

# BY MISADVENTURE

BY

## FRANK BARRETT

### CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

I got to the palls 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 jocularly, 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 pauper 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 pretense 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 misguided 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—comes 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.)

#### 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—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.



#### Novelty in Rolling Pins.

The housewife and baker knows that it is practically impossible to prevent dough sticking to the rolling pin when preparing the mixture for baking.

To prevent the dough sticking a little dry flour is sprinkled over the dough before applying the rolling pin. This is successful only for a while. As the pin becomes warm, caused by friction, the more the dough is liable to stick. If the rolling pin can be kept cool the dough will not adhere.

A Washington man has devised a scheme whereby the rolling pin can be kept cool and the dough thus prevented from sticking. He employs a hollow rolling pin, having an interior chamber for the reception of a cooling medium. At each end are detachable handles, providing an opening in the chamber for the introduction of the cooling medium, as shown in the illustration. The cooling medium would preferably be ice-water, which could be readily retained at a low temperature for a long time.

#### Broiled Squabs.

Allow either a whole or half squab for each person, according to size. Split down the back, clean and feather each, turning the tip of the wing under the backbone, as in broiling chicken. Dip into melted butter which has been seasoned with a drop of tabasco, a few drops of Worcestershire and salt. Arrange in a buttered broiler and broil, flesh side downward first, for from twelve to fifteen minutes. Serve surrounded with peas, of which a quart (shelled) will be needed. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan, with a lump of sugar, a scant teaspoonful of salt and a dash of pepper, add the peas and a few spoonfuls of boiling water and cook until tender. They should be served quite dry.

#### Cream Omelet.

Beat the yolks of three eggs with three teaspoons of cornstarch, a level teaspoon of salt, and a saltspoon of pepper; stir slowly into half a cup of milk or cream, and then add the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs. Pour the mixture into a pan in which there is a tablespoon of hot melted butter and cover the pan. Set where the eggs will cook slowly for five or seven minutes, being sure that the range is not hot enough to burn the egg. Fold the omelet over, lay a buttered platter on the pan, and invert both. Pour on a cream sauce, well seasoned with celery salt and onion.

#### Rice and Date Dessert.

Put two cups of milk and two cups of boiling water in a double boiler, and when hot add one cup of rice and cook until tender. The liquid will be absorbed in the cooking. Add powdered sugar to the taste and lemon flavoring, stirring it in lightly with a fork. Cook one cup of stoned dates with one cup of water and one-half cup of sugar until tender, and cool them. Turn the hot rice onto a dish, garnish with the dates and serve with whipped cream. The hot rice may be put into lightly buttered border mold and kept hot by setting in a pan of water. Turn onto a flat dish and fill with the dates.

#### Padding Sauce.

Warm in a saucepan a quarter pint of milk. Mix a dessertspoonful of cornstarch with a little milk and stir this into the milk in the saucepan. Continue stirring until it boils and is about as thick as cream, then add a dessertspoonful of sugar and a small piece of butter. Pour this around a pudding just before serving.

#### Pineapple Pudding.

Line bottom and sides of pudding dish with thin slices of sponge cake, place layer of pineapple strewn with sugar in bottom of dish, then cake, then pineapple, until dish is full. Pour over one cup of water and cover with slices of sponge cake dipped in pineapple juice. Cover and bake slowly two hours. This can be eaten with or without a sauce.

#### Candied Cherries.

Make a sirup of a pound of granulated sugar and a gill of water and boil until a little dropped into cold water is brittle. Have ready firm, unstemmed cherries. Take a saucepan of sirup from the fire, set it in an outer pan of boiling water and dip the cherries, one at a time and quickly, into the sirup and lay on a waxed paper to dry. Stand in a warm place to dry.



#### Ingrown Toe Nail.

This seems too small a thing to mention, but anyone who has suffered from it knows it can cause pain, inconvenience and also loss of time and money out of all proportion to its size. An old-fashioned family doctor, who loves homely remedies, recommends charcoal. The cure is magical and whenever the nail seems to be growing down again, cutting and a fresh application will stave off the danger. A sulphur match should be burned and the charred part powdered. Press the powder down around the nail. It seems to work its way under the ingrown part and raise it up.

#### Diphtheria.

Nothing is more efficacious in cases of diphtheria than the use of sulphur. This remedy will destroy the fungous growth in the throat which closes it and causes death. Mix the sulphur with water or milk, slowly sip and the sulphur will cause the growth to shrink in a very short time. In cases in which swallowing is almost an impossibility a little powder can be used by means of placing a small amount in a gull and gently blowing it into the patient's throat. When the growth begins to come off a gargle of water in which a few drops of tincture of iron have been added will assist in a speedy recovery.

#### Neuralgic Toothache.

This aggravation will often yield to a few doses of quinine. It is usually due to a run down condition and exposure to cold or dampness, or an attack of indigestion will often bring it on. Those subject to the complaint should live regularly on good, plain, nourishing food and take daily exercise in the open air. Cod liver oil is an excellent tonic in such cases. Tea and coffee should be avoided and a milk diet substituted. Good sleep is an essential and so is freedom from worry. If the victim of this disease can endure it, a cold sponge bath will brace the nerves and it is all the better if a handful of sea-salt is added to the water. Take especial care against exposure to cold.

#### The Wrong Remedy.

The author of "The Jungle," Upton Sinclair, whom H. G. Wells has dubbed the world's "most hopeful Socialist," was discussing in New York the government's attacks upon law-breaking railroads and trusts.

"These attacks will do a little, but not much good," said Mr. Sinclair. "They are wrong attempts to set things right. They remind me of the Provincetown dentist. A woman came to this dentist and said angrily:

"Look here, this \$40 set of teeth that you have made for me is entirely too big."

"The dentist pushed the woman back in the great chair of red plush, opened her lips, and looked within carefully.

"You are quite right, madam," he said, taking up a sharp and glittering instrument. "But the error is easily remedied. I will enlarge your mouth a little."

#### Waning of Canadian Industry.

According to the Dominion Bureau of Statistics, the manufacture of glass in Canada is a waning industry. In five years since 1900 there has been a very large falling off in number of employes and a corresponding falling off in amount of wages. At the same time the imports of glass are increasing most remarkably. In 1902 the imports were valued at \$1,932,530, and in 1904 they were valued at \$2,673,031, an increase of \$740,492.

#### The Joy of Getting On.

The greatest satisfaction in this world is the feeling of enlargement,—of growth,—of stretching upward and onward. There is no joy which can perdition, being pushed further and one's horizon of ignorance, and of surpass the consciousness of feeling farther away; and the joy of progressing,—of making headway in the world,—of not only getting on, but also of getting up in the world, is very great.

"The greatest joy of joys shall be the joy of getting on."

—Success Magazine.

#### Different in One Respect.

Upgardson—Doesn't Weerius bore you nearly to death? He talks like a phonograph.

Atom—Not at all. When a phonograph runs down it stops.

We never knew a man so mean that he did not admire a really good man. But the people reserve the right to decide who are the good men in the community.

No man was ever strong enough to conquer his own prejudices.