

# BY MISADVENTURE

BY FRANK BARRETT

## CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.)

"Mrs. Bates has received a visit from Mr. Bax," said Miss Dalrymple, with a feminine suavity that I could not too much admire; "and she was equally candid and outspoken with him. Were you not?"

"I were, miss. I do not wish to sell myself, though untold gold were offered. I am an honest woman, and no one has ever righteously accused me otherwise."

"Surely Mr. Bax has not been attempting to bribe you, ma'am?" I said, in a tone of indignation. "No one who knows you would try to tamper with your integrity by suggesting payment for information. To offer a recompense—a suitable recompense—for services rendered would be a different thing, but before—tut, tut, tut!"

I knew the woman. She was one of those who are continually fancying themselves suspected; if they find a lost half-penny or a stray stick of sealing wax they will think it is laid out to "tempt them" and I will add that women of this kind are as a rule the most to be suspected.

"I told Mr. Bax why I left Dr. Awdrey, as I have told others," said Mrs. Bates; "and am not ashamed of owning to it before the Queen herself. And nothing shall make me leave Coneyford, where I am not ashamed to show my face any day in the week."

"Of course he would have been very glad to get you out of the way, as if you were a criminal?"

"But I were not going. Dr. Awdrey cannot deny that I gave him warning."

"And why did you give him warning?" I asked, seeing that the point lay there.

"Because he unrighteously accused me of meddling with his bottles, which I will take my oath I never touched. The bottles of arsenic layed there marked on the floor. I will not say that Mr. Bax is not right in saying that the doctor let it slip from his guilty hand himself, and wished to put it on me in case of inquiries. I know that he ast me over and over again to stop after I gave warning, and offered a rise in my salary, saying it must be the cat as knocked the bottle down. But I see the trap that was laid for me, and would not stay, which is mercy I'm sure or I might now be in the condemned cell."

She rambled on a long while to the same purpose, while I made notes of certain facts, and from time to time exasperated her to further rambling; but when she had repeated all her facts half a dozen times, and I saw there was no more to be got out of her, I rose and said:

"That is enough for to-day, ma'am; but I have no doubt you will repeat all you have said to-day if you are asked to do so."

She glorified her own steadfastness and sense of rectitude, and so went away. Miss Dalrymple had sunk into a chair, and met my gaze with a look of dejection. She was evidently disappointed that I had not persuaded Mrs. Bates from her adverse opinion.

"I am afraid my witness will do us more harm than good. This broken bottle adds to the weight of evidence against Dr. Awdrey."

"My dear girl," said I, taking her hand between both of mine, "that woman's evidence is worth a king's ransom to us. You have done us an incalculable benefit in bringing her here."

## CHAPTER XX.

I was not astonished the next morning when my housekeeper brought in Mr. Bax's card.

"Introduce Mr. Bax at once," said I, in a voice that he might hear.

Mr. Bax puffed his way into the office like an unsound locomotive, and I gave him my hand with a smile. He winked significantly, and stretched out his legs when he seated himself, feeling that he was master of the situation.

"Well," he said, "is your client willing to hand over the trust money, or—going to fight it?"

"I should not advise him to go to law," "No," he grunted, with a nod. "Very wise, too."

"A lawsuit would drain the estate; at the same time we have the money, and possession is nine points of the law."

"The greater reason—knock the matter off at once. You propose compromise, I suppose, eh? Good job for Awdrey—got a generous man to deal with. Any one else but Lynn would have the lot. Awdrey wants a third, or something like that, eh?"

"Dr. Awdrey wants as much as he can get—reasonably. But, before I can suggest any compromise on his part, we must prove his innocence. You understand my position. I cannot run the risk of being accused of collusion."

"Prove his innocence—how do you propose to do that?"

"I suggest that we hold a meeting in this office of all the parties concerned, and invite the attendance of some well-known person—a justice of the peace, say—to give the inquiry publicity, and make a thorough examination of the affair from beginning to end. I shall try to prove my client's innocence to the satisfaction of the magistrate. If I fail, so much the worse for us; if I succeed I shall be very willing to listen to any terms you may propose."

"And reject 'em," grunted Bax; and then looking extremely sly, he pursued: "I'm as deep as you, Keene. You don't

watch me in a trap. If you get the magistrate and public opinion on your side, you'll be as saucy as you were the other day."

"I shan't be a fool, Mr. Bax. You can withhold your decision as to the course you shall take, until you have made terms with me; it is always open to you after this examination—which, as I have shown you, is but a proper safeguard of my own reputation—to contest the will, and take public proceedings. All I demand is a full examination, and some public recognition of Dr. Awdrey's innocence, before I attempt any pecuniary accommodation with you."

"We withhold our decision after the examination until terms are made with you," mused Bax, with his finger on his nose and his eye on the ceiling. "Well, I don't see much objection to the meeting in that case. But the poison in the man's mouth—how are you going to explain that?"

"I may be able to prove," said I, after a show of hesitation, "that Flexmore feared untimely burial, and left instructions for means to be taken after death to prevent resuscitation. I may be able to produce his written wish to that effect."

"That's a clever notion," exclaimed Bax, gasping approval. "Was it the doctor's idea or yours?"

"Oh, let me impress upon you at once," said I, "that the doctor pleads not guilty to everything, and will take no measures whatever to clear himself from suspicion."

"Well, I'll talk it over with the Yeameses, and, if they don't object, no reason why we shouldn't fall in with your plan."

We shook hands and parted with mutual hypocrisy, and I got my hat in order to seek the magistrate whom I had fixed on in my thoughts for the service I needed. I went off to the Manor House to see Sir Roland Firkin, J. P.

Sir Roland was one of the best-known and most popular men in the county; and he deserved to be, for he was a thoroughly kind-hearted and generous old fellow, willing at all times to render a service and not too stupid to despise advice. I laid the case before him, and asked if he would consent to preside at an informal inquiry should the Yeameses side accept our proposal of going thoroughly into the truth of what may be called the Flexmore poisoning case. He gave his promise to attend without hesitation, and approved highly of the course I had taken for making the inquiry public, promising that reparation should be made to Awdrey on the part of his friends and himself should it be found that the charge against him was unjust.

The next day Bax called upon me to say that Lynn and his mother agreed to attend the inquiry, and I fixed it for the following afternoon at three o'clock; for, as luck would have it, I had received just half an hour before a telegram from my clerk, saying that he had found two men who acknowledged to stretching the rope and had agreed to tell the whole truth concerning the affair. The dispatch came from London, and I reckoned upon these witnesses arriving by the morning train which reaches Coneyford at 10:30.

In the evening I went to my friends, and I also called upon Mrs. Bates, binding them all to be in my office at the hour fixed; then I went home and spent the best part of the night in drawing up the questions to be put, for I determined that Sir Roland Firkin should be the chief actor in the inquiry, not only because it would please the old gentleman, but because the question would wear less of an ex-parte aspect coming from him.

The next morning I had my office table pushed up in a corner, and a long dining table brought in covered with green baize; all my ink pots were brought into requisition and a sheet of paper laid before each chair, and the regulation water bottle and tumbler placed at the head of the table for the president to dip into if the proceedings grew dry.

One thing vexed me. My clerk did not arrive with the witnesses by the 10:30 train; however, a telegram came to say they would travel by the next down train, which reaches Coneyford at 3:15. At 2 p. m. I had lunched and dressed, and was looking at my watch anxiously.

## CHAPTER XXI.

Dr. Awdrey and Miss Dalrymple were the first to arrive; they came together—Awdrey with a bright and cheerful smile on his face, and perfectly calm; Miss Dalrymple showing signs of nervousness, but staunch and true for all that.

Next came Sir Roland Firkin; we had a private chat in my dining room, and I put the list of questions in his hand, instructing him as tenderly as I could how to conduct the inquiry. He was mightily pleased with his own importance.

Then Bax and Mrs. Yeames arrived; Mr. Bax puffed and gasped, bowing to one and then the other with solemnity; Mrs. Yeames passed by her seat, after a low obeisance to Sir Roland, without recognizing Dr. Awdrey and Miss Dalrymple, except by drawing down her lips and contracting her nostrils as she might in passing an unsavory dust heap.

As the clock struck three Mrs. Bates, who had been waiting outside, gave a single bang at the door and was introduced; her courtesy to Sir Roland and her rigidity in sitting down, together with her air of conscious virtue, gave her a strong resemblance to Mrs. Yeames—for the reason, perhaps, that their airs sprang to

both cases from a narrowness and vulgarity of mind.

Lynn Yeames came in two minutes later, panting with the haste he had made, and beaming all over with that frank, generous smile of his. He looked round the room, saw Dr. Awdrey standing beside Miss Dalrymple, and strode up to him, head erect, shoulders back and his hand out, as if to say before us all—"I do not share this common ill opinion of my old friend."

Dr. Awdrey stood perfectly still, and looked straight in Lynn's face without moving a muscle, letting him stand there with his extended hand untaken. With a sigh and a shrug you dropped his hand and turned away.

Mr. Bax approached the table, put his knuckles on it, and, after bowing to Sir Roland Firkin, said impressively:

"I was given to understand this was to be an amicable inquiry. The hostile attitude of Dr. Awdrey towards my friend, Mr. Lynn Yeames—"

"You overlook the fact, Mr. Bax," said I, knocking the table on the other side, "that the onus of administering arsenic to Mr. Flexmore falls upon one of three people—Dr. Awdrey, Mr. Yeames, and Miss Dalrymple. You cannot expect Dr. Awdrey, by taking the hand of Mr. Yeames, to imply his belief in the guilt of Miss Dalrymple."

"A very nice distinction, Mr. Keene," said Sir Roland, which I think you, Mr. Yeames, must have overlooked. Now we will proceed to business." Mr. Bax, Mrs. Yeames and Lynn sat on the left-hand side of the table; Miss Dalrymple, Dr. Awdrey and I faced them on the right. Mrs. Bates sat at a little distance from the table; a shorthand clerk I had engaged for this occasion, sat at the desk in the corner.

Sir Roland began with a nice little speech, of course, which included a well-chosen verse from Shakespeare, and concluded with an earnest wish that everyone might be found perfectly innocent of the shocking charge which had been brought forward. He then poured out a glass of water, took a sip, settled his glasses firmly on his nose, and, taking up my sheet of questions, said:

"Miss Gertrude Dalrymple, you remember the day of Mr. George Flexmore's death?"

"Perfectly well," she replied.

"What hour was it when you first saw him that day?"

"About eight o'clock in the morning."

"Was he alone at the time?"

"No; Dr. Awdrey was sitting beside him. He had been watching at the bedside all night."

"How long did you stay in the room?"

"Only a few minutes—merely the time to learn that he was better. I saw that I had interrupted a conversation, and that Mr. Flexmore wished to be alone with Dr. Awdrey."

"How long did that conversation continue after your departure?"

"About half an hour. Dr. Awdrey then called me back, and gave me instructions with regard to the treatment of Mr. Flexmore and the medicine to be given."

"Was the medicine in the form of a liquid or a powder?"

"A liquid. It was a sedative draught, I believe."

"What happened after Dr. Awdrey's departure?"

"Nothing until Mr. Keene arrived. Mr. Flexmore then asked me to leave the room, as he had business to talk over, and I went downstairs."

"When Mr. Keene left you returned to the room?"

"Yes."

"Did anyone call soon after?"

"Yes; Mr. Lynn Yeames—almost immediately after. I told him of the serious condition of Mr. Flexmore."

"Did he ask any questions?"

"He was very anxious to learn what Mr. Keene had been saying to him. I could give him no satisfaction on this point and he went away."

"He was absent some time, and then returned?"

"Yes; about half-past one. He came into the room and asked me to leave, as he had something to say to Mr. Flexmore. I hesitated, for Mr. Flexmore was less easy, and I warned Mr. Yeames that it would be dangerous to excite him. He promised to be careful and I withdrew."

"How long were you absent?"

"Only a few minutes. I heard Mr. Yeames speaking in a high and angry tone, and I knew that could do Mr. Flexmore no good. Mr. Yeames went out of the house, slamming the door behind him, and I found the patient much worse."

"When did you again see Mr. Yeames?"

"About half-past three."

"In what condition was Mr. Flexmore then?"

"Dying; he was unconscious when Mr. Yeames entered the room."

"What followed?"

"Shortly after Mr. Yeames came in Mr. Flexmore died. When I was sure of that I left the room, taking Miss Flexmore downstairs."

"Did Mr. Yeames accompany you?"

"No; he remained in the room. After a little while he came down with Mr. Keene; they both came into the sitting room where I was with Miss Flexmore."

"How long did Mr. Keene stay with you?"

"About twenty minutes."  
(To be continued.)

## Wrong Chase.

Jimmy—What do you think of old Ponce de Leon going into de woods looking for de fountain of youth?

Pety—What a foolish guy! He might have known der wa'nt no soda water fountains in de woods.

## Universal Fnd.

Gunner—I wonder what will be the first communication we receive from Mars?

Guyer—Oh, a souvenir postal, of course

## A HAPPY DRUMMER.

He Won the Applause of the Eccentric Hans von Bulow.

Hans von Bulow, the famous leader and composer, was one of the most eccentric members of a profession where eccentricity is common. It is related that one day, while walking the streets of Vienna, Bulow came upon a regimental band on its way to the castle. Immediately he ran to the middle of the street and joined the small boys about the drummer. Following the band, he kept bowing to the surprised drummer, applauding him at almost every beat.

"That is rhythm! Excellent! That's the way I like to hear it!" he continued to ejaculate, to the surprise of all and to the great delight of the small boys.

Persons in the street began to recognize the famous pianist and joined the procession, so that the band had one of the largest audiences to which it had ever played.

Bulow listened attentively to the end of the last piece and then made a deep bow before the drummer and his instrument.

"Thank you," he said. "That was refreshing!" That puts my nerves in good condition again!"

It is said that when the drummer learned who his strange admirer was he was the proudest man in the regiment.—St. Louis Republic.

## PLEA FOR THE IMMIGRANT.

Noted Social Worker Says America Should Be Less Indifferent.

Miss Jane Addams, the noted social worker of Chicago, has been in the east delivering addresses in which she makes a plea for the immigrant. She dwells upon the loss that America is suffering by indifference to the real value of the foreign population and its



JANE ADDAMS.

proper assimilation into the citizenship of this country. In particular, she describes the lack of a native American art to our failure to absorb our immigrants thoroughly into our body politic.

"Twenty-five years of personal contact with our foreign colonies and of granting to them the proper facilities to make of them American citizens as we are American citizens would bring results to amaze and surprise us," she says. "Are we not indeed foolish in refusing to realize it?"

## Heat of the Sun.

It has been computed that the temperature of the surface of the sun would be expressed by 18,000 degrees of Fahrenheit's thermometer, or between eighty and ninety times the temperature of boiling water. This is about five times the highest temperature that man is able to produce by artificial means. The light given off from the surface of the sun is reckoned as being 5,300 times more intense than that of the molten metal in a Bessemer converter, though that is of an almost blinding brilliancy. If we compare it with oxyhydrogen flame, the sun sheds a light equal to 140 times the intensity of the limelight.

## Children's Favorite Toys.

A hundred and thirty-two schoolboys of Paris and seventy-two girls were invited to describe their preferences in the way of toys. Among the former thirty-one voted for a railway train, twenty-three for tin soldiers, ten for steam engines, nine for building bricks and eight for toy typewriters and mechanical horses. Forty girls—a solid majority—declared without hesitation that a doll was superior to any other implement of recreation. The super-child seems, happily, a long way off.—Pall Mall Gazette.

## Napoleon as a Reader.

Napoleon was a reader—persistent, omnivorous, indefatigable. By the camp fire and in his traveling carriage, in his temporary staff office or his own bedroom his favorite volumes were ever kept within easy reach.—Reader Magazine.



"Did you ever spend any money foolishly?" "Sure. I was engaged to a girl once myself."—Detroit Free Press.

Intelligent Rescuer (to skater who has fallen through)—Steady, old man, steady! Keep cool!—London Bystander.

"What do you think of the simplified spelling?" "It would be all right if it wasn't so hard to learn."—Detroit Free Press.

"They seem to live happily together." "Yes; he lets his wife select his neckties and his stenographers."—Nashville American.

"They seem to be having a duet in the next suite." "Yes, the man is practicing on the cornet while his wife talks."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Karr—What makes you think that you are going to succeed in business? Bagster—Because my partner has \$500,000.—Somerville Journal.

"I always try to treat my maid as if she were a member of the family." "Gracious, how do you get her to put up with it?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Dolly—Pardon me, dear, but you cut a ridiculous figure on the street yesterday. Polly—Oh, forgive me, dear! If I had seen you I should have spoken.—Cleveland Leader.

Bacon—Do you think it is proper for a man to say things behind his wife's back? Egbert—Well, if he's trying to button her dress, how can he help it?—Yonkers Statesman.

She—But, Fred, dear, fancy coming in such shabby clothes when you are going to ask pa's consent. Fred—Ar, but, dearest, I once had a new suit ruined.—The Sketch.

Passenger—Boatman, hadn't we better ball her out? She's half full of water. Irish Boatman—Och, niver mind, sor. Sure she'll run over when she's quite full.—Punch.

"To what do you attribute your success in acquiring money?" "Partly to the success of other men in letting go of it," replied the great financier.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

"I've never had any great luck," declared the pessimist. "Neither have I," admitted the optimist. "Made my money by hard work and advertising."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Plumber—Have you got all we want for Brown's job? Boy—Yes. Plumber—Wot? You 'aven't forgotten nothin'? Bless my soul, 'ow d'you expect to make a plumber?—The Bystander.

The Dentist—Now, open wide your mouth and I won't hurt you a bit. The Patient (after the extraction)—Doctor, I know what Ananias did for a living now.—Chicago Home Herald.

The Artist—So you can't use my sketches, then. Would you mind telling me what you think of them? The Editor—I can't now, there are some ladies in the next room.—Leslie's Weekly.

"Justin," said Mrs. Wyss. "Yes," replied Mr. Wyss. "Will you speak a kind word to Fido and make him wag his tail. He hasn't had one bit of exercise all day."—Lippincott's Magazine.

"How did Harry enjoy his trip abroad?" "Very much; he looks happy, and has gained 115 pounds." "One hundred and fifteen pounds?" "Yes, and she's an heiress."—Brooklyn Life.

"The manager always keeps back a portion of the villain's salary." "Why does he do that—afraid he'd skip?" "No; but he always acts his part better when he's mad."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"You told me this ring was a fire opal; an expert tells me it isn't anything of the kind." "My fren't, you go tell dot eggspert he's a liar mit my compliments. Dot opal vas in four fires."—Life.

Charming Hostess (to dyspeptic guest, who has been refusing dish after dish)—I am so distressed. You've had no dinner at all! Guest—Thank you—but I have to be very particular about my food.—Punch.

"Is my son getting well grounded in the classics?" asked the anxious millionaire. "I would put it even stronger than that," replied the private tutor. "I may say that he is actually straddled on them."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Church—What's that piece of cord tied around your finger for? Gotham—My wife put it there to remind me to mail a letter. Church—And did you mail it? Gotham—No; she forgot to give it to me.—The Congregationalist.

"Do you think Bliggins would make a good husband?" asked the conscientious youth. "Why do you ask?" inquired the girl, in surprise. "Because if you think such a fool as Bliggins could manage it, I have a good mind to take a chance myself."—Washington Star.