

BY MISADVENTURE

BY

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CHAPTER XIV.

The young man bent his head and looked on the ground. He couldn't stand chaff; but he had to make the best of it now—perhaps consoling himself with the reflection that he would not stand it after their marriage. I can imagine him promising himself to break her in and bring her to meek submission in the future. Pity those poor souls who marry a bully they have teased beforehand!

"I think this is scarcely a time for badinage," said he, after a pause, still looking upon the ground and tracing the pattern of the carpet with the lash of his whip. "I know I am not perfect; but you must admit that allowances should be made for a fellow under the influence of—of emotion."

"I am willing to admit that a man under that condition is not responsible for his actions—is that enough?"

"If you admit that, what am I to understand by your present attitude? You seem to forget what took place before I went away."

"But I do not. You made me an offer of marriage; but am I wrong in thinking that you made that under the influence of emotion? I absolve you from responsibility for action under that condition. May I not suppose that you were beside yourself when you made that proposal, and overlook the mistake as readily as that you have committed since?"

"It was not a mistake, Gertrude—I loved you then as I love you now; I have come here this afternoon to ask you again if you will have me, faulty as I am—yet an honest fellow—and be my wife."

Nurse Gertrude was not greatly moved with this speech, which had very little appearance of depth and sincerity in it, despite the quivering of that manly voice. "May I ask why you have thought it necessary to ask me a second time?" she asked, trying to fix his shifty eyes, and learn the truth from them.

"Well, your manner seems to imply that you consider the engagement broken off."

"I did think it broken off. Had I not reason to think so?"

"Oh, yes; the way I spoke to you and little Laure was unpardonable."

He paused and looked down again to escape from her fathoming eyes. He had probably thought that there would be little difficulty in his way, and that he could just reconcile Gertrude, if she should resent his silence, with a few words or a kiss or two, and without going into any more vexatious explanation than a mere avowal of manly weakness under trying circumstances. Dr. Awdrey had told him to confess the truth, and conceal nothing, adding that a woman would forgive the man she loves anything except duplicity.

But Lynn, in his own conceited, pig-headed way, had fully relied on his own cleverness; his contempt for women in general disposed him to tell them no more than was necessary. He would rather have avoided an explanation which, though it presented a certain attraction in being untruthful, would require a good deal of bolstering up to support his assumption of honesty and generosity. However, he had bungled so disastrously in his own attempt, that he saw no escape from his dilemma but by acting now on Awdrey's suggestion.

"The fact is," said he, changing his tone with a slash at his leg. "I was purposely brutal to little Laure and you. I wished you to take offense and relieve me from the engagement."

"That is what I thought—it was the only construction I could put upon your behavior," said she.

"I dare say you wonder what my reason was. I will tell you. I can't conceal the truth, and I know well enough that there's nothing a loving woman will not forgive, except duplicity."

A new warmth glowed in Gertrude's heart. She liked those words; they were good and true—it never struck her that they might be Dr. Awdrey's.

"I knew that through Keene's delay I was ruined—that I had nothing whatever to expect from my uncle's will. I knew that I must no longer cherish the thought of making you my wife, in debt and penitence as I was, and—but there, you can imagine the rest."

"You wanted to give me the opportunity of breaking the engagement, before it might appear that our separation was due to mercenary considerations on my part. Oh, that was generous!" exclaimed Nurse Gertrude, carried away by her own impulsive and generous recognition of an unselfish—nay, a chivalrous motive on his part. All my warning was forgotten in an instant.

"I did not want to tell you this," he said, in a tone that seemed to disclaim any merit to gratitude.

"But you wronged me, Lynn," she said gently—"you wronged me, to think I might wish to break the engagement because you were less rich than an offer."

She held out her hand to him frankly, and he took it. If he had been wise enough to tell her all that had passed between him and Awdrey, she would have been his without doubt. In return for an open avowal, she would have swept aside my warning and all prudential considerations, put the best construction on his motives, and scorned to entertain any suspicion of mercenary motives which might be suggested by his conduct. Now was the time for him to spring up and put his arms around her; but he hung

back, the dolt. With that perverse idea of a girl's mental inferiority, he thought he had told her enough. Possibly he was annoyed in being forced to abandon his own way of winning her, and act upon Awdrey's more generous and manly advice. Perhaps, believing that she was anxious to get him, he thought he might treat her with a little indifference as a kind of punishment for her previous coolness. There is no knowing the extent of pitiful meanness a heartless man is not capable of. Anyhow, he sat there in silence, waiting for her to make a further advance. And that, giving her time for reflection, saved her.

"Are you greatly in debt, Lynn?" she asked after a little consideration.

"Oh, not a great deal," he replied carelessly; "a few hundreds."

"And how do you propose to pay your debts?" she asked.

"That will be all right. The fellows won't press for payment. They know their only chance is to wait till I get a bit straight."

"How do you mean to get straight, as you call it?" she asked, smiling.

"Hang it all, Gertrude!" he exclaimed petulantly, "let's drop this subject. I came to make love to you, not to talk about money."

"Yes; but the two subjects seem to have become so involved that we can hardly mention one without talking about the other. The best way is to detach the pleasure from the unpleasant subject, and that would be most readily done by settling the money question at once, don't you think so?"

"Oh, well, if we must talk about that sort of thing, I should ask you to let me have a little money to square my accounts, while I look about for something that would enable me, in time, to pay you back—though I don't think there ought to be any debt and credit account between man and wife."

"Nor I," replied she gravely. "If I marry you, all that I have will be yours, and I should be very unhappy if I thought it necessary to question how you disposed of it."

"That's all right. Of course, whatever I do with the money will be for our common good. So that settles the thing," he said, rising from his chair. "Eight, ten months will be soon enough to settle my creditors' little bills. I'll manage them!"

"But in ten months I may be as far as ever from being able to let you have the sum you need; in the meantime, you must be incurring fresh debts unless you have some definite means of earning money."

"But Awdrey told me that he intended settling the whole of the interest on the money left by Flexmore on you for taking the care of the child off his hands, and quite right that he should."

"I know nothing at all about that, Mr. Keene proposed a salary that I thought reasonable; if he had proposed more, I think I should have declined to accept it."

"I must have an explanation with Awdrey at once. There seems to be a little shuffling here. I must know the facts of the case."

"Mr. Keene is in the next room," suggested Miss Dalrymple.

Lynn replied with an expression in regard to me which it is unnecessary to repeat, for I think I have shown enough to prove that he was a blackguard, and quitted the room to "go and have it out with Awdrey," in a manner so devoid of feeling, or even common courtesy, that it must at once have destroyed any faith in his sincerity that poor Gertrude cherished.

Poor Gertrude! it was some time after the door closed upon Mr. Lynn Yeames before she came from the room where he left her, and then, despite the cheerful air she assumed, I perceived that she had been crying.

Here, again, I have wondered what she cried for. Had she not every reason to be pleased that she had found out the man's real character before marriage rather than after it? Was not scorn of such a base fellow enough to dry in its source the regretful tears that would have sprung in losing a lover? I should have thought so. But nothing puts on so many unlooked for aspects as human nature.

One cannot reason upon the movement of human hearts as if they were made of wheels, mathematically arranged, to produce from a given impulse a certain and undeviating result. So I say again, poor Gertrude! for she was weak as well as strong.

Had she really loved Lynn? or was she only interested in him from a belief that her influence had ennobled him? I cannot say; all I know is that she wept in realizing that he was neither noble nor lovable.

CHAPTER XV.

The morning after my last visit to Flexmore House I heard the crunching of wheels in the ice of the gutter, and, glancing through the blind, I caught sight of Dr. Awdrey. The old gig had been mended, and he had bought a new nag of the same sober sort as the last. "Ha, ha!" thought I; "he's come to settle about the two thousand a year that Nurse Gertrude is to receive."

It must be remembered that the particulars of the interview between Lynn Yeames and Miss Dalrymple which I have set down in the last chapter, had not then come to my knowledge.

Dr. Awdrey came in clapping his hands, for, I remember, it was bitterly cold; and, pulling off one of his knitted gloves, he gave me his hand. His nose was red, but his fine, kindly eyes sparkled brightly; and he had in his face that expression of virile energy, and vigor, and triumph, which one may see on a man when he has broken the ice to take his morning plunge. But there are difficulties to overcome in carrying out a healthy moral principle, that call for just as much nerve and courage as diving through half an inch of ice; and it has often struck me that if one braved as much personal inconvenience and discomfort in the service of humanity as he will endure for the mere sake of self-glorification, it would be infinitely better for oneself and one's fellow creatures. It was a moral plunge of this kind that animated and beautified the doctor's face that morning, I felt sure. He sat down before the fire warming his hands and talking about the weather for some minutes; then, after a pause, he said:

"Are there any farms to let about here, Keene, do you know?"

"Yes," said I; "you may take your pick of them for ten miles round. Land was never so cheap before. Rents have gone down fifty per cent."

"Then why don't you farm?"

"I'll tell you," said I; "it's because your farmer is too genteel to work, and has to pay another for doing what he ought to do himself—that's one reason."

"If a man were not too genteel to work, if he put his heart and soul into it, if he went into it as a man goes into battle, setting his heart and soul on winning, how then?"

"He would make it pay—I'd stake my reputation on it," I exclaimed. "You know nothing about farming, doctor; but with your dogged perseverance and a certain amount of intelligence that you would bring to bear on it, even you might make it pay; and I'll guarantee that you would make more by it than by your medical practice."

"I am very glad to hear you think so," said he, cheerfully.

"Why? Do you think of taking a farm?" I asked hopefully.

He nodded. I was never better pleased in my life, and I told him so.

"Now, there's Thibald's farm," said I. "You could get that at fifteen shillings an acre, I know."

"Too far off. How about Captain Ranger's farm—do you think he wants to give up?"

"I know he does. He must. Can't go on losing eight hundred a year."

"Eight hundred a year? That's a good deal to lose," he said, drawing a long face.

"Why does he lose it? Because he never goes out of the house except to hunt or shoot; because he's lounging about his billiard room instead of looking after his accounts when he's at home; because his wife keeps four servants; because he pays Evans three hundred a year for robbing him; and because he's no more a farmer than you are a lawyer. It's famous land—the best in the county. I'll get the place, house and all, for a pound an acre. You're bound to make it pay; it's the very thing for you."

"Well," said he, rising. "I shall go over and look at the farm this afternoon, perhaps. Do you know if Captain Ranger is at home?"

"He is, and he will be only too glad to see you. I'll send a note up to him this morning. Leave all the negotiations to me. I shall manage that better than you could."

We shook hands and parted, but as soon as he was gone a misgiving seized me. That misgiving was verified when I caught sight of him in the afternoon jogging along in the gig towards Captain Ranger's, with Lynn Yeames on the seat beside him.

(To be continued.)

The Huntsman Kaiser.

Among the many trials that President Roosevelt has had to bear is the accusation that he resembles the Emperor of Germany. The fondness of both for hunting has been pointed out as an example of the like-mindedness of the President and the Kaiser. Statistics have recently been published which cast light upon the hunting achievements of William II. They make Theodore Roosevelt's occasional excursions in search of well-deserved rest and a few grizzly bears seem Sunday school picnics in comparison. They put the strenuous occupant of the White House forever in the class of milkops and mollycoddles.

The official statistician to the huntsman Kaiser reports that his majesty has bagged a total of 47,514 pieces of game in a period of thirty years. Over eighteen thousand pheasants were assassinated, and seventeen thousand hares were cut off in their prime. One can go on down the list of boars, rabbits, stags, etc., until there seems to be scarcely a variety of bird or beast that has escaped the imperial bullet. The emperor even invaded the realm of Neptune, for we are told that one lone, solitary whale perished in supreme honor and agony. On one short winter's day the Kaiser, unaided, shot 1,058 pheasants.

This is not the annual report of a Chicago meat-packing establishment, but a record of imperial achievement. In support of it, the London Magazine reproduces photographs of the royal Nimrod picturesquely surrounded by deceased animals. We are shown boars about to depart this life, and stags which are prostrate in the imperial presence. "A cat may look at a king," but the wise German feline will stay under the Hohenzollern barn.—Success Magazine.

LANDSCAPE GARDENING.

Subject Every Home Lover Should Give Attention.

By J. R. Shinn, Professor of Horticulture, Idaho Experiment Station, Moscow.

Most of the West is new country, therefore it is not surprising that comparatively few dwellings and farmsteads within her boundaries are surrounded by attractively arranged plantings of trees, flowers and shrubs. Naturally, the attention of most citizens of this great commonwealth has been confined to the one idea of money-making; perhaps the place has been mortgaged and every effort has been bent to relieve this condition; or, some may have set a certain standard of money accumulation and have devoted their energies to working toward this goal. The result of these conditions has been that of setting aside the real beautifying of home grounds as a secondary consideration. Another very prevalent reason why people neglect this all-important matter, is found in the fact that scarcely one person in a thousand steps aside and gives the matter adequate thought. Although one may appreciate the attractive places of others, still the idea of making his own place equally attractive is far from the imagination. A third class of people are those who really love the touch which nature gives the home surroundings, but from lack of forethought and systematic planning their efforts fall far short of success. All of these classes of home-makers can profitably devote some attention to this subject, commonly known as "landscape gardening," and its application to homes of our country.

The ultimate aim of all landscape gardening, whether conducted on a small or on a large scale, should be to present a pleasing picture. In other words, landscape gardening may be defined as the art of arranging and grouping trees, shrubs and flowers in such a manner that a picture of undeniable beauty prevails from season to season. It is not enough that the material chosen for the plantings should give an attractive display for a single season, such as the painter places upon his canvas, but the selection should go farther, presenting material that will give increasing variety and alluring beauty for each day, each week and each month.

From this statement of the subject it is quite evident that the landscape gardener who wields the tools which nature places at his disposal occupies a position on equal footing with the artist who wields the brush in transferring these pictures to the canvas. Yet it is quite possible for most of us to play the part of the former, even though it be in a very limited manner. As many painters are imitators to a great degree, if one should imitate the works of others in the arranging of plants, he would be committing no unpardonable sin. In fact, this latter method of procedure is likely to prove the most fruitful means for the average person to employ; at any rate, it will serve admirably for the purpose of giving an idea of the kinds of plants to select and the grouping methods most pleasing to the eye.

On the other hand, it is necessary that the person who is to become the amateur landscape gardener should understand some of the prime essentials and common sense rules of this art. Where shall the flowers be placed? Shall the trees and shrubs come in the middle of the lawn or shall they find a more appropriate location in some other point? Is it good taste to make walks and roads in curves? These and many other questions naturally arise in the minds of those who are carefully prospecting in this subject. It therefore behooves us to get some working idea of these various topics. Every home-lover should give ample attention to this subject.

Of Interest to Farmers.

The following publications of interest to farmers and others have been issued by the Agricultural department of the Federal government and will be furnished free, so long as they are available, except where otherwise noted, upon application to the Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C.:

Bulletin No. 145.—Preparing Land for Irrigation and Methods of Applying Water. Prepared by the agents of irrigation investigation. Pp. 84, pls. 7, figs. 33. Price 15 cents. This bulletin gives descriptions of methods of removing sagebrush, of smoothing land, of laying out fields for different systems of applying water, and of the different systems of applying water. The various methods are compared as to cost and efficiency.

Bulletin No. 146.—Current Wheels: Their Use in Lifting Water for Irrigation. Prepared in the office of experiment stations, irrigation investigations. Pp. 38, pls. 4, figs. 21. Price 10 cents. Drawings and photographs of a large number of wheels used for raising water from streams are given, accompanied by descriptions, statements of cost, and discussions of efficiency. A general discussion of the theory of current wheels is also given.

Had One of Her Own.

Mrs. Lottakids, who had been invited to attend the opening session of the mothers' congress, was sending her regrets over the telephone.

"It's awfully kind of you to ask me, Mrs. Ondego," she said, "but I can't come. I'm too busy looking after the children."

SLAVES IN MASSACHUSETTS.

House in Which They Were Sold Relic of Town of Hanover.

A relic of slavery days in New England in the middle of the eighteenth century, the old Tilden house on Winter street, West Hanover, the only house in that town where slaves were kept for market, is now being demolished, says the Boston Herald.

The house is one of the best-known landmarks in Plymouth County and has stood for nearly 200 years. It was used as a tavern in its early days and later for a residence. Of recent years it has been abandoned to the elements and has rapidly fallen into decay.

No one knows the exact date of the building of the house, but historians agree that it was long before the incorporation of the town of Hanover in 1727.

Jedediah Dwelley, of North Hanover, who has spent much time in gathering facts concerning the early history of the town, says: "While there was more or less buying and selling of slaves (as in the middle of the eighteenth century nearly all the wealthy families owned one or more) this probably was the only place where the traffic was carried on for revenue. I have seen two bills of slaves sold from this house. One was from Job Tilden to a Mr. Bailey, of Scituate, a negro child named Morrow, 9 years of age, of good bodily health and a kind disposition."

One of Mr. Tilden's slaves named Cuffee served as a soldier in the Revolutionary War, and according to an old pay roll he was stationed at Hull, March 1, 1777. He was with Col. Bailey and died at Valley Forge. He was known as Cuffee Tilden and was so inscribed on the printed rolls.

The books of the First Congregational Church of Hanover record the marriage by the Rev. Benjamin Bass on Feb. 8, 1761, of Jack and Billah, servants owned by Job Tilden, and also the death of a negro boy owned by Job Tilden, Feb. 12, 1760.

There are many other brief records of slaves kept in different families in Hanover.



Blood Poisoning.

By the term blood-poisoning is meant the presence in the blood of the germs of putrefaction or suppuration, or of the poisonous products of these germs. It is necessary to define the expression at the beginning, for strictly speaking every form of poisoning, including alcoholic intoxication, is blood-poisoning.

There are three distinct forms of blood-poisoning. In one the germs of putrefaction are circulating in the blood and manufacturing their poison, upon which the symptoms of the disease depend; in the second the blood-contained germs are those which cause pus-formation, and they also manufacture a poison which produces the disease; in the third form the bacteria, either of putrefaction or of suppuration, are not in the blood but on the surface of the body, and the symptoms are due to the absorption of the poison elaborated by them.

The toxin, as this bacteria-produced poison is called, is in this last instance imported, while in the first two cases mentioned it is, as it were, of domestic manufacture—therefore obtained more easily and in greater quantity.

These three forms are called in medical language, septemia, pyemia and sapremia, respectively, meaning septic germs in the blood, pus in the blood, and the products of putrefaction in the blood.

The pyemic form is characterized by irregular chills, fever and sweating, and the formation of abscesses in various parts of the body. It is very commonly fatal. Septemia resembles pyemia in its symptoms, except that the fever is more continuous, not being interrupted by chills as it is in pyemia, and there is no formation of abscesses. The severer forms of septemia are almost always fatal, but the disease occurs often in milder type, in which the chief symptoms are high fever, headache, and depression of the vital forces.

Sapremia resembles septemia in its symptoms, as it naturally should, since both these forms of blood-poisoning are caused by the same poison, in one case formed outside of the body and absorbed by the tissues, in the other produced by the bacteria in the blood and tissues. Sapremia may terminate fatally, but it yields more readily to treatment. This consists in management of the wound, opening it up to the air, cutting away the festering parts, cleansing the surface thoroughly, and treating it with antiseptics.

Here is a stereotyped remark you hear frequently from croakers: "Did you ever see so much sickness?"