

A MAN'S REVENGE;

OR, THE CONVICT'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER III.—(Continued).

"Hush! I'd like to know where you'd be if he'd had those ideas. Rubbish. Be thankful for what you've got. You might have been like those villagers themselves, as heavy and sloopid as the cows they milk."

"But perhaps it would be as well," retorted Sunbeam sadly. "For although I've been educated like a lady, even better than the vicar's daughter, I'm not considered good enough by the villagers to mix with them."

"That's jealousy, of course. Besides some day you'll be thankful enough. Your father had his reasons and the day will come when you'll understand, though I say, may it be long. I don't know what I shall do when you leave me."

Great tears had sprung to her eyes. She stroked the girl's cheek with trembling fingers.

"Leave you, auntie. What nonsense you talk. I shall never do that. You must go wherever I go. What should I do without you," exclaimed Sunbeam with all the fervour of earnest youth.

"Ah, my dear. Some day you may be so angry with your old aunt for what she's done that you'll refuse to look at her, much less stay with her."

"Auntie! How can you. I'm sure you've never done a thing that I could object to. And, if you have, who am I to punish you for it, you darling?"

"Well, well, I know you have a heart of gold. We'll see some day if there isn't no dress in it. And now let's see to this tea. And when he comes back just you make yourself scarce. I won't have his blue eyes a melting the soul within you."

Sunbeam laughed brightly, tossing her little head.

"What a weak soul you must think I own," she exclaimed, running into the kitchen, where the rescued puppy slept curled up in front of the fire in the blissful oblivion of sleep.

At the station Duncan Sinclair made arrangements for his luggage to be sent to Sea View Cottage, and tipped the ticket collector generously.

"Thanks to you, my friend, I'm in clever," he exclaimed in his cheerful voice, "Miss Green will take me in."

"I'm glad to hear it, sir. I thought she might, though she is a bit queer sometimes. You see, now her niece is there, she is more particular about her lodgers. Her niece 'as bin highly educated."

"Ah, yes!" ejaculated Sinclair, his eyes on the man's flushing face. "Is the niece young?"

"The man shuffled uneasily. "Yes, sir. Grewed up about eighteen, and 'as purty and ladylike as a lady born. It's sad that her father should be such a scamp, as there's some folks narrow-minded enough to blame 'er for that."

"Is her father a scamp?" "Well, it's only trickled out lately. One wondered how it was that he never came, and then we heard that he was Bill Green, the burglar, him wot's been in prison for seven years but is out again. But it's true. Old Miss Green owned up as tho' she was proud of it. And then the girl came home from school and no one forgets to remind 'er of it."

"The brutes!" exclaimed Sinclair.

"Yes, you may say that, sir, but it's natshul. We'm honest folks 'ere. And the girl bein' so different to us all, makes the women folk spiteful. They lead their men a life if they don't agree with them. That's o'w' it is. Though some of us would give our 'eds for the girl, Sunbeam, they call her, for all she's as proud as if her father was a lord instead of a convict."

"I suppose you're one of those," laughed Sinclair, as the fellow's embarrassment increased.

"Well, sir, she's so beautiful. Like one of them hollyhocks in 'er aunt's garden. A man can't help his eyes bein' struck."

Sinclair roared with delight.

"You're a born artist, my friend. Well, when you're off duty, we must drink a glass to your success with the fair damsel. Such a poet as you deserves the best of wives. If Sunbeam is what her name suggests I wish you luck."

The youth shook his head mournfully.

"She wouldn't look at me, sir." "And roightly, too," exclaimed a gruff voice. "I'd loike ter know what you mean by talking like that of Sunbeam. She ain't for the likes of you. So there."

A short, thick-set man strode between them. The porter drew back with a startled look on his sleepy face. Sinclair examined the stranger with an amused smile.

"Sunbeam ain't for no workin' man, nor yet for no loafer, or whippersnappers I'll have you understand," continued the man insolently.

The porter flushed.

"I don't know who you are, interfering. We sed no harm. But if it comes to that, precious few wants Sunbeam. There's a shadow over her what few can struggle through."

The man's broad face expanded good-humouredly.

"Meanin' myself, her father. I suppose. You villagers ain't got no brains, 'er natshully you don't understand them

wot 'as. Well, I tell you, shadow or not, Sunbeam ain't for any villager. She'll marry well, so there, though I'm only out of prison, and prefer other people's pockets to my own. Bear that in mind, young man, and keep your ugly mug out of her sight, or you'll taste my fist. As for you, sir, the same applies to you, whoever you are."

Sinclair smiled good-naturedly. "You're very touchy, my friend. This fellow was merely speaking of the beauty of your daughter when you came upon us as—"

"A thief in the night, eh?" asked the other, grinning from ear to ear. "Well, I meant no 'arm. If you'd troubled to look you'd have seen me coming up the road behind you. An' I only warned the young man. My daughter 'as been educated as a lady. She'll marry as such, and not a poor man neither. Good-day to you both. An' remember that a lady's name taken in vain may lead to terrible things."

He slouched heavily away from them, down the incline towards the village. Sinclair glanced back into the station at his waiting luggage.

"Take warning, my young man," he exclaimed to the porter, "and leave off admiring Sunbeam, or a thunderstorm may blot her from your sight forever. As for myself I wonder if I'd better allow you to bring down that luggage after all. When's the next train?"

"There ain't another to-night. The last's gone five minutes before you came up."

Sinclair looked relieved. He himself had no fear of the returned convict, and would have been reluctant to leave so soon. Also his interest in Sunbeam had increased since seeing her father. That she should own such a parent puzzled him greatly. A hint at mystery crept into his mind, and with it a great longing to see the girl again and hear her sweet voice.

"I will let the ruffian know that he need fear no danger from me," he reflected, "since I am engaged to Eileen. Besides, a village flower with a burglar for a father, and a railway porter for lover, is certainly not worth the trouble of falling in love with—even if Eileen were out of the question, though precious little love exists between us!"

CHAPTER IV.

Duncan Sinclair followed the ex-convict slowly. For he had no wish to reach Sea View Cottage at the same time, and thought it would be as well to allow the man to get his meeting well over before making his appearance there.

So he turned down towards the sea, and, the tide being low, strolled along the golden beach and revelled in the beauty of the setting sun, as it dipped like a huge ball of fire, into the still, crimsoned waters. He wondered how such a spot had remained unknown to the tripper or annual holiday maker, for wherever he turned the picturesque scene seized the eye. Every corner seemed worthy of reproduction. And yet, with the exception of a couple of sturdy fishermen, not a soul was to be seen.

Then his thoughts circled back to Sunbeam. How would she greet her father? He recalled the tone of affection in which she had alluded to the man's mode of life, and a wonder seized him. Was the tie of blood really so strong as to command love between two such opposites? Surely some day Sunbeam would turn in horror from the man. Perhaps now even. For she had not seen him for some years. And the absent often command feelings that vanish at their return. It was impossible that she could really care for the fellow. Her face rose before his eyes. It thrust itself there in front of him and he looked into it with a sensation of intense delight. She was beautiful, as beautiful as the day that she was now fading into night. That she was good he had no doubt.

The sudden desire to see her again and the gnawing of healthy hunger reminded him that his walk must have been longer than he had intended. Bill Green by now had settled down into the calm succeeding the excitement of reunion. Miss Green had had ample time to explain all about her new lodger, and would be worrying about his absence. Perhaps she had long ago brewed the tea. He smiled as he pictured her consternation.

Yes, he was hungry, and it was high time he returned, and yet nature called him out to stay and admire her in her twilight beauty. On the other hand Sunbeam and food awaited him. He glanced up at the cliffs towering above. Here they were higher than near the village. The wish to return by the road above, and so strike fresh ground, drew him to the rugged uneven path leading from the beach to the summit. There he found that the road lay along the edge of the cliffs, across stubby grass and sandy ground. Below him, a mile ahead, straggled the peaceful village. The quiet of the summer evening lay upon it.

He sighed. For the first time the loneliness of the place oppressed him. He glanced around. Then he perceived what he had overlooked before, a low white cottage standing back a few yards from

the cliff edge, the waving grass, dotted with poppies, reaching up to its very walls. One or two large trees nodded over its roof and a strip of garden stretched from its further side down to the lower road.

He moved closer to it. The finger of desolation seemed laid upon it also. And yet the green shutters were open, the windows coquetishly draped.

He began wondering what manner of being inhabited it. For it had been built with an eye to the artistic and was a cross between a cottage and a villa. No doubt some eccentric in search of solitude had planned, and built it, or—

He stopped in astonishment. The door facing him had opened and a man stood on the threshold. A man he knew and imagined miles away.

The recognition was mutual. In a second they stood side by side. The tall stranger, grey, with peculiar-looking eyes, had seized his hand.

"Why, Duncan, you here! You of all men! Welcome, my boy. But I thought no one knew I was here, that—"

"Nor did they, uncle. It's mere coincidence, that's all. I'm staying at the village yonder. I took rooms there to-day," replied Duncan, smiling into the other's melancholy face.

"Why? What tricks are you up to, my boy?"

"Tricks, uncle, how dare you, sir!" replied the young man playing, "I'm sketching and—"

"Oh! still that mad freak. One might think you were obliged to earn your living to see how you stick to that. And now that you're engaged and to the right girl, there's no need of it, Duncan, unless, of course, other attractions draw you to the countryside."

Duncan shook his head. "I shall never make you understand that art is worth everything to me. She is my mistress and life, and—"

"Oh! oh! and where does the fair Eileen come in?"

The young man shrugged his shoulders.

"Eileen like myself knows that sentiment does not reckon much with us."

"Are you quite sure of that? Eileen herself may really care. You have resisted too long for one to quite believe that you are head over heels in love with her. But with her things may be different. She may really care for you, and not merely consent because the marriage is a desirable thing."

"I do not think so," replied Duncan slowly. "But tell me, uncle, how is it that I find you here? I thought you were up in the North."

"So I was till three days ago. I grew tired of Scarborough, and hearing through my man that this place was to let for a few months, seized upon the idea of coming to it. It belongs to a relative of his, some retired old sea captain, I think. Years ago, as a boy, I saw this part of the country. Its quiet is not the least of its charms. As you know, peace is all I require. Since I came home peace is, breath to me. I have an idea that in time my memory will revive again if I do not overtax it. Think of that, my boy, you who have never known me whole! at least not since you were a youngster. Some day Ralph Freer will be whole again and the gap of years be filled."

The pained look on his face deepened as he spoke and his voice shook with his passion. He pushed his heavy grey hair back with a trembling hand. His eyes gleamed with excitement. Duncan's heart sank. He had so often heard similar sentences from those hopeful lips, and knew how futile they were. The greatest surgeons of the day had pronounced his uncle's case an incurable one. Therefore he stood silent, whilst the other continued loudly—

"Think of that, Duncan! Some day I shall remember all I have forgotten. Some day I shall be whole again!"

His voice dropped; with a laugh he flung out his arms, and added in a deep tone of awe—

"But I may then be old, old as the hills. My God! and too late!"

Duncan drew back a step or two, alarmed at his vehemence. He had never seen him quite so excited in discussing the matter. At the same moment a sleek manservant appeared behind the excited man.

"Come, sir, your meal is ready," he said, soothingly.

Ralph Freer's hands dropped to his sides. The light died out of his eyes, his face grew pale and haggard, his lips trembled.

(To be continued.)

ADVERTISING.

The little village could not boast of very many entertainments, says a writer in Punch, and consequently a concert was anticipated with great delight by the inhabitants. It so happened on one occasion that a singer of renown, who had just scored some signal successes at Covent Garden, came down to spend a few days with the squire, and smilingly acquiesced in the request of the vicar that he should sing at the village concert.

His song, which was delivered with deep feeling, for which he was famous, was the old favorite, "The Village Blacksmith."

In response to a vociferous encore he was about to give one of his operatic successes when the chairman tugged hard at his coat tail.

"Better sing 'Owd 'un over again, mister," he said. "I 'appen to be the chap you've been singing about,—the village blacksmith,—and I reckon it 'ud only be fair to me if you was to sing it all over again, and pop in another verse saying as 'ow I let out bicycles."

HARD UP.

"How frightfully hard up Jones is," remarked Smith. "He never seems to have any money."

"Oh," said Brown, "has he been trying to borrow from you?"

"No," said Smith, "I was trying to borrow from him."

ON THE FARM.

IMPROVEMENT OF MILKING CATTLE.

There is still room for improvement in the milking capacities of our dairy cattle, and it is just as important to bring it about as it is to improve the type of the various breeds of horses, cattle and sheep, having studbooks and societies to safeguard their interests, says a writer in the *Agricultural Gazette of England*. Milking cows more than any other animals form a real-paying branch of an ordinary farmer's live stock, and if the same number can—by selection and breeding—be made to yield more milk, it follows that the income of the farmer is increased in proportion to the extra milk produced. For general-purpose cattle which will give a fair quantity of milk, and graze or fatten satisfactorily afterwards, those of the Shorthorn type are the most popular among dairy farmers, for the reason that they are the best dual-purpose breed for this country, and are capable of milking satisfactorily. The magnitude of the new-milk business may be roughly guessed when it is computed that 150,000 cows are milked each day to supply London alone, and other towns may be taken to use milk in the same proportion. Prosperous times bring an increase in the consumption of milk, and this goes to prove that the working classes are beginning to realize the advantages of a milk diet for their children, and where an adequate supply of it can be given to young children there the death rate is lowest. Therefore a plentiful supply of milk and its distribution among the masses is most important from a health point of view.

As a means of finding employment for labor the new-milk industry takes a lot of heating. The approximate number of men employed to milk the cows for London supply is estimated at 15,000, which is probably under rather than over the mark, while 40,000 more are employed to distribute it. When the number of men employed in all the great towns as milkmen are added to those actually employed among the cows, the milk trade is easily first for providing work for the willing in this country, and the advertisements for milkers prove that a trustworthy man need not be out of work for long together.

The great point for dairy farmers is to produce the maximum quantity from each cow, for one that only gives a gallon per day cannot be kept at a profit, and the sooner she is sold to make room for one giving more the better it is for her owner. One reason why many dairy farmers do not try to improve the milking qualities of their herds is that they do not rear their own calves, but sell them off when a few days old, and so long as they are strong and colorful their back breeding matters nothing, therefore, in many cases, no trouble is taken in the selection of a bull. His ancestry is ignored altogether, and possibly his looks, provided he is "cheap." Calves bred in this way find their way into the market, and help to swell the ranks of nondescripts, bred for no special purpose. On the other hand, if farmers have the accommodation they usually rear their own stock, and in that case the wisest exercise care in the selection of parents for the heifers they intend to put into the herd; but there is no doubt that such improvers are in the minority, hence the scarcity of deep-milking cows. Haphazard breeding is a short-sighted policy at the best, seeing that it is the udder which sells a dairy cow when she comes into the market, rather than her size and frame, and this should be remembered by, hitherto, careless breeders. The question is whether a sufficient number of bulls bred from milking strains are available: the probability is that they are not, therefore it behooves owners of milking Shorthorn herds to endeavor to supply the want. Circumstances have changed. There has been a great increase in the consumption of milk, and cows with dairying propensities are needed to produce it.

If the milking strains are propagated, and the dairy type of cattle encouraged in our showyards, it is possible for a good deal of improvement to be effected, and every effort should be made to introduce dairy and family classes of cattle at the shows, with the stipulation that they are "bred by the exhibitor." If "the man who makes two blades of grass to grow where one grew before is better than the whole race of politicians," then the men who can produce two cows to give as much as three gave before will deserve well of their country.

CARE FOR THE COWS.

The prospect is that milk and butter will rule even higher in price the coming winter than in the past year or two, and that is saying a good deal, the market for butter having been at a pretty high mark, at least so think those who have to buy. It pays well at all times to be good to the cows, because they give in proportion to what they get. And it is false economy to attempt to save by stinting the cows in their feeding, for if allowed to fall off in their milking for a time it requires more feed to bring them up to the former standard of work, if, indeed, it can possibly be done in the same year, than would have been required to keep up a steady flow, for what was lost of condition must be made up before progress can be recorded.

The welcome fall rains have proved a great relief to the minds of many farmers short of feed, and have so stimulated the milk flow as to greatly increase the revenue from that source, but in the usual order of things we may soon look for frosty nights, which will lower the feeding quality of the grass, and for chilling winds, which check the working

capacity of the cows. It will be the part of wisdom to prepare for these contingencies, and commence in good time to stable at night the cows that are milking, and supplement the food they get on the pasture with a little hay, or some cornstales, or ensilage, or a little ration of meal and bran to keep them in good heart and keep up the production of milk. In no branch of farming is it more true than in dairying, that what is worth doing is worth doing well, and the management of the cows as to careful or indifferent feeding may make all the difference between a profit and a loss in their keeping. Under present and prospective conditions of demand and market prices there is no more profitable or possessing branch of farming than the milking of good cows. They pay their own way, and provide a little surplus every day if well managed, therefore it pays to be good to the cows.

COOLIES RETURN HOME

"SLAVES" REPATRIATED FROM RAND INDULGE IN LUXURIES.

Motor Cycles, Bicycles and Wathies Galore Among their Visible Effects.

The steamer Heliopolis, with 1,955 Chinese "slaves" from the Rand, sailed from Durban for China on July 2. During the voyage I have learned some interesting facts about the "slaves," many of whom were being repatriated, under the Imperial Government's concession, and at the cost of the British taxpayers, before their contracts had expired, writes a Hong Kong correspondent.

These men have, or are supposed to have, no means of paying for their own passage. I am inclined to think that the concession is much abused. Several of them have money either secreted about their persons or in the safe keeping of friends. One man was recently caught in the act of trying to conceal \$100 in a water spout in the Durban compound. An expedition often resorted to is to procure a draft on one of the banks in China before the application for repatriation is made.

COOLIES ARE CAUTIOUS.

I have tried to gain some information regarding the amount of money saved by coolies during their indenture, but it is impossible to strike a definite average. We carry with us on the Heliopolis Labor Agency drafts to the amount of \$20,000, but that does not by any means represent the total wealth of our coolies, as none of the money of the Cantonese is included in that figure. They, with many of the northerners, prefer to conceal their worldly goods all about their persons. This they do entirely at their own risk, as the agency makes adequate provision for the taking of deposits and handing over the sums intact to the owners on arrival in China.

A Cantonese reported the other day that he had been robbed of \$130, but was unable to indicate the thief. A northern on another occasion reported that attempts were being made to get at his hard-earned savings. He had fifty sovereigns sewn up in small bundles in his clothing.

Much ingenuity is often shown in the selection of places of concealment. I know of one instance where a coolie had \$100 sewn up in the soles of his boots, while another had a similar amount imbedded in soap. I have repeatedly seen bank drafts for \$100 and \$150 being handled by Chinese on deck, and these, of course, are quite apart from the sum of \$30,000 already mentioned.

A SAVING RACE.

It seems that 30 to 40 per cent. of the "slaves" save consistently during their indenture. A workman can earn in the mines from \$10 to \$25 per month, but can only reach the latter figure by skilful piecework. An average worker could save \$150 in three years.

The coolies, in addition to hard cash, possess worldly goods of no mean value. One man is actually the proud possessor of a motor cycle, and several others have bicycles. There are watches on hand in quantity, and a coolie with some commercial instinct may occasionally be seen with as many as twenty in his belt, the idea being to retail them at a profit in his own country.

There are any number of gold watch chains, silver chains, cigarette cases, travelling trunks, and so on. One Chinaman showed me the other day a lovely diamond ring, and presented the receipt for \$125 which he had received from the Johannesburg jeweller from whom he had made the purchase. Another had a magnificent gramophone, while still another was carrying back an iron bedstead.

As for food, each coolie on board receives a half-pound of meat, three-quarters of a pound of vegetables, one and one-half pounds of rice and unlimited tea. Condensed milk, cream, beef extract, brandy, sherry and arrowroot are given at the medical officers' discretion.

QUESTIONABLE VERACITY.

Green: "So Bragg's tells a different tale, does he? Well, I guess my word is as good as his."

Brown: "I should hope so, Bragg's is a charter member of a fishing club."

SETTLED.

Peckem: "You have my opinion on the subject, and that settles it."

Biffkins: "Did your wife settle your opinion for you?"

IMPRUDENT.

When mother boxes Mary's ears, She stands in tears and blubbers; Oh, foolish child, to stand in tears Without a pair of rubbers.