The Santiam News.

VOL. XI. SCIO, LINN COUNTY, OREGON, APRIL 10, 1908. NO. 42.

BY MISADVENTURE

BY

FRANK BARRETT

CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

I was shown into a sitting room, as pretentiously genteel and chilling as Mrs. Yeames herself, and there I waited till it pleased the woman to come to me. She waved me to a chair, after seating herself, without giving me her hand, for which I was grateful, though hitherto she had allowed me to take the tips of her clammy fingers. Her lofty air and patronizing smile showed that she participated in her precious son's belief with regard to the heritage.

"I have called to see your son, Mr. Lynn, madam," said I.

"He is not hyah," said she with that peculiar pronunciation which your "superiah" person affects. "He is in London, where he has met with an accident requiring medical treatment which confines him to his room."

"Can you give me his address?" I asked. "I have business to transact with him."

"No, I cannot give you his address. I have received a wish from him, in which he begs me to act for him in all matters of a business nature until his return."

About three days after this, a client who had just returned from a business journey to the south of France dropped in to have a chat with me, and amongst other things he said:

"By-the-by, Keene, I crossed over with young Yeames."

"When?" I asked.

"On the fifteenth—night service. He pretended not to see me, so I did not bother him. I know a man at such times as this doesn't care for condolence and that sort of thing."

"He was going to Paris, I suppose?" I ventured to suggest.

"Oh, farther than that. I caught sight of him at the station where the line branches off to Monaco."

"You are sure of your fact?" I asked, though I had little doubt of it.

"I am as sure it was he as I am that you are before me now."

Now the 15th was the very day he had left Coneyford for London. Was London not gay enough for him, that he must go on to Monaco for amusement? One thing was certain: Mrs. Yeames, to have received a telegram from him, must have known his whereabouts, and could not give me his address in London simply because he was at the other end of Europe. Why had she told me that lie? Because she did not wish it to be known that her son had gone to Monaco, lest it might be inferred that he had gone there for pleasure? That was the conclusion I came to.

It never entered my head that he had got out of the country for prudential reasons, and that the cause of his precipitate flight was that little paper pellet which was lying quietly in my handy drawer. There are things which escape even the suspicion of a lawyer sometimes.

CHAPTER XI.

Mrs. Yeames found time to quit her dressmakers, her crapes, bombazines, and the rest of it, in order to visit the two poor souls at Flexmore House and worry them. First of all, she attacked Nurse Gertrude upon the subject of mourning.

"Is it possible that you have not yet begun your mourning?" she asked, looking around her with a sniff, as if scenting the air for the smell of crape.

"Miss Clip is making our dresses; they are to be home to-morrow," replied Miss Dalrymple.

"Very injudicious. I always have the dressmaker in the house. You know then that an inferiah article is not substituted for the material you have bought, and that none of it is kept back. Also you can be certain that good work is put in and no machining. The cost is very much less, too. What with lining and trimmings, and one thing and anothah, I fear these dresses will be a very heavy expense."

"Not more than I can afford to pay, I hope," said Miss Dalrymple quietly.

"I hope you have chosen a fashionable cut for my niece's dresses. I should have liked them to be like Sir Willoughby Chough's little girls', or the Honorable Mrs. Blinker's nieces'. You must have noticed how very elegant and high-class they are."

"I do not think Laure imitated any one's style."

"Surely you have not suffered that child to choose her own style!"

"Yes; Laure has very good taste in dress, and the dresses are for her."

"She'll be a perfect sight!" said Mrs. Yeames emphatically, with a dab of her hand. "How very unfortunate! If I had only thought of it a little earlier. Deah, deah! They'll all have to be altered, of course, when she goes to boarding school."

"But I am not going to boarding school," said little Laure desperately. "I am going to stay always—ever, ever!—with Nurse Gertrude. Mr. Keene says so."

"Mr. Keene knows nothing about it. Your guardian will settle such matters, and not Mr. Keene! And little girls should speak when they are spoken to—not before. I'm afraid I shall have a great deal of trouble with you when you come to live with me."

"But I am not going to live with you—never, never!" exclaimed the child, screwing herself in terror against Nurse Gertrude, and holding her arm for protection.

"We shall see about that," retorted Mrs. Yeames, pursing up her lips and contracting her nostrils viciously. Then turning to Nurse Gertrude, she said: "Have you made any plans with regard to yourself, Miss Dalrymple? Have you settled where you will go when you leave hyah?"

"No; it is impossible to settle anything definitely at present."

"One thing there is which should certainly be done without delay. It ought to be intimated to the servants that their services will not be required after their month is up. The house will be given up, of course. Perhaps you would like me to tell them they must go?"

"No. I am to consider my position here unaltered and no change in the routine is to be made until the will has been read, Mr. Keene says."

"Mr. Keene seems to be unduly interfering—to be overstepping the bounds of his—ah!—function," said Mrs. Yeames tartly.

Whereupon little Laure, with the courage of desperation, declared I was a dear old man, and wouldn't let cook be sent away, or let any one be made unhappy.

The day of the funeral came—and a sad day it is in my memory, for even a lawyer cannot bury an old friend without a pang of regret for the past that can never be renewed; a bitter yearning for the hand and the voice and the eyes that never again one shall clasp, and listen to, and look into!

I expected that Lynn Yeames would be sufficiently well to come back for the reading of the will; but he was not. However, Mrs. Yeames was there with a telegram of regret from him (she had torn off the heading, but I found out afterwards that it came from Monaco), and herself prepared to stand as his representative; and a fine monument of respectability she was in her crape. To her disgust, I had up all the servants into the room; indeed, I had invited every one whose name was in the will. Dr. Awdrey was there, looking as if he were going to have his head cut off, and Miss Dalrymple, and little Laure.

I opened the will, and in a dead silence I began to read it clearly and slowly. You might have heard a pin drop. After the usual preamble, came the legacies to the servants, whom Mrs. Yeames would have packed off with a month's wages, and then began the sniffing and sighing and smothered exclamations of astonishment and pleasure as they learned that there were a hundred pounds and a good suit of clothes to come to each of them out of the fortune of their kind old master. And when these were disposed of, I came to the Yeames bequest.

"To Mrs. Anna Maria Yeames, widow of my brother, Joseph Flexmore, I give and bequeath the sum of five pounds."

I looked at her over the top of my glasses as I read this. She folded her arms, closed her eyes, and assumed a look of injured dignity. I would have given as much as this bequest to have been able to look round and see how the servants managed to conceal their feelings. However, I contented myself with reading on:

"To my nephew, Lynn Yeames, stepson of the aforesaid Joseph Flexmore"—here I turned over the page, and glancing at Anna Maria, found her eyes open, and her expression indicative of assured triumph—"I give and bequeath the sum of fifty pounds and my glass case of stuffed birds."

Lowering the will and looking over my glasses, I said to Mrs. Yeames Flexmore:

"As your son is not here, I will apprise him by letter of this bequest."

"That is not all, I am sure. Read on, if you please," said the lady.

I bowed, and proceeded to read out in full the clause in which Flexmore constituted John Howard Awdrey, M. D., etc., sole guardian of his beloved daughter, Laure Constance Flexmore, and in recognition and consideration of his service in the capacity of guardian and trustee bequeathed to him the annual interest on such capital as remained after the payment of the foregoing aforesaid legacies, life annuity to myself one hundred pounds, and all outstanding debts, until the said beloved Laure Constance Flexmore should attain the age of twenty-one, when the whole estate would revert to her.

I paused here and again looked over my glasses at Mrs. Yeames. The woman had risen to her feet; she was white with passion. I saw she wished to speak, and waited. Her lip twitched convulsively; it was some moments before she could articulate.

"Do—do—do I understand," she faltered, "that he has left nothing to my son but fifty pounds?"

"And a glass case of stuffed birds; that is all," I said.

"All the property, in fact, goes to Dr. Awdrey?"

"The bulk of the property goes to Dr. Awdrey, in trust for Laure Constance Flexmore, who inherits when she is twenty-one years of age. Until that time Dr. Awdrey will receive from me annual payment of all interest accruing from the estate, in payment of service rendered as guardian of the child. There is a further clause providing for the appointment of a new guardian in the event of Dr. Awdrey's death, and the reversion of the whole estate to Dr. Awdrey in case of the child dying before coming of age, and which I will now proceed to read."

"Don't trouble yourself—I don't wish to hear it!" screamed rather than said Mrs. Yeames.

"Madam," said I, "I am here to read this will, not solely for your pleasure."

"Let me look at the signature of that will," she cried, crossing quickly.

"There is the signature duly witnessed," I said, showing it; "and the date, you see, is the fourth of September of last year."

"Do you mean to tell me this is the will he made last year?" she asked.

"I do, madam. Have you any reason to doubt it?"

"I have," she said, and then stopped short. For how could she explain the means by which her son had possessed himself of a knowledge of the affair? She would have liked to proclaim me a scoundrel and a forger, as I believe she felt convinced that I was, but she had just strength enough to contain her passion.

"That will shall be contested," she said. "I will telegraph at once to my son. We shall put this into the hands of a trustworthy solicitor."

"That is the very best thing you can possibly do," said I.

She clenched her teeth, and shook her head at me with such fury in her face as I hope never again to see disfiguring the face of a fellow creature; and then she turned her back on us and marched out of the room with as much dignity as she could command.

CHAPTER XII.

I was drawing up some papers the next afternoon when Mr. Lynn Yeames was announced. I slipped the papers in a drawer, turned the key, and rose from my chair as the young man was shown in. He had the decency to assume a limp, albeit he had come over on horseback.

"I want to see Mr. Flexmore's will," he began after brusquely nodding a salutation.

"The will itself is not in the office," said I; "but you can see the draft from which that will was drawn up." And I fetched from a tin box that precious draft.

He knew the sight of it at once, and holding it in his hand, he looked steadily at me through his half-closed eyes, with his lips firmly set, and his brows knitted as though he were saying to himself; "You confounded old vagabond!"

"Supposing I am prepared to swear that this is not Flexmore's last will?"

"In that case, I might be compelled to prove that it is."

"How would you do that?"

"In the first place, there are the witnesses to the signature, and then there is Dr. Awdrey, whose evidence I could bring—if any evidence were required."

"Dr. Awdrey!" he exclaimed. "Did he know that this will existed?"

"Certainly he did. It was in consequence of that knowledge that he induced the late Mr. Flexmore to decide upon making that second will, which I was prevented from getting duly signed."

"Show me that second will," he said in a tone of authority.

"It is destroyed. If it were not I do not think I should show it to you. If it were in your possession even, and you could prove that Flexmore intended to sign it, there could be no possible change in the result. There is no revoking the first will."

He nodded, still looking at me steadfastly with his half-closed eyes, his brows knitted and his lips set. I suppose he thought to intimidate me. He didn't succeed.

"Now tell me," said he presently, "why you led me to suppose that this first will was favorable to me, and the second antagonistic. Tell me that."

"Because," said I, "it is a professional rule to conceal one's clients' affairs from those who seek to discover them, and because I saw no harm to my client in allowing you to form any conclusion you pleased, and by whatever means you chose. That is the rule as regards a lawyer and his client. But there professional delicacy ends. If a lawyer is acquainted with a secret of a person not his client, he may conceal it or publish it as circumstances direct."

That completely disconcerted him—unduly as it seemed to me then, for I was only thinking of the mean and underhand manner in which he had sought to learn Flexmore's testamentary intentions. It never entered my head—I wish it had—that his anxiety related to that paper pellet he had lost.

He looked at me, then at the table, as he flicked it with his riding whip; then at me again; finally as if uncertain as to the extent of my meaning, and to prove it, he said:

"Supposing I gave you a thundering good horsewhipping, as you deserve, what would you do?"

"Bring an action for damages like a shot," said I.

He drew a long breath, and there was visible sign of relief in his expression.

"You're wanted, if you please, sir," said my servant, coming to the door.

(To be continued.)

Never Burnt Before.

"Will you direct me to Farmer Skinner's house?" asked the newly-arrived boarder.

"I will ef you want me to," replied the station lounger.

"I shall have to ask you for explicit directions, because I've never been there before."

"Gosh! I know that, seein' ye're so sot on goin' there now."—The Catholic Standard and Times.

Unlimited Stock.

Blox (after ten years' absence)—What became of Skinner, the dry goods man? When I left he was in financial straits—selling out at cost.

Knox—Oh, he's doing business at the old stand—still selling out at cost.

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.

The torpedo flotilla has reached Magdalena bay for practice.

King Edward is severely criticised by his people for leaving his post at a crisis.

Naval experts say many new records were made by the battleships fleet at Magdalena bay.

Howard Gould is suing his wife for a divorce. Drinking is her worst offense, according to his story.

Oliver C. Dallas, under arrest at Helena, has admitted making many false reports on mineral surveys.

Harriman denies that he has maintained a monopoly of the transportation business in Oregon and California.

The Canadian Pacific railway has decided to build a second line through the Rocky mountains to the Pacific coast.

The Italian car in the New York to Paris autom bile race has arrived at San Francisco and will take a steamer for Alaska.

Representative Hobson, of Alabama, says the navy needs more ships. That Japan could easily whip the United States at present.

On her return from San Diego to Magdalena the Connecticut exceeded her trial speed, and that after the long trip from Hampton Roads.

A bitter prohibition campaign in Illinois is near an end.

Philippine Democrats have indorsed Bryan for president.

Japan is to abolish the stigma of caste on the lower classes.

Great Britain is alarmed at the growth of Socialism.

The chief of the Crow Indians defends Indian Agent Reynolds.

Russia is inclined to the demands on the control of Manchuria.

Delaware Republicans will send uninstructed delegates to the convention.

An entire trainload of oranges has just been sent from California to Iowa.

Japan is making extraordinary war preparations to continue the expansion policy.

The old Fifth avenue hotel in New York has closed and politicians are homeless.

The German diet has forbidden the use of any language at public meetings but German.

Harriman officials announce that extensive improvements to San Pedro harbor will be made by the Southern Pacific.

It is announced that the coal mine at Hanna, Wyo., in which a score of miners were killed, will probably never be reopened.

A general strike in Rome has followed a labor riot.

Ruef's last objection to a trial has been overruled.

The Brazilian cruiser Bergamia Constant is to visit Honolulu.

Andrew Carnegie has given $5,000,000 more to pension university professors.

Hard times have forced Helen Gould to retrench her charities. Two industrial schools in which she is interested are to close.

Retired clearing house certificates of Chicago to the amount of $14,000,000 have been sold to a cardboard factory and reduced to pulp.

Charles Fisher, aged 17, dropped dead in the streets of Bedford, Ind. He was addicted to the cigarette habit and had one in his mouth when death came.

The proposition to build a new subway in New York from the Battery to the Bronx, under Broadway and Lexington avenue, to cost $60,000,000 has been approved.

For the third time in six weeks the Ohio river at Cincinnati is above flood stage.

A Chicago jury has decided that $50 hats are excluded from the "necessary household expenses" for which a husband is liable when incurred by his wife without his approval.

Indiana Republicans are boosting for Fairbanks.

Germany is preparing to float a loan of $162,500,000.

Diamond workers of Germany are on strike for higher wages.

PREMIER RESIGNS.

Many Changes in British Cabinet to Follow as Result.

London, April 7.—Great Britain is in a peculiar position, being without either premier or ministry. The long expected resignation of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, the prime minister, was officially announced Saturday night. According to the court circular, he resigned on the urgent recommendation of his medical advisers, and, as the constitution provides no automatic successor, it resting with the king to choose a new head of the government, and in accordance with the custom and precedent, the whole cabinet resigns with the premier, no step to appoint a ministry can be taken until Herbert H. Asquith, chancellor of the exchequer, who has been summoned to Biarritz for the purpose, has seen the king.

The position of the country is quite unprecedented, there being no previous example of a change occurring in the premiership while the sovereign was abroad. On this account the course of procedure to be followed is in some doubt.

Sir Henry's condition remains unchanged, according to the physicians' bulletin. The king, in telegraphing his acceptance of the premier's resignation, conveyed an expression of his regret and esteem, with best wishes for Sir Henry's recovery.

FLEET ASSURES PEACE.

Evans Says Voyage to Pacific Was Well Timed

San Francisco, April 7.—Admiral Robley D. Evans, in an interview printed in the Chronicle today, said:

"The greater interest of the United States today is in the Pacific. The coming of the fleet to this coast has not only demonstrated to the world that we have 16 battleships which can be brought together for a long cruise at a moment's notice, but it has called the attention of the people of our own country to the fact that we have a Pacific coast as well as an Atlantic coast, and that it will be defended just as much as every inch of land around New York, and that our interests in the Pacific today are greater than in the Atlantic.

"This is the short road to the countries of the Far East, where the greatest commercial development is to be. With development will come war, but it will be a commercial war, fought with brains and dollars and not with 10-inch guns. It will be generaled by such men as Harriman, and the part of the navy is only to be always ready. We do not plan nor fight commercial battles.

"The coming of the fleet was most opportunely timed by the president, and its arrival in the Pacific has resulted in the present assurance of peace. Not that I ever believed that there was any actual danger of war. The people of both countries realized too well what a dreadful calamity such a war would have been."

POLICY IS CHANGED.

Japan Much Influenced by Coming of American Fleet.

Tokio, April 7.—A few days ago Count Okuma received a deputation from the Japanese residents of Sacramento, Cal., and from the Japanese newspaper men of San Francisco, who wished to solicit his views on the emigration problem. The count is reported by the vernacular papers to have said that it was very difficult to find out wherein lay the object of the dispatch of the American battleship squadron to the Pacific at this time. A good deal has been made of the movement by the European press and it was looked upon there as an occurrence of unusual significance. Japan, however, had received the assurance of the United States government that it was not intended as a menace to Japan, but was merely undertaken for the purpose of training officers and men.

Nevertheless, whatever the real object of the movement might be, it was indisputable that Japan's emigration policy had been considerably affected thereby and it was not easy to sever entirely the dispatch of the fleet from the policy Japan had lately pursued toward the United States in this connection.

Collect Money by Autos.

San Francisco, April 7.—With a "flying squadron" of ten big automobiles pressed into service for the occasion and a corps of volunteer collectors, extraordinary efforts will be made by the fleet committee to bring the total of the fleet fund to $70,000, and to cease work in that connection by Wednesday. Before the collectors wind up their efforts Tuesday night they will visit 2,300 saloons and 600 restaurants within the boundary of the city and expect the to secure pledges of between $15,000 and $20,000.

Transport Sherman Sails.

San Francisco, April 7.—The transport Sherman will sail at noon tomorrow for Manila with a large number of first class passengers besides 100 enlisted men of the Twenty-fifth coast artillery, and 130 recruits for the troops in the Philippines.

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Trains From and To Yaquina.

No 1—
Leaves Yaquina ..... 7.15 A. M
Arrives Albany ..... 11.55 A. M

No. 2—
Train leaves Albany ..... 12.55 P. M
" " Corvallis ..... 1.15 "
" arrives Yaquina ..... 5.40 "

Trains To and From Detroit.

No. 3—
Leaves Albany for Detroit ..... 7:30 A. M
Arrives Detroit ..... 12.30 A. M

No. 4—
Leaves Detroit ..... 1.00 P. M
Arrives Albany ..... 5.55 P. M

Trains for Corvallis.

No. 5—
Leaves Albany for Corvallis ..... 7:35 A. M
Arrives Corvallis ..... 8:35 A. M

No. 13—
Leaves Albany ..... 2 2. P. M
Arrives at Corvallis ..... 3.05 P. M

No. 6—
Leaves Albany ..... 7.35 P. M
Arrives Corvallis ..... 8.15 P. M

Trains for Albany.

No. 5—
Leaves Corvallis ..... 6:50 A. M
Arrives Albany ..... 7:10 A. M

No. 9—
Leaves Corvallis ..... 12.30 P. M
Arrives at Albany ..... 1.15 P. M

No. 7—
Leaves Corvallis ..... 6 00 P. M
Arrives Albany ..... 6.40 P. M

No. 11—
Leaves Corvallis ..... 11.15 A. M
Arrives at Albany ..... 12 55 P. M

No. 12 -
Leaves Albany ..... 12.35 P. M
Arrives at Corvallis ..... 1.15 P. M

All of the above trains connect with Southern Pacific Company trains, both at Albany and Corvallis, as well as train for Detroit, giving direct service to Newport and adjacent beaches as well as Breitenbush Hot Springs.

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