A MAN'S REVENGE;

OR, THE CONVICT'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER I.

As Lady Aldine entered the ballroom on the arm of Lord Cruse, her recently accepted suitor, Ralph Freer, the rejected, left it by another door. Those who saw him go glanced significantly at one another, and then at the beautifu' woman with the pale, sad face, who had astonished her intimates by refusing him.

For they had been such close friends since her husband's death that all the world had whispered of their coming union. Then suddenly it had been electrified by the announcement of her engagement to Lord Cruse, a man who rarely appeared in society being somewhat of a bookworm. His property, in Blankshire, adjoined the small portion of her husband's estates that had been meted out to her.

Therefore all the county, assembled at the annual Hunt Ball in Nunchester, sympathized with handsome Ralph Freer, and his rapid disappearance from the scene of pleasure was commented on by all.

Thinking himself unnoticed he slipped into the cloak room and donned his overcoat. Then passed quickly down the palm-lined hall to the entrance. A manservant pulled the heavy glass doors open respectfully. With a little shiver he stepped outside.

It was a wrtched night. The rain poured down in torrents and a gusty wind buffeted him with mischievous glee. For a second he hesitated, looking back at the brilliantly lighted hall. A capman touched his hat. He shook his head, turned up his collar, and stepping out briskly crossed the Market Square.

After following the principal streets for some yards he dived down a wide alley with a furtive glance behind him as though fearful of detection, and entered a small public house. The atmosphere reeking of beer and stale tobacco made him pause on the threshold. A man seated close to the door rose and came up to him. He was short and thick set with a low brow and a bullet shaped head. His bronzed face was broad and good humored, but the mouth cruel and hard, the little eyes sharp and cunning.

He jerked his thumb over his shoulder towards an inner room. Ralph followed him silently. The room was small and dirty, but it had the advantage of privacy. A smouldering fire struggled weakly in the grate. Ralph held out his chilled fingers to it. Then looked inquiringly into his caompanion's face.

"A' roight," muttered the fellow, flopping heavily on to a chair . "Anytime yer loike."

"To-night," replied Ralph. "In another hour or so."

"A' roight, mister. I don't quite understand yer game. But I've sed I'd do it, an' so I will. Only, I wish yer'd change yer mind. I ain't exactly the cove ter father a female kid, let alone one o' gentle blood. I 'ave scruples still, yer see."

He laughed softly as he spoke and his eyes twinkled wickedly.

"It won't be for long," replied Ralph, poking the fire with his feet. "Only a few days. And I trust you. Your sister is a good sort, she'll do her best, I know. Well, there's nothing to keep us but a drink to our mutual consent. To show you I have full confidence in you I'll pay you what I promised now. And presently I'll bring the child to your home."

"Roight y' are, sir, an' may th' Lord strike me dead if I fail in my word," replied the other solemnly with his eyes fixed greedily on the young man.

Ralph knocked loudly on the table. A pasty faced girl appeared at the door and took his order with a grin.

Ten minutes later the ill matched building and parted out- thing softly to himself, streets un- a squalid nto the ng wo- gerly to ght and comely. a poorly furnished, comfort. Cleanliness, made it appear as a desert of gray misery. one expect so little easure would seize the need to enter, especi- smile from winsome ked.

He's goin' ter bring 'er uldn't 'ave me. He's made never ter enter that 'ouse. . Her jewels are worth I'm a man o' honor. I keep ded her needle pensively. what his game is. Who's r?"

d his shoulders. know; wot's more I don't would you believe it, Het, actually comed in these valuables on! Enouf ter Mmand studs an' a ring! sick to think o' it. He's paid me, yes. But those are worth mor' 'an that. An' if I couuld get 'em without 'is knowin', gosh, wouldn't I just!"

The girl's eyes sparkled.

"Don't hurt h'm! Anything but murder, you know. I ain't one to say dont reb. Fer we've as much roight to gold as them. Only haccident put more in their pockets, that's all. But how's the silly ter know that you rob him, eh. You could do it neat like. Listen!"

. . . . . .

Meanwhile Ralph had reached the outskirts of the town. The rain had nearly ceased, and, although the wind still teased him unmercifully, he took a certain pleasure in the walk. For it was taking him to revenge, a revenge as sweet as honey to his mind. The woman who had slighted his love would taste despair unknowingly through him. He alone could bring back the smiles to her beautiful face. He alone could withhold relief.

He smiled grimly as his feet bore him swiftly along the country lane. For he felt sure of success.

Presently he turned into a private avenue. A silent house rose before him. It's shrouded windows told of darkness within. He walked noislessy round to a small side door, then stood still a few seconds, listening, his head thrown back. His hand turned the knob, the lock gave beneath his touch. The door swung open and he entered.

He found himself in a large square hall. Huge palms blocked his way. From behind the green baize door leading to the servants' hall came the muffed sounds of unusual mirth. The huge house itself seemed wrapt in the silence of emptiness.

He crept to the stairs, climbing them quickly with catlike tread. On the landing he paused, listening again. Then smiled, for it was evident that every soul in the building was behind the baize door. Every soul but one. That one was the prize he sought. With the air of one familiar with every corner he made his way to a distant room.

On the threshhold he hesitated again. Some maid might still be there. Then with a sneer at the doubt, he entered boldly. The softened light fell on a little child's bed. Her flushed face was turned to him. Her hair gleamed like spun gold.

With a hasty movement he stooped over her and slipped his arms under her little body. She stirred, opening sleepy blue eyes. Recognition sprang to them. A smile creased her lips.

"Dear Ra—" she murmured, nestling into his arms.

A feeling of uneasiness filled his heart. For a second he hesitated, and half withdrew his arms. But the next instant he hardened himself again, for his eyes had fallen on the pictured face of the woman he loved.

"Baby must come with Ra," he murmured, lifting her bodily up, and wrapping the soft eiderdown round her.

She nestled closer to him, and closed her eyes with a little sigh. He turned and bore her down the stairs out of the still house. The laughter behind the baize door as they passed made him smile. He wondered how the merrymakers would look when they realize that their failing in their duty had met with such a punishment.

The child woke and clung to him as the cold air fell on her face. He stilled her cries with kisses and murmured soft words into her little ears, until reassured, she fell asleep again. A little later he entered Hetty's presence and laid the sleeping child on her knees.

"Where is your brother?" he asked.

"Gorn out, to make the last arrangements. You see we must leave to-night if yer don't want 'er found yet. This is the address we go to," she said, handing him a slip of paper. She peered into the child's face, adding:

"She's a pretty darling. I wonder you've the 'eart to do it, sir. But, there, 'taint for us to wonder. Wot's 'er name?"

He turned away impatiently.

"Call her anything you like. Her name is safer not used. Your neighbors might suspect at once."

"Good. I'll christen 'er afresh. She's mine, now. We're going where none knows ought. Good-night, sir. You'll let us know when to expect you. Be careful how you go. You're in bad parts. Won't you wait for 'im ter take you back."

"No. I'm not likely to attract attention going, more than coming. I'm wet through, the sooner I get back to my hotel the better. Good-night, Hetty. How well she sleeps! Be good to her!"

He closed the door with a strong feeling of reluctance, for he had been fond of the child. Still Hetty would be kind, and he deserved his revenge. This was the only way he could possibly touch that heart of stone and wring it as his was wrung.

He sped quickly through the ill-famed streets. Now excitement had vanished, fear assailed him. An uneasy conscience added to the pricks. Yes, the child was well cared for there; no harm could come to her. And yet . . .

A sickening thud upon his head made him reel like a drunken man. He turned to face his assailant. A mighty fist struck him between the yes. He threw out his arms violently, the fighting devil roused within him; a mist danced before his sight; gaunt figures surrounded him; thousands of eyes peered into his; he struck out heavily on either side. His assailant—there was only one—skipped nimbly round him; then came the crash again; with a moan he sank to the earth; the darkness of night enveloped him.

The man who had drunk the glass of good fellowship with him that night, turned his pockets out and wrenched the ring from his nerveless fingers. Then, hearing approaching footsteps, he sped off, not stopping in his race until he entered his home breathless.

"Well," said Hetty, facing him.

"It's done! He'll never know who it was."

Her eyes widened with horror.

"Wot d' you mean Have you . . ."

"No! He'll be roight enough. He's lying unconscious. The copper'll find 'im. We can't run no risks. Where's the kid?"

She put her finger to her lips. The light of maternity sprang to her eyes.

"Hush! There!"

She pointed to the couch. He stepped up to it and stood looking sheepishly down at the flower-like face.

"She's a pretty 'un," he ejaculated. "Won't the mother yell!"

"Yell? I should think so! It's real crule of him! But there, we've said we'd do it and we must. I'm glad you've got his dimonds too. We deserves sommut for bein' parties to robbin' a mother, I know. But suppose he dies?"

"He won't die," he replied contenmptuaously.

"Suppose he knows it's you," she argued.

"He'll never know that, I know. As for his dimonds he' say precious little. Folks'll want ter know what he was doing in this quarter the night of the ball. He'll 'old his tongue, you bet."

"Serve 'im right for wearing them, and fer stealin' her. I always sed 'e was a 'eartless sort," murmured Hetty, smoothing the child's hair lavingly.

(To be continued).

SOME FAMOUS PUNS.

Many of the Cleverest of Men Have Been Great Punsters.

"What is the difference between a mirror and a woman?" Napoleon asked Mme. de Stael. "You give it up, I see. Learn then, that a mirror always reflects; a woman never."

But "the only man in France" was not to be caught napping, even by Napoleon. "Tell me, Sire," she retorted instantly, "what the difference is between a mirror and yourself. You give it up, I see. Learn, then, that a mirror is polished, and that you are not."

Many good puns have been recorded in connection with medical men. A certain Dr. Thompson, a contemporary of Garrick, was celebrated in his day for two very strongly marked peculiarities—slovenliness and an absolute detestation of muffins. On one occasion the doctor and Garrick were fellow-guests at the breakfast table of a noble friend of both, when a large dish of muffins made its appearance. Dr. Thompson lost not an instant in giving loud expression to his annoyance. "Take it away instantly," he bawled to the servant. "No, no," put in Garrick, quietly laying hands on the dish. "We shall keep the muffins; rather put the ragamuffins out of the room."

Some of the best puns, however, have been in rhyme. There is the well-known squib, for instance, written against Dr. I. Lettsom, a renowned London practitioner of the eighteenth century:—

When any sick to me apply,
I physicks, bleeds, and sweats 'em
If, after that, they choose to die,
What's that to me?

I. Lettsom.

And the answer, concocted by Lettsom's friend, Sir M. Martin:—

Such swarms of patients do to me apply,
Did I not practice, some would surely die.
'Tis true I purge some, bleed some, sweat some,
Admit I expedite a few, still many call.

I. Lettsom.

Even Dr. Jenner, the promoter of vaccination did not disdain a pun at times. The following lines, penned by himself, accompanied a present of a couple of ducks he sent to the mother of a young lady patient who had recovered from a severe illness:—

I've dispatched, my dear madam, this scrap of a letter
To say Miss Mary is very much better;
A regular doctor no longer she lacks,
And, therefore, I've sent her a couple of quacks.

One of the most eminent London surgeons at the beginning of last century was a Mr. Heaviside. His industry was phenomenal, and so often were his services requisitioned that the report of a case in the Courts of Justice hardly complete unless his name was heard in connection with it. "Egad!" said a distinguished legal luminary of the day, "we never have a homicide, nor a suicide, nor any other cide now without a Heaviside."

"Miss Tweet was thinking of you last night." "Did she say so?" "Not in so many words. I asked her what she was thinking about, and she replied, 'Nothing.'"

ON THE FARM

THE MARKS OF A GOOD COW.

To tell whether a cow will give rich or poor milk, there are no outward or visible signs about the animal to guide us in the matter. The man who milks her even cannot tell how much butter is in the pail; but in the Babcock test, dairymen have a simple means of testing the milk of individual animals and weeding out the unprofitable members of their herds. Every farmer should make it a rule to test his cows regularly, and know exactly what each animal in the herd is doing. It is not sufficient to depend entirely upon the returns from the creamery, as, when all the milks are mixed, it is impossible to select the most profitable cows in the herd with anything like accuracy of judgment. However, the marks of a good cow, showing whether she is capable of producing a large quantity of milk, are tolerably plain to all who are acquainted with cattle, yet there are such a variety of relative points requiring consideration that we can only picture them in the model. The best milk cow, as a rule, is of medium size, and small-boned. The head is small and rather long, narrow between the horns and wide between the eyes. The ears are thin, covered with soft, silky hair, the inside of the ears being of a rich orange color. The eyes are large and bright, with a placid expression; the horns set on a high pate, bending wide apart at the base, and curving inwards and upwards at the points; the neck long and thin, slender, and well-cut under the throat, but entirely free from anything like a "beefy" appearance. The shoulder-blades should meet narrow at the top, widening gradually towards the points, which should be broad and well rounded; the ribs rather straight and wide, indicating a good digestion and constitution, for everything depends on that in a good milk cow. The loins should be broad, and the hips high and wide, the rump even with the hips, the pelvis wide, giving plenty of room for the udder; the thighs thin; the hind legs a little crooked, with a long, large foot. The skin should be soft and mellow, and of a yellow butter color.

The milk veins in front of the udder are usually a fair indication of a good milk cow, and the larger they are, the better the indications. In extra good cows they branch out into four branches along the belly, but they all unite before reaching the udder. The more irregular the course, the better the indication that the cow is a good milker, but the veins give no indication of the richness of the milk. The udder should be covered with a short, downy coat of hair. This hair should begin to turn its backward course from the front teats, running in the direction between the teats, then on the back part of the udder, called the escutcheon, and on as far as the vulva in the best cows. The wider the belt of this upturned hair, the better. It should be short and velvety, covering a soft, orange-colored skin. The shape and size of the udder is, however, by far the most reliable index to a good cow. All the other marks are only of relative importance, and it is better to have a scraggy-looking cow any day, with a good udder, than a grand-looking beast with a miserable bag. No matter how good-looking a dairy cow may be, except she has a well-developed udder, with its accompanying network of mammary glands, she cannot be expected to excel as a pail-filler.

The ideal udder is the one which is well developed both fore and aft, one that is carried high up towards the escutcheon, and at the same time goes a long way forward under the belly. In addition to this, the udder must be deep and square in shape—the deeper and squarer the better. Its four teats should be of good size, and placed as nearly as possible at equal distances apart. Cows possessing udders of this kind may always be counted on to prove good milkers, just as other cows possessing small, round-shaped udders, with teats so close together that they almost touch one another at the points, may invariably be put down as poor pail-fillers, no matter how fine their appearance may be, or how good-looking in other respects.—Farmer's Gazette.

LIVE STOCK NOTES.

Pigs intended for fattening should be forced for growth early, and later given foods rich in carbonaceous elements, that will fit them for early market.

Lampas in a colt is a sort of infantile disease that rarely makes trouble. It is usually cured by daily giving the colt two or three ears of hard, dry corn to eat from the cob until the so-called lampas is permanently pushed back.

Loss in the condition of sheep from shortage of feed or water is quickly shown in the fleece. It becomes dry, harsh and lighter in color. While the grass was long, sheep did not suffer for water, but they cannot thrive in such weather as we are now having without water. Lambs will make no growth and a weak place will show in the fleece. Two weeks of neglect now will require two months to regain the loss.

An ideal poultry farm should have a stream of pure fresa water running through it, with meadows and rolling banks shaded with big trees. There the turkeys could not help but grow fine and large, for they would be healthy and happy as the day was long. In the early morning they would take a tramp over the meadows, spread out almost in line, like soldiers marching, and after filling their crops nearly to bursting with bugs and grasshoppers, they would seek the water and shade near midday, and after resting and dozing till the cool afternoon, would again go on a grasshopper hunt until time to turn homeward at sundown. Turkeys in grasshopper-time want very little feeding at night, though it is best to offer them a handful of grain, as it tempts them to come home at evening.

DOGS SMUGGLE OPIUM.

Hundreds of Pounds Brought Across Boundary Line by Trained Animals.

One of the most clever methods of smuggling silk and opium into the United States from British Columbia yet known has been discovered by customs officers at Blaine, Wash., on the international boundary line. Trained dogs were used to carry on the business, and the customs officers believe that hundreds of pounds of the contraband drug have been brought into this country in that manner. As a result of the discovery by the officers, Thomas Smith is in custody awaiting trial on a charge of smuggling.

The first inkling that dogs were used for smuggling came a few days ago when Officer Lane of the Bellingham station shot a dog which he saw running through the thick timber near Blaine. The canine was loaded down with a leather saddle in which were found three pounds of opium and a package of silk. Where the dog came from and where he was going are mysteries which the officials at once began to ferret out.

The officers took a coon dog with them to the boundary line where the first canine was seen. For three days they waited before another dog came along with a pack saddle on its back. This time there were three dogs loaded down with the drug. The men let them pass, and then, with the aid of the coon dog, they traced them to an old shack near Blaine. The officers afterwards arrested Smith on a charge of smuggling.

The leather saddles were fashioned after those used by the hospital dogs in the Australian army. It is a mystery how the smugglers obtained the saddles, but it is likely the confederates of the man in jail were well versed in the training of dogs.

LIVED ON A LINER.

Woman Dies on the Etruria, Where She Had Lived for Years.

Mrs. Elizabeth Rohrback, of Evanston, Ill., who attempted to prevent her mother, Mrs. James Carson, from spending her fortune in constant ravelling across the ocean and return as a "permanent passenger" on one of the big lines, fell dead on the same ship upon which her mother had lived for almost twenty years, after she herself had made the steamer her home for several years.

Mrs. Rohrback was stricken with apoplexy on the Etruria of the Cunard line as she was strolling the promenade deck with her son Harry, 15 years old. While in Illinois she lived at the Hotel Monette, Evanston. She had, however, of late years passed most of her time on the Etruria, occupying the same apartments which were used by her mother.

"I knew both Mrs. Rohrback and her mother, Mrs. Carson," said F. G. Whiting, manager of the western department of the Cunard line. "Mrs. Carson had practically made her home on the Etruria for twenty years and would leave the steamer only to visit her daughter, Mrs. Rohrback, or to attend to her property interests in Ireland.

"Mrs. Rohrback, after her mother's death upon the ship, also seemed to acquire a longing for the sea, and she, too, became a permanent passenger making round trips. Both mother and daughter were known to every member of the crew of the steamer and they were given especial care. They seemed to think that they lived better on sea than on land. On the last visit of Mrs. Carson to Chicago she became ill and declared that she would never improve until she was back on the ocean.

"Some of her relative at one time sought to have her restrained from returning to the ship. Their efforts failed, however, and she remained a patron of the line until she died at sea suddenly."

SMOKE MORE IN BRITAIN.

Growing Use of Tobacco in United Kingdom May be Due to Weather.

The United States Consul at Cardiff, in reporting that the United Kingdom is undoubtedly the best market in the world for tobacco, makes some interesting remarks which show that he has watched our smoking habits closely.

He suggests that Britain's growing use of tobacco may be due to the weather. "Many seem to think," he says, "that certain climate conditions, such as the excessive moisture in the air and the attendant depressing conditions, prepare the people to feel the need of its stimulating influence.

"The steady exodus from the land to the industrial centres and the wonderful development of arena sports have undoubtedly contributed to the increase in the past fifteen years.

"The use of the weed is almost universal among males above the age of sixteen. The pipe is seen everywhere, in the home, on the street, and the sporting field.

"The cigar is most noticeable among the professional, moneyed, and aristocratic classes, but the cigarette seems to be the special favorite of all classes, and is consumed in immense quantities. It may be seen in the hands of mere lads as young as eight years, and dealers report that there is a growing cigarette trade among women."