

# A MAN'S REVENGE;

OR, THE CONVICT'S DAUGHTER.

## CHAPTER XIII.

Sir Charles and Lady Larkin had just finished breakfast when a footman entered and handed a note to his mistress, saying—

"The young person who brought it is waiting, my lady."

Adele took the letter hurriedly, for she had recognized her brother's handwriting, and was puzzled at receiving it since she believed him to be miles away from town.

"I suppose Duncan has left his idyllic village," she said, glancing across at her husband with a merry smile.

"Love draws him back to the whirling city, you may be sure," he replied. "No doubt he is tired of his own society, and remembers that Eileen may want to see him occasionally."

"Ah, well, I'm glad of that, if it is so. He is rather too matter of fact a lover, I think!" she exclaimed, breaking the seal and drawing out the contents of the bulky envelope. "Did you say the messenger is waiting, James?"

"Yes, my lady. She said that Mr. Sinclair told her to wait."

"Very good. You can go until I ring for you. Although I don't see, Charles, what reply he can require. . . . This is a mysterious affair. . . . Look! A letter from Uncle Ralph also, and both from St. Lawrence. And James said 'she' in speaking of the beaver! What can it mean?"

He laughed, amused at the look in her blue eyes.

"Read them," he exclaimed; "that is the best way of finding out. Why will women puzzle over the exterior of a letter when, by reading it, at once their curiosity can be appeased? Duncan has met with some adventure. Perhaps Uncle Ralph is quite mad now, or about to marry."

"No, no!" she exclaimed after a short silence, her face full of distress as she looked up. "It is quite different. They want me to befriend that village girl, the prodigy in education and manners. They are both mad! Read, and tell me what to do. Isn't it dreadful? Duncan must really be out of his senses."

She handed the letters to him, and sat watching him with eager eyes. When he laid them down here anxiously broke forth.

"What must I do?" she demanded. "You see it is dreadful for the girl. But on the other hand, there is Eileen: what will she say?"

"What can she say? Your uncle is in the affair and he is entirely for Eileen. Duncan could not leave the girl to the mercy of those ruffians whoever they are. . . . Men don't fall in love with every woman they befriend. You seem to have little belief in your brother's loyalty."

"Oh, it isn't that! It's that Duncan does not really care greatly for Eileen, I know. Therefore he may still meet the woman who can shake him to the core with untold love, such as men like Duncan are capable of feeling. That is why I am distressed. This village girl may be that woman. And in taking her under my care I may be doing the worst thing possible for him and Eileen. He will be loyal to Eileen, *coute que coute*, but then Eileen may be the one to see, and understand first, what this interest in the girl really means. And you know as well as I do that she adores him and that this marriage must not be broken off."

She stopped, breathless, charming in her agitation.

"Surely, my dear girl, you exaggerate. Wait and see before rushing at such conclusions. These two men, Duncan and your uncle, have rescued the girl from some danger and are helping her to fly from it, for a short time they say. They also ask you to help them by keeping her here and say that she—"

"Good gracious, Charles, she is the messenger! The rest of the letter has so upset me that I quite overlooked that point. She is here now, she has brought this, and—what shall I do? Must I keep her? Think of him, of Eileen, of all this may lead to, and tell me, must I really do what they ask?"

"I was just going to tell you that she must be here, since they say that she brings these letters, and was going to suggest your seeing her and offering her some breakfast. For she has only just arrived, I suppose. Then, you can decide what to do. Let us interview her. If she looks the kind of person who may be dangerous to Eileen's and Duncan's happiness I say leave her alone. If she is merely a young simple-minded girl neither you nor I would wish to send her adrift in this city of evil. Have her in here. And presently, after I have given her full time to get used to you I will come back. Your feelings of sympathy rarely mislead you, my love. I am sure that whatever you decide will be right, and that I shall agree with you."

He stooped over and kissed her flushed cheek. She smiled brightly up at him. "Dear old Charles! What a rock of wisdom and comfort you are! Of course I must see her before I decide! But then, you know, I have often been taken in! Suppose her beauty masters me?"

"It won't. Your heart is not to be misled by a schemer. If she is genuinely honest and in trouble you will know in-

tuitively. Besides your uncle is not easily misled!"

Shes hugged her shoulders.

"He, poor dear, is not entirely responsible for his whims and fancies. Besides, a pretty face captivates most men. They fail to look beneath the beauty skin. No, no, Charles. I put my faith more in myself than in him, or Duncan. Perhaps a little in you, since my looks are nil and you chose me of all women. Good-bye for the present. Will you tell James to bring her here?"

"I will send him to her at once. She, poor thing, may be consumed with anxiety," he replied, opening the door and smiling over his shoulder at her as he passed out.

And, in verily, Sunbeam was in the throes of impatience as she waited for the return of the footman who had taken the note from her. The events of the past night coupled with the drive to the distant station and the long journey had laid their stamp upon her. Her face was pale and drawn and dark circles under her large eyes told of worry and fatigue. She had followed out the directions given her to the letter, and driven straight from the terminus to Sir Charles Larkin's without pausing to take the breakfast she needed so badly. Therefore a vague feeling of faintness mingled with that of mental distress, both combined to make her look extremely wretched.

Lady Larkin's kind heart filled with pity as the girl was ushered in to the breakfast room. At the sight of that pale little face, with its large, sad eyes, all her feeling of resentment vanished. She rose smiling and took Sunbeam's hand.

"I have read Mr. Sinclair's letter, and shall be glad to help you," she said, reassuringly. "But before we talk about anything, you must have something to eat. Have you breakfasted yet?"

"No. Sir Ralph Freer told me to come here at once. I was afraid to lose a minute. But—"

"Then you must have something at once. Then we can put our heads together; the meal will revive you and help you to see the bright side of your troubles?"

Sunbeam's shyness slid from her like a loosened cloak as the cheerful little woman attended to her wants. She sat down and attacked the meal with the appetite of a healthy girl, glancing round the pretty room with contented eyes and not the slightest feeling of uneasiness. Adele watching her was surprised at the utter lack of awkwardness, and seized an opportunity to slip from the room into her husband's particular den.

He glanced laughingly over the top of his paper.

"Well! Have you capitulated?" he asked.

"Don't tease. She's certainly charming. Pretty? Well, more than that. She reminds one of a beautiful lily, and yet, when she is no longer troubled, I fancy she more resembles the rose. Her eyes are so large, so trusting, so dog-like almost as they gaze at one. And I believe that she is perfectly devoid of feminine wiles. As for her manners she might be a princess in disguise. She does not at all seem uncomfortable. And yet her home surroundings must be so different to these! I cannot turn her away. And yet, now I see her I can quite understand how dangerous she may become as regards Duncan. He is an artist. And the very turn of her head must be a joy to him."

"But Eileen is beautiful also!"

"Yes; but with the artificiality of a hot-house plant. This girl is the lovely garden flower, full of health and youth and total guilelessness. Oh, you may raise your eyebrows, Charles, and laugh. I know I am inconsistent. But come and look at her! Whatever Duncan thinks, I cannot say, but I'm certain that she is too innocent to have schemed to catch him!"

"Vulgar child to accuse your sex of such manoeuvres! However, I'll come and see this paragon who seems to have taken your heart by storm, in ten minutes—"

"No, no; twenty. But even ten are enough for one woman, versed in the ways of the world, to gauge another, more or less. First impressions are usually the truest."

"And yet we've been married eight years and you say that I do not know you yet. Ah, wise Adele, you fly. After such a bald confession of your inconsistency 'tis better. And, as I'm dying to see this child, I follow."

Sunbeam, unconscious of the thoughts she had aroused within them, spoke gravely of her desire to find something to do as they questioned her a few minutes later. She barely alluded to her home, and when she did mention it, colored so painfully and seemed so distressed that Adele kindly broke in with some irrelevant remark. Sir Charles smiling twirled his long moustache and said—

"Sir Ralph says that in a day or two he will come up and see you, that—"

He hesitated, glancing at his wife as though for support.

"Until then you will remain here," she interposed. "I certainly cannot let you go until you have found something. My uncle would be most angry if I did." She carefully avoided mentioning her

brother, a point which did not escape Sir Charles. He chuckled mentally, foreseeing much amusement in store for him. That Sunbeam was beautiful he could not deny. But, on the other hand, he doubted if Duncan saw in her anything but a mere child, whereas Eileen Riviere was a woman of experience and of the world. How could any man overlook her for such an unsophisticated girl as this child of humble parentage? Adele was foolish to dream of it. Duncan was no fool, there was not the slightest risk in befriending her. She was refreshingly pretty, and so uncommon that it would be a pleasure to have her in the house. And ten chances to one she would never see Duncan again.

"So you see," continued Adele, "you will remain here, whilst we try to find you some occupation. My little girl and her governess will be delighted to have you with them. I will take you to the schoolroom, and later in the day we can talk over your future plans. A great friend of mine is lunching here to-day. She is deeply interested in young girls. Perhaps she will be able to suggest something. Although it might be as well for you to wait patiently until Sir Ralph Freer pays his promised visit."

"Thank you," replied Sunbeam. "I think it very kind of you to take such an interest in me, especially when you know nothing. Perhaps if I tell you—"

She paused, blushing painfully. The remembrance of her father, with his coarse manners and vile mode of living, struck her with increased pain as she looked into the kind face before her.

But Lady Larkin's words soothed her instantly as she replied—

"I know quite enough to wish to help you, Sunbeam. As for what hurts you so, tell me nothing yet. Perhaps when we know each other better, you will wish me to know everything. Until then I am satisfied with what these letters tell. What you are, yourself, is all that matters."

Sir Charles pursed up his lips as he looked out of the window into the street. Adele was charmingly unconventional, but even she would require more than that in engaging a girl to enter her home as governess or companion.

The sudden stillness of the room made him turn round, expecting to see Sunbeam in tears and Adele bending over her with the maternal look in her gentle eyes that were so seldom without it. For the desire to protect and mother all around her was kept within the little woman, and none understood her so well as he, who, after eight years of marriage was still her devoted lover.

But he was mistaken as proved by the open door. And feeling himself suddenly left out of the scheme, he crossed the empty room intent on resuming his smoke, and came face to face with Eileen Riviere, who was just ushered in.

"I'm fearfully early," she exclaimed, shaking hands. "Or you're very late! But I want to see Adele at once. May I? Don't trouble to send. Tell me where she is and I'll go to her."

He waved his hands despairingly.

"Can I know for more than two minutes at a time where such a morsel of quicksilver abides? She was having breakfast and has flown!"

"To the schoolroom, no doubt! Don't I know her ways? She's never happy unless basking in your sight or the baby's. Thanks."

"Eileen, come back. I want you," he called as she flew from the room. But Eileen merely laughed mockingly over her shoulder, as she made for the stairs, exclaiming in a playful tone—

"You don't want me to find her! Why? Silly man! Don't you know that aroused curiosity must be satisfied?"

With a sigh he turned into his "den."

"Whatever brings her here this morning at all?" he muttered disconsolately, picking up the Times and settling into his favorite chair. "Of course she'll see Sunbeam and hear about her, and goodness knows what it will lead to. If only Adele had had time to think it over! But there, I can't help it. I did my best to keep her back. And sooner or later it was bound to come out. If she's sensible she'll see it in the right light. But a woman in love is never sensible and always willing to be jealous. So I may as well make up my mind for stormy weather. Adele will be in her element soothing them all, so I must not grumble. I'm sorry I did not follow Eileen and witness the meeting."

Meanwhile Eileen had reached the schoolroom, feeling from Sir Charles' manner that there was something unusual in the air.

She paused at the open door as her eyes fell on Sunbeam's slim young figure. Lady Larkin, with her back to her, was speaking to the governess and a fair-haired child, who was gazing into Sunbeam's face with blue eyes full of admiration.

"Her name is Sunbeam, Daphne," were the words that fell on the listener's ears.

Eileen started. The color rushed to her face. In a moment she had guessed at the truth, and knew who Sunbeam was.

"So this is Sunbeam Vere de Vere!" she ejaculated in a voice quivering with emotion.

The others faced her, astonished. Her blazing eyes met Sunbeam's, who returned the look with a steady, thoughtful gaze, exclaiming with a little laugh—

"Oh, no! My name is not half so pretty. Only Sunbeam Green."

But in that moment of silent challenge from the beautiful queen-like stranger before her she had read danger even greater than the one she had escaped from, because more subtle, more incomprehensible. As she turned away from the contemptuous flower-like face her heart sank. What had she done to arouse such a feeling? Why had this unknown girl looked such hatred at her? Why had she sneered and called her Vere de Vere?

Ignoring her, Eileen looked at Lady Larkin, who seemed covered with confusion.

"Please forgive me for coming so early, Adele, but I wanted specially to

see you about Duncan's . . . day present. Will you come . . . as you promised? Had you forgotten we were to go this morning?"

She swept from the room, her arm in her cousin's, and it was only when they had closed the door and gone some few yards down the corridor that she turned eagerly to her, and demanded angrily—

"What does this mean, Adele? Why is that girl here? Don't look so bewildered. You know as well as I do who that girl is. Has Duncan sent her to you, and if so, why?"

"She is trying to find something to—"

"And he is helping her! Really, I require the temper of an angel to—"

"Not at all, Eileen. She's a poor girl, not his equal, and—"

"She looks like a young empress," interrupted Eileen passionately. "Even her dress does not offend one's taste. She looks a lady, she is beautiful and—"

"And so are you, my dearest," replied Adele, soothingly. "Besides, if you consider her dangerous to Duncan's loyalty, how much better for her to be away from him! Here, at least, he cannot see her. And Uncle Ralph approves, and sent her—"

"Not Duncan?"

Lady Larkin quailed at the tone of relief in the girl's voice. She would have given much to be able to answer negatively.

"Both of them, because she had to leave home," she replied slowly. She is not happy with her father. And so she is to stay here until she has found something suitable. You would not turn her adrift, pretty and young, as she is?"

"I don't care," replied Eileen, petulantly. "I would not have taken her in. I—I hate her—and—"

"Oh, hush, my dear! I am sure that you have no need to. As long as she is here she will not see Duncan. And if you cannot trust him more than that, what—"

"Oh, I trust him, yes, in a way. But pretty faces are irresistible to men. And Duncan is not so much in love with me, Adele, that I can feel so sure of him."

"Eileen!"

"Yes, Adele, you know it's true. But for all that I will not give him up! If that girl is to come between us, I'll kill her myself. And I mean it."

(To be continued.)

## ON THE FARM.

### FERTILITY ACCOUNT OF THE DAIRY.

A well fed cow, we find, produces in a year 107 pounds of nitrogen and 87 pounds of phosphoric acid and about 87 pounds of potash. I am satisfied that most farmers are now able to get as much out of that 907 pounds of nitrogen as from that they purchase, says Prof. E. B. Voorhies. It is worth so much to them, and it should and does contribute to the production of raw material. If it does not do so, it is because it is not handled properly or it is not used properly. We have made some experiments on this line. We allowed the manure to leach in the winter and out of 107 pounds found we had in three months lost 44 pounds in the process of leaching and the best portion of nitrogen also went out in leaching process. In order to show the relative increase in the crop which we might expect by applying the waste product in its original state so compared with its leached state we applied both to corn and oats. Upon corn the fresh manure increased the yield 59.420 tons per acre; upon corn the leached manure increased the yield 36 per cent. On oats the increase was 26 per cent. from the use of the fresh manure; the leached manure 9.2 per cent. We lost the nitrogen itself in the leaching process. The matter is an important one to consider. We should apply the manure fresh and as fast as it is made as the preferable way. This matter of leaching is not so bad where the temperature is not high enough to cause fermentation, but it all has a bearing upon the cost of producing the milk.

### THE HORSE'S FEET.

It is as true to-day as when the saying first gained currency, "No foot, no horse," writes Harold Leoney, M. R. C. V. S., in the English Livestock Journal. If we go back to the days of Alexander the Great, and to the earliest accounts of horses used for war, we find whole divisions placed hors de combat by wear of the feet, broken hoofs, "rotted soles," and other troubles not clearly defined by ancient writers. In his marches through Asia, Alexander had to abandon vast numbers of footsore horses, and unintentionally left "plums" to be picked up behind him, although his hosts commonly cleared everything in a manner only to be excelled by locusts. Some of these derelicts were the means of improving the local breeds, as castration was not general, so far as we can gather, and the arched neck and impressive manner of the entire accorded with the views of military glory, until it was found necessary to pursue different tactics, and avoid the risk of discovery by the neighing of steeds.

The importance of good feet need hardly be insisted upon, did we not frequently meet with horse-owners who buy without giving due consideration to the subject. Only the most careful of breeders realize that the shape of the foot is largely determined during the first few days of a foal's life. At birth, the under surface is like yellow cheese, and as impressionable for the

first few hours. Standing on a ledge of stone may give a direction to the whole limb and cause its continuance by the compression of one part of the foot—an excellent reason for care as to the surface of the ground or the box where mares are foaled down. The growth of the foot should be the constant care of the breeder, while the foal is running with the dam, and not relegated to the period when, perforce, he must visit the blacksmith. A timely use of the rasp during the first few months of the animal's life, a little paring here or there, may save a turned-out felloe and an awkward gait which will influence the horse for life.

### BRISTLES.

Hogs that are fat should be sent to market as soon as possible. It does not pay to feed too long.

Feed them liberally now and round them up quickly.

Young boars of medium size should be used for sires, and the sows should be larger and more growthy.

Only sows of kind dispositions should be retained, for breeding purposes.

It is not a fact that all hogs are hogs any more than it is that all men are men, but you can make hogs out of the best of hogs if you set out about it.

The pens should be whitewashed and the floors put in repair.

Provide for good ventilation, but be sure there are no drafts.

Weak legs in pigs show that the bone-making material in their diet is lacking, and they need to be given a chance to get out on the ground.

Pens where the fill is two or three inches deep are a disgrace to the man who lets them be so. The pigs can not help themselves; they would if they could.

When you have a ruptured pig, do not castrate him carelessly, but ask a veterinary surgeon or some experienced hog raiser how to do it skillfully, so as to effect a cure.

Cement floors in hog houses are not just the thing. They get slippery, and there is danger of the hogs hurting themselves by sliding about. Wood is better than cement, and the bare earth best of all.

Do not allow the late farrowing sows to make nests in fence corners or other unprotected places. Fall rains and cold nights are disastrous to the young pigs.

The farmer will do well to store carrots and turnips in the cellar to be fed to the sows and fall pigs next winter. Succulent food makes a great difference in wintering swines. Some farmers have doggedly insisted that fall pigs do not pay. This is generally true because proper methods have not been employed in caring for sows and pigs. We have a fine lot of carrots and turnips coming on for winter use.

### TREED BY A TIGRESS.

Unexpected Meeting on a Jungle Pathway in India.

I was patrolling the jungle paths between two of my chowkies, accompanied by my jemadar, and on approaching an exceptionally thick patch we were startled by hearing a tiger roar almost at our feet, says a writer in the Madras Mail. I coughed pretty loudly to let him know that we were near, but judging by the growls he was disposed to dispute the right of way.

As we were unarmed swift retreat was the only way to escape the danger. I soon found a tree, up which I "shinned" till some twenty feet from the ground, but on looking round for my jemadar I found he was making frantic efforts to climb one, but slipped to the bottom after each endeavor. So I called him to my perch, and had just hauled him up when a fine tigress emerged from the jungle, followed by two small cubs.

She passed under our tree and sauntered into the thicket, but reappeared a few minutes later, without the cubs, and remained watching us for some time, apparently considering if it was worth while to claw us off our perches. After some embarrassing moments productive of the bluest of funks she disappeared, and my jemadar, who had been dumb while the interview lasted, found his voice and gave tongue in the most agonizing yells to the rest of our party, who were close behind, to come to our assistance.

No one, however, appeared, and it is well they did not, as the tigress would probably have attacked them. After remaining in the tree for an hour or so we descended and saw no more of our unwelcome visitor.

### A MURDERER'S PARADISE.

Switzerland is the murderer's paradise, if the story told of Lucchesi, the Italian Anarchist and assassin of the Empress Elisabeth of Austria, be true. Lucchesi did not act without reason when he chose Geneva for the scene of his crime. According to a well-informed correspondent the assassin enjoys four meals a day, plenty of fresh air, exercise and permission to smoke his pipe at the expense of the Government. He listens to lectures delivered by a professor of languages, engages in light work, for which he is paid, and reads the best classical and contemporary authors. It is not surprising to hear that his health is excellent, and that after studying Voltaire, Montesquieu, and Jean Jacques Rousseau he is now preparing to write his own memoirs.