

BY MISADVENTURE

BY

FRANK BARRETT

CHAPTER XXI.—(Continued.)

"Was Mr. Yeames in the room all the time?"

"No; he went out of the room, but not out of the house, before Mr. Keene left."

"Did anything occur to make him leave the room?"

"He seemed to have lost something. He felt repeatedly in his pockets, and looked about the floor."

"Did he continue his search after leaving the room?"

"Yes; he had a candle, and looked all up the stairs and in the hall."

"Do you know what it was he lost?"

"A piece of paper. He said that there was an important memorandum on it, and he offered the maid half a sovereign if she found it."

I glanced at Mr. Yeames, so did Sir Roland, whom I touched with my toe under the table. The young man was looking at the white paper before him, and there was scarcely more color in his face. He looked up in quick dread at the next question.

"Was that paper found?"

"No."

Mr. Yeames drew a long breath of relief.

"I shall now ask you, Mr. Lynn Yeames, to give me your attention. You do not dispute the order of events as stated by Miss Dalrymple?"

"No."

"When you left Flexmore House, at half-past eleven you rode over to Mr. Keene?"

"Yes."

"You had seen him leave the house, and were acutely anxious to know what his business there was?"

Lynn hesitated a moment, but at a nudge from Bax replied, "Yes."

"You had been given to understand that the bulk of Mr. Flexmore's property would be left in trust to you?"

"Yes," after another nudge.

"The presence of Mr. Keene led you to think that Mr. Flexmore might have altered his disposition?"

Nudge as before, and "Yes."

"On arriving at Mr. Keene's you were shown into the office, and waited there some time alone? You saw a sheet of foolscap lying on the table?"

Yeames replied that he had seen nothing of the kind whatever.

"You are sure of that?" asked Sir Roland.

"I will take my oath I saw nothing of the kind."

"When you left Flexmore House the second time, about half-past one, where did you go?"

"To fetch Dr. Awdrey."

"Dr. Awdrey was not at home, I believe?"

"He was not. I waited for him half an hour, or thereabouts."

"Where did you wait?"

"In his private sitting room."

"You knew that the consulting room adjoins the sitting room?"

"Yes."

"You go there for any purpose?"

"No."

"After waiting quietly in the sitting room half an hour, you returned to Flexmore House?"

"Yes; I was anxious about Mr. Flexmore's condition."

"With respect to the piece of paper you mislaid; have you any objection to stating what it was?"

"None; it was a leaf from my notebook, containing memoranda respecting horses I had backed for a spring meeting."

Sir Roland asked if we had any questions to ask, and, on receiving a reply in the negative, he proceeded to question Mrs. Bates.

"You were in the service of Dr. Awdrey, I believe, at the time of Mr. Flexmore's death?"

"I were, sir."

"The previous night Dr. Awdrey was absent from home?"

"He were, s'r. He came in about half-past ten or eleven the next morning, I will not swear exact, and he asks for breakfast."

"After that he went out?"

"He did; about twelve or half-past, I will not swear."

"You had tidied up his room in the morning as usual?"

"I had; about seven or half-past."

"Now in tidying up his room, had you occasion to go into the consulting room?"

"I never ventured there, sir; though I may be disbelieved."

"When Mr. Yeames called, you showed him into the sitting room?"

"I did; him being a friend, as I was led to believe, of Dr. Awdrey's."

"During the half-hour he was there did you hear any particular sound?"

"No, sir, I did not; being at my doxies hupstairs."

"Nothing like the crash of a falling bottle?"

"Nothink of the kind."

"The door communicating with the consulting room was open?"

"No; it were closed, though the key turned."

"But the key was in?"

"It were."

"There was nothing, in fact, to prevent Mr. Yeames strolling in there from curiosity—to while away the time that he was waiting for Dr. Awdrey?"

"Nothink; but I believe Mr. Yeames were too much the gentleman to go a-prying and a-peering."

She had evidently a gratuity in view,

that Mrs. Bates.

"When did you first hear of a bottle being broken?"

"When Dr. Awdrey came in; about four o'clock or half-past. He asked me if I had done it, and I said I had not; and should feel obliged if he would find some one else, as I did not like such things to be laid to me."

"Did he make any other remark about the consulting room; was anything missing from there?"

"Yes; he said a prescription was gone."

"Did he describe the prescription?"

"Yes; he said it were written on the bottle papers."

"What do you mean by the bottle papers?"

"A pile of square papers, white, that stood on the little side counter."

"Can you show me what the papers were like?"

"Exactly like that sheet on the table," pointing to a sheet of thin white paper which I had purposely laid on the table near where she was to sit. "Dr. Awdrey tried to pass it off afterwards," Mrs. Bates volunteered; "he said it must have been the shaking of carts passing or the cat, and offered to rise my celery if I would stay. But I refused, seeing it were not the first time he had laid temptation in my way—giving me half a crown to buy a fourpenny arrand, and not asking me for the change till two days afterwards—which I kept it back to prove him."

"That is enough. Dr. Awdrey, I shall confine my questions to events connected with the latter part of the evidence. Tell me, if you please, what you know about the broken bottle of arsenic."

"It was a blue bottle, labeled in large letters 'arsenic, poison.' On going into the consulting room I found it in fragments on the floor, with the powder widely scattered."

"How did you account for its being there?"

"I believed that Mrs. Bates had taken it down from the shelf on which it stood, and that it had slipped from her fingers in putting it back."

"You attributed the accident to accidental cause?"

"Not entirely. I believed that some one had been in the room."

"Why?"

"Because of the missing prescription."

"Tell me about this prescription."

"It was a prescription jotted down with a lead pencil on the pile of paper referred to, that I intended to make up later on."

"It is your habit to make notes on this pile of paper?"

"It is."

"Have you ever been able to trace that missing prescription?"

"No; I have never discovered any trace of it."

Here the note under Sir Roland's hand ran, "Look to me." Sir Roland looked at me, and, taking a folded sheet of brown paper from under my notes, I opened it and handing a sheet of the bottle paper to Dr. Awdrey, I said:

"Is that the prescription, Dr. Awdrey?"

I never saw a man more astonished in my life.

"Good gracious, yes!" he exclaimed.

"Where did you find it?"

"You shall hear presently," said I, fixing my eyes on Lynn Yeames.

Every one at the table looked at him, seeing my eyes so fixed; and, though he continued to meet our gaze, his blanched cheek told the terror he felt. I carefully handed the sheet of paper to Sir Roland.

"Why, what does this mean?" he asked, looking from one to the other; then, catching a significant glance from me, he took up his notes again quietly. "Mr. Keene," he said, "tell me what took place on the occasion of Mr. Yeames' visit on the day of Mr. Flexmore's death."

"I was taking lunch when he called," said I, "in the next room, before sitting down to make out the will in accordance with Mr. Flexmore's wishes. He had been induced to make the alteration through Dr. Awdrey."

"Dr. Awdrey wished the will leaving property to him to be revoked!" exclaimed Sir Roland.

"He did," said I; and I explained Awdrey's reasons, and all about it fully. Then I continued: "In the new will the name of Lynn Yeames was to be substituted for Dr. Awdrey's. I had the draft of the first will, and intending to copy it after lunch, had imprudently left it on the table in this room. Mr. Yeames came in here; I was in the next room. You see the blind to the half-glazed door. It is opaque from this point of view; it is transparent from the other side. Standing by the door before entering, I saw Lynn Yeames reading the draft of Mr. Flexmore's first will. He was at once led to conclude that this was the second will commanded by Flexmore. With the belief that I was making out a will which would beggar him he went away and you can see that he had the strongest inducement to delay me and prevent Mr. Flexmore signing a second will."

"Sir Roland Firkin," gasped Mr. Bax, "I protest most—"

"Silence, if you please, said Sir Roland; "I rule that Mr. Keene is perfectly in order. Go on, sir."

"After seeing my old friend lying in his bedroom dead, I went downstairs with Lynn Yeames, as you have heard. There, in a moment of impatience, he flicked his handkerchief from his pocket, and in do-

ing so shot out a pellet of paper. I put my foot on that pellet of paper, and when Yeames left the room to look for it I put it in my pocket."

"Quite right, too, Mr. Keene; go on," said Sir Roland in great excitement.

"I put it away in a drawer where I keep things which may at some time be of service, and forgot all about it until my suspicion was directed to Yeames by the discovery that the very day he lost it he bolted out of England and did not return until Mr. Flexmore was buried and all fear of the poison being found out and traced to him was removed. Then I recalled to mind the paper pellet—the sheet of paper you have now under your hand, Sir Roland."

"We will not stay here to be insulted," cried Mrs. Yeames, rising; "it is scandalous. But we will obtain redress."

"I should think so," gasped Bax. "Pretty pitfall—pon my life!"

But at this moment, as all of their party were rising, the door opened, and the entry was blocked by my clerk with a couple of rascals whom I knew well enough by sight.

"We're a goin' Queen's evidence, guv'nor," said the smartest of the two, with a grin at Yeames.

"Out with it, my man, at once," said I.

"Well, sir, and gentleman all, it was like this here—me and my mate was going along with a rope to do a bit of hauling for Squire Long when we tumbled again Mr. Yeames. My mate had suthing to say about shooting. Suddenly Mr. Yeames, who hadn't been listening like, said he'd give us a pound if we'd play a lark on you, Mr. Keene—"

"Sir," said I to Sir Roland, seeing Yeames, his mother and Bax edging towards the door, "on this evidence I ask you to commit Lynn Yeames for conspiracy."

"Aye, I'll commit the whole batch, and you, Mrs. Bates, as well. Send for my clerk, and the papers."

But we could not detain any one of the batch while the commitments were being procured and so Lynn, his mother and Bax got clear off. And we have neither seen nor heard anything of them since—which is the best thing that could have happened for them and for us.

What is there to add? Nothing but what should conclude a tale of struggle between right and wrong. Dr. Awdrey married Gertrude, and lost no time over it—I believe as he took her hand in his, when his innocence was proved, and they looked into each other's eyes dimmed with the tear of joy, it was understood between them that hand and heart were joined forever.

They live with Laure in the pretty cottage on the hill. Awdrey gave up his practice and went heart and soul into farming, and when he found the land could be worked to pecuniary advantage he bought it out, divided it into portions, and let it to the men who labor upon it—thus making them independent. I feared the scheme would not pay, but it has to a marvelous extent, thanks to Awdrey's wise and practical counsel to his tenants. Yet, though he has given up practice, there's not a day in the week but some one calls to benefit by his skill in medicine.

Laure is now verging on womanhood, and a good many young fellows in Conyford wedge themselves into the circle of acquaintances with which Dr. Awdrey and his wife are surrounded for her sake. I have my eye on one who I think may be found worthy of her hand. Laure pretends, with a blush, that she does not want to marry, and would rather stay forever with Gertrude and her children. One fine day she will pretend that her heart will break if she cannot marry. The Awdreys have three boys, and fine, sturdy fellows they are.

"They make me feel that I am getting older," said Gertrude.

"And so much the happier," I replied.

It seems to me that Awdrey himself is positively younger for the lapse of time. I never knew a man more cheerful and bright. It is a treat to see him with his boys in the shed he has fitted up as a carpenter's workshop. Whether he intends putting them to a profession one of these days, I don't know; but it is certain that every one of them will be a good carpenter, which is something. But what most pleases me is to see him with his wife. Sure no young lover, no knight of old, could be more chivalrous; no gentleman of to-day more generous!

(THE END.)

Those Campaign Specials.

Politician—How do you like that cigar I just gave you?

Voter—Well, it tastes a little better in the center than it did when I first lit it.

Politician—Why, man, you are smoking the band.

Voter—H'm! I guess that is the reason.

The Wise Old Boy.

"I don't know why it is, dear," she said, "that you never have decided to run for President of the United States."

And then he coughed, and poked the fire and said:

"Molly, I couldn't get my consent to leave home and you for such a campaign as that!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Vast Space.

Gunner—So this is the girls' college, eh? They surely don't need such a mammoth bin as that to store the winter coal?

Guy—Oh, that isn't for coal; that is where they store the winter fudge.

His Undoing.

Gyer—I once knew a man who made \$500 a day.

Myer—What became of him?

Gyer—He was arrested for counterfeiting.



HOUSEHOLD TALKS

Novel Double Pan.

An Indiana man has hit upon the ingenious plan of combining two pans in one, forming a double pan as shown in the accompanying illustration. Every housewife will realize the advantage of this combination, especially when cooking upon a gas stove. Two vegetables can readily be cooked in the one pan, using only one gas jet, thereby economizing in the amount of gas used. The outer pan provides a receptacle for one vegetable, while the inner pan, which is arranged within the outer pan, can be utilized for another.

Laundering Table Cloths.

When rinsing gather up and wring lengthwise. If they are not pure linen add one pint of flour starch to two or three gallons of rinse water. Then shade well; if fringed, shade each side separately until the fringe is straight, then hang lengthwise on the line, with the lower edges perfectly even. Let them dry; take from the line, sprinkle well, folding them and rolling very tight, with the edges even. Have the irons very hot. Lay them double on the ironing board, iron on both sides, and again on the first side, fold and iron each fold with care, then lay on a flat surface to dry thoroughly before putting away, and your tablecloths will always look nice.

Maple Sugar Candy.

To make maple sugar candy break one pound of maple sugar in small pieces and put them into a granite pan with two cups of milk. Place over the fire and cook until the milk is boiling and the sugar entirely dissolved. Then stir the mixture with a wooden spoon and keep it boiling until, when it is tested in cold water, it will be crisp and crack when hit. Add a piece of butter of the size of a walnut, and turn the mixture into buttered tins. When it is partly cool take a sharp knife and mark the candy into squares.

Kitchen Ventilation.

The kitchen should be ventilated many times a day, certainly at all times of cooking. Reeking odors of hot foods should be given speedy outlet for three reasons—to keep the food untaunted, to keep the kitchen clean and to make the housewife comfortable. The dining room and living rooms should be aired once a day, as well as all halls and windows thrown as wide open as is consistent with the weather. But the blow of fresh air through the house should never be forgotten.

Date Meringue.

This is a delicate dessert, and may be quickly made in a case of unexpected company, if one has at hand the necessary ingredients. Beat the whites of five eggs to a stiff froth, add three tablespoonfuls of sugar, and one-half pound of dates, stoned and cut up fine. Bake fifteen minutes in a moderate oven. Serve, as soon as cool, with thick, sweet cream or a custard made with the yolks.

English Walnut Salad.

Cover two dozen walnut meats with boiling water and add a bit of bay leaf and a small slice of onion, and cook slowly for ten minutes. Then drain, and with a pointed vegetable knife the brown skins can easily be removed. Moisten with lemon juice, and let stand until ready to be served. Arrange on crisp watercress and add salt, paprika and oil.

Cranberry Sauce.

Wash berries and put through meat chopper. Put into double boiler with one cup water to every quart of berries. After they begin to cook simmer for twenty minutes. Sweeten to taste about five minutes before removing from fire.

Corn Bread.

Mix two cups flour, one cup corn meal, one teaspoonful salt, four tablespoonfuls sugar, four teaspoonfuls baking powder; add two cups milk, two eggs, four tablespoonfuls melted butter. Bake half an hour.

Potato Pudding.

Two cups cold potatoes mashed fine, two eggs well beaten, one-half cup sweet milk; salt and pepper to taste; three tablespoonfuls melted butter. Bake half an hour.

Hard Sauce.

Work two tablespoonfuls butter and a cup powdered sugar to a white cream, beat in the juice of a lemon and a pinch of nutmeg. Heap in a small dish and keep in a cold place until needed.

Science AND INVENTION

A Parisian metallurgical engineer claims to have perfected a process of welding copper to steel wire so as to make a non-corrosive coating. Many advantages, it is said, will result from the uses of this new wire, such as high tensile strength and elasticity, combined with smaller surface exposed to wind and sleet than would be the case with iron wire of the same conductivity. This wire is especially useful over long spans, as pole intervals may be much greater when it is used.

Sir Norman Lockyer has recently announced the discovery of the strongest spark lines of sulphur in the spectrum of the bright star Rigel. These lines have not previously been traced in the spectrum of any celestial body. Certain sulphur lines which behave in an abnormal manner in spark and vacuum tube spectra are not found in the spectrum of Rigel, but they do occur in stars of the type of Bellatrix and Epsilon Orionis, which represent higher stages of temperature than do stars of the type of Rigel.

The Electric Review considers that the trans-Atlantic cables are in no immediate danger from the competition of wireless telegraphy. One of the pressing problems which wireless experts must solve is the development of commercially practicable electricity. Until a number of stations can work side by side without affecting one another the usefulness of the new system will be very limited. Until this problem is solved, and an equally good transmission by day and night assured, the wireless system will occupy a very minor position.

A study of the great collection of meteorites in the Natural History Museum of Vienna leads Dr. F. Berwerth to the interesting conclusion that meteoritic iron, as it falls from the sky, and the various steels produced in our modern steel works are the results of essentially similar chemical and physical causes. One of the most striking characteristics noted in meteoritic iron is the presence of a considerable quantity of nickel. But the mechanism, by means of which nature, operating in celestial space, has produced what is virtually nickel steel, remains to be explained.

The Physiological Institute of the University of Utrecht possesses one of the most remarkable rooms in the world, a chamber about seven and a half feet square, which is said to be absolutely noiseless, as far as the entrance of sounds from outside is concerned. It is on the top story of a laboratory building, and is an inside room, but is so arranged that it can be ventilated and inundated with sunshine. The walls, floor and ceiling each consist of half a dozen layers of different substances, with air spaces and interstices filled with sound-deadening materials. Some persons when in the room experience a peculiar sensation in the ears. While every effort has been made to exclude sounds that are not wanted, of course the object of constructing this singular room was to experiment with phenomena connected with sound. Some of the sounds employed are made in the room itself; others are introduced from outside by means of a copper tube, which is plugged with lead when not in use.

Not the Owner.



Lady—What! you have just come out of prison? I wonder you are not ashamed to own it.

Ne'er-Do-Well—I don't own it, lady—I wish I did. I was only a lodger.—Pick-Me-Up.

Imitation is Flattery.

"Yes, ma'am," said the convict. "I'm here just for tryin' to flatter a rich man."

"The idea!" exclaimed the prison visitor.

"Yes, ma'am. I just tried to imitate his signature on a check."—Philadelphia Press.

When some men try to do better, it is generally remarked that they do not try very hard.