that he was down in his uncle's will for a trifling legacy instead of the fifty thousand pounds he was calculating upon.

All this time he was paying assiduous attentions to Miss Dalrymple. He saw, though he said nothing about it to me, that his uncle was thinking of Laure's future, and wished to provide for her perpetual association with Gertrude, and he knew the hold he had on old Flexmore through this pretended attachment to her, cunning rascal!

I let him go on, conscious that he would not go too far. It was not likely that, feeling now assured of that large inheritance, he would pledge himself to marry a penniless girl. With his uncle's fortune and the effect he was now producing, he would be able to take the pick of the county when he wished to marry; and there were, within twenty miles, many girls more showy than quiet, unpretentious, little Miss Dalrymple, girls with money, and much more to the taste of such a man as he. But though he would not be rash enough to actually engage himself, it was pretty certain that he would insidiously lead my unsuspecting little friend to believe that he intended to marry her, and I feared that he might obtain such a hold upon her affection that when he threw up the game, as he inevitably would when he discovered that there was nothing to win by it, the effect upon her would be serious. She was not a flirt; she had never cut up her heart into morsels and scattered it about amongst a crowd of admirers; her heart was whole to be given to one man, and one only. She was serious and earnest in all things, and it seemed to be possible that she might never care to give to a second man the affection that had been despised by the first. For this reason I resolved, if I got the opportunity, to shake her faith in Mr. Lynn Yeames.

One day I met her alone in the road that cuts through the Hazledown woods. "Here is a beautiful morning, Miss Dalrymple," said I, holding her hand.

"Oh, it is beautiful!" she exclaimed, looking around her. "See how the rime still stands on the brake, and look how the drops glisten on the gossamer. And what lovely tints there are on the beeches, and the brambles down there."

"Yet you would prefer at this moment to be in your London hospital. You feel that you are wasting your time here—that's the fact, isn't it?"

"I should be sorry to think that," she replied, with quiet gravity.

"But you are. Here you are saving the life of one child; there you might be saving a dozen."

"They will be saved without me."

"And little Laure would be lost—that is true."

"Let us talk about the country," she said, as we walked on.

"There is a man worth talking about," said I, pointing down to the crossroads, where I spied Dr. Awdrey jogging along in his gig on his beggarly round.

"Oh, I don't think there is a better man than he in all the world!" she cried, with enthusiasm.

"If he were only a little more practical," said I.

She nodded sadly, and presently said, "I sometimes think he would have died a martyr had he lived a long while ago."

"I don't see what there is in store for him now. There he goes, to look after a lot of thankless vagabonds, who'll never pay him for saving their lives."

She looked thoughtfully before her for a minute, then she said:

"Do you think he could ever be happy—in the ordinary sense of the word?"

"Yes, if he married."

"I do not think he will ever marry," she said, shaking her head gravely, after a pause.

"Why not?" I asked; "he is a man—and a fine man, too. The only difficulty is in getting any one to have him. A man without superficial attractions and without money, what chance has he?"

"Do you think all girls are either silly or mercenary?" she asked.

"There's a third section; but they don't care for good men."

I have mentioned the girl's trick of blushing; and looking sidelong in the ex-

pectation of seeing this home-thrust bring the color up to her temples, I was surprised to see that it produced rather a contrary effect.

"I don't mean an absolutely bad man, but one who thinks he is reformed," said I, "and attributes, or leads it to be imagined, that he owes his reformation to the girl's influence."

I was morally certain that Lynn Yeames had not ascribed his change to the effects of a country life in his conversation with Gertrude, however he had chosen to represent it to me.

"It flatters the girl's vanity to think she has redeemed the man," I added.

"Is it vanity and nothing else that makes one delight in doing good?"

"I can't say, my dear—not having had much experience in that way myself; but this I know, that every good girl must be doing good, ought to be doing good, or think she is doing good. I speak of good girls, and no good girl would be content to be an idle plaything for a man's leisure moments. And the wish to save some man from evil courses too often leads the girl herself into the evil course of putting faith in appearances, and lending a credulous ear to empty protestations. That course may lead to irremediable misfortune and lifelong unhappiness."

This was plain enough in all conscience, yet she did not allow herself to show that she saw the personal allusion to her own case. She was a wonderfully self-possessed young woman, and moreover had too much principle to suffer the opinion of others to bias her own estimate of a trusted friend; indeed, I believe that her loyal heart became only the more staunch by the defense of those she loved against an accusation in which she herself found no reason to participate. Of this she gave convincing proof later on, as I shall show.

Soon after this a concert was given, in aid of some philanthropic cause. Lynn Yeames was a steward and figured prominently in the advertisements. Well, whether it was to please herself, or to please Lynn Yeames, or just to show that she did not value my warning at two straws, I don't know; but this is certain, Miss Dalrymple went to that concert under the protection of Mrs. Yeames, who, ever since the discovery at the flower show, had shown herself mighty civil to the young lady. I went also. It charmed me to watch Miss Dalrymple. The music and gaiety appealed to her feelings as it never could to an old lawyer's. Her eyes black as sloes with excitement, her face glowing with healthy animation, she looked prettier than ever I had seen her yet. No, there was not one in the room to compare with her. I wondered how ever I could have thought her plain.

"If they were all like you, my dear," said I to myself, "it would be a real pleasure to come to these affairs."

She enjoyed it thoroughly, for she was young and healthy in mind and body. The music, the light and brightness of the surroundings exhilarated her; and then she must have known that she looked well and was admired, and I believe such a belief as that would set the Lord Chancellor in a good humor. I think it mattered little to her whom she was with, for she was free from any idea of flirtation, and just as innocent and pure and sweet and good as she looked.

I enjoyed watching her until the time came for Lynn Yeames to take her home; and it stirred up all the bile in my nature when he took her hand and passed it through his arm. He trod on one old gentleman's toe, and I wished it had been mine; for in that mood I only wanted an excuse to knock his head off.

The fact is I was as jealous as though I had been in love with Miss Dalrymple myself—which, of course, I was not; an old fellow in his sixtieth year—sixty-second, in fact.

(To be continued.)

### Papa Bathing the Baby.

Many fathers stand aloof from the common domestic duties, not because they are so busy or because they are not willing, but because of ignorance. How many men are there who would not gladly drop their business at any time and stay home and give the baby his bath, if they only knew how;

Yet in reality it is much simpler than it seems. Fill the bathtub full of any good water, first carefully removing all germs. Put your elbow in occasionally to see if it is the right temperature. If ice forms on your elbow you may know the water is too cold. If there are blisters then it is too warm. Be moderate in all things.

Take the baby firmly by both feet and shake him loose from his flannel moorings until you begin to see safety pins ahead. Then remove the safety pins with gas nippers and unroll until the baby looms into sight.

Now, having put on your rubber coat, put one hand firmly under the baby's chest and the other on his back and launch him on the still waters. When he has kicked all the water out of the bathtub renew as before.

Be careful while you are manipulating the baby to keep him face down. Otherwise you would not be able to put water anywhere else but in his mouth. Don't be afraid of soap. At first you will fill his eyes with soapuds, but with practice you will get so that some of the suds will be distributed elsewhere.

Now rinse and dry with a coarse towel, cover with face powder and rolling him up in blankets set in oven to dry for half an hour.—Delineator.

According to the Seattle Trade Register the total salmon pack of the Pacific coast for 1906 was 3,805,311 cases, of which 2,200,555 cases were put up in Alaska, an increase for that territory of 818,788 cases over 1905.

### HALF A BILLION FOR CANALS.

Stupendous Scheme of Senator Newlands, of Nevada.

Congress at its present session will face the greatest scheme for the grandment of the commerce of the country that was ever presented. It will have before it the bill of Senator Newlands of Nevada, creating a first fund of \$50,000,000 for an inland waterway paralleling the shores of the Atlantic and the Gulf of Mexico and contemplating the expenditure of \$500,000,000 within the next ten years. It may not pass at this session. But that it must pass, or that some measure of commensurate magnitude must speedily be adopted, every man in American public life, from minor politician to far-seeing statesman, has already conceded. There is no choice, no alternative, unless it be the choice of purblind folly.



F. G. NEWLANDS.

Senator Newlands, who introduced the bill, is one of the experts selected by the President as specially qualified for membership in the Inland Waterways Commission—the Nevada authority whose broad knowledge of the subject ranks him with Frederick H. Newell, the director of the reclamation service; Dr. W. J. McGee, the distinguished expert of the geological bureau; Gifford, Pinchot, the government forester; Senator Warner of Missouri, who has been one of the most thoroughly versed students of the plan, and Representative Burton, long acknowledged as the Congressman qualified to speak the last word of wisdom upon the needs of the country's rivers and harbors.

"In the next ten years," declares Senator Newlands, "the United States should spend at least \$500,000,000 in the improvement of inland waters. The government should enter into this work in every section of the country, on the Pacific coast, the Atlantic coast, the Gulf coast, and along the Mississippi river and its tributaries."

The proposal is to cut a channel at the northern end of the intercoastal canal, from Barnstable bay, north of Cape Cod, to Buzzard's Bay, giving access to the comparatively smooth waters of Buzzard's bay and an inner passage down Long Island sound to the Delaware and Raritan canal, at Perth Amboy.

The Delaware and Raritan, deepened, is to give access to the Delaware river at Trenton, N. J., whence there will be the route of natural water courses to the Chesapeake and Delaware canal, which extends across the narrow neck of Delaware and the eastern shore of Maryland. This will provide a ship route from the Delaware river to the Chesapeake bay.

Down the Chesapeake bay the route proceeds to Norfolk and down the south branch of the Elizabeth river it is likely to cut across Currituck sound, through Coanjoek bay, across North Carolina, into Albemarle sound and on through Croatan sound into Pamlico sound.

Cutting through the Beaufort, it has access, by means of various cuttings, to an inland route paralleling the whole Atlantic coast line down to Florida, and then on, skirting the Gulf of Mexico and admitting the enormous traffic of the Mississippi, to Texas and to the mouth of the Rio Grande.



The Grinnell track team, last year the champions of Iowa, will make a strong bid for the same honors this spring.

The management at Nebraska has offered the Thanksgiving football date to Ames, the game to be played in Lincoln.

In a roller skating contest at Chicago Miss Pinkerton and Miss Souhard covered fifty-one miles and eight laps in four hours.

In connection with the Cuban winter festival it has been decided to inaugurate horse racing on a new track at Buena Vista, near Havana.

Brugger, the big tackle on the championship Ames football team, has been elected captain of the Ames track team for the spring of 1908.

Louis Drill, one of St. Paul's veteran catchers, who played with Pueblo, Colo., last season, will manage the Terre Haute, Ind., team this season.

The New York Jockey Club has issued a pamphlet entitled "The Truth About Racing," which is intended as an answer to the various criticisms against the sport.

George Hackenschmidt of Russia easily defeated Joseph Rogers, American, in the wrestling match at Oxford music hall, London, for the championship of the world.

The girls' basketball team of the State agricultural school defeated the girls of Drummond hall, Minneapolis, in the armory at the agricultural school, by a score of 24 to 2.

## Habitual Constipation

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There is every possibility that the waiters of the Paris cafes will shortly go on strike again in support of their cherished right to wear mustaches.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

The mineral water produce of the United States during 1906 was 48,518,895 gallons, valued at \$1,574,590—a very considerable increase over the previous year. These figures contemplate only the natural mineral waters taken from springs having some medicinal qualities.

F. S. Vinton Dance and all Nervous Diseases permanently cured by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, M.D., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

As to Jipsley. Mrs. Chugwater—Josiah, this paper says a man named Birkin has sued the city as Jared Jipsley's next friend. What does that mean? Mr. Chugwater—Huh! It doesn't mean anything in this case. No man alive ever really got next to old Jipsley.

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