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BY MISADVENTURE

BY

FRANK BARRETT

CHAPTER III.

After this I said to Flexmore:

"Why on earth don't you marry Miss Dalrymple?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I shook myself together, and went into the library with my wits on the alert. Lynn Yeames was at this time about four-and-twenty and his looks would have deceived an[illegible] of the injured young lady at Oxford.

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

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

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

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

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

"Why, seeing you here!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Poor old nuncky looks precious shaky, should you? He's sixty-two, you know."

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I hope not, sincerely."

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

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

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

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

Business took me to London, and kept me there hard at it for a fortnight. I had scarcely time to think of old Flexmore, but I went straight to him the moment I returned. I found a perceptible difference in his appearance; he looked a couple of years older.

"I am glad to see you, Tony," he said, holding my hand in his and giving it a trembling shake from time to time. "I am getting anxious about the will. I can't last long, I know; and I am very unsettled in my mind about many things."

"You shall sign the draft and that will hold good in case of accident while the copy is being drawn up in form. We'll settle that after dinner—for I mean to dine with you, George. There's game cooking; I can smell it."

"Yes; we have had a good deal of game lately. Lynn brings something nearly every day."

"What, he came to stay a week, and is not gone yet?" I cried.

Flexmore shook his head. "I don't think he means to go away, either," he said.

"What does he come here for? Do you know, George?" I asked.

"To see Miss Dalrymple, I believe. He is paying her marked attention."

"I knew it!" I cried. "I saw what he was after.'

"Do you think he means to marry her? Is that what you saw?"

"No; but I saw he had made up his mind to prevent you marrying her!"

CHAPTER IV.

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

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

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

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

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

"Do you think he intends to marry her?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(To be continued.)

A Superior Sort.

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

"Well, that's all right, neighbor," drawled the old farmer. "I advertised automobile-killed chickens, didn't I?"

NEWS OF THE WEEK

In a Condensed Form for Our Busy Readers.

HAPPENINGS OF TWO CONTINENTS

A Resume of the Less Important but Not Less Interesting Events of the Past Week.

King Alfonso will visit Barcelona in defiance of bomb throwers.

Mayor Busse, of Chicago, has taken steps to keep all anarchists out of the city.

District Attorney Jerome, of New York, says the charges against him are false.

In the New York to Paris automobile race the American car is far ahead of the others.

The janitor of the Collinwood school declares he fastened the doors open at the first alarm of fire.

The incident of the seizure of the Japanese steamer Tatsu Maru by China has not yet been settled.

John F. Stevens, ex-engineer of the Panama canal, says the big canal will be of little value after it is finished.

Admiral Goodrich says American battleships are equal to those of any other country but could be made much better.

China is about to spend $60,000,000 in naval construction. The government will also borrow large sums to be used in railroad construction.

An alarm of fire at Lees Summit, Mo., caused the 400 school children to rush out of the building in a panic. No attention was paid to the fire drill.

Hearst papers are accused of inciting anarchy.

Portugal seems to be drifting toward a republic.

Colorado has had 29 homicides already in 1908.

Black Hand leaders are meeting their match in New York.

The death list in the Collinwood disaster has reached 174.

Japan says she will use force with China only as a last resort.

The Knickerbocker Trust company, of New York, is to reopen.

Nine Chinese have been sentenced to death in Boston for murder.

The Interstate Commerce commission will enforce the 9-hour law on all railroads.

Franklin's house in Paris has been demolished to make way for a more modern building.

Professor Quackenbos, ex-professor of Columbia university, announces that he had a medicine that will make bad men good.

A part of the battleship fleet is scheduled to return by way of the Suez canal and will also visit a number of European countries.

Illinois Central directors are working on a plan to raise $30,000,000.

King Edward is on a visit to France and called on the French president.

Two women have been arrested at Napa, Cal., for passing counterfeit money.

The Interstate Commerce commission says it is not opposed to the Fulton bill as has been stated.

Charges have been filed against Chancellor Day, of Syracuse university, for speaking ill of President Roosevelt.

Suits for the illegal cutting of timber have been filed in the United States court at Helena against several firms.

Governor Johnson will dedicate the monument erected by the state of Minnesota on Shiloh battlefield on April 10.

A monument and statue of Shakespeare will be ready for the 300th anniversay of his death and will be erected in London.

A petition signed by 40,000 persons asking pardon for Captain Van Schaick, under 10 years' sentence for criminal negligence in causing the wreck of the steamer Gen. Slocum, whereby over 1 000 lives were lost, will be presented to President Roosevelt.

The first consignment of Easter bonnets from Paris has arrived at New York.

A fire in the suburbs of Tokio burned 400 houses and caused a loss of $2,500,000.

The house committee on expositions favors appropriating $500,000 for the Japanese fair.

Japan threatens to use force unless China surrenders absolutely in the matter of the seized steamer.

Nine anarchist leaders have been arrested in Chicago.

BLOODY FIGHT AT PEN.

Three Montana Lifers Make a Mad Dash for Liberty.

Deer Lodge, Mont., March 10.—Warden Frank Conley, of the Montana state penitentiary, was fearfully wounded Sunday morning and his first assistant warden, John Robinson, was killed, when three life convicts, George Rock, W. H. Hayes and another whose name is not given out, made a dash for liberty in the penitentiary office at 8 o'clock. It is thought the warden will live.

Robinson's throat was cut from ear to ear and the jugular vein was severed. Conley's throat was gashed and he was stabbed several times in the shoulder and groin before he was able to draw his revolver and shoot two of the assailants down. Convicts Hayes and Rock were both shot down by Conley after the latter had been wounded.

The attack on the prison authorities and a subsequent effort to escape has, according to the prison authorities this afternoon, been long planned by Rock and Hayes, who were cellmates. Both were armed with penknives, the blades of which were sharpened like razors. The three convicts were brought to the office of the penitentiary Sunday morning by Deputy Warden Robinson, to be tried for some trivial infraction of the prison rules, and Conley was waiting to sit in judgment.

The moment the men entered the office door Rock turned swiftly upon Robinson, who was closing the door behind the men, and quickly drawing a knife, he began slashing at the deputy warden's throat. Robinson was unable to retreat or move before his throat was cut wide open and he sank to the floor dying.

At the same moment that Rock attacked Robinson, Hayes also pulled out a knife similar to that of Rock and started for Conley. The latter retreated to the rear of the office before the oncoming desperado. Before Conley could draw his revolver, however, Hayes had slashed his throat, cutting him from the left ear to a point under the chin. The convict, seeing his intended victim getting away, grappled with him and stabbed him several times in the shoulder and groin.

Although bleeding terribly, Conley managed to draw his gun from his pocket and fired four times with the weapon pressed against Hayes' abdomen.

As Hayes sank to the floor, Rock rushed at Conley, who emptied the two remaining cartridges in his gun into Rock and he latter also went down. The third convict who had been called to the "carpet," took to his heels at the first of the battle, but was quickly captured and placed in his cell. The authorities refused to give out his name until they had investigated whether he was concerned in the plot or whether he had merely been called to the office at the same time as the other two.

ARE FIRE TRAPS.

Too Many Flimsy Buildings Are Constructed in America.

Washington, March 10.—In a statement made public last night, Richard L. Humphrey, engineer in charge of the structural material laboratories of the government, discusses recent fire horrors and asserts that fire traps as bad or worse than that which cost the lives of so many school children at Collinwood, O., exist in nearly every village and town and in many of the large cities.

He urges the passage of laws to prohibit the occupation of anything except a structure of the highest fire resisting type, especially when it is used as a school, theater or other structure in which people assemble in large numbers.

"It is a matter of record," he said, "borne out by statistics, that this country spends enormous sums of money in providing equipments in fighting fires, while foreign countries spend their money in building structures which offer the greatest resistance to fire. The per capita loss in this country yearly exceeds $5, against an annual loss in 21 of the principal cities of Europe of 33 cents per capita. Estimating the population of the country at 80,000,000 the loss from fires here is $740,000,000. If we had the same conditions that prevail in European cities our loss would be but $26,400,000 a year."

Japan's Naval Strength.

Tokio, March 10.—Some reliable figures are now to hand showing the present strength of the Japanese navy compared with its strength when the war broke out. Details are appended, but the totals may be briefly stated, viz: One hundred and fifty seven vessels of all descriptions, representing a tonnage of 283,242 tons, before the war, and 204 vesse's and 515,082 tons at the present day. Further scrutiny of the figures shows that Japan today possesses more than twice the number of battleships she had before the war.

Portugal Not Involved.

Lisbon, March 10.—Investigation instituted by the Portuguese government regarding the Tatsu Maru incident, have elicited from the Pekin government the emphatic assertion that the seizure occurred on the high seas, and that, therefore, there was no violation of the law governing Portugal waters.

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" arrives Yaquina ..... 5.40 "

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No. 3—
Leaves Albany for Detroit ..... 7:30 A. M.
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No. 4—
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Arrives Albany ..... 5.55 P. M.

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No. 5—
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No. 10—
Leaves Albany ..... 2 3 P. M.
Arrives at Corvallis ..... 3 05 P. M.

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