

A MAN'S REVENGE;

OR, THE CONVICT'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER II.

The afternoon down train deposited one passenger only at the tiny wayside station of St. Lawrence. A stalwart young man with fair hair and a handsome tanned face, the appearance of whose luggage stamped him at once as an artist.

"Is there a comfortable inn here?" he asked of the sleepy-looking ticket collector.

The man shook his head.

"There's an inn. But as for comfort I won't say. There's more'n one, too. But the best lost its missus a week or two back."

Duncan Sinclair smiled.

"Just my luck!" he exclaimed. "I ought to have found that out before coming! Well, thanks. I'm going to reconnoitre, so I'll leave my luggage here."

"Very well, sir. There's good comfortable rooms to be had though," continued the fellow, scratching his head meditatively. "Miss Green has the nicest little corner in the place. She may put you up. We ain't used to visitors 'ere, that's wot it is. Only a stray artist or so, like yourself."

"All the better for me. Where does this Miss Green live?"

"The fust cottage on the right, facing the sea. A garden full o' sweet peas and 'ollyocks in front of it, and a yellow creeper on the wall. Being as you've an eye to color, sir, you may notice it from afar."

"Your description should make me anxious to, anyhow, my friend. Thanks. I shall see you again."

He turned out of the station and walked down the steep, chalky, incline leading to the road, with a light, swinging step.

The village lay about a quarter of a mile away, red-roofed and quaint, nesting in a cove overhung by cliffs. Beyond it stretched the sparkling sea, a sheet of sapphire and gold dotted with dancing boats, and merging into the far-off line of sky in a mist of soft grey-blue.

The sun poured unmolesied on to the straggling white road, for the small and stunted trees offered no shade from its gazing glare. The scene was vivid in its brightness. It almost hurt his eyes.

He glanced back in search of the colors that was needed to complete the beauty of the spot, and found it there, behind him, in the bright green meadows splashed with scarlet, and creeping, darkened in hue, to the crested hill above.

He drew a long sigh of content. The place was perfect. His spirits rose as he thought of the possibilities it afforded his brush. The joy of living entered his being. He pressed on, eager to find the cottage where rooms perhaps awaited him. He passed the first inn. It was certainly not of tempting aspect. A shaggy-browed man stood in the doorway and talked lazily to a thirsty cyclist. His eyes wandered inquiringly to Sinclair's face, then back to his customer as the young man passed on, his face turned to the crowded picturesque cottages ahead.

The houses were low, white and gabled. The mellow red of the tiled roofs blended delightfully with the deep blue of the sky, and the sparse green of the little gardens.

The little street was deserted save for one or two children. But at one corner a small group attracted his attention. Four or five big boys were arguing violently. A couple of girls stood listening, their faces beaming. As he approached he looked at them intently. Then stopped. For in their midst stood a tall, slim girl, pale with anger. Or was it fear? She held a wretched dog in her arms, and was speaking in a low clear voice. The exquisite refinement of her tones roused his surprise. He drew nearer and looked into her face. Then he saw that she was beautiful. Also that she was verging on womanhood.

"And what will you do with it?" asked one boy roughly.

"Keep it," she replied, stroking the animal's head gently.

"But it ain't yourn to keep," sneered another. "It belongs to Joe. Sure he can do what he likes with his own dog without you interfering!"

Her eyes blazed.

"He cannot be cruel. I shall keep the dog. I will give him anything he likes for it. But I can witness your cowardly treatment no longer. You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Joe said he'd sell it to me yesterday. Now he refuses. I shall keep him to his word."

She turned and made a movement to rattle herself of them. But the first speaker flung himself on her and pulled at the puppy. Taken entirely unawares, she swayed, slipped, and fell to the ground, the terrified dog rolling from her grasp. A loud laugh greeted the occurrence. The girls without the ring, clapped their hands.

Sinclair sprang forward. He caught the bully by the arm and flung him aside. The others drew back half defiant, half sheepish. The girl rose to her feet. Her eyes were full of tears.

"For shame," muttered the artist, stopping a boy who was sneaking off with the rescued dog. "Give that animal up at once."

"It's mine. She took it from me."

"She bought it from you, or said she would."

"I have not paid him yet, but if he comes back with me I'll do so," interposed the girl. Sinclair glanced at her, wondering who she was. Her manner and speech contrasted so strongly with those of her companions. He met her distressed look with a reassuring smile.

"I will pay him now to get rid of him," he said, drawing a sovereign from his pocket. "You must allow me to settle this. I am not used to seeing men knock women down," he added severely, handing the money to the astonished boy and taking the animal from his unresisting arms. "It's more than the cur is worth, youngster, but if in buying him I buy manners, I'm satisfied. The dog's mine, do you hear? And the first one of you I catch ill-treating him, or any girl again, shall taste the touch of my whip. Do you hear?"

They moved away abashed. All but the girls who, drawing nearer, looked curiously into the stranger's face. The man who could give gold to save a worthless mongrel's life was worthy of observation.

"An' her the daughter of a ticket o' leave man!" they commented spitefully.

Sinclair glanced quickly at his companion as the words fell on his ear. But beyond a slight flush she betrayed no emotion, and, raising shy eyes to his, began to thank him.

"I'm glad I was in time," he answered, anxious to bring a smile to her face. What he had just heard whetted his curiosity. He could not believe that she was a mere villager and, as the girls had sneered, the daughter of a convict.

"You surely are not going without the dog," he continued. "I really should be obliged if you would take it, and—"

"Yet you bought it."

"To save its life. Will you take care of it for me? I may claim it some day."

The smile came as he spoke. His eyes showed undisguised admiration. She dropped her own.

"Thank you. I shall be glad to look after it."

He handed the quivering little animal her.

"Tell me," he murmured, "what those girls said—was it . . . is it . . . ?"

He stopped, confused. For again timidity had chased all other expression but one of pained shame from her averted face. The cruelty of his question struck him in full force. The color rose to his brow. To hurt even a village girl's feelings was unworthy of him, and such an one!

"Forgive me," he stammered. "But—"

Her face turned to his. Her lips, though trembling, smiled:

"It is quite true. But . . . he has been good to me. After all, he is my father."

There was such a world of affection in the voice that he could have kicked himself for his stupidity. Instead, he changed the conversation adroitly. He had no desire to part with her yet, and ignored her movement to such an end.

"I am looking for Miss Green's cottage. Can you direct me there?" he asked, the tail of his eye already on the brilliant garden the porter had described so accurately.

For, in walking, they had turned a bend in the road, and the end of the village was before them.

Her beautiful eyes widened.

"Miss Green's," she ejaculated. "Yes. It is the last house. The one with nothing before it but waste land and sea."

He had already noticed that, on that side, the houses stretched further than on the other, leaving an unbroken view of the sea to their inhabitants, or those passing in the road.

"Do you want Miss Green?" asked the girl, her face full of inquiry.

"Yes. I hear she has rooms to let and am seeking some."

"That is true. I know because I live there. She is my aunt. But, perhaps she will not let them now. We expect my father, and the house is small."

Her voice dropped, and the rich color again flooded her face. He noticed then that the soft hazel eyes were moist and humid, and guessed that to come home her father must probably leave prison.

"I take up very little room, I assure you," he said, smiling. "So I hope you will persuade your aunt to have me. The place is too pretty to leave. I am already in love with it."

His eloquent eyes told her even more. Young as she was she was not unused to the language of men. With a laugh which spoke more of the woman than the maid, she opened the little wicket gate and stepped into the blazing garden.

"Auntie!" she cried. "Where are you?"

should I turn my back on the good things the gods offer me, this . . . his glance sought the landscape— and the girl with her beautiful face and voice. A convict's daughter! Bah, what do I care? Besides, she is only a child, barely eighteen, if that. Nothing can come of it, nothing at all. Am I a child to fly from the danger of a lovely face? Besides, there is Eileen, my betrothed." He gave a short laugh, expressive of anything but delight. Then hearing footsteps, turned to the door.

The girl stood before him.

"Will you come in?" she said. "Auntie will see you in a minute or two."

He followed her into the small front room. The daintiness of it made him more than eager to stay. It was so unlike most lodgings he had seen, although the furniture itself differed in no way from that of similar rooms. But there was a touch of refinement, a graceful blending of ornaments and colors. No hideous pictures disfigured the walls, no flimsy antimacassars covered the bright chintz-clad chairs.

He raised his eyes to the girl's smiling face.

"I hope she will have me," he murmured in a low voice.

"I hope so, too," she replied demurely.

CHAPTER III.

A little later Sinclair returned to the station for his luggage. With a little judicious flattery he had persuaded Miss Green into consenting to receive him as lodger, for an indefinite time.

Her face, still round and comely, beamed at his subtle compliments, and she had at once decided that such a nice young man could give no trouble, and would certainly not interfere with any domestic arrangements.

"I expect my brother home from a long journey," she said, meeting his laughing eyes boldly. "But for all that, there'll be room for you, if you'll make allowances for his being a bit queer like, in his head, at times."

Sinclair, glancing over her shoulder at her niece found himself obliged to swallow his mirth and promised to do his utmost to efface himself at all times.

Then he turned his face to the silent station and reposeful hills. Already the sun had shifted and transformed the scene. The scarlet groups in the poppy-strewn meadows had lost their fiery hues. The whole country-side looked subdued, like a gaily decked maiden silently reflecting, at eventide, on the frivolities of a day of pleasure.

"When you return I'll have tea ready for you," said Miss Green, following him down to the gate, and shading her eyes with her hand, she watched him stride away, until, turning the corner, he was lost to sight.

With a sigh she returned to the cottage. The girl still stood in the little front room. The woman laid her hand gently on her shoulder.

"Well, Sunbeam, day-dreamin' as usual. I only hope I've done right in saying yes."

"Of course you have, auntie. We're not rich enough to turn up our noses at a lodger, and such a nice one too. Besides—"

"Yes, there is a besides," interrupted the other. "Your father may be here any minute now, and if he's wise he'll come straight home. If not, Heaven knows when we shall see him. His luck has clean gone of late. If he comes and takes a dislike to this gentleman Heaven knows what it'll lead to. Both ways there's matter for thought and worry, and nights o' wakin. I don't forget, if you do, that it's the last lodger that got him nabbed. How do we know this one ain't got some old score to wipe off, too. Oh, dear! While he spoke his blue eyes melted me to butter, but now he's gone I certainly think I've done a foolish thing."

Sunbeam's face grew white. The thought held its terrors for her also.

"Oh, no," she gasped, "I don't believe he's that sort. Besides, surely father has repaid all his old debts? Don't tell me that there is still danger ahead for him, Aunt Hetty. It would be too dreadful indeed."

Hetty Green looked solemnly into the girl's velvet eyes. An amused smile crossing her rosy face overflowed into laughter. She threw back her head and gave full vent to it.

Sunbeam watched her, puzzled. Her own fear vanished at once. Trouble and mirth were never linked together.

"Listen," exclaimed Hetty, mopping her eyes. "You innocent duck. If your father got all he deserved he'd have to live two hundred years in prison. That's clear. I don't want to frighten you. But even if you feel angry with him, you must remember, that of late what he's done has been for love o' you, to educate you as a lady. An', by gosh, he's done it! There ain't another to equal you here, or for miles around."

"Oh, auntie, I know. It was good of him. But I wish he hadn't. For, I think it so wrong and—"

"Fudge. If I think like you I ain't going to cry down what was done for love. Time was when I would have done the same myself, but one's ideas change. There are many men higher in the land than Bill what does worse than ease the pockets of the rich. They strike at hearts. Your father has never done that. Bear that in mind. Some day you may be glad of the memory. But don't let's waste more time over talk. Mr. Sinclair will be back soon and will want his tea. I must make the best of my bargain. If he's to be trusted, well and good. If not, things will go bad for him. Instead of keeping one eye open I shall keep two. That is all. As for you, you've been educated like a lady and must behave as such. You're to keep out of his way. A tuppenny artist ain't the thing for you!"

"Oh, auntie!" laughed the girl. "And the village boys turn their noses up at me and call me 'ticket of leave man's kid.'"

The aunt's quick ears caught the sadness in the young voice, and she turned an indignant face to her.

"Do they, the beasts? Let me catch them, that's all. And as for you, my duck, don't listen. They ain't fit to be your doormat. I say it, so there."

"Oh, I don't mind really."

"Of course you don't. You're a queen among them."

"Only sometimes it pains," continued the girl. "For you see, I think also that it is not quite the way to live by—"

(To be continued.)

ELEPHANTS ATTACK MISSION.

One of the Inconveniences of Farming in Central Africa.

The Rev. Mr. Grantham, in charge of the Wesleyan mission at Lomagundi, sends particulars to the Rhodesia Herald of a raid made by a herd of elephants, which resulted in the loss of life.

He says: "I shall be glad if you will make known through the medium of your paper the following incident and my comments on it in the hope that public sentiment may be aroused against a condition of things in which many suffer for the sake of a fad of a few, who share none of the misery that their hobby inflicts upon others. In May last the native gardens on this farm suffered serious damage from the incursion of a troop of elephants that visited us seven nights in succession. In this respect we are not the only sufferers, for I am constantly hearing of the same kind of thing throughout the neighborhood. We have no lawful means of protecting our crops, and applications for damages are ignored."

"On Friday morning two old natives and a picanniny who had been sleeping in a skerm erected in the lands, awoke to find that ten full grown elephants and three calves were within a few yards of where they lay. The natives fled in terror, pursued by one of the beasts, which, was apparently enraged at the sight of human beings in such close proximity to the calves. The picanniny was just on the point of being tusked, but saved himself by rushing on hands and knees through the branches of a fallen tree. The elephant tossed these aside, and continued in pursuit of the old men. One escaped, but the other was overtaken in about 150 yards, and the vicious beast transfixed him through the back, the protruding tusk plunging deeply into the soil."

"The furious animal then proceeded to rip its victim to pieces, splitting one leg from buttock to calf and an arm from shoulder to wrist. He just lived long enough to urge his friend to fly back to the kraal, or no one would be left to tell the tale."

"We are told that in strict self-defence they may be fired upon. Are we then to wait until one of the brutes is in the act of charging upon us ere we pull a hasty trigger, which is more likely than not to be our last? And what is the use of firing at an angry elephant when several others are standing by ready to take up the cause of their companion if it does fall?"

"It is popularly supposed that elephants will not attack a human being unless they are molested by him, but they will invariably do so if the herd contains any calves. A price is set upon the head of lions—beasts that rarely irritate any attack upon human beings, and whose depredations are generally confined to cattle kraals and spans of donkeys. Why, then, should elephants which in this district are a much greater scourge than lions, be protected, and the killing of one a criminal offence?"

GELATINE FOR CANCER.

Austrian Professor Discovers Simple Treatment for Disease.

Gelatin is the latest weapon with which medical science is attempting to combat that hitherto incurable disease of cancer, the new treatment being the discovery of Professor Franz Hauer, of Budapest, Austria.

For many years, says the Westminster Gazette, he has focused his scientific ability on obtaining a cure for cancer, and success has at last crowned his efforts, a permanent cure having been effected in undoubted cases.

The apparent simplicity of the method, which consists simply in injections of gelatin, at first aroused criticism in scientific circles; but medical opinion is steadily inclining in the direction outlined by Dr. Hauer.

ATTACKED BY BIRDS.

Terrible Death of a Quarryman on the Mountains of Wales.

John Jones, a quarryman, left his home at Penderyn, Wales, a week ago to look for work at Swansea.

Nothing was heard from him, and as enquiries made by his wife from relatives in the Swansea valley proved futile, a search party was organized.

Jones was found on a lonely spur of the Brecknock Beacon. He was partly undressed, and, although the flesh had been picked off his face, and his eyes had been eaten away, he was still alive, in dreadful agony and unable to speak. He died shortly afterward.

It is thought probably that he became demented in the mountains, undressed, and became ultimately too weak to reject the crows and rooks which attacked him.

It is the thick waterproof skin of the leaves of evergreens which enables them to withstand frost.

A gallon of water can be exactly contained in a receptacle 6 inches square and 7½ inches deep. It weighs 10 lbs.

COAL WILL BE EXHAUSTED

ENOUGH BITUMINOUS COAL TO LAST 200 YEARS.

But Anthracite Will Give Only Seventy Years From Now, So It is Said.

After all there is coal enough in the country, and the trust will be able to continue to put prices up for many a long year to come.

Recently a number of misleading articles have been given out, apparently on the authority of the United States geological survey, predicting the early exhaustion of the fuel supply. The geological survey did say the bituminous coal fields might be exhausted in another century, but the statement was qualified in such a way it was evident there would be coal enough for many long years to come.

To correct these misleading impressions, Director Smith of the survey has given out an authoritative statement prepared by M. R. Campbell, who has charge of the division of economic geology and fuels, and E. W. Parker, coal mining expert and statistician.

The facts are that the estimate of the bituminous coal fields prepared by Mr. Campbell shows the total quantity of coal stored in the ground at about 2,300,000,000,000 short tons. From this there has been extracted, according to Mr. Parker's statement, about 4,625,000,000 short tons. Assuming for every ton of coal mined there is half a ton left, this represents an exhaustion of nearly 7,000,000,000 tons, or only about one-third of 1 per cent. of the total supply.

ENOUGH TO LAST 200 YEARS.—

We produced and consumed in 1896, in round numbers, 343,000,000 short tons, which represented about 500,000 tons of exhaustion, since less coal is lost per ton mined than formerly. At this rate, if no increase be allowed for the bituminous coal supply would last about 4,600 years. However, taking into account the probable rate, first, of increase and later, decrease in production, experts of the geological bureau are of opinion the bulk of cheaply mined bituminous coal will be exhausted within 200 more years. But when the period of decrease in production sets in, they say, the need for the fuel will doubtless be supplied in a considerable degree by the utilization of other forces of nature, thus extending the life of the bituminous coal fields still farther.

So far as anthracite coal is concerned, predictions of exhaustion have been based almost entirely on the estimates by the Pennsylvania geological survey, showing that there were originally in the ground about 19,500,000,000 long tons of coal. For every ton of coal mined one and one-half tons was lost. This means only 7,800,000,000 tons, if the original supply were recoverable.

ANTHRACITE FOR 70 YEARS.

Up to the close of 1936 production amounted approximately to 1,650,000,000 tons, which would leave 6,150,000,000 tons. At the rate of almost 65,000,000 tons a year this supply would last about seventy years.

Later estimates made by William Griffith, of Scranton, Pa., placed the quantity of minable anthracite in the ground at the close of 1935 at 5,073,786,750 long tons. Since then a trifle over 600,000,000 tons have been mined, leaving about 4,470,000,000 tons available. Under this estimate, at the rate of 65,000,000 tons a year, the supply would last only seventy years. Against both these estimates must be set the fact that production will not be maintained at the present rate until the coal is gone.

The production of anthracite, experts say, has about reached its maximum. When it does begin to decrease the rate probably will be slow. Moreover, with improved mining methods and the increased price of coal, beds are now being worked which were not included in the available reserves when the estimates were prepared.

LESS COAL WASTED NOW.

In addition to this, miners now recover about 60 per cent., instead of 40 per cent., of coal actually broken out. This saving alone, it is explained, would extend the life of the region one-half. Furthermore, the utilized proportion of small sizes of anthracite for steaming purposes, which has increased rapidly within the last few years, has not only reduced the waste in mining, but is making possible the recovery of usable fuel from the great culm banks that stood as monuments to the wasteful methods of former years.

It will be a comfort to a great many people to know that experts of the geological survey say—

"To what degree these factors will extend the life of the anthracite field is not possible to say, but the conditions now existing indicate no danger of exhaustion during the present generation. A conservative statement is that soon the annual production and consumption of anthracite will decrease gradually so that the supply probably will last 150 or 200 years."

Ethel: "What a finely-chiselled mouth you have! It ought to be on a girl's face."

Jack: "Well, I seldom miss an opportunity."

Chemist's Assistant: "Good gracious! I have kept that woman waiting half an hour. I forgot all about her prescription."

Chemist: "You will have to charge her a good tall price in order to make her think you had a lot of trouble in mixing it up."