

# BY MISADVENTURE

BY

## FRANK BARRETT

### CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

I glanced around to see that there was nothing Mr. Lynn could pry into or take away during my absence, and seeing all safe, I left him. In my sitting room I found Dr. Awdrey waiting to see me.

"I saw Lynn's horse outside, and I dropped in to know if he were here. I should like to see him before he goes, if you don't mind my waiting here."

"Go in and see him at once," said I. "I have done with him."

He thanked me and went into the office, while I slipped into my dining room, which, as I have said, is divided from the office by a half-glazed door, that intercepts sound so slightly that what takes place in one room is audible in the other. If anyone thinks it is wrong to play at eavesdropping, let them remember that I am only a lawyer. I have no compunction to listening in a case of this kind.

They had got through their first greeting when I reached the door, but as I saw through the old green taffety curtains, they still held each other by the hand.

"A mere sprain; that's all. Painful enough at first; just enough to keep me from running about, you know," Lynn was saying in his bluff, open tone.

"Why on earth didn't you write a word or two to us?" asked Awdrey.

"Oh, I didn't want to make a fuss about a trifle—especially at such a time—and you know what women are when there's anything the matter with a fellow," Lynn replied, throwing himself into a chair.

"Your silence made us think that the accident was not a trifle," Awdrey said, half seating himself on the table and facing his friend.

"I see now that I was to blame. I'm sorry for it. That's all I can say, my dear fellow."

"I am sorry also. It must have troubled Miss Dalrymple; it would have offended her had she been an ordinary girl. Old Keene here doesn't like you; I warrant he has put a bad construction on your silence and done his utmost to set her against you. Indeed I taxed my ingenuity to find excuses for your neglect."

Lynn toyed with his riding whip in silence for a few minutes (during which his quick brain had conceived a plausible means of escape), and then he said: "Awdrey, old fellow, I must tell you all. I can't keep a secret—at any rate, from you. I purposely stayed away—I was purposely silent."

"Why? Let us have the whole matter out from beginning to end."

"Some months ago this old rascal here, Keene—for what purpose I cannot imagine—let me to believe that I was heir to Flexmore's fortune. In the belief that I should before long be in a decent position to maintain a wife, I sought to win Gertrude—Miss Dalrymple. Well, on the day of Flexmore's death I discovered the truth—that I had nothing to expect from him."

The barefaced effrontery of this lie nearly took my breath away.

"I had been living rather extravagantly," continued Lynn—"beyond my means, in fact—relying on being able to recoup myself sooner or later, and then suddenly I realized that I was thrown upon my own resources, in debt, and incapable of providing the woman I loved with the home I had absolutely offered her a few days before. Of course, I am to blame—I know that. I ought to have been prudent, I ought not to have counted upon Flexmore's generosity, I ought not to have offered my hand before I was assured beyond the possibility of doubt that I had enough to marry upon. But you know what I am—a headstrong, impulsive, thoughtless, reckless, thriftless, unhappy wretch!" His voice faltered; he covered his face with his hands, rose abruptly, stamping with impatience at his own weakness, and turned in silence to the window. It was not a bad piece of acting; it took Awdrey in completely. He rose, went to the window, and, slipping his hand through the other's arm, said:

"There's nothing unpardonable in that, Lynn—nothing that she will not readily forgive."

"I know it, Awdrey, and that's the worst part about it. I must break off the engagement, but I know not how with such a generous girl as that. I know what she will say when I tell her I am a beggar; she will say, 'No matter, I can wait till you are rich.' Wait—good gracious! I am in debt now; a penniless beggar I must remain. I haven't the ability to gain fifty pounds a year, and never shall have. No; it must be broken off. I said that from the first. Do you know, I forced myself to affront her, that she might throw me over—I pretended a brutally cruel feeling towards dear little Laure, poor child! that Gertrude might think me unfeeling. I went off to London without a word of farewell, I refrained from writing one kind word—all with the same purpose. Don't you see now?"

"Yes; but all that must be made clear to her," said Awdrey, slowly.

"Made clear to her? Is that the way to break off this unfortunate engagement?"

"No; but there is no necessity to break off the engagement."

"What do you mean? Surely you wouldn't have me ask her to wait till I grow rich—rich! I, who never did a decent day's work in my life."

"No; you will not ask her that. She did not inquire whether you were rich or poor when she consented to be your wife; she will not refuse you now for any reason of that kind. You must explain your silence, and ask her to marry you at once. Listen to me, Lynn—I am not advising you without reason. Flexmore wished you to be the guardian, with Miss Dalrymple, of little Laure, and to take the interest of the money in trust for her until she came of age. By an accident that wish was prevented from being legally carried out; but, virtually, you are as much entitled to the money as though the accident had not happened. Miss Dalrymple has consented to take care of the child permanently—relieving me of a certain part of my duty. Legally I shall remain her guardian, and shall in fact exercise my function whenever a question arises respecting her welfare, but virtually she is Miss Dalrymple's ward, and her services must be paid for. I shall settle upon her all that is paid me as interest arising from Flexmore's bequest."

"But, my dear fellow, you are robbing yourself—you are carrying generosity beyond all the bounds of reason!" exclaimed Lynn.

"No, I am doing nothing of the kind. I shall simply be carrying out Flexmore's intentions, and I shall remain as rich as I have been. Whether you marry Miss Dalrymple or not, I shall settle the money on her. But now you know you have no excuse for breaking off the engagement."

Did you ever read of heroism to beat this—a man relinquishing fortune, and the fair chance of making the girl he loved his wife, from chivalrous consideration of that girl's happiness, and a conscientious feeling of duty?

Those sponsors made a pretty good forecast at his character and disposition when they gave him the name of John Howard; for I doubt if the great philanthropist was ever more loving to the good, more generous to the erring, or kinder to the weak.

### CHAPTER XIII.

I should like to know what you would have done, seeing an honest man hamboozled and cheated by a lying, subtle rascal on the other side of a half-glazed door with a taffety blind. If you are an ordinary person, with an ordinary love of truth and an ordinary hatred of deceit, I'll be bound you would have flung open that door and told simple Dr. Awdrey that Lynn Yeames was a liar and a cheat, and proclaimed all you knew about him and his motives; but if you are like me, a wily old lawyer, you would have done nothing of the kind. For Dr. Awdrey believed that my prejudice against Lynn Yeames amounted to a mania; I had no proof whatever to substantiate a charge against him, and in the absence of proof Dr. Awdrey would be fully justified in believing a trusted friend in preference to a biased lawyer. How could I prove that he knew nothing about the will before his mother telegraphed to him after the reading of it? I could only declare that he did not know; he could declare that he did. He had ingenuously invented reasons as good for his knowing the fact as those I could produce to show that he was ignorant of the real truth. In a case of hard swearing the judge must lean towards the side which seems least capable of duplicity, and it would go hard with the lawyer in such a case.

These conditions decided me to leave the half-glazed door as it was, and to seek some more than ordinary means of discomfiting an extraordinary rascal. I felt sure of this—that Dr. Awdrey would insist upon Lynn going at once and telling his story to his sweetheart; and it seemed to me that the best thing I could do was to go to Flexmore House before-hand and prevent Mr. Lynn deceiving Miss Dalrymple as he had deceived Dr. Awdrey.

"Mrs. Guttridge," said I to my housekeeper, who is a careful woman, and delivers messages correctly, "I can't wait any longer; I don't wish to disturb Dr. Awdrey and his friend, who seem to be having a nice little chat. If they ask for me, you will say that I had an appointment to keep, but that I shall be at home from nine till twelve to-morrow morning."

With that I trotted off to Flexmore House as fast as my legs would carry me; but there was plenty of time to think on the way, and I had plenty to think about. How was I to warn Miss Dalrymple? To tell her bluntly that her lover was a scamp would not do. Her love would only strengthen in defending him against his accuser.

But did she still love him? Had she ever really loved him? I was inclined to answer no to both questions. I believed that as yet she had really loved no one. Yet I was not sufficiently sure to feel that I could with safety speak openly on the subject. And that is why I made up a fairy story—a pretty occupation for a lawyer, you will say.

They saw me, Nurse Gertrude and little Laure, from the drawing room window as I came up the gravel path, and the child darted off to open the door, and both welcomed me with smiles on the threshold.

I found opportunity only to begin my story when Mr. Yeames himself appeared.

I gathered up my hat, great coat, comforter, and stick, and, tucking them under one arm and little Laure under the other, slipped into the adjoining room, where

we shut ourselves in, just as Mr. Yeames was admitted to the drawing room by the other door.

I would have given anything to know what was taking place there; but I could not well put my ear to the keyhole in the presence of little Laure, so I had to content myself with the hope that Nurse Gertrude would see through the wiles of her crafty visitor. It was exasperating to hear the murmur of voices and not to distinguish what was being said, however. I learned later on from a certain source what took place in this interview, and I will set it down here as if I had seen and heard all—which, in my mind, I certainly did when the mere facts of the case were made known to me.

Standing by the door as he closed it Lynn made a grave inclination of his head expressive of respect, contrition—anything you like; then he stepped forward hastily with his hand out, his head erect, his chest thrown forward, in a manly, honest way. She put her hand in his.

"Can you forgive me?" he asked, holding her hand and speaking in that rapid, full undertone that is supposed to express earnest anxiety. "Gertrude!" he added with a tender inflection, putting forth his left arm to take her by the waist.

Nothing succeeds like audacity with certain women; but Gertrude was not of that set, and, quietly shrinking to avoid his touch, she withdrew her hand and seated herself with the slightest deprecating movement of her head. I can see that graceful, dignified movement as I write—a kind of "no-thank-you" movement. With a deep sigh Lynn dropped his hands by his sides and sank into a chair.

"I ought to have spoken out at the very first, I know that," he said, in the tone of a man candidly admitting an amiable weakness. "I ought to have given you an explanation; but I was beside myself that morning."

"As you have not offered any explanation since, I am to suppose that you have been beside yourself rather over a week," said Miss Dalrymple, with sympathy in her voice.

"Indeed I have," he said.

"Then I think a little apparent eccentricity of conduct must certainly be forgiven; and so, as if she had dismissed the subject, she asked in a tone of ordinary civility, "And when did you return?"

"Oh, I—er—came back this morning," replied Mr. Lynn uncomfortably.

"Dr. Awdrey has asked frequently after you. I suppose you have not had time to call upon him."

"No—that is, yes; I saw him coming along."

"How very fortunate! Mr. Keene has been inquiring about you. Of course, you have not seen him?"

Not knowing how much she knew, he had to admit the fact that he had seen me also.

"Er—yes, I have; had to call upon him on a pressing matter of business, you know."

"Then, now I suppose you have satisfied nearly everybody's curiosity. Isn't it a great relief to you?"

(To be continued.)

### TREE-DESTROYING RIVER.

Western Stream that Chews Up the Growth Along the Banks.

The Gila river enters the Colorado just west of Yuma, and we crossed its angry waters through a maze of eddies and whirlpools through which immense quantities of driftwood were whirling in a mad race, says a writer in Harper's Magazine. Escaping the worst of the turmoil, we reached the town at racing speed and made triumphant landing with half our journey accomplished.

At most places along shore the river had reached the line of older growths and was leveling the larger trees by hundreds wherever a bend of the river directed the force of the current against the far shore. Trees ten inches in diameter and twenty to thirty feet high were constantly toppling into the insatiable river.

The fall of these larger trees was always graceful. The first intimation of it was a distinct shiver that ran through the entire tree, but was most marked in the upper branches; a moment later the tree would bend gracefully forward as if bowing to its enemy. An instant's pause and it would sink slowly into the rushing waters that had reached to the loosened and inshore roots.

Tree after tree of this large growth would start down the river broadside to the current. Slowly at first it would roll over and over, tangling its branches into a great skeleton wheel, rolling faster and faster as the branches became more impacted and presented fewer projecting points, to catch and hold a moment in the shallower reaches. Eventually the branches would be worn off in such progress, leaving only the tougher roots to retard it. Then the denuded tree would give up the struggle, and whirling into the line of least resistance, would float head on down stream until caught by the spreading roots in some shallow.

The Philosophers Also Increasingly Griggs—The feminine population seems to have increased wonderfully during the last few weeks.

Griggs—What do you mean?  
Griggs—Why, when I was married a month ago, my wife seemed to be the only woman in the world.—Boston Transcript.

Between 5,000 and 6,000 alcohol engines are now in operation in Germany.

## HOUSEHOLD

### Novel Dustpan.

A novel device recently patented by a West Virginia woman is the unique dustpan shown in the illustration. It



NEW DUSTPAN.

was designed with one object in view—to overcome the objection of the ordinary dustpan. In the latter no provision is made for preventing the dust and dirt from blowing off the pan after it has been gathered. In this improved dustpan it is impossible for the dust and dirt to drop on the floor. This dustpan, when closed, is in the form of a box, one of the sides of the box forming the front edge of the dustpan when the latter is opened. In the top of the box are slots, through which extends the rods of the handle. These rods are pivoted to the front edge of the box. After the dust and dirt have been brushed into the dustpan the box is lifted by the handle. As the latter is drawn up the front of the dustpan is drawn up, throwing all the dust into the box, the lid effectually sealing the front and preventing the accidental escape of the contents in any way.

### Banana Pie.

One and one-half cups banana pulp, 1½ cups milk, one beaten egg, one-half cup light brown sugar, one level teaspoon cinnamon, one-half level teaspoon ginger, one-half level teaspoon salt. Add the milk gradually to the banana pulp, then the beaten egg, and stir the mixture into the sugar, spices and salt mixed. Line a deep pie plate as for custard pie, pour in the mixture, and bake in a modern oven until browned over the top.

### Soft Icing.

One cup sugar, one-half cup boiling water, one-fourth level teaspoonful cream of tartar, whites of two eggs and one teaspoonful vanilla. Boil together the sugar and water until it threads when dropped from tip of spoon. Then add the cream of tartar, and pour it gradually over the egg whites beaten stiff. Beat constantly, and vanilla and continue beating until stiff enough to spread.

### Norwegian Sandwiches.

Chop separately the whites and yolks of several hard-boiled eggs, also slices of cooked bacon. Dispose on slices of hot buttered toast, placing thereon first a row of the finely chopped bacon, to the right of that a row of the bits of egg yolk, then bacon, then whites of eggs, lastly bacon. Heat a few moments in the oven and serve. This recipe furnishes a good way to utilize left-overs.

### Ginger Snaps.

Mix one cup of molasses with one-half cup of sugar, add a half-cup of melted butter and a tablespoonful of ginger. When thoroughly blended stir in quickly four cups of flour in which has been sifted a teaspoonful of soda. Knead the dough until smooth, then set on the ice—over night if possible. Roll as thin as pasteboard, cut into rounds and bake in a quick oven.

### Fried Cauliflower.

Clean a cauliflower and separate it into its flowerets. Soak in cold salted water for one hour. Drain, cover with boiling salted water, and cook until tender. Drain and cook. Sprinkle with cracker crumbs, then dip in egg beaten with a tablespoonful of cold water, then in crumbs, and brown in deep hot fat. Serve on a folded napkin garnished with parsley.

### Kitchen Scissors.

Scissors are so useful in the kitchen that a pair should be had especially for that room. Raisins are nicer cut than chopped; grapefruit and oranges are more easily scooped from their skins if the pith is clipped in a few places; lettuce may be cut in ribbons and celery cut up for salad, therefore a scissors is almost indispensable.

### Quick Buckwheat Cakes.

One cup buckwheat flour, one level tablespoonful sugar, one-half level teaspoonful salt, two level teaspoonfuls baking powder, one and one-fourth cups milk. Sift together the buckwheat, sugar, salt and baking powder. Pour in the liquid and beat vigorously until smooth. Cook at once on a well-greased griddle.

### Neck of Mutton Stew.

One and a half pounds neck of mutton, a large onion. Cut meat up in small pieces, fry a few beans, cut a good-sized cabbage into eight or ten pieces and prepare about as many potatoes. Lay all on top of the meat and boil about three hours. Before serving thicken the gravy with flour.

### To Sweeten Cream.

Cream or milk that has turned, but is not soured, may be made sweet by stirring into it one teaspoonful of carbonate of magnesia to each quart of milk.

## FLAT DWELLERS' WAYS.

### Watering the Fire Escape Garden—Pipe-Smoking Etiquette.

"What I don't understand," said Mrs. Flatdweller, to a New York Sun man, "is the way some folks water the plants they keep on the fire escape.

"Now, you see, we've got a few plants out of your fire escape, and when I water them I take care always not to flood either the pots or the saucers. There are people living under us, and it is not impossible that they might have out on their fire escape something drying, or they might have plants there that they don't want water to drip on. If they have nothing there they don't want water dripping down from above anyway, because it would spatter from the fire escape to the windows.

"I have lived under people, nice people, too, who seemed to forget entirely that there was anybody living under them, and who would simply pour water on their plants and let it run down in streams to spatter everywhere. Don't you think it's queer about that?"

"What gets me," said Mr. Flatdweller, "is how a man can sit at an open window smoking a pipe and when he gets through smoking knock the ashes out of his pipe on the window sill.

"There may be sparks in the pipe as well as ashes, and both are liable to be blown into open windows below. I don't exactly see how men can be so thoughtless as to do this, but some men are. So, you see, women are not the only thoughtless creatures. There are thoughtless men also.

"But I don't pour water down the fire escapes," said Mrs. Flatdweller, "and you don't knock ashes out of the window."

"True," said Mr. Flatdweller, growing philosophical now, "but if we should consult our neighbors and they would tell us frankly, I dare say that we should discover that we do, without thinking, things that they don't like, just as they do some things that don't strike us pleasantly. It is so much easier for us to see the faults of others than it is for us to realize our own."

## RABBIT DANCERS.

A captured rabbit brought an evening's amusement to a party of campers in the Rocky Mountains. In "Nimrod's Wife" Mrs. Grace Seton tells of securing the rabbit in the "telescope case," a good-sized valise made of leatheroid, which acted as a sounding board to his drumming.

"If there are any rabbits within hearing they will come. The little fellow is thumping for them. It's the rabbit way of calling for help," said Nimrod. "There, did you see that? Keep quiet, and don't move."

A big rabbit had dashed into the circle of the firelight. In a few minutes another flitted in. Thump! thump! could be heard from different parts of the forest.

Bobby brought out a lighted acetylene lantern. The rabbits, startled at first by the strange light, were quiet, also watching. Then one bold chap, moved by curiosity, hopped cautiously near; others followed. No harm resulting, the first one advanced still nearer and leaped across the patch of lighted ground. One, a dozen rabbits, big and little, followed him. Circling, he came back again and again, each time nearer to the queer little sun. What he did others did, in augmenting numbers, until we counted twenty playing the game of follow the leader.

Hop, hop, hippety-hop, backward and forth and round went the shadows, a fairy scene. But a venturesome jack came so close to the lamp in his investigations that he burned his nose and sprang back.

Instantly every rabbit disappeared. For long we sat quiet, hoping for a return of our entertainers, but the charm was broken.

### Eph's Letter.

Ah wish dis wind what's a-blowin' yo' way  
Would tell yo' de words what Ah wants  
teh say.

Ah thinks ob things when Ah'm all alone,  
Dat would sholy win yo' foh ma own.

But it seems when Ah looks in yo' eyes  
Dat ma tongue gits soht ob parrylize'.

So Ah wish dis win' what's a-blowin' yo' way  
Would whispah de words what Ah wants  
teh say.

—Kansas City Times.

### Misrepresentation.

"Why are you so distrustful of the railways?"  
"I lost faith in 'em the first time I noticed that every one of 'em issued maps showing their own lines drawn with a ruler and the others looking like bent hairpins."—Washington Star.

### Foregone.

Should you a keynote sound, be sure  
That this will be your solemn fate;  
Your fess will vow your speech is poor  
And all your friends will say it's great!  
—Washington Star.