

BY MISADVENTURE

FRANK BARRETT

CHAPTER XXI.—(Continued.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Do you know what it was he lost?"

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

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

"Was that paper found?"

"No."

Mr. Yeames drew a long breath of relief.

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

"No."

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

"Yes."

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

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

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

"Yes, after another nudge."

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

Nudge as before, and "Yes."

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

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

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

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

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

"To fetch Dr. Awdrey."

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

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

"Where did you wait?"

"In his private sitting room."

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

"Yes."

"Did you go there for any purpose?"

"No."

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I were, sir."

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

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

"After that he went out?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Nothing like the crash of a falling bottle?"

"Nothink of the kind."

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

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

"But the key was in?"

"It were."

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

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

She had evidently a gratuity in view,

that Mrs. Bates.

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

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

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

"Yes; he said a prescription was gone."

"Did he describe the prescription?"

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

"What do you mean by the bottle papers?"

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

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

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

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

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

"How did you account for its being there?"

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

"You attributed the accident to accidental cause?"

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

"Why?"

"Because of the missing prescription."

"Tell me about this prescription."

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

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

"It is."

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

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

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

"Is that the prescription, Dr. Awdrey?"

"I never saw a man more astonished in my life."

"Good gracious, yes!" he exclaimed. "Where did you find it?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"We're a goin' Queen's evidence, governor," said the smartest of the two, with a grin at Yeames.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"And so much the happier," I replied.

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

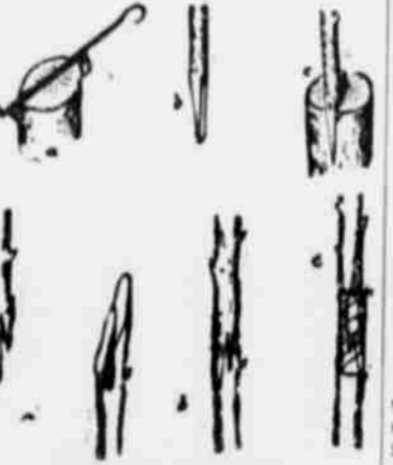
(THE END.)



Grafting Methods.

Apple trees are usually propagated in the nursery either by budding or root grafting two-year-old seedlings. Larger seedlings may be taken up and the roots cut into a great number of sections five or six inches long. Upon these the scions of the desired varieties should be grafted by means of the whip and tongue method of grafting, as shown in the accompanying illustrations. This grafting does not require any wax, the parts being simply held together by binding with twine or raffia. Root grafting of this kind is usually done during the winter time, and the grafts stored in moist sand or soil until the ground is fit for planting them outside in the spring. They should then be planted in nursery rows, and in two or three years should make trees large enough to transplant to permanent positions.

Top grafting is usually done by the cleft method, as shown in the illustrations. In this method the scions are cut wedge-shaped and fitted firmly into the cleft made in the stock, which is usually cut off squarely where the branches are from one to two inches in diameter, two scions being placed in each stock. In this, as in all methods of grafting, great care must be taken to get the cambium layer, or inner bark, of the stock and scion in contact in at least one side, for it is at this point that union takes place, and any



failure to connect the cambium layers of stock and scion is sure to result in failure of the scions. In top grafting, the wounded surfaces should be covered with grafting wax. A good formula for this is: Four parts of resin, two of beeswax and one of tallow, by weight, melted together. Top grafting should be done early in the spring, before growth commences.

In all this propagation work great care should be taken to select scions from trees bearing the very best type of the varieties intended for propagation. Nurserymen, as a rule, are not careful enough in this respect and take scions from any trees so long as it is of the desired variety.—H. L. H.

About Cow Testing.

Prof. Fraser of the Illinois Experiment Station says that a complete knowledge and mastery of the dairy business cannot be secured without testing each cow. Many farmers and dairymen think this testing of the cows is too much trouble, and do not want to "fuss" around with it, but if they considered the profits to be realized from a herd of really good cows as compared with one of poor cows, or even a mixed herd, they would soon see that it really pays to "fuss" around with the scales and Babcock test. Where one cow will give good returns for her feed and care there may be another in the stall next to her that is not paying her board, but is eating up the profits from the paying cow. But how is the owner to know this if he does not test them? A pair of scales and a tester do not cost much, but they pay big profits on the investment.

Seed Inspection Is Needed.

The need of rigid inspection of agricultural seeds such as clover and alfalfa has been again brought sharply to the attention of the authorities of the Texas Agricultural and Mechanical College. Dr. O. M. Ball of the department of botany has repeatedly warned farmers and planters against the dangers of introducing highly pernicious weeds into alfalfa and other fields through impure agricultural seeds. It has been pointed out that Russian thistle, dodder, Johnson grass and several

varieties of burr clover and melilotus have been found growing in alfalfa fields in various parts of the State, and they have been introduced solely through impure alfalfa seed. Another extremely noxious weed has made its appearance in alfalfa fields in widely separated parts of the State. This is charlock or wild mustard.

Cultivation of Potatoes.

Cultivation should commence just as soon as the young plants begin to appear above the ground. The field may be gone over with a light harrow, or, better still, with a weeder. This is a cheap method of cultivation, since a wide space is covered. It is also effective in breaking any crust that may have formed, in destroying small weeds and leveling ridges left in planting.

As soon as the rows can be seen the cultivator should be used. If the ground has become packed the first cultivation may be deep and close to the plants. Subsequent cultivation should be frequent. The conservation of moisture by frequent tillage cannot be too strongly enforced. The old notion that tillage must cease as soon as the blossom appears is wrong. It should be continued as late in the season as the vines will permit. As the tops begin to spread out and cover the space between the rows they partially shade the soil and thus lessen the loss of moisture by evaporation.

The cultivator should be set as narrow as the space between and keep it covered with a loose mulch. Experience and experiments favor nearly level cultivation. Excessive hilling intensifies the injurious effects of dry weather. The best cultivator is one having a number of small teeth, so that it will leave the soil fine and comparatively level.

Pitch Fork Attachments.

In gathering up freshly cut grass or hay, etc., with a pitchfork a small quantity adheres to the prongs of the fork each time a pile is lifted. In a short while the fork becomes clogged and useless, it being necessary to remove each particle by hand. In order that this cleaning may be done almost automatically, a Wisconsin man has designed the attachment for pitchforks shown here. A transverse cleaner bar is arranged below the tines of the fork, guides on each end of the bar partly encircling the end prongs, permitting the bar to slide freely on the prongs. Pivoted on the handle of the fork is a bar which connects with other bars extending to the cleaning bar and to a sleeve which slides on the handle. By moving the sleeve on the handle the cleaning bar slides over the prongs of the fork, removing anything adhering to them.

Poultry Tips.

Eggs need to be turned in the incubator. Don't neglect it.

Don't expect prize stock from cheap eggs.

Make the nests handy not only to clean out but to gather the eggs from.

The wet grass is no place for the young chicks to run unless they are expected to die of cramps.

A bushel of grain a year for each laying hen is said to be the proper amount to count on in estimating the cost of keeping poultry.

Fowls like green food as well as any other class of stock. They need it in their business, so it is good policy to keep them supplied.

In the Sheep Fold.

There is that sheep with hair in place of wool. Get her out of the flock. Wool is what we are after, not hair.

As soon as the ewes have all been served get the ram out. He will only be a nuisance from that time on.

It is a good plan to have a little yard with a trough made on purpose for the lambs just outside the lot where the sheep are kept.

It isn't much trouble to count the sheep every day. Better do it and be sure that all of them are all right.

The hog has the credit of being the farm mortgage raiser. But sheep will do it just as surely if they're given a chance.

Recognize Orchard Pests.

If you have an orchard or vineyard you cannot learn too soon to recognize the San Jose scale, codling worm, curculio, mildew and black rot. Do not procrastinate this knowledge until the orchard and vineyard are injured, or it will be too late.

One of the Essentials

of the happy homes of to-day is a vast fund of information as to the best methods of promoting health and happiness and right living and knowledge of the world's best products.

Products of actual excellence and reasonable claims truthfully presented and which have attained to world-wide acceptance through the approval of the Well-Informed of the World; not of individuals only, but of the many who have the happy faculty of selecting and obtaining the best the world affords.

One of the products of that class, of known component parts, an Ethical remedy, approved by physicians and commended by the Well-Informed of the World as a valuable and wholesome family laxative is the well-known Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna. To get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and for sale by all leading druggists.

Black Coated Paupers.

We are becoming not only a nation of shopkeepers, but a nation of clerks. Every young man wishes to be a clerk, every young woman a typewriter. The profession is frightfully overcrowded and frightfully underpaid. We have neither servants nor laborers, only an army of blackcoated paupers.—London Graphic.

The Baby's Fault.

Nursemaid—I'm going to leave, mum. Mistress—Why, what's the matter? Don't you like the baby? Nursemaid—Yes'm, but he is that afraid of a policeman that I can't get near one.—London Tatler.

Xerxes.

Xerxes oow and then drank xerex. Mounted off his xanthic throne. Sailed in xebec, fished for xiphous. Played in xyats his xylophone.—But he Never Wrote it Xmas.—Chicago Tribune.

To Know Ourselves.

How can a man learn to know himself? By reflection never, only by action. In the measure in which thou seekest to do thy duty shalt thou know what is in thee. But what is thy duty? The demand of the hour.—Goethe.

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