

BY MISADVENTURE

FRANK BARRETT

CHAPTER V.

When I got back to my office I set about drawing up Flexmore's will from the draft he had agreed to, and every word of it gave me pleasure, for I saw that it would bring everything right in the end.

"While Lynn Yeames is doubtful as to the disposition of his uncle's property," said I to myself, "he will refrain from committing himself to an actual promise of marriage. His affair with Miss Kite will make him prudent in that respect; for he'll know very well that he won't get off a second time, if I can help it, and there'll be no uncle to pay the costs. And when he does know that his uncle has not left him a stiver, he'll drop Miss Dalrymple; then Audrey will be freed from the quixotic obligation he was lured into making, he will marry Nurse Gertrude, and all will end like a fairy story."

I was talking to myself in this strain as I proceeded to engross the will, when who should come into my office but the very person uppermost in my thoughts—Lynn Yeames.

"I have called to speak to you about the shooting, Mr. Keene," said he, offering me his hand. "I should like to rent the shooting for another month, if I can," he said.

"There's no difficulty about that. Sir Bartley Vere is going to Scotland, and I shall be only too glad to let the shooting for him—especially as it may keep you here longer than we hoped for."

He seemed rather puzzled at my civility; he had not received much before. He looked at me keenly, could not make much by that, and then proceeded to look at his gaiters, tapping them carelessly with his stick.

"I suppose a man could live here for a couple of hundred a year," he said.

"In a quiet way, he could live on that sum undoubtedly," said I.

"That's all I want. I made a fortunate investment that brings me in about two hundred. Living with my mother, who thinks of buying a cottage, I hope to settle down to a peaceful life. I feel better already with the prospect of it."

I shook his hand in cordial felicitation, though it cost me an effort to swallow the lump, without making a wry face. But I saw suspicion in the corner of his blue eye.

"This will be good news indeed for your uncle, Mr. Lynn," said I.

"Do you think he takes any interest in me?" he asked, trying to look indifferent.

"I assure you he does. He was speaking about you only yesterday—saying how much you had changed for the better in the last fortnight. It is only natural he should feel very deeply in this matter, and watch this change in your character with keen delight. He is in failing health, you know." I twiddled my thumbs, and looked at him significantly. "You are his kinsman—remotely," I paused. "He is particularly anxious about the future of his little daughter." I coughed. "And though he may have unbounded faith in my integrity, he would naturally prefer to place her welfare in the keeping of a relative who could devote himself exclusively to her interest. Up to the present time I have had the management of your uncle's estate, but of course it would be optional on his successor to employ me as agent."

"I should not wish to take it out of your hands, Mr. Keene—that is," he said quickly, seeing the mistake into which he had been led by the excitement of the moment, "if the property ever should become mine."

"Thank you, Mr. Yeames. I'm sure I shall be most happy to serve you, as I have served your uncle, faithfully, and upon the lowest possible terms."

"I shan't question your terms. Faithful services should be liberally rewarded, in my opinion."

I thanked him effusively, and sighed as if I had a load taken off my mind.

"Well, sir," said I, "you cannot, of course, wish me to divulge professional confidence; but I may tell you this: Your uncle has instructed me to draw up his will, and this is it." I laid my hand on the will. "And I may add for your further satisfaction that had your character been other than he has found it in the past fortnight, the terms of this will"—I patted the sheet impressively and dropped my voice—"would have been very different from what they are."

He was completely taken in; and so overcome with astonishment and delight to find, as he believed, that he was an heir, that for some minutes he could not command his thoughts, but simply answered yes or no to my remarks without really following what it was I talked about. He was thinking what he would do with that money when he got it. However, he recovered his self-possession before he left, and when we shook hands in parting, that cunning look was in his eye. I knew well enough what was in his thoughts.

"You old rascal," he was saying to himself. "I can see now why you were so precious civil. You want me to let you go on fingerling the fortune when it is mine." That was just what I wanted him to believe.

In the evening there came a couple of brace of partridges with his card attached. At the first moment I felt disposed to pluck them into the yard, but as the results of second thoughts I ate them, and found them just as good as if I had

given an honest poultice half a crown a brace for them.

CHAPTER VI.

I do not know whether I am particularly sharp in penetrating character—though I have a decent opinion of my ability in that respect—or whether other people are particularly obtuse; but this is a fact—Lynn Yeames succeeded in deceiving everybody but me.

He was of that class of charitable people who will give a guinea at any time to have their names in a subscription list, no matter what the object be—and five to head it Lynn Yeames, Esq., of "The Hut" (as with affected humility he called his mother's cottage when she had bought it), was down for everything. He interested himself in local matters, siding always with the majority; he became a member of the County Club, bought a horse and got admitted to the hunt; and with his good looks, manly bearing, admirable horsemanship and skillful freehandness, made himself generally popular. One way and another I reckoned he was living up to nearer eight hundred than two hundred a year.

"A pretty rod you're laying in pickle for yourself, my boy," said I to myself, and chuckled to think how he would have to draw in his horns when he found that he was down in his uncle's will for a trifling legacy instead of the fifty thousand pounds he was calculating upon.

All this time he was paying assiduous attentions to Miss Dalrymple. He saw, though he said nothing about it to me, that his uncle was thinking of Laure's future, and wished to provide for her perpetual association with Gertrude, and he knew the hold he had on old Flexmore through this pretended attachment to her, cunning rascal!

I let him go on, conscious that he would not go too far. It was not likely that, feeling now assured of that large inheritance, he would pledge himself to marry a penniless girl. With his uncle's fortune and the effect he was now producing, he would be able to take the pick of the county when he wished to marry; and there were, within twenty miles, many girls more showy than quiet, unpretentious, little Miss Dalrymple, girls with money, and much more to the taste of such a man as he. But though he would not be rash enough to actually engage himself, it was pretty certain that he would insidiously lead my unsuspecting little friend to believe that he intended to marry her, and I feared that he might obtain such a hold upon her affection that when he threw up the game, as he inevitably would when he discovered that there was nothing to win by it, the effect upon her would be serious. She was not a flirt; she had never cut up her heart into morsels and scattered it about amongst a crowd of admirers; her heart was whole to be given to one man, and one only. She was serious and earnest in all things, and it seemed to be possible that she might never care to give to a second man the affection that had been despised by the first. For this reason I resolved, if I got the opportunity, to shake her faith in Mr. Lynn Yeames.

One day I met her alone in the road that cuts through the Hazledown woods. "Here is a beautiful morning, Miss Dalrymple," said I, holding her hand.

"Oh, it is beautiful!" she exclaimed, looking around her. "See how the rime still stands on the brake, and look how the drops glisten on the gossamer. And what lovely tints there are on the hedges, and the brambles down there."

"Yet you would prefer at this moment to be in your London hospital. You feel that you are wasting your time here—that's the fact, isn't it?"

"I should be sorry to think that," she replied, with quiet gravity.

"But you are. Here you are saving the life of one child; there you might be saving a dozen."

"They will be saved without me."

"And little Laure would be lost—that is true."

"Let us talk about the country," she said, as we walked on.

"There is a man worth talking about," said I, pointing down to the crossroads, where I spied Dr. Audrey jogging along in his gig on his beggarly round.

"Oh, I don't think there is a better man than he in all the world!" she cried, with enthusiasm.

"If he were only a little more practical," said I.

She nodded sadly, and presently said, "I sometimes think he would have died a martyr had he lived a long while ago."

"I don't see what there is in store for him now. There he goes, to look after a lot of thankless vagabonds, who'll never pay him for saving their lives."

She looked thoughtfully before her for a minute, then she said: "Do you think he could ever be happy—in the ordinary sense of the word?"

"Yes, if he married."

"I do not think he will ever marry," she said, shaking her head gravely, after a pause.

"Why not?" I asked; "he is a man—and a fine man, too. The only difficulty is in getting any one to have him. A man, without superficial attractions and without money, what chance has he?"

pectation of seeing this home-thrust bring the color up to her temples, I was surprised to see that it produced rather a contrary effect.

"I don't mean an absolutely bad man, but one who thinks he is reformed," said I, "and attributes, or leads it to be imagined, that he owes his reformation to the girl's influence."

I was morally certain that Lynn Yeames had not ascribed his change to the effects of a country life in his conversation with Gertrude, however he had chosen to represent it to me.

"It flatters the girl's vanity to think she has redeemed the man," I added.

"Is it vanity and nothing else that makes one delight in doing good?"

"I can't say, my dear—not having had much experience in that way myself; but this I know, that every good girl must be doing good, ought to be doing good, or think she is doing good. I speak of good girls, and no good girl would be content to be an idle plaything for a man's leisure moments. And the wish to save some man from evil courses too often leads the girl herself into the evil course of putting faith in appearances, and lending a credulous ear to empty protestations. That course may lead to irretrievable misfortune and lifelong unhappiness."

This was plain enough in all conscience, yet she did not allow herself to show that she saw the personal allusion to her own case. She was a wonderfully self-possessed young woman, and moreover had too much principle to suffer the opinion of others to bias her own estimate of a trusted friend; indeed, I believe that her loyal heart became only the more staunch by the defense of those she loved against an accusation in which she herself found no reason to participate. Of this she gave convincing proof later on, as I shall show.

Soon after this a concert was given, in aid of some philanthropic cause. Lynn Yeames was a steward and figured prominently in the advertisements. Well, whether it was to please herself, or to please Lynn Yeames, or just to show that she did not value my warning at two straws, I don't know; but this is certain, Miss Dalrymple went to that concert under the protection of Mrs. Yeames, who, ever since the discovery at the flower show, had shown herself mighty civil to the young lady. It charmed me to watch Miss Dalrymple. The music and gaiety appealed to her feelings as it never could to an old lawyer's. Her eyes black as sloes with excitement, her face glowing with healthy animation, she looked prettier than ever I had seen her yet. No, there was not one in the room to compare with her. I wondered how ever I could have thought her plain.

"If they were all like you, my dear," said I to myself, "it would be a real pleasure to come to these affairs."

She enjoyed it thoroughly, for she was young and healthy in mind and body. The music, the light and brightness of the surroundings exhilarated her; and then she must have known that she looked well and was admired, and I believe such a belief as that would set the Lord Chancellor in a good humor. I think it mattered little to her whom she was with, for she was free from any idea of flirtation, and just as innocent and pure and sweet and good as she looked.

I enjoyed watching her until the time came for Lynn Yeames to take her home; and it stirred up all the bile in my nature when he took her hand and passed it through his arm. He trod on one old gentleman's toe, and I wished it had been mine; for in that mood I only wanted an excuse to knock his head off.

The fact is I was as jealous as though I had been in love with Miss Dalrymple myself—which, of course, I was not; an old fellow in his sixtieth year—sixty-second, in fact.

(To be continued.)

Papa Bathing the Baby.

Many fathers stand aloof from the common domestic duties, not because they are so busy or because they are not willing, but because of ignorance. How many men are there who would not gladly drop their business at any time and stay home and give the baby his bath, if they only knew how!

Yet in reality it is much simpler than it seems. Fill the bathtub full of any good water, first carefully removing all germs. Put your elbow in occasionally to see if it is the right temperature. If too warm on your elbow you may know the water is too cold. If there are blisters then it is too warm. Be moderate in all things.

Take the baby firmly by both feet and shake him loose from his flannel moorings until you begin to see safety pins ahead. Then remove the safety pins with gas nippers and unroll until the baby looms into sight.

Now, having put on your rubber coat, put one hand firmly under the baby's chest and the other on his back and launch him on the still waters. When he has kicked all the water out of the bathtub renew as before.

Be careful while you are manipulating the baby to keep him face down. Otherwise you would not be able to put water anywhere else but in his mouth. Don't be afraid of soap. At first you will fill his eyes with soapuds, but with practice you will get so that some of the suds will be distributed elsewhere.

Now rinse and dry with a coarse towel, cover with face powder and rolling him up in blankets set in oven to dry for half an hour.—Delineator.

According to the Seattle Trade Register the total salmon pack of the Pacific coast for 1908 was 3,805,311 cases, of which 2,500,553 cases were put up in Alaska, an increase for that territory of 318,788 cases over 1906.

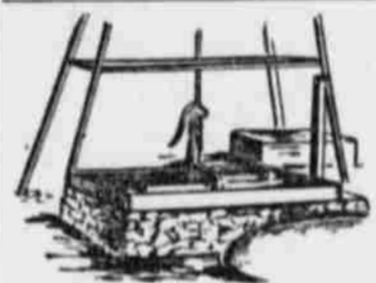
AGRICULTURAL



Heaters and Cookers.

The cheapest and most economical heater ever used was one of my own construction. I made a frame of 2x8-inch pine seven feet long and twenty-seven inches wide. I put a bottom on this of No. 18 galvanized iron, letting it project one-half inch in each side and fourteen inches at one end for a stove-pipe fitting. I spiked the frame together and covered the corners with heavy tin to prevent any leaking. The bottom was nailed on with two rows of eight-penny nails.

I made a fireplace on the ground of stone and blue clay, two feet wide by three feet long and eighteen inches high. I then piled up dirt one foot high and three feet wide at the end of the fireplace for a flue, put stone on the earth the length of the galvanized iron, placed the tank on the foundation and banked it up with dirt. In cutting a hole for the stovepipe I turned up strips of the galvanized iron for a collar, then drove an iron rod into



WATER TANK AND COOKER.

the ground, put on two lengths of stovepipe and wired it fast to the rod. A piece of sheet iron was set up before the fireplace to control the draft and keep the fire.

This heater was located near the windmill and storage tank and I could fill it from either. I could heat the water quickly with cornstalks, straw, cobs, brush or trash. I boiled pumpkins and small potatoes for fattening the pigs, and cooked ground feed by pouring scalding water on the meal in barrels and covering with old blankets or carpets. One light fire would take the chill from ice water for the milch cows. I regretted that I did not make it of twelve-inch plank, as that would have increased its capacity one-third and furnished warm water for all my stock.

I found constant use for this small tank the year round, continues the writer in Farm and Home. I cut off the projecting part of sheet iron where the stovepipe fitted on and left it on the foundation, while I moved the tank about and used it for various purposes. For a time I used it in a sheep pasture, then to mix mortar in while building, then as a pond for little ducks, as I could easily tip it over and put in fresh water with a hose every day.

Shredded Corn.

When corn is husked and the stover shredded at a very slight increase in cost over that of husking by hand, the practice must commend itself to every farmer on account of the greater convenience with which the material may be handled and fed, and the ability to preserve the material from damage by rains, etc., says Director H. J. Waters, Missouri experiment station. Not only so, but the greatest single objection to the present method of handling stover is the difficulty of getting it out of the field during the winter and early spring months without injury to the land and the growing wheat crop, which is often sown in the corn in autumn.

Moreover, shredding undoubtedly relieves the farmer of one of the most disagreeable tasks on the farm—the handling of the coarse stalks in bad weather, and relief from the necessity of digging this material out of the snow in winter. Likewise, it also makes it possible to feed the material under a shed or in the barn, using the portion refused by stock for bedding, and still have the manure in a condition to be handled easily by a manure spreader.

The Educated Farmer.

A farmer needs more education than either a physician or a lawyer, for he has need in his business of a knowledge more or less complete of all the natural sciences, and his is the only occupation that deals with the sciences. That education drives the young man from the farm proves nothing except that all men cannot be farmers, for we

must have all the trades and professions filled. But agriculture is more important than all other callings combined, for the farmer feeds and clothes the world. Therefore the better the farmer knows his business the better will the world be clothed and fed.

Specks in Butter.

The white specks in butter may be caused by one or two things. Sometimes when the cream is set in shallow pans or if the cow does not give very rich milk and the sum of cream is thin, little particles of cream on the top of the acum will dry and do not churn into the butter, but will remain in their hard state and either show specks in the butter or come to the top of the water in washing. The trouble can be hindered by straining the cream before churning.

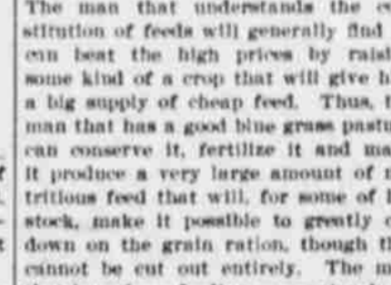
The other way is caused from leaving the cream stand too long before churning. If a little of the milk is skimmed off each time with the cream, this will, of course, settle to the bottom. There it gets overripe and forms a curd that will be so hard that it will not break up in the churning, but makes white specks in the butter. This can be hindered by a closer skimming and by not allowing the cream to stand as long before churning. Straining the cream is also beneficial in this case.

Study Matter of Feeds.

When grain is high in price, the raiser of stocks needs to study the matter of feed more than at any other time. It does not pay to give foods that merely fill up, and that is what the temptation is in times when prices are inflated for the most valuable feeds. The man that understands the constitution of feeds will generally find he can beat the high prices by raising some kind of a crop that will give him a big supply of cheap feed. Thus, the man that has a good blue grass pasture can conserve it, fertilize it and make it produce a very large amount of nutritious feed that will, for some of his stock, make it possible to greatly cut down on the grain ration, though this cannot be cut out entirely. The man that has been feeding corn extensively to steers will have to balance that corn with clover, alfalfa, soy beans or something else to decrease the amount of corn used, for protein in corn comes very high, on account of the large amount of starch that has to be paid for to get a little protein.

Good Manger Arrangement.

The sketch shows my hay and grain rack for cows, which is a great help when these two feeds are given at the same time, writes a farmer in Farm and Home. The hay is put in space a.



SECTION OF COW STALL.

and then the grain is poured in at b, and the cow eats it at c. The part of the rack holding the hay may be made of slats and will thus be easier to keep clean. Both of these racks are kept in place by 2x3 strips running lengthwise of the manger. Many dairymen are using this device and find it all right.

Farm Notes.

Full feed and light work has ruined many a good horse.

Cream kept too long may become bitter and be full of white flakes.

Oats are good for laying hens. Do not be afraid they will eat too many of them.

Sheep are a persistent agency of improvement to the land on the farms where they are kept.

Success in livestock raising depends on producing a better strain of animals with each breeding.

Eggs are better than birds to start duck farming, because they can be shipped with no danger of injury.

Try a hoe for mixing the shorts or any feed that gets pasty when mixed with water. Makes the task easier.

Variety of food is a good appetizer. There is no class of stock which likes the same ration month in and month out.

Removable perches may be kerosened and burned over at a safe distance from the poultry house, and all vermin destroyed by fire.

The price of a bone grinder is not great, but it is sometimes unhandy or impossible to get a good supply of bones. It is a good scheme to make arrangements with a butcher for bones before buying the grinder.

Ask Your Own Doctor

If he tells you to take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for your severe cough or bronchial trouble, then take it. If he has anything better, then take that. But we know what he will say; for doctors have used this cough medicine over 60 years.

"I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for hard colds, bad coughs and influenza. It has done me great good, and I believe it is the best cough medicine in the world for all throat and lung troubles."—E. C. STANLEY, Albany, Oregon.



Keep the bowels open with one of Ayer's Pills at bedtime, just one.

A Concerted Bronchitis.

When those twenty-six pinola pianos on board the big fleet are banging away at the same time it will take a nifty enemy to stand up and face the concerted bronchitis.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Futile Wisdom.

"What your husband doesn't know about race horses," said the friend of the family, "isn't worth knowing."

"Yes," answered young Mrs. Tokins; "and what Charlie does know about them isn't worth knowing, either."—Washington Star.

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. 2c.

He Was Willing.

In the morning mail the busy editor found the following letter written on a postal card: "Dear Sir: I have just graduated from a correspondence school of journalism. Would you like to have me write for your paper? J. Alexander McNutt."

Relizing his trusty pencil, the busy editor dashed off the following in reply: "Dear J. Alex: Certainly we would be pleased to have you write for our paper. Kindly address your letter to the circulation manager and inclose the regular subscription price."

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