

# BY MISADVENTURE

BY

## FRANK BARRETT

### CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

I was shown into a sitting room, as pretentiously genteel and chilling as Mrs. Yeames herself, and there I waited till it pleased the woman to come to me. She waved me to a chair, after seating herself, without giving me her hand, for which I was grateful, though hitherto she had allowed me to take the tips of her clammy fingers. Her lofty air and patronizing smile showed that she participated in her precious son's belief with regard to the heritage.

"I have called to see your son, Mr. Lynn, madam," said I.

"He is not here," said she with that peculiar pronunciation which your "superior" person affects. "He is in London, where he has met with an accident requiring medical treatment which confines him to his room."

"Can you give me his address?" I asked.

"I have business to transact with him."

"No, I cannot give you his address. I have received a wish from him, in which he begs me to act for him in all matters of a business nature until his return."

About three days after this, a client who had just returned from a business journey to the south of France dropped in to have a chat with me, and amongst other things he said:

"By-the-by, Keene, I crossed over with young Yeames."

"When?" I asked.

"On the fifteenth—night service. He pretended not to see me, so I did not bother him. I know a man at such times as this doesn't care for condolence and that sort of thing."

"He was going to Paris, I suppose?" I ventured to suggest.

"Oh, farther than that. I caught sight of him at the station where the line branches off to Monaco."

"You are sure of your fact?" I asked, though I had little doubt of it.

"I am as sure it was he as I am that you are before me now."

Now the 15th was the very day he had left Coneyford for London. Was London not gay enough for him, that he must go on to Monaco for amusement? One thing was certain: Mrs. Yeames, to have received a telegram from him, must have known his whereabouts, and could not give me his address in London simply because he was at the other end of Europe. Why had she told me that lie? Because she did not wish it to be known that her son had gone to Monaco, lest it might be inferred that he had gone there for pleasure? That was the conclusion I came to.

It never entered my head that he had got out of the country for prudential reasons, and that the cause of his precipitate flight was that little paper pellet which was lying quietly in my handy drawer. There are things which escape even the suspicion of a lawyer sometimes.

### CHAPTER XI.

Mrs. Yeames found time to quit her dressmakers, her crapes, bombazines, and the rest of it, in order to visit the two poor souls at Flexmore House and worry them. First of all, she attacked Nurse Gertrude upon the subject of mourning.

"Is it possible that you have not yet begun your mourning?" she asked, looking around her with a sniff, as if scenting the air for the smell of crape.

"Miss Clip is making our dresses; they are to be home to-morrow," replied Miss Dalrymple.

"Very injudicious. I always have the dressmaker in the house. You know that an infernal article is not substituted for the material you have bought, and that none of it is kept back. Also you can be certain that good work is put in and no machining. The cost is very much less, too. What with lining and trimmings, and one thing and another, I fear these dresses will be a very heavy expense."

"Not more than I can afford to pay, I hope," said Miss Dalrymple quietly.

"I hope you have chosen a fashionable cut for my niece's dresses. I should have liked them to be like Sir Willoughby Chough's little girls', or the Honorable Mrs. Blinker's nieces'. You must have noticed how very elegant and high-class they are."

"I do not think Laure imitated any one's style."

"Surely you have not suffered that child to choose her own style?"

"Yes; Laure has very good taste in dress, and the dresses are for her."

"She'll be a perfect sight!" said Mrs. Yeames emphatically, with a dab of her hand. "How very unfortunate! If I had only thought of it a little earlier. Death, death! They'll all have to be altered, of course, when she goes to boarding school."

"But I am not going to boarding school," said little Laure desperately. "I am going to stay always—ever, ever!—with Nurse Gertrude. Mr. Keene says so."

"Mr. Keene knows nothing about it. Your guardian will settle such matters, and not Mr. Keene! And little girls should speak when they are spoken to—not before. I'm afraid I shall have a great deal of trouble with you when you come to live with me."

"But I am not going to live with you—never, never!" exclaimed the child, screwing herself in terror against Nurse Gertrude, and holding her arm for protection.

"We shall see about that," retorted Mrs. Yeames, pursing up her lips and contracting her nostrils viciously. Then turning to Nurse Gertrude, she said: "Have you made any plans with regard to yourself, Miss Dalrymple? Have you settled where you will go when you leave here?"

"No; it is impossible to settle anything definitely at present."

"One thing there is which should certainly be done without delay. It ought to be intimated to the servants that their services will not be required after their month is up. The house will be given up, of course. Perhaps you would like me to tell them they must go?"

"No. I am to consider my position here unaltered and no change in the routine is to be made until the will has been read, Mr. Keene says."

"Mr. Keene seems to be unduly interfering—to be overstepping the bounds of his—ah!—function," said Mrs. Yeames tartly.

Whereupon little Laure, with the courage of desperation, declared I was a dear old man, and wouldn't let cook be sent away, or let any one be made unhappy.

The day of the funeral came—and a sad day it is in my memory, for even a lawyer cannot bury an old friend without a pang of regret for the past that can never be renewed; a bitter yearning for the hand and the voice and the eyes that never again one shall clasp, and listen to, and look into!

I expected that Lynn Yeames would be sufficiently well to come back for the reading of the will; but he was not. However, Mrs. Yeames was there with a telegram of regret from him (she had torn off the heading, but I found out afterwards that it came from Monaco), and herself prepared to stand as his representative; and a fine monument of respectability she was in her crape. To her disgust, I had up all the servants into the room; indeed, I had invited every one whose name was in the will. Dr. Awdrey was there, looking as if he were going to have his head cut off, and Miss Dalrymple, and little Laure.

I opened the will, and in a dead silence I began to read it clearly and slowly. You might have heard a pin drop. After the usual preamble, came the legacies to the servants, whom Mrs. Yeames would have packed off with a month's wages, and then began the sniffling and sighing and smothered exclamations of astonishment and pleasure as they learned that there were a hundred pounds and a good suit of clothes to come to each of them out of the fortune of their kind old master. And when these were disposed of, I came to the Yeames bequest.

"To Mrs. Anna Maria Yeames, widow of my brother, Joseph Flexmore, I give and bequeath the sum of five pounds."

I looked at her over the top of my glasses as I read this. She folded her arms, closed her eyes, and assumed a look of injured dignity. I would have given as much as this bequest to have been able to look round and see how the servants managed to conceal their feelings. However, I contented myself with reading on:

"To my nephew, Lynn Yeames, stepson of the aforesaid Joseph Flexmore—here I turned over the page, and glancing at Anna Maria, found her eyes open, and her expression indicative of assured triumph—

"I give and bequeath the sum of fifty pounds and my glass case of stuffed birds."

Lowering the will and looking over my glasses, I said to Mrs. Yeames Flexmore:

"As your son is not here, I will apprise him by letter of this bequest."

"That is not all, I am sure. Read on, if you please," said the lady.

I bowed, and proceeded to read out in full the clause in which Flexmore constituted John Howard Awdrey, M. D., etc., sole guardian of his beloved daughter, Laure Constance Flexmore, and in recognition and consideration of his service in the capacity of guardian and trustee bequeathed to him the annual interest on such capital as remained after the payment of the foregoing aforesaid legacies, life annuity to myself one hundred pounds, and all outstanding debts, until the said beloved Laure Constance Flexmore should attain the age of twenty-one, when the whole estate would revert to her.

I paused here and again looked over my glasses at Mrs. Yeames. The woman had risen to her feet; she was white with passion. I saw she wished to speak, and waited. Her lip twitched convulsively; it was some moments before she could articulate.

"Do—do—do I understand," she faltered, "that he has left nothing to my son but fifty pounds?"

"And a glass case of stuffed birds; that is all," I said.

"All the property, in fact, goes to Dr. Awdrey?"

"The bulk of the property goes to Dr. Awdrey, in trust for Laure Constance Flexmore, who inherits when she is twenty-one years of age. Until that time Dr. Awdrey will receive from me annual payment of all interest accruing from the estate, in payment of service rendered as guardian of the child. There is a further clause providing for the appointment of a new guardian in the event of Dr. Awdrey's death, and the reversion of the whole estate to Dr. Awdrey in case of the child dying before coming of age, and

which I will now proceed to read."

"Don't trouble yourself—I don't wish to hear it!" screamed rather than said Mrs. Yeames.

"Madam," said I, "I am here to read this will, not solely for your pleasure."

"Let me look at the signature of that will," she cried, crossing quickly.

"There is the signature duly witnessed," I said, showing it; "and the date, you see, is the fourth of September of last year."

"Do you mean to tell me this is the will he made last year?" she asked.

"I do, madam. Have you any reason to doubt it?"

"I have," she said, and then stopped short. For how could she explain the means by which her son had possessed himself of a knowledge of the affair? She would have liked to proclaim me a scoundrel and a forger, as I believe she felt convinced that I was, but she had just strength enough to contain her passion.

"That will shall be contested," she said. "I will telegraph at once to my son. We shall put this into the hands of a trustworthy solicitor."

"That is the very best thing you can possibly do," said I.

She clenched her teeth, and shook her head at me with such fury in her face as I hope never again to see disfiguring the face of a fellow creature; and then she turned her back on us and marched out of the room with as much dignity as she could command.

### CHAPTER XII.

I was drawing up some papers the next afternoon when Mr. Lynn Yeames was announced. I slipped the papers in a drawer, turned the key, and rose from my chair as the young man was shown in. He had the decency to assume a limp, albeit he had come over on horseback.

"I want to see Mr. Flexmore's will," he began after brusquely nodding a salutation.

"The will itself is not in the office," said I; "but you can see the draft from which that will was drawn up." And I fetched from a tin box that precious draft.

He knew the sight of it at once, and holding it in his hand, he looked steadily at me through his half-closed eyes, and his lips firmly set, and his brows knitted as though he were saying to himself: "You confounded old vagabond!"

"Supposing I am prepared to swear that this is not Flexmore's last will?"

"In that case, I might be compelled to prove that it is."

"How would you do that?"

"In the first place, there are the witnesses to the signature, and then there is Dr. Awdrey, whose evidence I could bring—if any evidence were required."

"Dr. Awdrey?" he exclaimed. "Did he know that this will existed?"

"Certainly he did. It was in consequence of that knowledge that he induced the late Mr. Flexmore to decide upon making that second will, which I was prevented from getting duly signed."

"Show me that second will," he said in a tone of authority.

"It is destroyed. If it were not I do not think I should show it to you. If it were in your possession even, and you could prove that Flexmore intended to sign it, there could be no possible change in the result. There is no revoking the first will."

He nodded, still looking at me steadfastly with his half-closed eyes, his brows knitted and his lips set. I suppose he thought to intimidate me. He didn't succeed.

"Now tell me," said he presently, "why you led me to suppose that this first will was favorable to me, and the second antagonistic. Tell me that."

"Because," said I, "it is a professional rule to conceal one's clients' affairs from those who seek to discover them, and because I saw no harm to my client in allowing you to form any conclusion you pleased, and by whatever means you chose. That is the rule as regards a lawyer and his client. But there professional delicacy ends. If a lawyer is acquainted with a secret of a person not his client, he may conceal it or publish it as circumstances direct."

"That completely disconcerted him—unduly as it seemed to me then, for I was only thinking of the mean and underhand manner in which he had sought to learn Flexmore's testamentary intentions. It never entered my head—I wish it had—that his anxiety related to that paper pellet he had lost."

He looked at me, then at the table, as he flicked it with his riding whip; then at me again; finally as if uncertain as to the extent of my meaning, and to prove it, he said:

"Supposing I gave you a thundering good horsewhipping, as you deserve, what would you do?"

"Bring an action for damages, like a shot," said I.

He drew a long breath, and there was visible sign of relief in his expression.

"You're wanted, if you please, sir," said my servant, coming to the door.

(To be continued.)

### Never Burnt Before.

"Will you direct me to Farmer Skinner's house?" asked the newly-arrived boarder.

"I will if you want me to," replied the station lounge.

"I shall have to ask you for explicit directions, because I've never been there before."

"Gosh! I know that, see'n' ye're so sot on goin' there now."—The Catholic Standard and Times.

### Unlimited Stock.

Blox (after ten years' absence)—What became of Skinner, the dry goods man? When I left he was in financial straits—selling out at cost.

Knox—Oh, he's doing business at the old stand—still selling out at cost.



### CITIZENSHIP IN HEAVEN.

By Rev. Dr. J. L. Mauze.

Christians are citizens of the heavenly city, on whose register their names are enrolled, whose privileges they are free to enjoy and the nobility of which they are obliged to represent by their lives, whether they be in the city or absent from it. Each of the five words of the text is emphatic.

The pronoun throws the emphasis upon the contrast introduced between genuine Christians and those nominal Christians. By their manner of life they show that they are citizens of the present world, while we, by an opposite course, declare that our citizenship is above. They mind earthly things, we mind heavenly things.

The seat of the Christian's commonwealth is in heaven. The Christian belongs to a celestial order of things; he is a member of God's spiritual empire. He is not at home on earth, but is ever conscious of a certain strangeness in his earthly environments while his heart looks away to his fatherland.

This celestial citizenship is a present possession, the full realization of which, however, will not be his until he is privileged to abide there in person. Thus the Christian on earth lives in two worlds at the same time, or, to put it more accurately, the Christian is a resident of earth and a citizen of heaven. While living in the world he is not of the world. He may be, and ought to be faithful in the discharge of every duty imposed upon him by the earthly country in which he lives, and yet never forget that his celestial citizenship has the prior claim upon his allegiance. Like his lowly King, the Christian demonstrates that one can be a better resident of earth by being a patriotic citizen of heaven.

This celestial citizenship is obtained not by merit or purchase, but only by a spiritual birth. Unless we are born again from above we can never become the citizens of the heavenly commonwealth.

The only door of admission to celestial naturalization is regeneration. This fact our Lord made very plain to Nicodemus in his first recorded discourse. Celestial citizenship is rich in the privileges it bestows. Like the governments of this world, the heavenly commonwealth invests its citizens with certain rights. Some of the more prominent of these privileges are liberty from the slavery of sin, dignity among the sons of men, protection from the enmity of Satan, and provision for all the needs of body, mind and heart. These blessings are for citizens of all classes and conditions, races and ages alike. And, in virtue of our citizenship, they are ours without money and without price.

Celestial citizenship also imposes certain obligations. We might sum up all these duties in one word—loyalty. The Christian should be loyal to the heavenly kingdom in his conversation, his conduct and his company.

Loyalty in conduct is another duty. The Christian's mode of living should be in harmony with the country to which he belongs. Our acts should be consistent with the dignity of our citizenship. Our manner of life should be such that others may take knowledge of us that we have been with Jesus and learned of his love. So bright should be the shining of our light that others, seeing our good works, may glorify their Father which is in heaven.

It is also our duty to be loyal to our King in the character of the company we keep. Our association with Christ should determine our earthly friendships.

SECOND COMING OF CHRIST.

By Rev. A. C. Dixon, D. D.

Text.—"This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven."—Acts 1:11.

No man, however, knows "the day nor the hour" when Christ will come. The angels of heaven are ignorant of it; the humanity of Christ will not know it. To set the day, the year, the century, or the millennium, is to be wise beyond what is written. We are simply to watch for His coming at any time and be ready. In the two hundred and sixty chapters of the New Testament there are about three hundred references to the second coming of our Lord. Surely it is important.

The Son of Man came the first time to seek and to save the lost. He died on Calvary, the Just for the unjust, and on the third day He rose again. From the top of Olivet He ascended into heaven. On the day of Pentecost the Holy Spirit came upon the church, and this is the dispensation of the Spirit. To-day he holds the scepter, wears the crown, and sits upon the

throne of power on earth. He is the vice-gerent of the absent King. His work is to take out from the Gentiles a people for His name. (Acts xv:14.) He is gathering the bride and making her ready for the coming of the Bridegroom. The Greek word translated "church" means "called out." The members of the church are therefore the "called out" ones. It is clear as a sunbeam that the mission of the Holy Spirit is not to convert the world before Christ shall return. If such is His mission, it is a stupendous failure, but we believe that the Holy Spirit is not falling any more than Christ failed in His mission upon the earth. The Spirit is doing just the work for which He came. "This Gospel of the kingdom," says Jesus, "shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations, and then shall the end come." (Matt. xxiv:14.) He does not say that the world shall be converted to Christ, and then shall the end come. The Gospel is to be preached for a witness. It is not surface work. Then shall the consummation come, not when the world is converted, but when the Gospel shall have been preached in the whole world for a witness.

We are often asked, "Is the world growing better or worse?" Our answer is, "Yes and no." The good is growing better and the bad is growing worse. The real church of Christ was never better than it is to-day, and the world that rejects Jesus was never worse. There is more light now than ever before, and those who reject the light are hardened by the process. Light is "a savor of life unto life," or of death unto death. The bad in the world that spurns the light will wax worse and worse, while the good that receives the light will grow better and better.

In 1 Thes. iv:16, 17, we read: "The Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel and with the trump of God; and the dead in Christ shall rise first; then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air." From this Scripture it seems that when Christ shall come for His people He will not touch the earth. Like a great magnet He will draw those who love Him up to Himself while those who do not love Him will remain upon the earth. The dead in Christ shall rise and shall be the first to meet Him in the air.

This seems to be the first resurrection. "The rest of the dead," we are told in Revelation xx:5, "live not again until the thousand years are finished." Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection. Evidently Paul had in mind this resurrection when he said, "I count all things but loss," etc., "if by any means I may attain unto the resurrection of the dead." An original translation would be, "Unto the out-resurrection from among the dead." There is not at this time to be a resurrection of all the dead, but of the righteous from among the dead. In Luke xx:35 we have the clear declaration.

Let us remember that our salvation does not depend upon what we think about the second coming of our Lord. The first coming is the test. Do we believe in the Lamb of God, the Savior who died and rose again that we may be saved from sin and live in righteousness? Nevertheless, the blessed hope that Christ may come at any time has a good effect upon our lives. "Every one that hath this hope in him purifieth himself even as he is pure."

### Short Meter Sermons.

Faith is not fostered by blinking facts.

No tool gains a keen edge without loss.

Precept is powerless without personality.

Faith in God is seen in fellowship with men.

The heart is the best text book on etiquette.

Living for self alone is a way to soul suicide.

One light tongue can make many heavy hearts.

Worry born of imaginary troubles is the parent of real worry.

You can never get to know a man by finding out things about him.

The suspicious seek in others what they have hidden in themselves.

This world will never be saved by people too spiritually minded to wash dishes.

No man overcomes sin until he hates its power more than he fears its punishment.

Many find greatest satisfaction in fighting sin when it involves firing at their neighbors.

Many a man thinks because he is blind in business he must be blest with spiritual vision.

There's a lot of people hoping for wings on the strength of the chicken feed they drop in the collection.

About the thinnest thing in the world is the film of a soap bubble. It would take about 50,000,000 of them to measure one inch.