

BY MISADVENTURE

BY FRANK BARRETT

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)

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

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

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

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

"You don't seem so eager about it as you were, Keene," he said, with a smile. "No; I was fool enough to think you were going to take it for yourself."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"He ought to be," said I.

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

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

CHAPTER XVI.

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

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

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

Although the running at present looked favorable for Lynn, the race was not won yet by many a length, and I had a strong belief that he would be found nowhere when the marriage bell rang.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"If I have not put a considerable long

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

CHAPTER XVII.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"That's it. Too generous—too careless of his own interests—altogether too—" he gasped and filled up the break with a wave of his gloves.

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

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

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

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

"He did."

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

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

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

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

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

(To be continued.)

No Further Need.

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

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

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

To Judge from Appearances.

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

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

An Old Story.

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

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

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

BABCOCK MILK TEST.

Simple, Accurate and Easily Mastered With Little Study.

By J. H. Francon, Professor of Dairying, University of Idaho, Moscow.

A great deal has been written about testing milk and a large number of farmers already use the Babcock test; but such inquiries have come to the writer to warrant the assertion that the subject is not yet fully understood. Many seem to have the idea that the Babcock test is a complicated, and at best an unreliable affair. This is an erroneous idea and should not be allowed to prevail. The test is simple, accurate and easily mastered by anyone who will give the matter a little careful study and attention. It must be borne in mind that the accuracy and value of the test depend not alone on the test, but quite as much on the proper taking of the sample. If that is improperly done the results are of little value. For example, the writer has known of cow-owners who, when desiring to test the milk of an individual cow, have taken the sample by milking directly into the sample bottle. When it is known that the first part of a cow's milk is largely water and the last part of strappings is very rich in fat, it is self-evident that such a sample would yield results of little value so far as determining the actual richness of that particular cow's milk.

The milk to be tested should be poured from one can into another several times or carefully stirred with a stirrer until it is of a uniform mixture. The sample is then immediately taken, preferably with a small, long handled pipette. If the testing cannot be done soon after the sample is taken it must be placed in an airtight jar and some preservative added to keep it sweet.

The Babcock test bottles are graduated on the supposition that an 18 gram sample is taken. Milk varies very little in its specific gravity and a pipette graduated to hold 17.6 cubic centimeters will deliver approximately 18 grams of milk. When the sample is ready for testing, the jar containing it should be placed in warm water and slowly heated to a temperature of about 70 degrees Fahrenheit. Mix the sample well; especially see that any cream which may have gathered on the side of the jar is carefully mixed with the other part of the sample. The measuring pipette is now fitted to the mark. This is done by sucking the milk up into the pipette above the mark; the dry forefinger is immediately placed over the top of the pipette to prevent the milk from seeping. By gently releasing the pressure the milk is allowed to flow out until level with the mark on the stem of the pipette. The pipette now contains the 18 grams.

The sample is now emptied into the test bottle. To do this the test bottle should be held in a slanting position, the pressure on the pipette released, allowing the milk to slowly run into the bottle in such a way as to allow the air to gradually escape from the bottle.

The next step is adding the acid. This is measured in the acid graduate; the exact amount to use will depend largely on the strength of the acid, the temperature of the sample to be tested, etc. If ordinary commercial sulphuric acid is used, 17.6 cubic centimeters will be found approximately correct. With a little individual experimenting the tester will soon notice the proper amount to use. To prevent the burning or charring of any part of the milk the acid is poured slowly down the side of the bottle until all has been added. Now give the bottle a gentle rotary motion, thus giving the acid a chance to act equally on all parts of the milk. Then let it stand three or four minutes, after which it is given another rotary movement and then placed in the tester.

The bottles are placed in the tester in such a position as to keep the machine balanced. The bottles should now be whirled for five or six minutes at such speed as is generally marked on the machine. The machine is now allowed to slow down for the purpose of adding water to the bottles. Enough water is added to bring the contents up to the neck of the bottle, after which the machine is again started and run for two minutes; again stopped and sufficient warm water added to bring all the fat contents up into the graduated part of the bottle. After another whirling of one minute the samples are to be read. It may be well to state that it is preferable to use soft water and that the temperature should be about 120 degrees Fahrenheit.

To read the amount of fat, take one bottle out at a time, hold it upright, the graduated part should be on a level with the eyes. The difference between the highest and lowest limits of the butter fat column is the amount of butter fat expressed in per cent direct. Most milk bottles are graduated up to 10 per cent, each large division indicates one per cent and each small division two-tenths of one per cent of butter fat. To illustrate the method of reading let it be supposed that the top of the fat column is at 8.5, and the bottom at 4.5, then the readings 8.5-4.5 equals 4 per cent fat. This means that in 100 pounds of this kind of milk there would be exactly 4 pounds of fat.

If the testing has been properly done the butter fat column should be perfectly clear, of a brownish yellow color; the line separating it from the acid should be clear and distinct. Too strong acid is apt to cause black or

chained particles to appear in the fat. This same result may also be due to too high temperature of either the milk or the acid. Insufficient amount of acid or too weak acid or too low temperature of the milk may result in a white or cloudy test.

Much more complete directions so company each outfit—the principal object of this article is to impress upon farmers the simplicity of the test and that there is nothing mysterious or mystifying about it. It is so simple that any one of ordinary intelligence, willing to give it a little time and patience, can easily master all its details. When the farmer fully realizes that it furnishes him a key not only for weeding out his unprofitable cows, but also for checking up his creamery man, he will not be slow to make use of the Babcock test.

FAMILY HOTBEDS.

Some Good Suggestions for the Small Beginner.

By J. R. Ehlers, University of Idaho, Moscow.

Some kind of a hotbed is an essential factor if one is to secure crops from plants that require an exceptionally long season for maturing. A hotbed also affords an opportunity to grow certain crops, such as radishes and lettuce, in advance of the season. Such crops as tomatoes, cabbages, celery and cauliflower, practically demand that they be started in the hotbed before they are transplanted to the field, especially in the North. As these crops must ever be regarded as the staple product of every well-balanced garden, the construction and management of hotbeds is a very timely topic for the prospective gardener to consider.

First of all, a hotbed may be defined as an enclosure covered with sash and furnished with artificial heat so that the plants are kept in an actively growing condition. Common stable manure constitutes the main source for securing this heat. There are several requirements that should be noted regarding the kind and quality of manure used for hotbeds. It should be practically the same age throughout, and it should be of such texture that when packed it will neither be lumpy nor will it be soggy. On the other hand, it should respond with springy elasticity beneath the weight of a man, without fluffing up when the pressure is removed. Horse manure which has from one-third to one-half straw composing its total bulk will usually be found to provide this requisite texture. Moreover, this manure should be fresh, in order that fermentation may proceed rapidly.

The process of fermentation is started before the manure is placed in the hotbed. To accomplish this the manure is usually piled in long, shallow, square-topped piles; if dry when piled, it is moistened throughout, and if it is apt to become water-soaked, as is the case in rainy climates, it should be piled under shelter, for where so much moisture is present manure will remain cold. The first fermentation is almost sure to be irregular, so it is necessary to fork over the pile, distributing the hot manure throughout the mass, in order to get the heat uniformly distributed. When it is noticed that steam is coming from the pile again uniformly, it may be taken as evidence that the manure is ready to place in the hotbed.

After one thoroughly understands the important details of preparing the manure for the purpose of heating, attention should be called to the location and construction of the pit and frame. Pits are usually dug from 24 to 30 inches deep and of sufficient size to admit the frames being placed inside their walls. Such pits should be located near some much-frequented path, in order that they are sure to receive the requisite amount of attention. Always have the hotbed facing the south and if such a site is available, put it on the south side of some building or tight board fence or hill. Protection should also be sought from the prevailing winds, for winds have a decided effect in carrying away the heat. A well-drained location is also an essential requirement.

Hotbed sash are 3x6 feet in size and cost about \$3 each. Frames for these sash are made with the back 12 inches higher than the front, the latter being 10 inches. The number of sash and the size of the frame will depend upon the needs of the family. Usually one frame 3x6 feet will afford sufficient hotbed area for a family of six.

Before the frame is placed upon the pit the fermenting manure is placed in the pit and thoroughly compacted, bringing the level of the manure to within three inches of the surface of the soil. From three to six inches of good loamy garden soil are distributed evenly over the surface of the manure in order to furnish a seed bed. The seed is not planted until the excessive heat of the first few days has begun to subside. By the use of a thermometer the temperature may be accurately ascertained. Tomatoes may be sown at a temperature of 90 to 80 degrees, cabbage and lettuce from 80 to 70 degrees.

Railway whistles inflict torture on so many people that the efforts abroad to check the plague have won approval from the people. Austria has introduced a system of dumb signaling to start and stop the trains. Belgium is trying compressed air whistles instead of steam, and Germany experiments with horns

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On to Her Calling. Our Landlady—it's the strangest thing in the world! Do you know, our dear old pet cat disappeared very suddenly yesterday. Excuse me, Mr. Rudolph, will you have another piece of rabbit pie? Mr. Rudolph (promptly) — No, thank you! Our Landlady (an hour later)—That is three more pies saved. This season will be a profitable one, indeed.

Disputed the Proposition. "All that you are, my friend," said the lecturer, stinging out an elderly man sitting in a front seat who appeared to be deeply interested—"all that you are, I repeat, you owe to heredity and environment." "Gosh," exclaimed the elderly man, turning red with indignation, "I never had no dealin's with that firm in my life, and I don't owe them or nobody else a blamed cent!"—Chicago Tribune.

A Discouraged Digger. "I see they say that when a diamond passes a certain size it is worth no more than a smaller one." "How's that?" "If it's too large it isn't marketable. Nobody wants to wear a diamond as bulky as a glass door knob." "Is that so? Then it must be awfully discouraging for a man to dig up a sparkler as big as a football!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Beauty Parlor. There was a long silence. "Gerald," she said, breaking the monofony, "what is a 'beauty parlor'?" "A 'beauty parlor,' my dear," he whispered, moving closer. "Why, this is a 'beauty parlor'." "Tib! Tib! Why so?" "Why, any parlor would be a beauty parlor if you were in it." And after that the rest was easy. She accepted him on the spot.

The data about the manufacture of steel cars in this country are not as definite as might be desired, but the Railway Age reports the number of all steel cars ordered in 1907 to be 27,900, and of cars with steel underframes, 44,500.

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