

BY MISADVENTURE

BY

FRANK BARRETT

CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER XX.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER XXI.

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

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

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

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

both cases from a narrowness and vulgarity of mind.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Perfectly well," she replied.

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

"About eight o'clock in the morning."

"Was he alone at the time?"

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

"How long did you stay in the room?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Yes."

"Did anyone call soon after?"

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

"Did he ask any questions?"

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

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

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

"How long were you absent?"

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

"When did you again see Mr. Yeames?"

"About half-past three."

"In what condition was Mr. Flexmore then?"

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

"What followed?"

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

"Did Mr. Yeames accompany you?"

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

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

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

Wrong Chase.

Jimmy—What do you think of old Ponce de Leon going into de woods looking for de fountain of youth?
Petey—What a foolish guy! He might have known der wa't no soda water fountains in de woods.

Universal Fad.

Gunner—I wonder what will be the first communication we receive from Mars?
Guyer—Oh, a souvenir postal, of course.



Making Butter on the Farm.

There are two prime essentials in making butter on the farm a profitable business. In the first place, one must have plenty of pure, cold water, and then a good enough grade must be turned out to make and hold customers. The trouble with nine out of every ten farm homes is they are not equipped to take care of milk and cream. When one goes into this work to make money, better put up a milk room, where pure water may be had from pumping or from a spring. Concrete floor and walls may now be built as cheaply as with lumber, and it is a great deal better than lumber. Don't stop here. A barrel churn and a butter maker will be necessary in turning out a uniform product. It looks easy—simply separating the cream, churning till the butter comes, and salting, and the trick is done. That is where so many fail. The cream must be churned at the right temperature; it must be neither too sweet nor too sour. Working and salting butter to secure uniform color and flavor is a very nice art. Don't try to learn to do it infallibly in two or three weeks, but by all means don't practice on your customers. That means loss. It is better to wait two or three months before you seek customers. And, before you ship, find out how your commission man or private customers prefer to have their butter put up. Sometimes the package means a difference of two or three cents a pound.

An Attractive Gateway.

This rustic gateway, which was built at a small cost, may be worth imitating, modified, of course, to fit the surroundings. This one is between two cedar trees, and from it a winding path leads to a pretty rustic cottage. Such a gate would be entirely out of place at the entrance to a stately or formal building.



RUSTIC GATE.

The cuts give an idea as to how the gate is made. The two uprights and the cross-piece on the top are of locust. All the rest is of cedar. Parts of the smaller branches have been left on the pieces that go to fill up the gate. A gateway like this would not prove effective against pigs or chickens, but would turn larger animals. It is not only cheap and durable, but decidedly attractive, because



TWO CEDAR STAND GUARD.

so perfectly in harmony with its surroundings.—E. K. Miller, in Farm and Home.

Color of Eggs an Asset.

One of the most potent factors, perhaps, that should be considered when selecting a breed for producing eggs for market is the demand of the market at which the eggs are to be disposed of, says The Outing Magazine. Some markets, notably New York City and cities immediately adjacent, prefer white-shelled eggs, and the best trade in these markets will accept none other. Boston prefers brown eggs, and pays a substantial premium for them; and, taking the country over, the preference is for brown eggs by a large majority. However, in many markets no preference at all is expressed; in fact, those just mentioned are practically the only markets in which the color of the egg receives attention to the extent of influencing prices. Where there is a preference, and whichever the preference is, one should keep a variety of fowls that lay eggs of the preferred color.

The Good Hen.

If the cow is not by nature a heavy and rich milker, all the balanced rations one can prepare will not make her such. So with the hen. She will only return for food and attention up to her original capacity.

Poultry Notes.

Clean the droppings from under the roosts frequently.

Buckwheat is excellent for both young and old poultry.

A laying hen should have constant access to lime or gravel.

Grit is the hen's teeth. Provide her with plenty of it, so that she may digest her food.

If you expect the hen to lay freely, you must feed her the kind of stuff that will make eggs.

Feed only what the hens will eat up clean. Any kind of feed left from one day to another is apt to start disease.

Watching the incubator carefully is the way to get the best hatch. A little carelessness is sure to produce disastrous results.

Charcoal or burned corn occasionally is a good conditioner for the fowls. It prevents indigestion and other diseases to which they are heir.

In the event of hired help being scarce, it is sometimes possible to offset this lack by increasing the number of horses kept. In some parts of the West and Northwest, declares the Farmers' Review, the scarcity of help has resulted in more horses being used. Five are hitched to a double plow, and one driver is thus enabled to turn two furrows at a time and practically double the work that one man has to do. This is the result of the complete utilization of horseflesh.

Guide for Drag Saws.

A very simple method by which one man can manipulate a drag saw to cut down trees has been devised by a western timber man. In using these saws two men have heretofore been necessary, one at each end of the saw.



ONE-MAN SAW.

At the end of the cord is an adjustable clamp, to which one end of the saw is secured. At the other end of the saw is a handle. In operating the saw to cut the tree, the end opposite the handle is supported by the cord in the same position as if operated by hand. With the employment of this guide the necessity of an extra man to manage one end of the saw is eliminated.

Loss of Fertility by Leaching.

Land kept constantly as a garden loses much of its fertility by leaching. A clover rotation is the best preventive of this. There should be at least two or three garden spots on each farm kept rich enough so that one year's extra manuring will bring it into the finest possible condition for garden truck. If farmers could always plant gardens on two-year clover sod and they would raise better crops and with less stable manure and other fertilizers than they now require. The clover does much more than furnish green manure to ferment in the soil. Its roots reach down into the subsoil, thus not only saving and bringing to the surface plant food that would otherwise be wasted, but also by enlivening the subsoil, allowing the roots of crops to go deeper. Clover sod to begin with, if well enriched, is best for such crops as cucumbers and melons, that are always most likely to suffer from drought. It is quite impossible to make a good garden crop unless the land has previously been enriched by a series of heavy manurings. The fertility lost by leaching must be constantly renewed.

A Feed Combiner.

Feeding sheep and lambs for the market is very much of a lottery at best. It is the purpose of the feeder to buy this stock and, after feeding it from sixty to ninety days, return it to market at a profit. This is the hope that impels him to put in his time and labor, else he would not do it. There are three important factors that enter into the operation. The cost of the sheep or lambs on the market, the price of the feed that is to make them fat, and the condition of the market when they are returned for slaughter. The first element is a known quantity, but the second and third are often a chance. They have proved to be very much of a chance this season. The original cost of the feeders was the greatest on record, feed was high and market conditions have not paniced out as good as generally expected.—Drovers' Journal.

To Cool the Manure Heap.

When manure becomes heated and the odor of ammonia is noticed there is then a loss of valuable fertilizing substance—nitrogen. If the heat is very high force a crowbar down in the heap in several places and pour cold water in to reduce the temperature.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving a patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in their cure, that they offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case that fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address: J. C. HENNEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by all druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Strong in Death.

Towne—Well, Hessel is gone, poor fellow! He just worked himself to death. He was always in such a hurry.

Brown—Yes, and they say he was out of breath when he died.—Philadelphia Press.

The Pessimist.

"Don't grow so," said the philosophic man, "we can't all be born with a silver spoon in our mouths, you know."

"No," replied the pessimist, "and if I had been born that way the spoon would have choked me."—Philadelphia Press.

General Debility

Day in and day out there is that feeling of weakness that makes a burden of itself. Food does not strengthen. Sleep does not refresh. It is hard to do, hard to bear, what should be easy,—vitality is on the ebb, and the whole system suffers. For this condition take

Hood's Sarsaparilla

It vitalizes the blood and gives vigor and tone to all the organs and functions. In usual liquid form or in chocolate tablets known as Sarsatabs, 100 doses \$1.

Its Evolution.

Friend—How did you come to write that "best seller" The Modern Literary Gent—First I was struck by a thought, I epigrammatized the thought, sketched the epigram, playfaced the sketch, novelized the play and advertised the novel.—Puck.

Unquestionably.

First Stranger—I suppose even your profession has its drawbacks?

Second Stranger—Yes, indeed.

First Stranger—And what is your profession?

Second Stranger—Motorman on a gravity road.

FITS.

Dr. V. W. Danne and all Nervous Disorders permanently cured by Dr. King's Great Peppermint Cure, sold by F. H. B. Bristol and created by Dr. H. H. King, 101 West Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Blighted Hopes.

Young Mr. Smith had just named his first born son John.

"That boy," he said, proudly, "will be one of a million."

But John, when he grew to be a man, moved to Chicago, where he became merely one of 349.

Only Fate.

"Let me show you the suite," insisted the hotel proprietor.

"No," replied the stranger. "I am afraid it is a little too steep for my pocket book."

"Steep? Why, my dear sir, don't you think I mentioned a fair price?"

"Oh, yes, a Jamestown fair price."

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's

Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Do Tobacco There.

"Why don't you try one of those tobacco cures on your son?" asked Gaddie.

"That wouldn't have any effect on him," replied Popley.

"Oh! yes, they simply kill all appetite for tobacco."

Rural Philosophy.

"A crow," said the farmer, reaching for his gun, "is a good deal like an Injun. Sometimes you can make him good by giving him a little trinket."

Thereupon he drew a bead on the bird and gave it a present of small shot besides.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

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Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna

acts gently yet promptly on the bowels, cleanses the system effectually, assists one in overcoming habitual constipation permanently. To get its beneficial effects buy the genuine.

Manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. SOLD BY LEADING DRUGGISTS—50¢ BOTTLE