# MAN'S REVENGE:

OR, THE CONVICT'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER X.—(Continued). would help you? But I must first hear catch me." all you have to say. Perhaps you imagine things worse than they are. Your father loves you. You yourself told me that he had always been good to you."

"Ah, yes, and so he has until just now. I cannot understand his strange he ... vior-" She hesitated.

"Tell me what has happened. How can I help you if you keep me in the

dark?" interrupted Duncan. "You are sure that I shall be doing the right thing; that it will not harm him or even Gentleman Dan?" she asked

earnestly. He laughed. "How could you harm them? At present I have not the pleasure of knowing who Gentleman Dan is, but I think I can guess, and am right in saying that neither he nor your father deserve such consideration from you. But make haste, little girl, and begin your story. Old Simmons has gone to tell his master that we have burst in like thieves. They will both be back in Could you not trust me?"

She smiled shyly, the color rushing to her face.

you might be--" tective in disguise? Poor Sunbeam!"

"I'm sorry," she stammered. "But once father was caught by one who came young man, with more fervor in his I'd go to prison myself first. Aye, and if to lodge at my aunt's, and she-I alsothought you might be one. I see how say, Adele will be the very one to help straight to-" stupid we both were—and——

"Never mind! I'm nothing half so beam can take the note." useful, I can assure you. But I will help you, at all events, without hurting your boy," replied his uncle. "Then you'll go say the better for you, Hetty Green. Go father, or even Gentleman Dan. Tell me back to your diggings and leave the rest to bed and make up your mind that I everything Sunbeam. Remember I am to me. For you must not be late, or know what I'm about. There's no call your friend i"

ence in a quick, hurried voice, he listen- As for you, Sunbeam, you can rest until A low knock at the door sounded ing in silent anger. How could they we want you. You need fear nothing. through the small house. frighten her to that extent? How dared You'll be saved. This isn't the first time they threaten her?

sorry for wishing it. And, as you know, than you should !" I have succeeded so far, but-

"You will entirely, my little friend. Uncle Ralph and I will protect you." "But not at my father's expense?" she exclaimed, alarmed at the look of determination in his eyes. "And it is

good of you to say that, but how can you really do it?" "That we have to arrange," began

Duncan. "And here is my uncle himself. Let us see what he will say to our he saw Sunbeam koking at him a minstory." He turned, as he spoke, to Sir ute ago. Ralph, who stopped in the middle of the! He staggered round the yard, blinking keenly into the man's red face. room, glancing from one to the other at the thick darkness as he strolled into "Yes, sir, it's me. Did you walk all crime. Descriptions of the persons wth a look of amusement in his keen, the empty outhouses. Then hesitated, the way 'ome? Funny, for I come from wanted were posted upon every police

hear?" he said, frowning. "You force have escaped? Should he go and see if your way in with a fainting damsel, and Gentleman Dan had missed her? No. It refuse to go. Did I not tell you that I was impossible for her to get away. came here for solitude? And yet you Dan was too good a keeper. He must bring a destroyer of peace into my nest! have imagined he saw her poering in at Explain yourself, my knight errant. him through the bar window, just as he How in the world did you manage to fancied he saw all kinds of faces popfind Circe in this spot?"

Sunbeam's face had clouded over with apprehension. The strange, wild-look- day, so it was natural that he should ing man was angry. And it was her see her scared face everywhere. Helly fault! She burst in eagerly—

"It was my fault entirely! I faintedand Mr. Sinclair-"

your sex, young lady, you -were the ing. The night's confinement would offender, and he came to your defence, thereby showing a nobler attitude than that of Adam, eh? Well, and why did you faint? and how is it you know Mr. to get away. No doubt she had cried Sinclair at all?"

She opened her lips, eager to explain. But Sinclair stopped her with a significant glance.

"Sit down, Uncle Ralph, and I will tell you all," he said, rising and offering | bravely. The next day might be a hard his chair. Sir Ralph obeyed silently, one. He could waste no more time now the amused smile still on his face, whilst over pleasure. Hetty also had to be his glittering eye fixed greedily upon it. Duncan began to explain.

A few minutes later Sir Ralph knew all that Sunbeam had told, and sat with his chin in his hand and his brow puckered, deep in thought.

During the narrative he had glanced at Sunbeam's face, and watched her with evident pleasure in his eyes. Revived by watching it. the stimulant and re-awakened hope, she looked prettier than ever, her dark eyes full of eager anxiety, her cheeks flushed with excitement. Perhaps, he other story to tell. And yet, why should my word from the first-now she must gives 'er to 'im in the proper manner. Some little lime after he commenced reflected, the burglar Bill had some he? What regue of like calibre would pay me back." stint and risk his life to educate another's child? He was a romantic old fool to imagine such a thing just because the girl had a pretty face and the manners of a lady.

he demanded, turning to Sunbeam.

train?" she asked, glancing at Duncan, "I am quite able to walk now, and if encouragement. For he saw no actual itig her. you would be so good as to go first to cruelty in what he had done. Sunbeam's You look fired, Miss Green; I'm afraid The laborer straightened his back. Aunt Hetty and ask her to send me some money, Mr. Sinclair-"

She hesitated, half shy at making the fair enough. request. "You see," she explained, "I

dare not go myself, now, for I have lost gan, then, seeing he was alone, her

"There's no necessity for you to do have you done with her?" that, for I can lend you what you require," interrupted Sir Ralph. "You or your aunt must not even know where self heavily into a chair. you are or what you do. Your father

could no doubt force her to tell him." "Poor auntie. She will be so unhappy. white with apprehension. She may think they have killed me. Mayn't I even write a line?"

"Well, we'll consider that when everything is settled," replied Sir Ralph. "By row." Jove, Duncan, I have it! She must escape, and your sister, good Adele, is the very one to help us. We'll put our heads together and arrange all now. Don't worry, Miss Sunbeam, Gentleman Dan won't have you yet."

The tears sprang to the girl's eyes. "You mean I shall be able to escape,

by that train, for you may be sure they'll spoil my gime, is it now? An' surely watch Olnay station if they miss you be you can trust me! I won't 'urt 'er. a moment. But why ever did you not fore it starts. No, you'll drive through Only she must give in to me. It don't tell me an your trouble this morning? Olnay to Mordawn; the train leaves matter to you where she is. You would there at six. It's further, but they won't | n't find her if you locked all night, but dream of your going there. Simmons to comfort you she's safe and in good can borrow a cart from the Half Way hands. To-morrow you shall see her. "You see, Aunt Hetty-and I-thought House, and he and I will drive you. I It's no good 'owling for I shan't say any shall quite enjoy it! As for you, Dun- more. She's as much mine as yours." "I see!" he vociferated with a hearty can, you must know nothing at all when ! "But you've no right to ill-treat her, laugh. "You thought I might be a de- you return to Sea View Cottage. Trust nor really to marry her to your Dan. me, I'll help Sunbeam."

veice than was necessary. "And as you you don't deal fair by her, I'll go us also. I'll write to her now. Sun- "Hold your row, 'ave you ever known

their suspicions may be aroused. I feel for flurry. Dan's a gentleman, spite of She narrated the whole day's experi- just like a young man again myself! a'l. Hush! What's that?" I've arranged a similar affair. Besides, "You see," she added naively, "he is young man," ne added, mentally, his late to-night. Walked to Olnay after tea. my father. Therefore, at first I felt eyes on his nephew's face, "the sooner And I suppose he's just walked back." bound to obey. But when I was face to the child is out of your way the better Bill raised his heavy hand. His bloodtleman Dan, I felt also that I must make mind. Beautiful as Sunbeam is, she is her face. an attempt to evade that. I fell certain no match for a Sinclair, and I see you that in time my fathere would be heartily already take more interest in her affairs murmured, a note of anxiety creeping

# CHAPTER XII.

Bill Green stumbled out of the Half Way House and stood, swaying uneast- chair, followed her and, pushing her ly in the middle of the silent road. Not a roughly against the wall, opened the being was in sight as far as he could door to Sinclair, who entered, sayingsee. And yet he could have sworn that

after a fruitless search, at the top of the there, too." "Well, young man, what is this I lane leading to the wood. Could she ping up in the darkness around. She had not been out of his thoughts all would say he had been drinking too much and that the spirits affected his brain. Perhaps she would be right. At "Yes, yes, so I understand," exclaimed any rate, he would go home now, and Sir Ralph, nodding. "As is usual with come back to Dan's early in the mornbreak Sunbeam's spirit better than anything. And he felt convinced that she had neither the strength nor the pluck

herself to sleep. He slumbled back to the road. Though the warm light in the inn windows called t him, and his lips felt the need of moistening, he turned his back on it dealt with, and his senses were muddled enough. If he drank more he might tell exclaimed Hetty, pausing to watch him. is. I picked it up in the house of your her too much and give the game away. He zigzagged down the slight incline, ing in the window facing him reminded In the morning, as I say, she'll do as I him of Sunbeam's words. He stood still want and I'll bring her back."

"There might be summat there, after anxious breathless voice. ali-it's lonely enough-and them seafaring chaps are sly-but I gived my ingword; I'm a man of my word. He's been | "If she was, Dan's a man o' his word. to pay no attention whatever to the regood to her, same as meself. I've kept He'll leave her alone, you bet, until I marks of the patients.

on whom that light shone. His feelings | can." softened towards the girl he loved, and | She turned away with a sinking heart. | tion. The workman dug steadily on, he forgot how angry she had made him | For she thoroughly understood that no- and never lifted his head. occur to him, or, if it did, met with no allay the feelings he knew were disturb- out: will had to be broken in, and the means I have kept you up," he said, tentatively, locked at him a minute, and, shaking he had taken for such a result seemed drawing his chair to the table. As for his head, sorrowfully exclaimed:

But, as his senses cleared in the soft trouble. I had some at Olnay. But, 34 went on calmly with his work.

slowly vanishing, he slopped now and fuse to touch it; it looks so nice that my then in his unsteady walk to chuckle mouth waters." over the night's adventure and Sunbeam's fear. How startled she had her recover her equanimity. But her koked! How she hated Gentleman Dan.

"An' roightly, too, lor, he's a bad 'un, a down right bad 'un," he muttered. "She'll think I'm 'ard, but she don't know what I means. But she must bend first, then I'll be even with Dan. If the worst comes to the worst there's one asleep, I hope," replied Hetty, clasping thing Het an' me can do to save 'er from her trembling hands. "I'm troubled, him. He ain't always to have his own | yes, but no one can help me. Bill, you way. Only it wouldn't 'ave done to tell | see, is over fond of the bottle. In a

do 'er no 'arm." Nevertheless, he felt askamed of himseli when, on hearing the gate go, Hetty herself appeared in the lighted doorway

of Sea View Cottage.

"What an age you've been!" she be-"Little Sunbeam, did I not tell you I so much time that my father might voice grew shrill with anguish as she exclaimed: 'W'here's Sunbeam? What He pushed past her into the kitchen.

"She's all right," he replied, avoiding your aunt can repay me later. In fact, her searching glance and throwing him-

"Where is she then? What have you done with her?" she reiterated, growing

"She's safe enough, I tell you. She ain't comin' back to-night. I've left 'er in safe 'ands. So you can 'old your

But the ready tears had gushed from the frightened woman's eyes, and she scized his arm excitedly.

"Where is she? Tell me, Bill. I'll fetch her. I won't let her stay away all night."

He laughed uneasily and dug his door. He stopped her, sayinghands deeper into his pockets.

"Yes, yes, you shall escape. But not | "It ain't likely I'm goin' to let you

I've a say in that matter. She's an "Thank you, Uncle," exclaimed the langel. I won't see her tied to the devil.

me 'arm a living bein', let alone 'er? "When we've made our plans, my She's safe, you bet, and the less you

She dried her tears. "That's Mr. Sinclair. He's been cut

face with the thought of marrying Gen- fo. you both and for Elleen's peace of shot eyes narrowed as he looked into "He's been to the town, has he?" he always the deceitfullest."

into his voice. "What's he been-doin" She shrugged her shoulders.

"How can I tell? Ask him," she re-

plied leaving the room and walking quickly down the narrow passage. With an oath he sprang from his

"I'm sorry I'm so late, Miss Green. started back later than I intended. Hallo, it's you, is it?" he added, looking

ing good-humoredly his eyes seeking tem has undergone a drastic change, and the woman's, as she stood silent behind the methods of the detectives of to-day her brother. "What a pity I didn't know, are no less romantic than those of the Green, we might have come back together. My walk was a lonely one. don't think much of Olnay either. you were more fortunate."

sister furtively as she bustled about dead body from afar, whether buried or getting a hasty supper ready for her not, but in this instance the anima! lodger.

"What do ye think of 'im, d'ye think any such horror. he's a 'tec?" he asked at last, as she lifted a steaming saucepan off the fire. elsewhere, and finally they discovered She shook her head.

"I don't know. Anyways he likes Sun- | well. beam. And if he knows she isn't here,

Why should he know? But, all the Paris detective suspected a man of a same, what did he go to Olnay for to- brutal murder, but the evidence necesday. Seems queer that."

and poured some of the spirit out with cafe and accused him of the crime.

He winked portentously over his glass. victim. Confess !" No, she ain't. That's a blind, I ain't | This was the merest bluff, but the suspast the Captain's cottage. A light burn- put me feet inside Olnay. She's safe. pect at once confessed.

"She isn't with Dan?" she asked in an He sniffed contemptuously, mutter-

fresh air from which the sea fleet was you have got some ready, I cannot re-

He spoke hurriedly, as though to help huge breast heaved spasmodically, and the tears overflowing her eyelids crept

slowly down her cheeks. "What is the matter? Can I help you? Is Sunbeam ill?" he asked kindly.

her that to-night. A little fright won't quiet place like this that is a trouble to a respectable body. And private feelings can't be uncovered to anyone but oneself. I'm sorry I allowed you to see scmething bothered me. But you mustn'i think it's about Sunbeam. Why, her father would punch the head off any one what upset her! She's well looked after."

A sob stifled her words. Duncan lockat into his plate. He felt puzzled at her attitude. Was she in the plot against her niece, after all? Then he recalled what Sunbeam had said about their suspicions of him, and raising his head. smiled into her troubled face.

"That's all right! But I wish I could help you, although your trouble doesn't concern Sunbeam, for whom I would do anything. For she reminds me of-of a sister I dearly love-- I would help you giadly if ever you cared to tell me your wees, please remember that."

He spoke earnestly. His voice trembled a little.

"Thank you, sir: you're very kind. But the worrlts of a woman like me generally straighten themselves alone," she replied, with a sigh, moving towards the

"Do you know, Miss\_ Green. I've r strange idea. I fancy you think I'm not what I profess to be. That, in fact, you suspect me of being a detective. It's funny, isn't it, but since you told me about that one who lodged with you years ago, I've had the idea, absurd though it seems. Funny, isn't it?"

"Lor, sir! What an idea! As if couldn't see you're a gentleman born! exclaimed Hetty, raising horrifled hands.

but coloring hotly. Sinclair threw back his head with a

merry laugh. "Yes, it's a queer idea. I know. Bu there, I've told you, and you don't believe it! Do you, because--"-"Of course not !" she ejaculated.

"That's all right i Then if ever you require my help, you'll remember that I'm merely a young man with plen'y of spare time and the anxiety to do a good turn to one who has been a mother to him."

"Lor, Mr. Sinclair. And I only do my duty. But I'll remember yes, I'll re member," murrured Helty, as she step

ped from the room. But outside she paused, frowning. "I wonder what he means? Is that a

blind? Can he have heard anything And yet he looks so kind, so restful. He would be a help if one could believe him But those "'tecs" are up to all sorts of dodges, and the best looking men are With which reflection she wen

mournfully to bed to weep over Sun beam's fate, wondering what had be come of her and why Bill had changed so entirely toward the child.

(To be continued).

# CRIME DETECTING TO-DAY.

Different Methods Now Than That of Ten Years Ago.

stereotyped methods of discovering rives there to the extent of station throughout the country, and that "Did you?" exclaimed Sinclair, laugh- was considered enough. Now the syssleuthhounds of fiction.

The Abbe Delarue vanished some little time ago, and the French rolice were at couldn't get a thing I wanted. I hope a loss to discover any trace of him. That he had been done to death was Green grunted an inaudible reply, and taken foar granted, till a detective rolled back to the kitchen, his suspicions searched the surrounding country with But for all that he eyed his a hyena. These animals can scent a showed no signs of having discovered

Then the police turned their attentic the missing abbot in Brussels, alive and

Another novelty in the elucidation of crime is the adoption of the method of "Old your row, you blithering idiot. compulsory confession. Recently sary was lacking. Without hesitation. He drew a whiskey bottle towards him however, he accosted the suspect in a

"Look!" he said. "The third button "So Sunbeam's in Olnay, is she?" is missing from your left book. Here it 000,000 corks a week. The annual out-

## PITY THE POOR MAD.

A laborer was engaged in the grounds of an asylum, and received instructions

Go and look after your grinning toff and work the governor of the asylum, a well-He staggered forward little guessing stuff his ears with what nonsense you known doctor, looking at the progress of the work, mildly suggested one altera-

"Do you know who I am?"

supper, I cught to have fold you not to | "Poor chao! I am sorry for ye," and "she's a good glass and a powerful glass,

# WHERE CORKS ARE MADE

250,000,000 MANUFACTURED YEARLY IN A FRENCH TOWN.

"Sunbeam is all right. She's sound Where French President Was Born -Whole of the Population Lives on Cork.

> Pretty nearly all the corks used in France and a very large proportion of the entire world's supply are made in Mezin, a village of 2,700 inhabitants in Gascony. It is a picturesque, old fashioned place approached by roads which lead between headgerows. Its houses are all shiny white and they cluster amid groups of plane trees. There is a battlemented cathedral that looks like a mediæval fortress.

Only a few miles away, at Nerac, President Fallieres was born. He still has his home there when he retires to private life. He is a large wine growor and he is greatly interested in the cork cutters, whose Senator he was for years before he became President. It used to be an annual custom for a delegation of the young men and pretty girls of Mezin to visit him for the purpose of inviting him to the cork cutters' fete, August 15. He always went, and he is immensely popular in Mezin.

Of the 2,700 inhabitants of Mezin, 1,500 men, women and children are engaged n the cork industry. There are thirtyfive oork factories in the village for all is sleepy, ancient appearance, and they ro' only absorb more than half the local working force, but draw on all the other villages

#### FOR MILES AROUND.

Mezin and its environs live on cork and very good living they make of it. There is no more prosperous section in France than this.

Gascony has the best soil in the world for cork trees. All through the resis of Gers and the Landes there are thousands of trees of medium height with gnarled boughs and their foliage concentrated in a gray green ball. The pobust trunk is covered with a thick, rough brownish gray bark to which many lichens and mosses cling. This : the cork tree.

The attack on it is made in June of ach year. Then a regiment of countrymen in the long linen blouses and blue ans which are the costume of the coun-'ry invade the woods, picking out the well-known trees to flay them. With keen knife a carcle is drawn around he trunk close to the ground and another high up, just where the branches begin. Then a long incision is made 'rom one circle to the other. The prowas of taking off the great sheet of bark thus outlined is a most delicate ore. It is rough, hard, brittle, this raw cork, but it must not be split or even

When it is removed the tree trunk coks like the flayed carcass of an antmal. The wood is ruddy and drops of raddish gum exuding from it suggest drops of blood. The tree is not injurea, however. The bark soon begins to grow again, and by the next year it is ready for another stripping.

Then the bark, rolled up in 200 pound burdles, is taken to Mezin. But there is not enough of it. Bark from Spain. Ten years ago delectives relied upon Portugal, Corsica and Algiers also ar-

## THOUSANDS OF TONS.

Every morning at dawn practically all the population except the old women and the children flock to the facbories. The strong men have the job greparing the cork for the cutters. It has to be converted from rough, friable tinder into soft, elastic substance with which every one is familiar. First it is steeped in a warm bath of dilute hvdroch'oride and exalic acids. It comes out white and soft and while still wet it is laid out on flet tables to take the curvature out of it. When it dries out thoroughly it is ready for the cutter.

Then come the shavers, who with light, curved hatchets remove the rough surface and finish it with rasps. After these the slicers divide it up into squares according to the size of the corks that are to be made from it. The final operation is performed by girls who feed to machines the squares, which come out perfectly shared corks, round and rol'shed, cylindrical or bevelled, according as the machine has been set. It takes the girl a month to learn how to run the machine.

Mezin turns out from 4.000,000 to 5,but is in the neighborhood of 250.000,-Oxi corks. They vary enormously in price. A good champagne cork is worth 4 cents (20 centimes) in the factory. Small corks for vials made out of waste to a large extent some imes go at several dozen for a cent. The money that is realized on Mezin's corks each year is estimated as not far from \$750,000.

# NOT EMOTIONAL.

Staying at an inn in Scotland, a shooting party found their scort much interby her obstinate refusal to obey. But thing would make him divulge what he The doctor raised his voice, but the fered with by rain. Still, wet or fine, "What do you propose doing now?" the thought of proving his anxiety to was hiding from her. The tears stood in man, without answering, went on dig- the cld-fashioned barometer, hanging in shield her by going to the rescue and her eyes as she entered Sinclair's room. ging energetically. The dector threa- the hall, persistently pointed to "Set "Cannot I go to London by the mail comforting her in her sorrow, did not He glanced at her sheepishly longing to tened, stormed, and finally thundered "air." At length one of the party drew

> "Don't you think now. Dugald, there's comething the matter with your glass?" "No sir," replied Dugald, with dignity; but she's no moved wi triffes,"