

BY MISADVENTURE

FRANK BARRETT

CHAPTER III.

After this I said to Flexmore: "Why on earth don't you marry Miss Dalrymple?"

"Do you think that she would have me?" he asked, with a composure that showed that the idea was not unconsidered. "She is worthy of a better man than I am, and I have no wish to marry."

"That isn't much of a reason. You have to think of what is best for your daughter and Miss Dalrymple. Your little one ought to have a mother—some one from whom she will be inseparable when you are gone; and there's not a soul in the world better fitted to take the place of a mother than that girl."

"She must marry Awdrey; that is the husband for that sweet girl."

"Dr. Awdrey?" I exclaimed in astonishment, for I had never thought of him as a marrying man.

"Yes, he loves her—I know he does. Who could see her and know her, and not love her? And he is an excellent fellow. I wish he were a little lighter and better looking; but I couldn't wish him to have a better heart, or a more lovable disposition. He's a fine man, Tony."

"He won't marry her, for all that. It's as much as ever he can do to keep his head above water now, and fool as he is—in worldly matters—he wouldn't tie a millstone round his neck."

"Miss Dalrymple is not a millstone," said poor old Flexmore, warmly.

"I know that. She's a good woman and would work herself ill to help her husband, or worry herself ill if she couldn't. That is what Awdrey would not have his wife do, and the only way to prevent it is to keep single. And single he'll keep."

"No, Keene, no; he must marry Gertrude. I have thought it all out. My little Laura must have a father as well as a mother when I'm gone—and I don't think that is long hence, Tony. I shan't see sixty-four."

I tried to combat this notion, though I myself was far from thinking it improbable; and then to turn the conversation, I said:

"Well, to go back to what you have been thinking out—what's your idea?"

"I wish to put Awdrey in a position to marry Miss Dalrymple. I know he is poor, but I am rich. I would leave him every penny I have on the condition that he adopts Laura as his daughter."

"I see your notion. There will then be a second inducement for him to make Miss Dalrymple his wife in the fact that the child is inseparable from her. I think the idea is an extremely good one, so good that I wish I had thought of it myself."

"Very well, then; draw up a will in accordance with it. Settle everything upon Awdrey, subject to deduction for a few smaller legacies that I will write in. Let me have the draft of it in a week at the outside, Tony," he said eagerly.

I promised to do this, and went home, turning the matter over in my mind. I considered it from time to time during the week, and finding no material objection to the scheme, I put Flexmore's notion into legal form, with certain modifications, and then took a rough draft for his inspection.

"Is your master at home?" I asked the girl who opened the door.

"Yes, sir; he's in the library with Mrs. Yeames and Mr. Yeames."

"Mr. Yeames? What Mr. Yeames?" I asked the little maid, sharply.

"Mr. Lynn Yeames is his name, I think, sir; a young gentleman."

"Mrs. Yeames' son. I know him," said I; and then I stood, rubbing my feet on the mat and wondering what on earth brought him upon the scene for. No good, I felt sure.

Mr. Lynn Yeames was the son of Mrs. Yeames by her second marriage. This was not much in his favor, but the rest was much less to his advantage. I had been twice employed by Flexmore on his account; once to settle some college debts which Mrs. Yeames declared she could not meet, and a second time to stay an action for breach of promise, threatened by a townsman's daughter with whom he had got entangled. Fellows brought up by foolish women on bad principles are always either getting out of scrapes or getting into them, and I asked myself which purpose had procured his uncle the doubtful pleasure of this visit.

I shook myself together, and went into the library with my wits on the alert. Lynn Yeames was at this time about four-and-twenty and his looks would have deceived anyone but a lawyer. A sturdy young fellow of average height, but very thick-set. His skin was very fair, his eyes very blue, his lips very red; his hair was combed down on one side of his forehead, and he had a small, curly mustache. Most people, I believe, would have been favorably impressed with him, but I did not like him.

He had come down, it seemed, to spend a few days, and he had only been here a day and was awfully bored already—not a dozent billiard board in the place, and not a light to be seen after ten-thirty. He wanted to know if there was any fishing or shooting, or any mortal thing a man might do to earn a night's repose.

"There's the piano, Lynn, dear," suggested Mrs. Yeames, anxious to show off her son's accomplishments.

"Have you heard anything lately from Miss Kite?" I asked. "This was the name

of the injured young lady at Oxford. "If you please, do not mention the name of that horrid, designing, worthless person," said Mrs. Yeames.

"She's worth four hundred pounds more than she was, madam," said I; "for that's what I had to pay to make her withdraw her action."

Mrs. Yeames flicked the dust off her silk gown and looked decidedly uncomfortable.

"No new scrape, I hope, Mr. Lynn?" I continued.

"Not exactly. What in the world should make you suppose there was?" he asked sheepishly, for it takes very little to upset the equanimity of these boisterous young gentlemen.

"Why, seeing you here?"

"I want to find some shooting. That's all I came for."

"I can let you have it, if you are prepared to pay. I have a client who will let you the shooting over two thousand acres. Come to my office and I will arrange it at once."

I wanted to get him away from there, for already I scented the purpose with which he had been brought; and I was anxious to let him the shooting which was twenty miles off.

"Oh! you cannot go yet, dear," interposed Mrs. Yeames; "you have not seen Laure. How is that little darling, George, dear?"

"Very well, thank you. She has gone for a walk with Miss Dalrymple."

"Miss Dalrymple? Who is she? a governess?" asked Lynn.

"Something more than that—quite a friend of the family—a most estimable young lady. She was a professional nurse, but—what do you think?—it turns out she is the niece of the Earl of Dunover!"

"This change in Mrs. Yeames' regard towards Gertrude was not surprising, considering what a sycophant the widow was; but nothing could make me believe that in the past twenty-four hours she had said not a word about her to Lynn."

"I should like to see the young lady—if she is young," said Lynn.

"Oh, she is, I assure you, an excessively charming and pretty," said Mrs. Yeames; "quite superior! You really must see her."

"We'll go to the office and settle about that shooting," said I, rising.

We left Mrs. Yeames at her cottage, and went on to my place of business. Nothing was said about my old friend Flexmore until we had settled about the shooting, when Lynn said, as he took up his stick and deerstalker:

"Poor old nunky looks precious shaky, shouldn't you? He's sixty-two, you know."

"His life's worth ten years' purchase," said I emphatically.

"Is it, though? Then after a pause—"I suppose he's pretty warm?"

"I would give fifty thousand for his estate at this moment."

"Who's this Miss Thingumbob the matter was talking about?"

"Miss Dalrymple. She is a particularly sensible young lady," I replied.

"Wouldn't mind marrying the old man if she had the chance, eh?"

"I hope not, sincerely."

"Oh, you approve of his marrying Miss Dalrymple, do you?"

"Undoubtedly—for his own sake and the sake of his child. It's the very thing I have been persuading him to do."

He was not sharp enough to see that my object was to put him on a wrong scent, and every his suspicion from our actual wish and purpose.

"Well, if it is really to nunky's interest to marry the girl, I hope he may get her," said he, giving me his hand; and we looked straight into each other's face before saying good-bye. I read in his eyes, "But he shan't marry her if I can help it." What he read in mine I cannot say.

of marriage being made to Miss Dalrymple by his uncle. I had not thought of him making love to her himself; rather I anticipated his taking some underhand measures, in conjunction with his mother, to prejudice Flexmore against her. "You have not encouraged your nephew's visits, have you, George?" I asked.

"No; at the same time I could not refuse to receive him. There is nothing in his behavior I could take exception to. Indeed, he has tried his utmost to make himself agreeable."

"I don't doubt that for a moment, hana him! He can make himself pleasant if he likes, or unpleasant, either. I warrant he's clever enough to keep his mother out of sight. What effect has he made on Miss Dalrymple with his agreeable ways?"

"I am afraid she likes him. It is only natural she should be brighter and gayer in his society. I am very dull, and there are no visitors here—none of her own age—and then Lynn is clever and lively, he plays nicely, and sings well, too. He is very attentive, and she could not be ungracious."

"We must stop it at that. There's no time to be lost," said I.

"Do you think he intends to marry her?"

"Not unless he's sure she has money. If your money were settled on her, he would. We will set his mind at rest on that subject. You must sign your will, and give me permission to make its provisions known to Dr. Awdrey. I wager that we will soon put Master Lynn's nose out of joint."

I took care to be on the road about the time Awdrey was starting on his rounds, and when he came up in his gig I asked him to give me a lift as far as Langley. He had to shift half a dozen books from the seat beside him to make place for me.

"What on earth are you carting your library about for?" I asked.

"They're only books of reference. Going along straight roads and up hill I can give the old pony the reins and do a bit of work."

"You're burning the candle at both ends; it's bad enough to sit up half the night over your books. Families don't care for bachelor doctors. You ought to marry!"

"Marry!" exclaimed Awdrey with a grim laugh; and then he looked ruefully into the distance.

"Yes, marry," I repeated. "There's Miss Dalrymple; you ought to marry her."

"What, do you think she likes me?" he asked, with eager quickness.

"I don't know who doesn't like you."

"Oh, in a general way," said he in a tone of disappointment. "Well, supposing she had liked me well enough to risk the chance of poverty, do you think it would have been fair to take advantage of her courage, knowing what an unlucky beggar I am?"

"But you're not an unlucky beggar," said I. "Read that," and I put the draft of old Flexmore's will into his hand, open, that he might have no hesitation in glancing at it.

He just ran his eye down the draft, which could be read at a glance, for I pride myself on writing legibly and boldly, and then exclaimed, turning to me in astonishment:

"Great powers! Why should Flexmore leave me all this money?"

"That you may marry the girl you love, and that his child may have a good woman as well as a good man to protect and befriend her."

He dropped his hand, and I folded up the draft and slipped it back in my pocket. When I glanced at him again he was staring into the distance, and there was moisture on the lower lash of his eye.

"Too late, too late!" he faltered. "I had only known this a week ago!"

"Well, what difference would that have made? The draft was made out a fortnight ago."

He shook his head. "Don't you know that Lynn Yeames is in love with her?" he asked. "He came to me and in a frank and loyal manner told me that he had heard that I was an old friend of Miss Dalrymple; he asked me if I were more than her friend—if I intended to make her my wife. I knew what that meant, and answered that I had no intention to marry her, and that she was free so far as I was concerned. 'In that case,' said he, 'I shall make her my wife.' And we shook hands on this understanding. With my hand in his, he asked if he might consider me his friend, and I answered heartily, 'Yes!'"

"Confound Lynn Yeames!" I cried, unable to control my exasperation.

"You must admit that he acted openly and loyally," said Awdrey. "You are deceived in him."

"Yes," I replied, "for I did not think he was such a clever rascal as he is. Awdrey," I added, after a minute's thought, "you must forget last week."

"Forget that I renounced all hope of making Gertrude my wife! Forget an understanding made with a man to whom I gave my hand as a friend! You don't know me, Mr. Keene."

"Oh, yes I do," said I savagely. "Put me down here. I might as well try to soften the Lord Chief Justice with a sigh as convert you from your principles with reasoning; you obstinate, stiff-backed old pill-monger; Here, give me your hand." I added, as I got to the ground, and I cried to hurt him with my grip. "There! I've done with you; go on," said I. But as we parted, I added, speaking to myself, "But I've not done with Lynn Yeames yet, drat him!"

(To be continued.)

A Superior Sort. "No wonder this chicken is tough," growled the city boarder; "here is a piece of rubber in it."

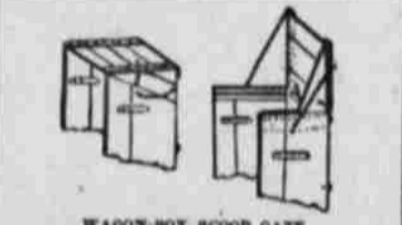


Alfalfa for Hogs.

At the Kansas Experiment Station hogs were fed on a ration of alfalfa hay and Kaffir corn meal. The gains were 73 per cent more on this ration than upon a ration of Kaffir corn meal alone. For every bushel of Kaffir corn meal and 7.83 pounds of alfalfa hay, the gain was 10.88 pounds, while upon Kaffir corn meal alone the gain was 7.48 pounds per bushel. It is shown that the hay gave better results when cut early and that the chief nutriment was in the leaves, which should be carefully saved during the process of harvesting. An earlier experiment at the same station was tried to determine the value of alfalfa pasture for hogs. The hogs were allowed to run upon the alfalfa during the summer and were fed a light ration of grain. After deducting the probable gain for the corn it was found that during the summer each acre of alfalfa pasture produced 770 pounds of pork.

Scoop Gate for Wagon Box.

The end gate for a wagon box here illustrated, answers the purpose best of anything known for hauling corn or anything which is to be scooped from the wagon box. The left figure shows it closed; being fastened by a book on each side. When ready to unload, loosen hooks, swing gate down and, as it is supported by a chain on each side, you can stand on it and com-



WAGON-BOX SCOOP GATE.

mence scooping. It is fastened to bottom of the box with strap hinges which should be sunk into box and gate so that it leaves an even surface to scoop over. The gate should be about thirty inches high and wide enough so that side boards of same will fit over outside of box as shown in right hand figure.

Meat for Layers.

One of the best foods for making hens lay is lean meat. When the supply of eggs fails, stop all other feeds and feed lean meat or liver, and cheap meats will answer, and it will be found superior to anything else that can be used. Green bone, containing a large proportion of lean meat, is even better, provided the fat portions are removed from the bone.

It will be found cheaper than grain, because it will make eggs. One reason why the hens fail to lay when they have plenty of grain is that they require a change, and meat supplies the needful. If the hens are fat, give one ounce of lean meat each day, allowing no other food for a week or two, and watch the results.—Colman's Rural World.

Cleaning Drinking Vessels.

Unclean drinking vessels are doubtless the immediate means of spreading some of our contagious diseases, such as roup. Roup is a disease in which slime accumulates in the mouths of the fowls and strings out of their mouths when they open them to drink. Nothing is easier than for such a fowl to leave slime in the drinking water, which is then partaken of by the other fowls. This leads to the fowls all becoming quickly affected. As roup comes on in the fall very often when we get the changes in temperature at night, it is necessary that the drinking vessels be kept clean and every fowl that shows signs of a cold should be taken at once from the house so that it will not be possible for her to spread the disease.

Returned to Use of Oxen.

A Missouri farmer has returned to the use of oxen on his farm. He says he finds them cheaper and better than horses and mules. In addition to having oxen for general farm work, he has trained a bull to run a treadmill that pumps water, churns butter and does all of that kind of work. This animal beats a windmill or gasoline engine "all to pieces," and the work keeps his temper sweet and prevents him from doing damage with his horns. Other farmers are watching the experiment, and "horseless farms" may soon be all the rage.

Fays to Raise White Beans.

Common white beans are a good crop for the farmer to grow, if they are grown under the best methods. Good-sized seed should be planted rather than small seed, and the planting should be after the danger of frost is past, as the leaves of beans will not

stand frost. The farmer should at least raise enough for his family, which can easily be done on a very small strip of land that has been only moderately manured. This small demand for manure is due to the fact that bean plant roots have on them nodules containing bacteria which gather nitrogen from the air. White beans need food cultivation, so that the soil around the roots can be well treated, which favors the development of the nodules.

Good Care of the Saddle.

A manufacturer of saddles is credited with the statement that one of the best of polishes for riding saddles and bridles is new milk. This should not be rubbed in the leather, however, until the latter has been cleaned with slightly warm water and soap. Hard-working stock saddles can be kept in good condition by thoroughly rubbing with three parts of palm oil and one of neatfoot after first washing with soap and water. For the leather lining of saddles that comes next to the horse there is nothing so good as neatfoot oil. The salt which exudes from the animal's body is very hard on the leather. Vigorous and protracted rubbing of the leather is essential, whatever dressing is used.

Using Commercial Fertilizers.

The pure nitrate of soda, muriate of potash, super-phosphate or ground bone, can be used in the garden, but unless a person has had experience or handles these very carefully, results are apt to be disappointing or disastrous. Plants of which the leaf or stalk are the edible portions must have plenty of nitrogen, which is available in the guano and animal manure. When the roots or fruits are to be eaten, phosphoric acid should be added in the shape of wood ashes or super-phosphate. Ground bone is too slow in becoming available.

Early Layers.

Frequently a pullet starts laying before the others and continues to lay well all the year; such a one should be carefully watched and her eggs saved, providing sufficient size was attained before she began laying. Other pullets will lay a few eggs in the autumn and then cease until spring; these, should, of course, be discarded. Those that begin laying prematurely are not desirable, as they should attain the size characteristic of their breed before commencing, and then lay continuously during the rest of the fall and winter.

Keep Corn Dry.

Experiments have shown that corn, which is thoroughly dry will not be injured by any degree of cold. This, while interesting, is not as comforting as it would appear to be, for the reason that some confusion may result in deciding when corn is thoroughly dry; and further, corn once dry does not necessarily mean always dry. If left subject to a moisture-laden atmosphere it will very likely take up enough moisture to render it liable to injury from severe freezing.

An Acre of Land.

To measure an acre tie a ring at each end of a rope, the distance being just 66 feet between them; tie a piece of colored cloth exactly in the middle of this. One acre of ground will be four times the length and two and one-half times the width, or the equal of 10 rods one way and 10 rods the other, making the full acre 100 square rods. Keep the rope dry, so it will not stretch. A rod is 16 1/2 lineal feet. An acre is 4,840 square yards or 43,560 square feet.

Avoid This Kind of Pail.

The use of the strainer in a pail, where the dirt which falls into the opening is likely to be driven through by the succeeding streams of milk is not desirable. Its use tends to increase the germ contents of the milk and injure its keeping quality.

Notes of the Farm.

There is no excuse for the filthy hog pen.

The more succulent the feed the better it is for sheep.

Be a good farmer if you are going to be a farmer at all.

Clean and sort your seeds and thus insure larger and better crops.

Water, pure and plenty of it, should be provided for the dairy cows.

Young stock should be thrifty to return a profit. Keep them growing.

Teach the boys to be gentle with the cows. It is better for the cows, and the boys, too.

Life is too short and feed too high to be squandering either making dairy beef instead of gilt-edge butter.

The finer the soil is pulverized the better it will retain moisture, which is one of the necessary elements in the garden.

Cows compelled to drink from a water trough coated with ice will show the effects in the feed bill and the milk pail.

The average farmer will find raising draft horses more profitable than raising roadsters. It takes a born horse lover to successfully raise the latter.

A TEMPERANCE WORKER

Says Peruna is a Valuable Nerve and Blood Remedy.



MISS BESSIE FARRELL

Miss Bessie Farrell, 1011 Third Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., is president of the Young People's Christian Temperance Association. She writes:

"Peruna is certainly a valuable nerve and blood remedy, calculated to build up the broken down health of worn out women. I have found by personal experience that it acts as a wonderful restorer of lost strength, assisting the stomach to assimilate and digest the food, and building up worn out tissues. In my work I have had occasion to recommend it freely, especially to women."

"I know of nothing which is better to build up the strength of a young mother, in fact all the ailments peculiar to women, so I am pleased to give it my hearty endorsement."

Dr. Hartman has prescribed Peruna for many thousand women, and he never fails to receive a multitude of letters like the above, thanking him for the wonderful benefits received.

Man-a-lin the Ideal Laxative

Overdosed.

Hospital Physician (to reassure him) —That snake you see is not a real one, you know.

Delirium Tremens Patient—You see it, too, do you, doc? Ah, ha!

No Amalty.

He—I have made a discovery. She—And what is it?

"You have spent \$500 for dresses this year and \$200 for hats!"

"Well, what does that all prove?"

"That you are not my affinity!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Only One "BROMO QUININE."

That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c.

See Loving Friends.

Nan—Where do poor, dear Lil and the husband she has managed to get at last expect to spend their honeymoon?

Fan—There won't be any honeymoon. She's a wasp.

No men will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Never punish a child for a first offense. When about to punish always be very sure that you are punishing him for a fault and not simply because the wrongdoing has caused you annoyance. Remember that it is not wise to inflict corporal punishment unless every other method has failed to impress the small offender.

Apposing a Thirst for Knowledge.

Caller—I wish you would tell me what the real difference is between a Stradivarius and any other violin.

Information Editor—Well, sometimes it is as much as \$5,000.

Truth and Quality

Appeal to the Well-Informed in every walk of life and are essential to permanent success and creditable standing. Accordingly, it is not claimed that Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna is the only remedy of known value, but one of many reasons why it is the best of personal and family laxatives is the fact that it cleanses, sweetens and relieves the internal organs on which it acts without any debilitating after effects and without having to increase the quantity from time to time.

It acts pleasantly and naturally and truly as a laxative, and its component parts are known to and approved by physicians, as it is free from all objectionable substances. To get its beneficial effects always purchase the genuine—Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., and for sale by all leading druggists.