

# BY MISADVENTURE

BY

## FRANK BARRETT

### CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)

It was for Lynn, not for himself, he wanted the farm. I saw now why he had pitched upon that particular one; he was also aware that it was side by side with the Dingle. If anything could promote the union of Lynn Yeames and Miss Dalrymple, it was this propinquity; for here, he must have reflected, the young man would be urged to do his best, that she might see he had the good qualities—the energy, the resolution which he pretended to possess.

In the evening I went over to the doctor's house to see if I could pick up any news, and by a happy chance he was at home. He welcomed me heartily.

"I have seen the captain's farm. It will do admirably. I will get you to arrange the terms with him as early as possible," he said.

I nodded gloomily. My want of enthusiasm now, contrasting with my warmth in the morning, was too noticeable to escape him. Like all good fellows, he was keenly alive to the humorous aspect of things, and I saw a twinkle in his eye as he turned to poke the fire.

"You don't seem so eager about it as you were, Keene," he said, with a smile.

"No; I was fool enough to think you were going to take it for yourself."

"And you have found out that the future tenant is to be Lynn Yeames?"

"Well, let me hear what you've got to say," said I, turning round, with a resolve to be as impartial in my dealings with Yeames as if he were unknown to me.

"I have no right to any of this money virtually," he said.

"I won't admit that, to begin with," I replied. "Flexmore willed the money to you, and signed his will when he was in health, and had the ability to reason the matter out; the will he did not sign was decided upon when he was sick and unable to reason upon it."

"You will admit that in either case he intended this money to go to the man Miss Dalrymple should marry?"

I assented to this proposition, and he continued: "It is no longer a question whether I shall marry her—that is settled forever."

"Well, if he will only work heart and soul for his own sake, it's as much as I can expect of him. Let him begin with that; we shall see about the rest. You have spoken to him on this subject?"

"Yes; we went together to look at the farm this afternoon. He is delighted with it, is confident of success, and eager to begin."

I was not surprised to hear this. Every one thinks he has the wit to make a farm pay by just riding about on a cob and giving orders; and to be a "gentleman farmer" is the desire of a good many lazy young gentlemen—especially among their good shooting in the neighborhood, and a comfortable house, with an excellent billiard table in it.

"If you are still resolved on parting with your money, I think I see how it may be done without too much risk," said I. "We will start with the idea that when Flexmore House is sold, the Dingle Cottage paid for, and everything squared up, you have two thousand a year to dispose of for nine years from this date. Half of that must be put away as a reserve fund. Out of the other half you must pay Miss Dalrymple's salary and the expenses of Laure and the Cottage—say, roughly, four hundred a year. That leaves six hundred to meet the losses on the farm and pay interest on the capital invested on going in. If Yeames makes farming pay, so much the better for him; he can pocket the profit, and the six hundred can be added to the reserve fund."

"And what is to be done with the reserve fund?"

"I'm coming to that. At the end of nine years, when Miss Dalrymple ceases to be Laure's guardian, the reserve sum shall be drawn out and paid over in a lump to Miss Dalrymple if she is single, or to her husband if she is married. Here is an inducement for Yeames to develop his fine qualities, to work hard and win Miss Dalrymple, for then he will come in for the whole amount arising from the bequest. Now, there's an arrangement advantageous enough for Yeames in all conscience. It does not benefit you one penny piece, and so ought to be acceptable; and it carries out Flexmore's last wishes to a tittle."

"That seems a capital arrangement," said Awdrey cheerfully. "I should think Yeames would be pleased with it."

"He ought to be," said I.

But I was very doubtful whether he would be; for a greedy man would not be satisfied with ten thousand a year, if he thinks he may by hook or by crook get twenty.

However, he had the grace to express entire satisfaction with the arrangement when Awdrey explained it to him, and the doctor bade me conclude negotiations with Captain Ranger as quickly as possible.

### CHAPTER XVI.

The following week Miss Dalrymple moved into her new home with all her household; and one morning when I had been to settle affairs with Captain Ranger, I walked across the meadow, climbed over the fence that separated it from the Dingle paddock, and made my way to the Cottage. I found everything in its place, and the whole house as neat and comfortable as if the tenants had been there a year.

It seemed to me that I had never seen Nurse Gertrude to such advantage. Black was certainly becoming to her, and her dress was, to my eyes, the perfection of grace and elegance, giving fullness to her figure which, as I have said before, was, in my opinion, a trifle too slight. Her carriage was never wanting in dignity, but I thought she bore herself with the air of one conscious of being mistress of the house. Yet there was no stiffness or formality in her manner; little Laure herself did not welcome me with sweeter smiles.

I sat down by the fire and we fell to talking about the neighbors. I learned that they had already received visitors, though it was scarcely time to expect them, and I was glad to hear this, not only because it would be good for Laure to find companions of her own age, but for Miss Dalrymple's sake also. Mixing among people who must appreciate her excellent qualities, it was ten to one that some decent young fellow would fall in love with her, and good might come of it. One thing I had made up my mind upon; if Dr. Awdrey wouldn't have her, Mr. Lynn Yeames shouldn't. Although the running at present looked favorable for Lynn, the race was not won yet by many a length, and I had a strong belief that he would be found nowhere when the marriage bell rang.

"And who else has called upon you, Miss Dalrymple?" I asked, when Laure left the room. "Has Mr. Yeames paid you another visit since we last met?"

I wondered whether the little frown with which she replied in the negative implied that she was hurt by his neglect, or vexed at the thought of his calling upon her again.

"I was told that he intends to redeem his character before he again presents himself," said I.

"I am very glad to hear it," she replied, taking up her work.

"However, you will be able to see him, for he is to be a near neighbor." I fancied that she did not look particularly pleased at this intimation. "He is going to live in the house over there, and from this window you will be able to see him, if you get up early, mowing his fields, following his team, throwing heart and soul and money into the noble endeavor to become a worthy member of society and a model farmer."

"But I understood that Mr. Yeames was in difficulties."

"What does that matter? He has found a friend who's a bigger fool than he is in some respects, willing to pay his debts, and spend a thousand a year besides to make a worthy gentleman of him. Do you think he will succeed?"

She did not reply to my question, but sat absorbed in thought. Watching her face keenly, I thought there was an expression of tender sadness in it. Was she mourning in her heart for the fall of one whom no effort could raise up? or was she grieving to think of that other friend's disappointment when he should find that all he had done was of no avail?

"The friend is Dr. Awdrey?" said Miss Dalrymple, after we had sat in silence for some moments.

"Yes," I replied; "that is not difficult to discover; for I believe there's not another man in the whole world who would beggar himself for others as he will."

She sat with idle hands and musing eyes, still and silent as one sits at times awed by the beauty of a starry night.

"And I have not told you all that he will do to make Yeames a gentleman—he will give him two thousand a year when he wins you. If that does not encourage him to make himself a fit subject for matrimony, I don't know what will."

"He must have a great respect for Mr. Yeames," she said.

"A very strong belief in his latent goodness, undoubtedly," I said. "Dr. Awdrey is as simple and confiding as a girl. In that category he is not the only one who has had a great respect for Mr. Yeames."

"How am I to reply to that thrust?" she asked, with a smile.

"By telling me that if Dr. Awdrey had as intimate an acquaintance with Mr. Yeames as you have, his respect would have evaporated."

"But still his faith in latent good qualities might exist," said she.

"I know his love would remain unaltered; and while he thinks Yeames capable of goodness, and you capable of loving him, he will endeavor to bring about your marriage."

"His love?" she repeated questioningly, with a little emphasis.

"His love," I said again; "and greater love hath no man than this—that he lay down his life for his friend."

"Do you think he loves Mr. Yeames to such an extent as that?"

"I was not thinking of Mr. Yeames," said I; "he is not the only friend concerned; it is a friend better known, more highly prized in his heart, for whom that brave man would lay down his life."

The malicious smile provoked by our little passage of arms faded from her lips, the color left her cheek, her dark eyes deepened as she looked at me with intense earnestness, to read in my face what I had yet left untold.

I believe she realized at that moment for the first time that Dr. Awdrey loved her with a love that is deeper than friendship.

"If I have not put a considerable long

spoke in Mr. Lynn's wheel, I'm a Dutchman," said I to myself, as I went away from Dingle Cottage.

### CHAPTER XVII.

Lynn Yeames had the sagacity to leave Coneyford, and keep out of sight, knowing that he could do nothing to re-establish his character until he had got into the farm where he was to work such wonders, or finding the bad weather that succeeded the frost intolerable, or society dull, or for some other reason that may be clearer later on.

He had made himself very popular at Coneyford with his charities, his reckless riding, his agreeable manners, and his assumption of bluff, outspoken honesty. People were inclined to think even better of him in his absence than when he was amongst them, remembering the pleasant side of his character and forgetting the little slips which occasionally awakened suspicion. He was spoken of as a fine type of muscular Christianity. Miss Dalrymple was constantly with these people, and as it was generally understood that a tacit engagement existed between her and Yeames, they thought to please her by talking about him, and sounding his praises. Then that dear, stupid old doctor, whenever he got a letter from Lynn, must needs show it to her and dilate on the fine prospect extending before a young fellow with such manly feeling and high aim.

It was the end of the second week in March, and people were speculating on the day when Lynn Yeames would make his appearance, when something occurred which upset everything; it was nothing less than a moral cataclysm altering the entire aspect of affairs.

Coming home that particular afternoon, I found a visitor in my office who had been waiting there three parts of an hour to see me. He was a little pudgy man, with a short throat, a puffy face, and eyes as like a pig's as ever I saw. He breathed with difficulty, and gasped before each sentence, and in the middle also if it was a long one. He had not much hair; what there was of it had a dirty, sandy tint; his whiskers were hardly distinguishable, they were so thinly planted, and like his complexion. He was dressed in a tightly-buttoned frock coat that formed deep ridges in his waist, and seemed to increase the difficulty of breathing. In one hand he held his hat, in the other a pair of gloves, and both rested on his knees, which, by reason of their shortness and pudginess, were widely separated.

"Afternoon, Mr. Keene; afternoon, sir," he gasped, turning his little blue eyes in the corner before he could screw himself up on his legs to face me. "Come to talk with you on a matter of business. My name's Bax—Smithson Bax; with this he sank down on his chair and gasped again.

"Not the pleasure of knowing you, Mr. Bax," said I, sitting down in front of him.

"Thought you might have heard of me from Lynn Yeames or Mrs. Yeames. I am—friend of the family."

"A professional friend?" I asked, for I detected the look of a pettifogger in him.

"You may call me—professional friend if you like—not a lawyer exactly—know something about it." He gave me a glance that was not to be mistaken, and continued: "To begin with, you must understand that I—acting on behalf of the family—Lynn Yeames nothing at all to do with it—better keep out of it."

"He does not wish to take the responsibility of anything you do?"

"That's it. Too generous—too careless of his own interests—altogether too—"

he gasped and filled up the break with a wave of his gloves.

"I understand his character perfectly, Mr. Bax; let us come to the point."

"We'll go straight at it—begin in the middle—save breath. Dr. Awdrey is a scoundrel—biggest hypocrite and rascal that ever imposed—credulous humanity!"

"Be good enough to show how you arrive at this conclusion," said I.

"I will. Flexmore's will. He knew of the conditions in the first one. He knew also the conditions in the second. He knew that if that were not signed he would come into two thousand a year."

"He did."

"Good. Tell me, please, Mr. Keene, why that second will was not signed?"

"I was thrown out of a trap; that and the fog—"

"Thrown out of a trap. How? Answer me that, if you please."

"By a rope stretched from one side of the road to the other."

"Good. I can produce a witness to prove that he was engaged by Dr. Awdrey to stretch that rope and throw you over!"

### (To be continued.)

### No Further Need.

"I hooked a fish yesterday," said the amateur angler, "that weighed all of ten pounds but it got off the hook."

"Will you swear to that?" asked the one-man audience.

"No," answered the a. a. "I swore enough when I lost the fish."

### To Judge from Appearances.

Elderly Spinster—You know, doctor, I'm always thinking that a man is following me. Do you think I suffer from hallucinations?

Doctor (sizing her up)—Absolutely certain you do, ma'am.—Sketch.

### An Old Story.

"Did you ever experience a change of heart?" asked the kind old lady.

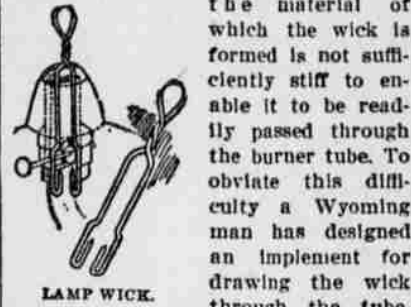
"Well, I should say!" laughed the girl. "I've been engaged four times!" —Detroit Free Press.

There are eighty State, private and savings banks and trust companies, and thirty national banks in Idaho.



### Lampwick Hook.

Considerable difficulty is frequently experienced in applying a new wick to a lamp burner, owing to the fact that



LAMP WICK.

the material of which the wick is formed is not sufficiently stiff to enable it to be readily passed through the burner tube. To obviate this difficulty a Wyoming man has designed an implement for drawing the wick through the tube, as shown in the accompanying illustration. At one end is a finger piece, and at the other, prongs for engaging the wick. In using the device the pronged end of the implement is thrust through the tube of the burner and the end of the wick attached to the prongs. A pull on the handle draws the wick into the tube, after which it can be readily pulled through.

### Sour Milk Corn Bread.

Sift together one cup of graham flour and three cups of Indian meal. Into three cups of sour milk stir a tablespoonful of melted butter, a teaspoonful of salt and a tablespoonful of sugar. Add this gradually to the meal-and-flour mixture, then fold in three well-beaten eggs and a teaspoonful of baking soda that has been dissolved in a gill of boiling water. Beat hard for five minutes, pour into a well-greased Turk's head tin and bake in a steady oven until a straw comes out clean from the thickest part of the loaf.

### Stuffed Ham.

Freshen the ham, if necessary, by soaking over night in cold water. When ready to cook, cover with fresh, cold water, and heat slowly to the boiling point. Simmer until tender, remove from the fire and cool in the water in which it was cooked. When sufficiently cool to handle, remove the skin and the bone and fill the cavity with stuffing. Tie securely and sprinkle the fat with fine cracker crumbs and sugar. Bake for one hour in a hot oven. Serve either hot or cold.

### Caramels.

One quarter of a pound of chocolate, one and a half pounds of brown sugar, one-quarter of a pound of butter, one tumblerful of milk or cream. Put all together and let them melt. Boil for twenty minutes, pour on buttered dishes and before quite cold cut in small squares with a sharp knife. After taking off the saucepan add half a teaspoonful of essence of vanilla. Be careful not to take the caramels off the fire until they are cooked. Test by dropping a little in cold water.

### Kindling Material.

Melt one pound of resin, add two ounces of tallow, and while all are hot, stir thick with pine sawdust. While still warm spread about one inch thick upon boards thickly covered with sawdust to prevent sticking. When cold break into pieces about an inch square. One of these pieces will easily ignite with a match and burn long enough and with a strong blaze to ignite any wood fit to burn.

### Chocolate Blanc Mange.

Put one pint of milk in a double boiler. When hot add two ounces of grated chocolate or two heaping teaspoonfuls of cocoa. Add half a cupful of sugar. Moisten three level tablespoonfuls of corn starch with a little cold milk; add them to the hot milk and chocolate, stir until thick and smooth, turn into the mold and stand aside to harden. Serve cold with cream.

### Meat Delicacy.

For a veal roast with raisins take three pounds, roast a nice brown in butter, add hot water and salt, and cook. Within one hour of serving add one and one-half cups vinegar sweetened with sugar, three-quarters cup washed raisins about ten flowers of cloves. When done, remove meat, thicken gravy with a little cornstarch dissolved in water and serve.

### Fifteen-Minute Soup.

Put a quart can of tomatoes, a slice of onion, a level teaspoonful of salt, a bay leaf, a blade of mace and a pint of water or stock in a saucepan, bring to boiling point and add two level teaspoonfuls of butter rubbed with four tablespoonfuls of flour, stir constantly until boiling, press through a sieve, reheat and serve with croutons.



Some people make the mistake of thinking they are sure just because they are slow.

Stella—The Columbia boys won't debate with a co-ed. Bella—Wait till they marry.—New York Sun.

Dyer—Do you think the time will come when we shall have universal peace? Ryer—Not unless we adopt trial marriages.—Town Topics.

"Please give me two bills for my hat, one for ten dollars to show my husband, and one for twenty to show my lady friends."—Meggendorfer Blaetter.

"Do you really love me, John?" "Oh, no, I wear these summer pants and this tramp overcoat merely to appear eccentric, that's all."—Washington Herald.

"Do you believe that men and women should have equal rights?" "Well—I used to, but since I've been married I don't dare to say so." —Cleveland Leader.

Mrs. Houllhan (sobbing)—I never saw ye till th' day before me unforchint marriage. Mr. Houllhan—An' I often wisht ye hadn't seen me till th' day after!—Puck.

Phoebe—You would hardly know Freddy since he got back from Monte Carlo. He lost all his money there, and—Evelyn—Hardly know him! Why, I shan't know him at all!—Illustrated Bits.

"Officer," said the police magistrate, "what is the charge against the prisoner?" "Having an infernal machine in his possession, your honor," replied the policeman. "Anarchist or chauffeur?" queried the magistrate.—Chicago Daily News.

Father—If you marry my daughter, are you sure you will be able to take care of her in the style to which she has always been accustomed? Suitor (who is in the wholesale business)—I'll guarantee it, sir, or—return the goods.—Pick-Me-Up.

"You said that if I bought this suburban house I could live like a prince. With malaria and automobiles, I'm in fear for my life!" "Well," answered the agent, soothingly, "think of the princes who live in fear of their lives."—Washington Star.

Mr. Stubb (with illustrated weekly)—Martha, here is a picture entitled "Docking an Ocean Greyhound." Mrs. Stubb (faring up)—I just don't want to see it. I think there should be a law against clipping off a poor dog's tail.—Chicago News.

"Would you send a man who uses profanity to Congress?" "I dunno," answered Farmer Cornstossel. "Of course, I don't approve of profanity; but I'd want him to be able to hold his own in any of them arguments that come up."—Washington Star.

Mrs. Gadsby (hugging dog)—I don't know what we're going to do about poor, darling Fido! Mr. Gadsby—Humph! What alls him? Mrs. Gadsby (in surprise)—Why, haven't you noticed how irritated he becomes whenever the baby cries?—Puck.

Mrs. Spenders—I wonder how you'd like it if I ever got "new-womanish" and insisted upon wearing men's clothes? Mr. Spenders—Oh, I haven't any fear of you ever doing that. Men's clothes are never very expensive.—Catholic Standard and Times.

"Do you mean to tell me you have lived in this out-of-the-way place for twenty years?" "That's right, stranger; twenty years." "But I don't see what you find to keep you busy." "Nothing, stranger. That's the reason I like it."—Louisville Herald.

"Yes," said Miss Jiltham, "he was an old flame of mine. And when you told him I was to be married next week, did he seem sorry?" "Yes, he admitted that he felt sorry," replied Miss Gabbie. "Did he, really?" "Yes, although he said he didn't know your fiancé personally."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Mr. Ryley—Why are yez decoratin' Mrs. Murphy? Mrs. Murphy—Me b'y Denny is comin' home the day. Mr. Ryley—I tought it wuz for folve years he wuz sint up? Mrs. Murphy—Me wuz; but he got a year off for good behavior. Mr. Ryley—An' sure it must be a great comfort for ye to have a good b'y like that.—London Tit-Bits.

Vicar—John, do you—er—ever use strong language? John (guardedly)—Well, sir, I—I may be a little bit keener-like in my speech at times. Vicar—Ah, I'm sorry, John. But we will converse about that some other time. Just now I want you to go to the plumber's and settle this bill for four pounds ten for thawing out a water pipe. And you might just talk to the man in a careless sort of way, as if it were your own bill!—Punch.