

# A MAN'S REVENGE;

## OR, THE CONVICT'S DAUGHTER.

### CHAPTER X.

Nevertheless, still believing in her old power to touch his heart, Sunbeam continued beating the door with her clenched fists and calling loudly to her father to come and release her. But with no other result than to make her throat and knuckles ache with pain. For his curses rolled up from the lower room, accompanied by Dan's laugh, which made her glance shudderingly behind her into the blackness around.

How could she stay there alone all night? What had she done to deserve such punishment? The thought of the proposed marriage was too terrible after all. She must get out of it at any price. The remembrance of those horrible kisses made her flesh tingle and her cheeks burn with shame. Despair renewed her strength. She redoubled her cries, and shook the door in a mad frenzy, pausing now and then to listen for movements from below.

Presently a chair was pushed back. Heavy footsteps sounded across the room, and stopped at the bottom of the stairs.

She held her breath. Her father was coming at last. His love for her had conquered his brutality. She quivered with relief, her ears strained to catch the slightest sound.

"Old your noise," he bawled, his voice thick with drink. "You're there till to-morrow, when I 'ope to find you in a better mood. Good-night, I'm off. Dan won't come nigh you, so go to sleep."

Her heart sank like lead. She leaned half fainting against the door.

"Father! oh, father!" she moaned, bursting into tears.

He shuffled noisily away. A door opened and closed. Footsteps and voices sounded without. They had both gone. She was alone in the house! Fear of the darkness, of the mystery shrouding the cottage, overwhelmed her. Even Dan, hateful though he had seemed before, would have been some protection from the horrors that now assailed her. She cowered back, covering her face with her hands. Somebody, something, was looking at her. If only she could get away! But the door was locked.

At the thought she dropped her hands and began groping about the room, trying to find a light. Perhaps when she could see where she was, she would be able to make up her mind what to do. Until then she was too afraid of the whisperings of an excited imagination to think clearly about anything. But if only God would help her, she might escape whilst Dan was away with her father. They had perhaps gone to the Half Way House to get more drink. Therefore, she might have time to slip away through the window into the wood beyond.

Suddenly she touched a table, and uttered a low cry of delight as her hands felt on a matchbox. With trembling fingers she struck a light. The flicker revealed a candlestick before her. In another moment darkness had disappeared.

Her eyes turned to the window, and the thrill of hope that had run through her quivered away as she saw that there was no possibility of escape that way. For Dan, evidently expecting his captive, had cleverly boarded and barred the narrow aperture. Even with the strength of a man she could not hope to pull that barricade down.

The ready tears spring to her eyes. She was indeed trapped. The white-washed walls hemmed her in unmercifully, not a chink upon them held out a glimmer of hope. She would have to remain after all and marry Gentleman Dan to-morrow.

She shuddered. Death even seemed preferable to that. Her eyes sought the narrow bed. Perhaps the murdered man had lain on it. Taking the candle she stooped to the floor, searching half fearfully on the bare boards for some sign of the ghastly deed.

As she did so she noticed that the door stood quite three inches from the ground, leaving a great gap beneath it. Her heart bounded. Excitement filled her brain. There was a chance at last! Perhaps she could pass her fingers under the door and, gripping it, pull it open, bursting the flimsy lock. Perhaps she would have sufficient strength to do so. Although, when she spread out her hands, examining them eagerly, her sanguinity ebbed quickly away. For they were so small! How in the world could they do such work as that?

Then in a flash she remembered the fallen key. It was lying without. She might be able to feel it with her fingers and draw it in!

"Oh, God help me!" she murmured, stooping breathlessly and running her hand quickly along under the door.

Suddenly she touched something with the tips of her outstretched fingers. Her heart seemed to stop beating, for it was the key! Her prayer was answered! Pushing her hand as far as she could, with no little pain to her wrist, slowly and carefully she worked the precious object towards her. After what seemed an eternity the key was in her grasp, and shaking with excitement, she slipped it into the lock.

But fear allayed her joy. Suppose that Dan returned before she could leave the house? Suppose the door below was closed?

She carried the candlestick to the table, deciding to leave it burning. The streak of light coming from the doorway would reassure Dan as to her being within. She might be miles away before he discovered that she had flown.

For in that short time her brain had worked swiftly, and she had fully made up her mind that she would not marry Gentleman Dan, and must fly from her father's reach to evade such a fate. She would run away after seeing her aunt and getting money from her. She would be able to catch the morning mail to town from Olney. It started at three, and, the night being still young, she had several hours before her.

She opened the door, looked it behind her, and threw the key down. Gentleman Dan would recollect that he had dropped it. If in coming up to make sure that she was safe within he remembered doing so, he would probably search for it then and there. Perhaps he might open the door in spite of his promise to leave her undisturbed until the morning, for the silence might make him suspicious. Then, indeed, things would be bad for her and escape difficult.

Feeling sick with fear at the thought, she crept down the narrow stairs and entered the empty room. A fresh candle burned on the table; the air was heavy with the smell of spirits. The sight of the chair her father had occupied sent a sharp feeling of pain through her. She stopped by it. How he had failed her! How cruel he had been!

Realizing, however, that to pause was fatal, she crossed the room quickly and laid her hand on the door handle. Perhaps it was locked, perhaps—

The sound of footsteps made her heart stand still. For a second she stood petrified with fear. It was Dan! Dan was coming back alone, and he would find her there. What could she do?

Nearer and nearer he came, whistling softly. Then stopped below the barricaded window of the room he thought her in, and laughed. She shuddered at the sound. But it gave her the power to break the spell that bound her. With a sudden dart she sprang to the table, and blowing out the candle edged along the wall to the door. It was her only chance, and it might fail!

The next moment he stood within the room. In his surprise at finding it dark he gave vent to a low growl:

"I could have sworn I left that candle burning! I wonder if she has got away? But no, that's impossible!"

Nevertheless he crossed over to the foot of the stairs, anxious to prove his words. In doing so he left the door open, and Sunbeam plunged out into the garden. If he made the discovery now she had no time to spare.

Creeping noiselessly along the path, she dived into the wood. The sound of a closing door made her bound like a stricken deer. Was he within or without? Had he discovered she had gone, and was he just behind her?

She started running, glancing back fearfully from time to time. But no more ominous sound than that caused by her flight fell upon her straining ears. Dan was still indoors. The burning candle within her prison had done its duty. He probably believed her asleep and had not entered the room at all. For a little while she could breathe freely and need not hurry quite so much. Very soon now she would reach the village, and Aunt Hetty would shield her in her protecting arms. For she felt convinced that her father had not gone further than the Half Way House, and that she would be able to carry out her plans without any interference from him.

As she crept out of the lane and passed the inn, she looked through the bar-window searchingly. For the blind had not been pulled down, and the light within was bright enough for her to distinguish each object clearly. Her eyes fell at once on her father, and for a second she stood petrified with fear, for he was facing her, his glass raised to his lips. Then suddenly his eyes met hers, and with a loud cry and stagger, he seemed to spring across the room.

Then Sunbeam darted down the road, running as though bloodhounds were after her, quite forgetting in her fright that her father was too drunk to run quickly, if he had followed her further than the door.

Her terror gave her wings, for if he caught her now he might kill her. Her breath came fast and labored, her throat burned, and her eyes started from her head as she plunged headlong into the dark mist before her. Where she was, and whither going, troubled her not at all. She was flying from real danger into the unknown. What might meet her was not half so terrible as what came behind.

Once she paused for breath. But the sound of footsteps behind her made her start off again with renewed energy. She would not be caught! She would die first! This runner, who, strangely enough, neither shouted nor swore, could therefore not be her father; he must be Dan who had discovered her escape. The remembrance of his hateful embrace upheld her falling limbs. And though the blood surged and hissed in her head, and her eyes seemed bursting from their sockets, she kept on. But her

pursuer had longer legs and better wind than she. For he was close upon her. Looking back she could discern his shadowy figure. His appalling nearness made her stagger forward with a cry. Her foot caught in a stone. The next moment she lay beaten upon the ground. With a shudder she closed her eyes. Surely her heart would pant itself away! Surely God would let her die!

The man's hot breath was on her face. She shivered from head to foot.

"Sunbeam," he panted; "what is the matter, little Sunbeam?"

She uttered a low moan of relief, for the voice was Duncan Sinclair's.

"Save me! Save me!—my father!—Gentleman Dan!" she gasped, half rising, and throwing out pleading hands, her eyes straining through the darkness to him.

He caught her in his arms as she swayed towards him, a merciful cloud of oblivion descending upon her.

### CHAPTER XI.

For some seconds Duncan Sinclair stood with the unconscious girl in his arms. Long before he had overtaken her he had guessed that she was flying from some danger, but could not understand how she had appeared so far from her home. He had been to Olney late that afternoon, and, as he reached the Half Way House on his return saw Sunbeam suddenly dart from it and run nimbly away in front of him. To follow her, learn her trouble and help her, had been his sole thought. And yet, now that she lay within his arms, unable to explain her agitation, he felt utterly bewildered. For they were two miles from St. Lawrence, and after her imploring words, "Save me—my father," he could not take her back to Sea-View Cottage. Neither could he carry her to the inn, since she had fled from there. For no doubt the stranger she had alluded to as Gentleman Dan was sheltered beneath its roof. What could he do? What had happened? What had terrified her so?

The questions flashed through his brain in rapid succession, and his anger rose slowly as he recalled how wretched she had been all day, how changed to the Sunbeam who had brightened his life since his coming to the place. Bill Green was evidently trying to force her to do something very much against her will, perhaps to marry this Gentleman Dan who had spoken of in such a horrid tone.

"That she shall never do!" he muttered, raising her higher in his arms with a swift feeling of tenderness. Then his eyes fell on the light of the cottage his uncle had taken, and an idea sprang to his mind. They were only a few yards from it. He would take her and leave her there, until he had heard what had happened and what help she required. His uncle would not refuse to shelter such a lonely little girl, and if Bill and his friend, Gentleman Dan, were searching for her, she would be safe enough. For they would not dream of her having taken shelter so near to them neither would it do for them to know that he had found her.

He reached the door breathless, for she was heavy and awkward to carry. He smiled as he recalled sundry novels he had read in which the heroine, weighing as light as a feather, had been carried easily by the hero for many miles. Sunbeam at all events could not be added to the list of such anaemic damsels, and he was certainly glad that he had not to carry her father.

He knocked at the door. After a slight pause Simmons, the servant, opened it cautiously. His face changed from utter blankness to astonishment as his eyes scanned the young man and his burden.

Sinclair smiled.

"Let me in, Simmons, there's a good fellow, and tell Sir Ralph I crave his hospitality for this lady."

The man's jaw dropped. For an instant he thought that his ears misled him. Then, habit being stronger than nature, he straightened himself, and his features slid back into their masklike expression.

"Very well, sir," he faltered, still standing in the doorway. "But Sir Ralph will not be disturbed. He has just had his dinner. If you will allow me to suggest the Half Way House, I think—"

"The Dickens man, am I to stand here all night? Half Way House indeed! Do you think my arms are made of iron, that I can carry her another step. Let me pass, and fetch your master," stormed Duncan, pushing his way in as he spoke.

"Very well, sir, but—"

"No buts, Simmons; let me put her down, and then you can talk. Sir Ralph would not turn a fly away, I know, so don't put your words into his mouth. Come, be a good fellow, and open that door. I want a couch or a chair—something to lay her on."

Shaking his head disapprovingly, Simmons led him into a small room. With a sigh of relief Sinclair laid Sunbeam on the couch.

"Now then," he continued, "get some water, brandy, anything you can think of, Simmons. When she has come around, I'll listen to your objections. Don't look so crestfallen, either. I'll take the blame. I forced my way in, remember. Now hurry. She has been like this too long. I found her fainting on the road."

He turned back to the couch as the man obeyed with evident reluctance, then started as he met Sunbeam's eyes fixed on him wondering.

"Mr. Sinclair—what is the matter?" she asked, trying to rise as she spoke. He forced her gently back.

"You fainted, Sunbeam, that is all. You were running too fast, and—"

"Then you ran after me?" she asked, in a tone of surprise, trembling visibly.

"Yes; because I saw that you were afraid of something, and feared that, in running as you did, you might hurt yourself, or—"

"Lose my way and fall over the cliffs?" she whispered, her eyes full of fear. "Perhaps it is a pity I did not, for they will find me, and it will begin all over again." Her voice broke, and she bowed her head.

"Sunbeam, I promised to help you," ejaculated Duncan, taking her limp little hand. "Will you trust me, and let me do so? I swear they shall not touch you, that I will keep you from them. Already they cannot dream of your whereabouts. I carried you to this house. My uncle, Sir Ralph Freer, lives here, and together, he and I, will save you from all danger."

She clasped her hands together nervously, and glanced round the room.

"Oh, if you could! But when they have found me they will make things worse. Yes, I know where I am—in the dear old Captain's house. But it is not far from them. They must find me here, unless I can slip away before morning, as I meant to do."

She stopped, looking inquiringly at Simmons, who had returned. Sinclair took a glass from the salver he held, and filled it.

"Drink this, and try to keep quiet for a little while," he said, bending over her soothingly. "You are quite safe for the present. My uncle is the soul of kindness."

She raised grateful eyes to his.

"How strange that he—the invalid gentleman—should be your uncle!" she murmured, taking the proffered glass from his hand. "Only a little while ago—although it seems years—when I passed here with father, I told him I did not know the name of the people who rented the place, and—"

"What did he say? Was he anxious to know?" he interposed eagerly.

"No; he was kind then. He said that, as the Captain had been good to me, even if the floors were made of gold, he would not want to enter to do harm. He was so kind that what came after seemed more terrible, because I so little expected it."

"Well, I'm glad he does not hanker to get in here. Also, that he knows you know nothing about the inmates. It makes you quite safe for the present."

"Ah! but I must waste no time. I must leave at once. I am quite well again. Fright made me faint, and I am no longer frightened. I must get home before father does. I must see Aunt Hetty. . . . I must go away from the place as soon as possible."

"Go where?" he asked, drawing a chair up to her side and sitting down, whilst Simmons stepped quietly from the room.

"I do not quite know. But I want to run away. There are reasons why my father must not find me. And so . . . if I can get some money from Aunt Hetty, I mean to go at once."

"But you forget. It is late already. Where can you go at this time of night, my child?"

"I meant to walk to Olney. It is only five miles, and the morning mail leaves at three. And then— Oh, don't shake your head, Mr. Sinclair. I am not afraid, and I must do it. After what has happened to-night, I dare not meet my father. I know Aunt Hetty will keep my secret, but for her sake I must manage alone. You surely would not be so cruel as to prevent my going?" she added in a reproachful tone, her eyes full of tears.

(To be continued.)

### AIR CANNON NOW.

#### A Novel Scheme to Dissipate the Fogs of London.

A scheme to disperse fogs by currents of air, shot over London from "projectors" six miles away, has been laid before the Public Control Committee of the London County Council, and Mr. Demetrio Moggiora, the inventor, is ready to start experiments.

Mr. Moggiora says his apparatus has already been subjected to severe tests at Milan, Italy, where fogs, clouds and hailstorms were quickly dissipated. With his projectors, or "air cannon," placed within a radius of six miles from the Houses of Parliament, he says he will clear away the worst fog in London within 20 minutes.

"The theory is that the fog hangs over London simply because there are no air currents to carry it away," said Mr. Moggiora to a newspaper representative recently. "Now, my projectors, acting like cannon, furnish the necessary currents of air."

"Each projector is about 60 feet long. An explosion is caused in a cannon, and the concussion has an effect for six miles. Thus, if ten or more of these were ranged over London from different directions, the fog would be lifted immediately to an altitude where the wind would blow it away. After the apparatus was permanently installed the cost would be 7d. for each explosion, and twenty explosions would rid the metropolis of its densest fog. The cost for original construction would be \$3,000."

"I am confident," said Mr. Moggiora, "that my experiments will demonstrate the practicability of a fogless London."

"The suggestion is no more incredible than wireless telegraphy," said an official. "Who knows but in a short time we shall have a department for the control of fogs and rain, with experts to regulate the proper proportions of sunshine and cloudy weather."

"And now, sir," said the fortune-teller, "you must beware of a tall, fair-haired lady, with blue eyes—"

"And a blue dress and white hat?" confirmed her client. "Yes, yes, I know; she's my

## ON THE FARM.

### WINTERING COLTS.

The longer a foal can have the easily assimilated milk of its dam the better horse it will make. But for various reasons mares are not often permitted to wean their own foals, because they are required to take part in the work of the farm or to be used for driving purposes.

Foals are usually weaned in October or November, that is to say when they are about five or six months old. At this time of the year, nights are getting cold and damp; pastures are on the wane, and the milk supply is falling off. If, however, as the result of constitutional weakness or backward growth, it is considered desirable that the foal should continue with the dam for an extended period, then both should be allowed an ample supply of grain and chaff and any demand that is being made on the mare for work, should cease.

In all cases the foal should be fed with oats, bran and good hay for at least three or four weeks before weaning, so that the loss of its mother's milk may not be severely felt. As to whether the separation of the foal should be made completely when weaning takes place, or gradually by allowing it to return to the mare at increasing intervals, is a matter upon which breeders are by no means unanimous, some adopting one course and some the other with equal success. In the majority of cases, however, the gradual process is the most rational and safer for both mare and foal. A good plan to adopt is to allow the foal to suck twice a day for a few days and then for a few days more once a day, after which it may be kept from its mother altogether.

After weaning, give the foal a good big handful of oats and one of bran twice a day, and all the well cured hay it will eat. A small quantity of flaxseed with the grain will be of advantage as it grows older. In the winter months this ration with a few roots added, plenty of water and exercise will be all that is required. Do not house in too warm a place, but give plenty of fresh air with protection from draught and allow it to carry a good coat of colt's hair.

Attention should be paid to the feet of growing colts or the toes may grow out too long. If this occurs they should be trimmed back and the hoofs kept shapely.

The restlessness resulting from separation from the dam will be greatly appeased by company, and especially by two or more foals being turned out together.

### "BUDDERIZING" MILK.

Mr. J. H. Monard, well known to many Canadians, and who is now residing in Denmark, describes the method of preserving milk by the addition of hydrogen peroxide as follows: The hydrogen peroxide is added to the milk in the receiving vat from whence it passes through a pasteurizing heater and is thus heated to 55 degrees C., and sent to an insulated round tank where the temperature is maintained for two or three hours and the milk agitated with an up-and-down dasher; from this tank the milk is bottled with an apparatus somewhat like a beer bottling machine (which appears to be rather hard to clean) and the bottles (small-necked) are then corked and placed in a wooden tank with warm water till next morning, when the delivery takes place.

Mr. Monard states that this system, known as "Budderizing," after the inventor, is not as popular as one might think. While some medical men favor it, there are many who are strongly opposed to this plan of preserving milk.

### FEDDING AND MILKING.

The practice when cows are in the stable of feeding them just before it is time to begin milking, is becoming more general. The cow will not stand quietly, nor will she give down her milk readily until she is fed, especially if she has been trained to expect her feed at a certain time. The drawback to this method is the danger of dust from the fodder getting into the milk. How would it do to feed say an hour before milking? This would allow the dust to settle before milking time, and the cow having had her feed, would stand quietly and give down her milk more readily. At any rate, it would be better than milking the cows just before feeding as many do, when they become restless and eager to eat. If it is difficult to feed during milking, the best difficulty might be overcome by wetting the fodder sufficiently to settle the dust, or by giving such feeds at this hour as would not create dust. The points mentioned here are worth considering, and we should be glad to have the views of our readers upon them.

Beware of the man who is always harping about honesty being the best policy.

"I haven't got any case," said the client. "I have no case." "How much?" asked the lawyer. "Ten thousand dollars," was the reply. "How! You have the best case I ever heard of. I'll see that you never go to prison with that sum," said the lawyer, cheerfully. And he didn't—he would there "make"