

A MAN'S REVENGE;

OR, THE CONVICT'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER VII.

At that precise moment the Eileen of Duncan Sinclair's thoughts were looking away up into a young man's earnest face. She stood at the open window of a room, in a house on the right side of the park, and the clustering sweet-peas on the balcony were not more fresh-looking, more brilliant in their coloring, than her beautiful, sparkling face.

"How strange that you also should be hunching here to-day!" she had just said in the sweetest of voices, with that upward glance that had driven more than one youth mad with love for her.

"Strange!" ejaculated her companion. "Heavenly divine, most providential, Miss Riviere. I little expected such a pleasure."

She laughed. The rich color in her cheeks deepened.

"What a tirade!" she exclaimed, stretching out her hand and picking a sweet-pea, which she laid caressingly against her cheek. The flower seemed to pale instantly. Lord St. Aubin smiled. "Even the flowers acknowledge your supremacy!" he murmured. "Against your cheek that one grows white. Your complexion is an envy to the women of London."

"Oh, a truce to your flattery, my lord," replied the girl mockingly, tossing her dusky head. "Tell me what you have been doing since we last met."

"And parted at four this morning, wasn't it? Such an age ago! But that ball was certainly the nicest of the season. At least, I thought so," he added with emphasis.

"Why?" asked Eileen, plucking the petals of the flower with that most cruel insouciance with which women so often employ their fingers to hide their feelings.

"Can you ask? Because you were kind to an old friend; because your Duncan was not there. That is why, fair queen."

"You must not speak like that," she exclaimed, reprovingly, though a mischievous smile twitched the corners of her full red lips. "You forget that Duncan Sinclair is my fiancee, my future husband."

He drew back with ostentatious horror.

"I forget! Never! The memory of that is with me night and day. Eileen, why were you so cruel as to take him and leave me inconsolable?"

She sighed. "Are you inconsolable? You hide it well. And, really, now, such questions are rather out of place. Duncan is a dear fellow, and—well, I need not explain—I chose him. Voila tout!"

"Yes, of course. But isn't he rather remiss? Where is he now, in the middle of the gayest season we have had for years? He should be with you, by your side continually, as though proclaiming proudly: 'This is my future bride. Look at her, ye jealous males; mark her peerlessness! She is mine, mine! Ah, how happily would I act that role!'"

"Lord St. Aubin, I'm surprised at you!"

"Lord St. Aubin! It used to be Jim, plain Jim!" he ejaculated sadly.

"Well, Jim then, dear Jim, don't be so sarcastic. I was saying that Duncan hates London. It makes him ill. He's so keen on his painting. We understand each other so perfectly. That is why I do not mind his going; why I am content without his continual presence."

"But he? How can he do it? Those lips, Eileen! How can he forget them? Little girl, you should not have done it. Even now it is not too late to say: 'Jim, dear Jim, I love you; I will be yours.' Can you not? Surely no lukewarm lover is worthy of you. I love you; I can give you eternal worship. Eileen, you must see it; you must be mine. Forget that absurd engagement, my own darling!"

With a quick glance behind him into the empty room, he moved nearer to her and put his arm round her shoulders.

"Eileen, I alone love you. I alone can make you happy. Come to me!" he murmured, drawing her closer to him, his face ablaze with passion.

Then, as she began to speak and put out her hands to push him off, he seized her to him and crushed her lips with his one long passionate kiss.

She struggled wildly in his embrace, but he was big and strong, more than a match for her. It seemed a year before he released her and met her indignant eyes with an exultant smile.

"How dare you!" she gasped, putting her hands to her disordered hair. "Have you no respect for me? I will never speak to you again."

He looked humble. The smile vanished from his face.

"I love you, Eileen! Can you punish me for that? I was mad, I know. But I love you. . . . Of course you will speak to me. Have we not been friends for years? Send for your Duncan, if I may not speak to you. I swear I shall do this again, if not."

"It is foolish of you, and wrong," she said in a low voice, the anger dying out of her face. "And you are too sure of my friendship to stand in awe of me. But a repetition of this will be the death-blow to our intimacy. Remember that."

"Then I am forgiven?"

"This time, yes. But suppose Adele

had come in and seen you. What would she have said? She is his sister, and would never forgive me for being disloyal to him, for she would blame me. She would not pause to think that you are as strong as a—vice, and resistless when roused."

She blushed as she spoke, and glanced at him from under her long curled lashes. The desire to seize her again rose strong within him, but realizing that it would not be so easily overlooked, he restrained himself, saying—

"But why did you choose him, Eileen?" She made an impatient movement.

"Why? Because I love him. Yes, sir, I love him. That is my reason."

"I will not believe it. You fell in with a family wish. You accepted him for that alone. For you will love me some day. I do not despair."

She opened her lips with an expression of dissent, the hot blood rushing to her brow; but a voice behind them recalled them both to their senses. Their hostess had appeared.

"Forgive me, Eileen, for leaving you so long. I had to interview some troublesome parish worker calling for funds. I knew you could amuse each other. It's a pity my other couple failed me. But you like these informal luncheons, and so do I."

Adele Larkin, the wife of Sir Charles Larkin and sister of Duncan Sinclair, was a small fair-haired woman, with a broad, cheerful face and dancing blue eyes. Most people dubbed her homely, but those who knew her well—that is to say, pierced beneath the outer crust—found her staunch and true, of great moral strength and unselfish generosity.

So honest was she herself that she was the last to suspect another of evil doing. She saw nothing but boundless good in humanity.

Therefore Lord St. Aubin's embarrassment and Eileen's sudden nervousness revealed no guilty motives. Perhaps she noticed nothing peculiar in either of them, or, if she did, attributed it to her apparent lack of hospitality in leaving them so long alone.

Had she known what had really taken place she would have been horrified. The rumor that Lord St. Aubin had for years admired Eileen had certainly reached her, but, since the girl had chosen Duncan, her cousin, in accordance with the wishes of the family, she attached no importance to it, and believed entirely in the integrity of both her guests. Lord St. Aubin was a special friend of her husband's, and often launched with them. Mere coincidence had brought him and Eileen there together. Besides, she knew that Eileen was madly in love with Duncan, whom she must be confessed, she thought rather a casual lover.

"Have you heard from Duncan, Adele?" asked Eileen, smiling across the lunch table at her.

"Yes; only this morning I had a long letter. He seems to like the place he is in—St. Lawrence, an out-of-the-way fishing village. But, of course, you know that. He writes every day, I suppose."

Eileen blushed. She wished now that she had not broached the subject. Feeling Lord St. Aubin's keen eyes on her, she answered nonchalantly—

"Oh, dear no! We're not so demonstrative as that, Adele. Once a week I write, and receive my answer. That is all!"

"Then you know nothing about the village he is in, nor that he has discovered Uncle Ralph living about a mile off, in a lonely cottage, nor about Sunbeam, the beautiful, highly educated girl who is the daughter of common people? She might be a Vere de Vere, he adds."

The color ebbed from Eileen's face. Lord St. Aubin alone noticed that. Sir Charles was too absent-minded to see anything, and Adele had not looked up as she spoke, or perhaps she might have realized that something was amiss.

"How strange!" murmured Eileen, with a poor attempt to smile. Then her eyes met Jim's in proud appeal.

He plunged headlong into a description of the latest play of the day, adroitly keeping the ball of the conversation on his side of the table. Eileen shot him a grateful look as, a few minutes later, he held the door open for her.

But whilst Adele chatted lightly about most things pleasing to the feminine mind, Eileen's thoughts were with Duncan, the man she loved. A sudden wild jealousy against Sunbeam, the child of common parents, "who might be a Vere de Vere," had sprung up in her heart. For a moment she felt like a tigress about to shield her young. Duncan was hers. No other woman should take him from her. She had won him after years of patience. She would not give him up.

"Eileen," said Lord St. Aubin, when they were alone again for a few minutes, "you will come to me yet. I love you! No village prodigy should take me from you!"

"Don't!" she moaned, dropping her eyes from his, anxious to hide the agony in them. "I am his. Village prodigy or not, he is mine."

The man of the world smiled to himself. He prided himself on knowing Eileen better than she knew herself. In his inner heart he was sure she loved

him better than Duncan, and little doubted that a fount of passionate love the girl concealed for this neglected artist-cousin.

Eileen Riviere was rich. Her cousin Duncan was the squire of a midland village and the owner of much land. But his purse was meagre and the place heavily mortgaged. Eileen's money was to alter all that, and bring back a reign of splendour to the dilapidated hall. Since their childhood their names had been coupled by designing relatives. But Duncan, feeling that Eileen did not compel "a grande passion" in his heart, had studiously avoided her, and only, as the years went by and he met no woman that he could prefer to her, did he come to look upon the proposition with willing eyes. Finally, reading the girl's secret in her tell-tale face, and concluding that great love was not for him, he proposed, and their engagement was announced at the beginning of the season.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Put on your hat, Sunbeam, and come with me," said Bill, rising from his table and pushing his chair back noisily. "Where are you going to take her?" asked his sister. "As it gets dark the sea fret will get worse. You don't know the place enough to run risks in a mist what's as bad as a London fog at times."

"Bosh! I know my way like a cat. 'Sides, I know what I'm about. Don't you flurry. Gorn Sunbeam, and hurry up or we shall be late. I've to meet some one at 'arf way 'ouse, and you'd be sorry to miss 'im, I know."

The smile accompanying his words struck a chill into the girl's heart as she turned to the door. She knew whom they would meet. Also that in a very short time her father would ask her what she had decided to do, and their equally strong wills would again come into contact for the second time that day.

A shiver ran through her as she entered her little room. If only he would kill her! He had been so good to her that she did not like to thwart him, and yet what else could she do? Had not Mr. Sinclair said that one must defend one's honor at all costs? With a cry she flung herself on her knees by the bed and prayed for help in the coming struggle.

The same fears had assailed her aunt. For in her brother's face she saw nothing but obstinate determination, and trembled for the child she worshipped. She could not understand Bill's attitude at all. Had his seven years' imprisonment killed the love that had so softened him in the days of old? Tears rushed to her eyes, but she blinked them back, saying huskily:

"You don't mean to be too hard on her, Bill. Won't you give her a little longer to decide? That education she's had wouldn't fit her for such ideas. You'll be patient, won't you, 'cos you love her?"

He frowned. "She must settle one thing or 'other to-night. I want some return for what I've done."

"But you won't frighten her, will you? You'll be patient? I wish you'd let me come, too, I might help her to give in."

"No, I don't want two of you. You've had your chance all day. I left you alone a purpose. That whippersnapper with 'is laugh bein' 'ere I couldn't bring Dan as far. For all you know this gentleman ain't as innocent as he looks. We can't be too careful. Me an' Dan meet to-night to fix up plans. If she gives in, she'll be in them. If she don't she'll be frightened enough to make her give in to-morrow—"

"You don't mean Gentleman Dan to really marry her, then?" asked the woman, a gleam of hope in her eyes.

"That depends," he replied in a low voice. "I don't show all my 'and at once, you bet. You don't catch me by the tail, Helly Green, I can tell you. Now shut up, 'ere she comes. And give over frettin'. I haven't kept her so long to suddenly get rid of her now she has more value than ever before. If she'd 'elp we might be millionaires in no time."

Sunbeam came in smiling. She kissed her aunt affectionately and turned to her father, who was watching her thoughtfully.

"I am quite ready now, daddy," she said in her old bright voice, which brought a look of relief to her aunt's anxious face. "It will be quite like old times to go for a walk with you."

An expression of hesitation flashed across his face. Then, turning his eyes from her face, he slouched towards the door, saying over his shoulder:

"At any rate, we'll show these bloom-in' villagers that you ain't ashamed o' your ticket-o'-leave man, eh? And precious few of them can walk alongside such a fine set-up young woman as yerself. You might be a duchess if you play your cards right."

She paled slightly. "I don't want to be anything but myself, Sunbeam, your little daughter," she replied, tucking her hand into his.

He grunted incredulously, but drew himself up nevertheless with pride. For her sweet words were honey to him, and, for a moment, an overwhelming feeling of love for her possessed his little soul.

Helly had asked him to be patient with her. Of course he would be. Gentleman Dan was hard to circumvent, but even if Sunbeam refused to act as accomplice in their plans she would not really marry Dan. He would save her from that somehow. In a day or two he could allay her feelings, after the threat had worked the result he wanted. But the threat would not be required. He felt sure that she had decided to obey. Her very smile told him so.

He little knew that her reassured manner was due to the decision she had made: to the peace that had seemed to come suddenly as she arose from her knees in her little room. For she felt convinced that she had chosen the only right way the world and her own heart could approve. A decision that meant that her body must suffer to keep her

soul pure and intact. Gentleman Dan was preferable to sin, terrible though he seemed, and at the last minute her father could not force her into such a hateful marriage. Though she did not rely on that thought, Good as he had always been to her she knew that, as Helly had said, he was "terrible when roused." She was young and in his power. He had a right to do with her as he wished. She might refuse to marry Dan, but he could still force her to that. He knew that she would never betray him by making a scene.

"Nevertheless I shall have strength," she mused, as they walked silently along the steep road leading from the village to the town of Olney, five miles ahead. "And he loves me still too much to be really unkind!"

Once her thoughts flew to Duncan Sinclair. He had promised help. If the worst came to the worst, she could go to him and remind him of his promise.

The sea fret deepened as they walked. It hung like a heavy grey pall over land and sea. A thin drizzling rain began to fall. Darkness crept up from the distant hills. The road seemed quite forsaken. (To be continued.)

TERRIER A VERSATILE DOG.

One That Was Devoted to Snake Killing—Making Sure of a Fox.

Of all our dogs there is none so versatile in mind and body as the terrier. There is no service that a dog can do for us in sport or as a companion, says a writer in Blackwood's Magazine, that he is not capable of.

I knew one terrier in India who devoted herself to the dangerous and exciting sport of snake killing. Her method was to irritate the snake into sitting up. She would dance around it, sparring for an opening, as it were. Then with incredible swiftness she darted at the reptile and gripped it close behind the head—a sharp bite and the snake was dead.

She was marvellously successful until on an unlucky day when one of her puppies was with her she found a snake; the puppy got in her way at the critical moment and the snake struck Nettie on the nose. The wound was slight, but she was dazed at once and a strong dose of whiskey administered. Apparently Nettie was quite well the next morning, but as she was playing with the puppy she suddenly turned head over heels and when we reached her she was dead.

A fox once went to ground in a narrow drain; two terriers were running with the pack. The first went in, and unable to get up to the fox, caught hold of the brush, the only point he could reach.

The second terrier also went in, but could not, of course get far, as his companion blocked the way, so he caught hold of the first terrier's tail. Then came the whipper in and he stooped down, put in his arm and feeling the second terrier he caught hold of him and pulled him out.

There was considerable resistance, but at length, to the amusement of the field, the second terrier appeared holding tight to the tail of his predecessor, who in his turn was holding on to the brush of the fox.

If your terrier is to do his best for you in the field he must share your home, or if he lives in a kennel you must be often with him, but my experience is that the dogs that have been the best for work have been those that have lived with me day and night. A dog so studies your face that he learns to anticipate your wishes, almost to read your expression.

Moreover he picks up a good many words when he is always in the house and I have generally found that there are some words which are so thrilling that they have to be spelled out by members of the family. The sound of them is too exciting for the small friends under the table or seated on their favorite chairs.

The terrier that lives in the house develops a vocabulary of his own and one I knew well had three distinct tones. With one he called his mistress when he was in trouble or wanted help; in another, respectfully imperious, he invited a trusted friend to take him out. If he wanted the servants he would put his head through the banisters of the kitchen staircase and bark sharply and imperiously.

Each tone was known and recognized, and I never knew him to deceive by using one in the place of the others.

SMALL CHIPS.

There are women masons in Vienna. In South Africa baboons kill sheep. The English do not much like tomatoes.

A good pack of hounds is worth \$15,000.

London averages but eighteen murders a year.

Paris eats 90,000 pounds of snails a day.

The racoon washes its food before eating it.

Saint Joseph, Mo., is the healthiest town in the world.

Cannibals do not like civilized fish—it is too salty.

The thumb is stronger than all the other fingers together.

The thin, on an average, live seven years longer than the fat.

Kite day, a Chinese national holiday, occurred last month. An expert Chinese kite flyer will easily keep six or eight kites going on one string.

When a man gets religion he has to go to work and build up a new reputation.

LESS CRIME IN LONDON

REPORT OF COMMISSIONER OF POLICE FOR 1906.

Statistics Show That There Was a Decrease of 1,141 in Offences During Year.

A very satisfactory feature of the report for 1906 of the Commissioner of Police for London, England, which was issued recently, is that there was a decrease in the number of offences committed during the year, though, curiously enough, 430 persons were sentenced to penal servitude, as compared with 374 in 1905.

The number of persons apprehended during the last year was 119,897, a decrease of 7,420 as compared with the preceding years. Of these, 3,418 were convicted at Sessions, 96,335 were convicted by magistrates, 630 were acquitted, bills ignored, etc., at Sessions, and 19,459 were discharged by magistrates.

DECREASE IN CRIMINAL OFFENCES.

There was a decrease of 1,141 in the number of criminal offences reported during the year, and a decrease of 1,318 in the number of felonies relating to property. The apprehensions for these offences increased by 426 to 595 respectively. The proportion of felonies to each 1,000 of the estimated population was 2,391, and was the lowest recorded during the period for which statistics are available.

Burglaries decreased from 512 to 445 in 1906. House breakings decreased from 1,522 to 1,459, but the number of apprehensions increased by sixty, and the convictions by forty-nine. Violence to the person was used in only three cases of burglary and one case of house-breaking. Of these offences, 713 were committed in houses left with no person in charge.

SEVENTEEN CASES OF MURDER.

There were seventeen cases of murder of persons over one year of age during 1906. In only two cases were arrests made. In the case of the "Studio Mystery," where Archibald Wakley, a young artist, was brutally murdered, the report says that after prolonged enquiry evidence to justify an arrest was not forthcoming. The other unsolved mystery was the death of a woman in the Edmonton Infirmary after an illegal operation.

The "finger prints" system continued to give unqualified satisfaction, not only in the United Kingdom, but also, it is said, in all other countries where introduced. Identifications still show an upward trend, although signs are not wanting that high-water mark has almost been reached. At Scotland Yard, 6,776 identifications were effected in the year (as against 6,186 in 1905). Of these, 2,982 were for the metropolitan police and 3,794 for provincial forces.

TOM HOOD'S OLD HOME.

The Old House at Wanstead Has Fallen on Evil Days.

The disappearance of the house in which Tom Hood lived at Wanstead, one of the most picturesque of country dwellings, is now only a matter of days. The building lies in the midst of charming surroundings. The approach to it from the nearest station, Sharnbrook, lies through the well-wooded commons peculiar to Essex, and the house itself lies back, nestling in a garden of elms and planes and variegated hollies. The design of the garden is quaint and old fashioned. A broad carriage road divides on either side of a circular flower bed, and admits one to the main entrance, a low wooden door.

To the right of the main block of the building are outhouses with doors lower than the level of the ground, which at one time served as kennels, while to the left is a conservatory, still tenanted by a few half-forgotten plants. The house has an air of decoration and of gloom. In recent times it has been used as a meeting place for local clubs, and over the door is an untidy notice advertising refreshments. All the old paintings and the fine carved mantelpieces have been long removed. The oak floors are sciled and grained with dirt, and the light wood boarding which replaced the grand old mantles adds to the melancholy and sadness of the building. Sprigs of ivy are growing through the chinks and cranicles of the walls.

The evil days on which the house has fallen are typical of Hood's later life and of his sad story. Time took from him all that he held dear, and the inspired writer of "The Bridge of Sighs," "Eugene Aram," and many another masterpiece was left to mourn the loss of friends, of children, and of health, before death came to him as a merciful relief to end his sufferings. The closing years of his life saw some of his finest work—the "Song of the Shirt," with its sad refrain:

Work! Work! Work!
While the cock is crowing aloof!
And work—work—work.
Till the stars shine through the roof!
It's O! to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save
If this is a Christian work!