A MAN'S REVENGE;

OR, THE CONVICT'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER XVII.

Bill went straight through the village and stopped at the first public-house. He felt shaky and queer, the horror of his deed being still upon him. But he had no intention of hiding, feeling convinced that the more he showed himself among his fellow-creatures the less likely he was to be suspected. Therefore, after refreshing himself and telling the barman an amusing yarn, he turned out intent on lounging within the sight of all.

Luck brought him to the church, where, surrounded by an admiring crowd of children, Sinclair sat sketching.

The young man looked up at him and smiled.

"Why, Green, you're the very man I want! Can you spare a few moments? Well, go and lean against the wall; that's it! I'm glad you turned up, but how did you manage to do so? I understood you'd gone away for the day."

"Yes, I started off for the town, but that road's like red-hot bricks a mornin' like this. So I thought I'd come back and start after my dinner. Sunbeam won't mind being left there a little longer, and what's more, she may stay away a few days if she asks me pretty, though I don't like parting with 'er so long."

Sinclair painted on in silence. He was puzzled at Bill's apparent lethargy. Had he already given up the search for Sunbeam? That was impossible. No doubt Dan had been sent on, or they had some little plan that required execution later in the day. Maybe they guessed she had flown to London and meant to follow, after remaining about the village a few hours longer to prevent people from finding out the true state of affairs. He would have given much to read what was brewing within the man's bullet-shaped head; though, had his wish been granted, he would have been more than a little surprised and horrified. For Bill's brain was in a turmoil of confusion, the remembrance of the look on the dead man's white face, and of the thud of the heavy body as it shot over the cliffs, being more in possession of his mind than any thing else.

But as time passed and he stood before the artist in gloomy silence, glancing occasionally up the straggling, sun-bathed street for the procession that never came, he remembered Dan, whom he had forgotten in his first keen thought of self-preservation, and a smile crept slowly over his broad face. How mad Dan would be not to find him at Olnay! What a rage they would be in when they met, first at his non-success to secure Sunbeam, then at the time spent awaiting his companion! But he did not mind that. What he knew he would keep entirely to himself. Whether Sir Ralph had lied or not, he felt sure that he had helped Sunbeam to escape, and that she was further than Olnay. He would see very soon, if she was with Lady Cruse. A few hours would settle that point. But Dan was not in that plot. Dan must be kept in total ignorance of all discovered that mornigg. If he found that Sir Ralph had told the truth, and that Sunbeam was not with Lady Cruse, he himself would be no better off than Dan, and to seek Sunbeam, in a city like London, would be as hard a task as searching for a needle in a bundle of hay.

As for what he intended to do when he found Sunbeam he could not say. He must get some return for his trouble, after keeping and elducating her all these years for that purpose. She must help him to feather the nest of his old age. She could bring him far more money by his keeping to his original plans than he could hope to possess on restoring her to her family. He had thought that all out before, and always arrived at the same conclusion.

At this climax of his reflections his eyes fell on Sinclair's face, and a sudden thought darted into his mind. Fool that he was not to have had it before! He moved quickly away from the wall.

Sinclair looked at him reproachfully.

"Don't go yet, Green; "I'm putting you in——"

"So I see," growled Bill, edging closer to the canvas and glancing at it eagerly. "Leastways you've tried to. I might be anyone there. But, I'm tired of it, sir and——"

"Tired of doing nothing, eh?" laughed the young man. "Come, I'll make a bette" portrait of you if you'll give me a few minutes longer."

"No, thank 'ee," retorted Bill, moving off. "That's good enough for me. I dont 'old with lastin' likenesses—fool that I was to run me 'ead in that noose." he muttered to himself as he turned the direction of his home. .

Sinclair laughed under his breath. Something of the true reason for his model's refusal to stand entered his mind.

He thinks I have designs on him in my capacity as a detective," he mused. "Poor Green! That's the worst of an uneasy conscience: one suspects everybody.

But if Duncan Sinclair had been surprised at the man's return, Hetty was even more so, as he walked into Sea View Cottage a few minutes after leaving Sinclair.

"Well?" she asked, her eyes brightening.

"I 'aven't found her. But I've heard enough to know where she is. Listen. If I tell you, and Dan comes, you won't let on."

"My faith, no! So you've been unnatural like in letting him keep her there?" she exclaimed, with a sort of relief.

"I sees another way o' getting what I want, that's all," he replied, sulkily. "Do you know who lives at the cottage on the 'ill?"

"It's Captain Sells; but he's let it to a strange gentleman. I never gossip, or I might know the name, but that has nothing to do with Sunbeam, surely?"

"Has'nt it! Well, that gentleman is one what's lost his memory for fifteen years or so, found unconscious after a ball, in the streets of——"

"Sir Ralph Freer!" exclaimed Hetty, seizing his arm. "Surely it isn't Sir Ralph Freer."

Bill nodded. A vision of Sir. Ralph as he had last seen him flitted between them. A sudden feeling of nausea seized him.

"Then, Bill, if Sir Ralph is there, he has come after her, and he no doubt saw where you took her——"

"Idiot! His memory's gorn."

"But memory returns! Why else should he be here, in St. Lawrence, at a little place like this? Are you sure you're right?"

"As sure as I know you're Hetty Green. If I wasn't sure about that you wouldn't know. But that being so, I think it best to warn you, as no doubt we'll 'ave her mother after us, if his memory told him what had happened. Yes, I'm sure, worse luck! As you say, he must have remembered, looked for 'er, and found us. As you say, he p'r'aps was on the spy last night. At any rate, he drove her to Olnay, I know. The landlady of half Way House told me that. She seen 'er in the trap beside him, and thinks he gived 'er a lift. But you and me know better, and——"

"Then his memory has returned, and he's hidden her, Bill! Of course, that means that, in a way, she's safe enough. Oh, to think of all I dreaded! I cannot tell you of what a terrible morning I have had. Such dreadful thoughts!"

"I know. You wouldn't be a woman if you didn't git imagining all scrts what never happens. But you're right about 'is 'aving 'er. That has set my mind at ease one way. It shows Dan ain't been up to a sly trick. But another way, it is terrifying. What does it mean, I wonder? All sorts of starts for us, you bet! They won't forgive us for keeping her all these years, for we shall get the blame; he'll make his case good, will Sir Ralph. Yes, he's hidden 'er, or sent 'er to 'er mother. That I'll know for certain to-morrer. Get shut o' that lodger of yourn. We're goin' away to London. I'll fight 'ard for the girl."

"But why not see him first and ask him? If he remembers that, he will remember all. He has no right to steal her from us," exclaimed Hetty, her face beaming with excitement.

Bill shrugged his shoulders.

"What's the good o' seein' a weak critter like that: He's been ill for years. Therefore, even if his sickness is only a sham now, I 'aven't the 'eart to worrit him. I must make a guesswork of what he's done, not go to him. Like as not, he'd act the fool to put me off the scent, an' waste me time for nothink."

"How tender-hearted you are, after all!" she ejaculated in a tone of pride. "Many another would go just the same, making no allowance for his illness. Dan would make no bones about it, I can tell you. He'd knock him down straight, and not think twice about it. But, bad as you can be, you're no brute, I own that, though I thought you one in your behaviour to Sunbeam yesterday, for which I'm sorry enough now."

"Women always judge wi' one eye shut," retorted Bill contemptuously. "I acted for Sunbeam's best. I little knowed all this would turn up, an' I must say it's made me feel bad. Get me a drop o brandy, then I'll be roight again. I'm going to Olnay after dinner. But I shan't let on to Dan. He'd be keener nor ever if I did, and would 'old me in the 'ollow of his 'and. I'll pretend I was so busy searchin' 'ere that I couldn't get there afore. By tomorrer I'll know if she is with them that has a roight to her or not. If not, Gawd alone knows where she is. I don't. You can come up in a day or two.

She glanced around the bright little room and sighed. The puppy rescued by Sinclair lay stretched in happy slumber before the fire. The sunbeams danced through the open window on to the shining pots and pans. The scent and sound of summer filled the air.

"I love the place," she murmured reluctantly. "We was so happy here, Sunbeam and me. London blocks will be terrible to put up with after this."

"Git out," growled Bill, kicking the dog with a heavy foot, and smiling as it started up alarmed.

"Don't snivel. That lodger o' yourn may twig something yet. Now then, pup, hold your jaw, I only meant to stroke you. For all we know, Sir Ralph may have put that youngster here, and we don't want 'im on our tracks. He actually began drawing me just now by the church. But I gived him a piece of my mind and comed away. I said my face wasn't for the likes o' him to 'awk around on his dowbs. He looked flabbergasted, you bet. Now then, fly around and get me dinner. I've a pile o' business on 'and. Dan will be like the old man hisself let loose, I can tell you!"

"I should like to see Sir Ralph myself," said Hetty thoughtfully, rolling her sleeves up and turning to the fireplace. "I thought him hard and cruel years ago to a lamb what never did him a harm, but I never thought he'd be a sneak. He must have known you'd some good reason for keeping her all these years, and might have seen you first."

He shrugged his shoulders with an exclamation of disgust.

"'Tain't those that have all the trouble that gits the credit, you bet. But he ain't worth troublin' about, poor weak grittur, what ain't got no spring left. Leave 'im in peace. Them what knows bettern'n us will punish 'im some day."

"Ah! you're too soft hearted! I always said so," retorted Hetty, laying her hand caressingly on his head as she passed behind his chair.

At that moment a frightened child rushed down the village street from the beach, exclaiming in awe-stricken tones to those she passed—

"There's a dead man on the rocks!"

Sinclair was among those she led back to the fatal spot. And when some time later he entered Sea View Cottage, the sight of his white face made Hetty start back with a low cry of alarm.

"Good gracious, sir, what have you done to yourself? And how late you are; your dinner's spoiled with waiting for you! Are you ill?"

He flung himself down into a chair, evidently exhausted, saying in a strange voice—

"No, but I've had a great shock. The body of my uncle has been discovered at the foot of the cliffs a few yards up the beach."

"Your uncle, sir?" she exclaimed, surprised.

"Yes," replied Duncan, "my uncle. Perhaps I never mentioned that he had rented the cottage on the cliff. His name was Sir Ralph Freer."

He paused, as she staggered towards him and clutched the table for support. Then, without seeming to notice the strange look in her frightened face, continued hurriedly—

"He had come there, poor fellow, in search of health, for he was an invalid. Instead, however, he has found death. It is supposed that he missed his footing and slipped over the cliff from the garden, where he spent most of his time. His favorite spot was a seat in a dip of the cliff, just on the edge. I had thought it dangerous when I saw it, and told him so. But he had laughed at my warning."

"And he was really your uncle, sir?" repeated Hetty, emotion and fear cutting her speech.

He glanced up surprised. She seemed very agitated. Then, remembering how emotional were most women of her class, his astonishment vanished, and he replied simply—

"Yes, but I did not see much of him, as he wished to be left alone. I did not even know he was in St. Lawrence until I stumbled upon him the night of my arrival. That is why I never mentioned him, I suppose. Now I shall be very busy, as I must write to the family. Luckily, he was unmarried. In a day or two I must go up to town. But I can tell about my plans later, Miss Green. At present I feel too knocked up to do anything but write these mournful letters."

She went to the kitchen intent on telling Bill, but a glance at his face was sufficient to show her that he knew as much as she did, even if the open door and stealthy footsteps that had preceded her back there, had not made her suspect as much.

"I told you so!" he whispered triumphantly. "He is a detective for all he's Sir Ralph's nevvy! What he says about not knowin' his uncle was here is all gammon. Why his uncle set him to spy on us! It's as clear as day. The sooner we get rid o' him the better, Het, mark my words."

"I'm afraid you're right. Though he seems too pleasant to be sly. Yet it looks clear. But what a terrible thing, Bill. What an end for Sir Ralph! Not but what he may have deserved it! Thank God, your soft-heartedness made you leave him alone, or you might have felt you'd had a hand in the death—How thankful I am no one can lay a finger of doubt upon you, that you're not mixed up in that. Do you think he fell, Bill?—that he knew where he was going when he slipped——"

She moved close up to him, looking into his face with horrified eyes. He pushed her angrily aside.

"How can I tell? What's the good o' wondering. He's dead. That's enough."

"It's so terrible," she muttered. "And I'm so thankful that you never went near him, or I might have been afeared that——"

The words froze on her tongue. Her eyes were glued to his.

"You'd never kill a man, Bill, I know. But you might have upset his 'eart, being as he wasn't strong. Thank God, no one can even say you did that!" she exclaimed, brushing away a tear.

"What a worrit you are, 'arping on that! What worries me is the spyin' we've 'ad, and what the future 'olds. What for should I frighten any old dotard? Do I look like a murderer, you fool?" growled Bill, turning his back on her and banging from the room into the garden. But, for all his bravado, he would have given years of his life to deserve those words. For his boast that he had never killed any one, bad as he had been, was the glory of his life.

He looked at his horny hand through tears, then brushed it across his eyes.

"There's blood on it!" he muttered with a choked sob.

The next moment he was on his way up the hill, whistling somewhat feebly a warlike tune, his hands deep in his pockets and Olnay five miles ahead.

(To be continued).

ON THE FARM.

COWS THAT EAT TOO MUCH.

Dr. Smead, a well-known writer on veterinary subjects, says:—

Sometimes, through carelessness, cows get into the meal bin and help themselves to a quantity so great that the digestive organs are unable to cope with it. The cow soon becomes in a very bad condition generally, owing somewhat to the kind of meal that has been eaten. Sometimes the third stomach becomes impacted with the meal and the cow is first delirious, then she goes into a comatose state, and dies in a few hours. Again, acute indigestion is produced and the cow suffers much pain and at last dies with congestion of the fourth stomach or inflammation of the bowels.

Generally the cow in such a condition wants to drink inordinately and here is where many farmers need a little advice. Because the cow, if left to herself, will drink an inordinate quantity of water to her injury, it does not follow it should be withheld, and yet that is where many farmers make a mistake. They think because the cow will kill herself by drinking water that it should be withheld entirely. Digestion cannot properly go on without the aid of water when an inordinate amount of meal or grain is taken into the cow's stomach, as there is only one way for it to go through the alimentary canal. If digestion entirely stops the cow dies, and it is, therefore, important that digestion be stimulated and what cannot naturally be digested be thrown off by physic. One of the essentials of digestion is water, and while it is unwise to allow the cow to gorge herself with it, it is more than unwise to entirely withhold it.

It is not my purpose to discuss the disease that may be produced by this disgorgement of food, but rather to say something that will help dairymen to save their cows when they are unfortunate enough to have this accident happen to them. When it is known that a cow has eaten largely of meal or grain one of the very best remedies is a few quarts of water not perhaps over a gallon at any one time. In half an hour let her have another gallon and continue every hour until her thirst is quenched. The first time the water is given stir into it a heaped teaspoonful of ginger and a teaspoonful of good cider vinegar, and add the ginger and the vinegar every second time the cow is given drink. With this treatment many a cow would be well in forty-eight hours that would have died had the water been entirely withheld. If there is bloating use warm water injections every hour; if it is not reduced in six hours give a good dose of Epsom salts and continue the injection, also the ginger until the cow is well on the way to recovery. This is a simple rational farmer's remedy; the veterinarian might prescribe a better one, but the treatment recommended will save a large percentage when the veterinarian cannot be had.

MUTTON CHOPS.

Don't keep your sheep house as close and warm as a dairy barn.

A sheep barn should open to the south side and the sheep should be given the run of a dry yard during pleasant days.

Keep the pens dry and well littered.

Feed with perfect regularity. If not fed regularly sheep fret and lose condition.

If any fodder is left in the racks, clean it out before putting in fresh supply.

Give all stubbs and hay from the sheep racks to the colts.

Keep salt in a box in each pen. Sheep eat lots of salt.

Be sure that you are not wintering a lot of ticks. Ticks will make sheep poor.

Keep the pens level. Fill up the hollow and uneven places.

No other animals should ever be allowed in the sheep yard.

The sheep can not defend themselves and are liable to be injured in many ways.

Water should always be within reach and be fresh and pure.

Give the sheep a variety of food; roots are a necessity in the ration.

If you used a poor sire with your sheep last fall notice how many lambs you will lose in the spring and how scrawny those are which live. Then resolve to do better another year.

If you haven't a good buck lamb for your own use among those you raised, go to some man who has and buy one and keep in mind the fact that close, thick-set wool is better than that which is thin and coarse on the body.

POULTRY NOTES.

A hen that eats eggs is worth eating.

The late chickens must have a warm place or the cold weather will pinch them.

The most successful poultry keepers are those who very carefully attended to the small details.

The Guinea fowl is a summer layer. All the good care possible will not induce it to lay eggs during cold weather.

When the mercury is hunting zero, don't forget the warm drinking water three or four times a day.

The hen, though small, is queen of the poultry yard. The turkey, goose, duck and other fowls are her handmaidens.

Do not sell the old hens just because they are old. Some hens age more rapidly than others. Keep them as long as they are profitable, regardless of age.

Don't get discouraged. The world is full of good things, if we only know how to pick them out. Even in the chicken business learn always to wear a smile.

At this time of the year neglected colds are apt to develop into roup. Roup is a disease that if it once becomes engrafted into the system cannot be eradicated.

MONARCHS IN EXILE.

French Kings in England—Court of Don Carlos in Venice.

England has always been the haven of political refugees and royal prelenders, and as a rule they have shown their appreciation of the country's hospitality by refraining from criticizing their hosts or saying anything that might jeopardize their position as mere tolerated outsiders.

But the Duke of Orleans overstepped the bounds some years ago and made a violent and uncalled-for attack on the late Queen Victoria. In the end, writes the London correspondent of Town and Country, he was obliged to leave the country and did not return until he made a most abject apology.

This little incident has not endeared him to the British people, who look upon him as a person of no account. But since his return he has behaved very well and has lived the life of an ordinary country gentleman, amusing himself intermittently with the issue of a pronunciamento to "his people" or a little North Pole trip.

His father, when in exile here, was more popular. So was Louis Philipe after the coup d-etat. So was Louis Napoleon, who lived in London in many social phases, once as a waiter and again as a highly appreciated member of the best society of the West End.

He never forgot the kindnesses that were extended to him during his stay here, and when he became Emperor of the French his first wish was to come over with the Empress Eugenie and look up his old friends; which he found it difficult to do in the manner he liked, for when he came here to Windsor he was fairly tied up with court etiquette, from which it was impossible to escape.

I have recently seen a letter from Louis Napoleon to an old London friend from Windsor, in which he said: "I would much sooner run down to you and have an evening at ——'s where we could smoke and chat and talk over the times when you and I were sworn in as special policemen."

Napoleon III. came into his empire. I doubt if the Duke of Orleans will ever do so. One cannot always tell.

I used to know Peter Karageorgevitch in the days when he was a simple, unassuming exile in Switzerland. He would talk occasionally of Servia as a place where he might with God's will have ruled, but he nexer expressed the slightest idea that he had an opportunity of custing the Obrenovitch doynasty.

Suddenly Alexander was murdered and Peter went in triumph in a special train direct from Geneva to Belgrade, and there he is now, a real king, covered with medals, recognized by the Powers, and—wondering how long it will be before he exchanges his uniform for a frock coat and the Konak for his old villa at Genoa.

Truly, the life of a pretender is not an enviable one. I have often seen and pitied Don Carlos, the Spanish pretender, who lives in Venice, and may be seen there any day in the week, either dashing up and down the Grand Canal in a motor launch from which flies the Spanish royal flag, or walking up and down the Piazetta when the band plays of an evening.

He is invariably accompanied by a magnificent boar hound and very often by his wife. He maintains a strict little court in his modest house on the canal, and there is something about him that arrests attention, for he seems to carry kingship with him at every step—a tall, handsome, dignified man, serious, stern and direct, with a kindly [illegible] strong chin, a man whom [illegible] would describe as "every inch a king."

BANK FAILURES IN CANADA.

In Many Instances, Depositors Were Paid in Full.

It is interesting to look back upon the banks that have failed in Canada and see how the depositors have fared. In a number of instances it will be seen that they were paid in full:—

Year.	Bank.	Depositors Paid.
1868	Commercial Bank	In full
1872	Bank of Acadia	.....
1872	Metropolitan Bank	In full
1879	Mechanics' Bank	57½ p.c.
1879	Consolidated Bank	In full
1879	Bank of Liverpool	.....
1879	Stadacona Bank	In full
1879	Exchange Bank	66½ p.c.
1879	Maritime Bank	10 6-10 p.c.
1887	Pictou Bank	In full
1887	Bank of London	In full
1887	Central Bank	99¾ p.c.
1888	Federal Bank	In full
1888	Bank of P.E.I.	.....
1893	Commercial Bank	In full
1895	Banque du Peuple,	75¼ p.c. to date
1899	Banque Ville Marie,	15 p.c. to date
1905	Bank of Yarmouth	In liquidation
1906	Ontario Bank	In full

In the last twenty-eight years, since 1879, ten banks have failed. Six of them paid depositors in full; another paid in full all but a fraction of 1 per cent.; one paid 75¼ per cent.; one 15 per cent., and with regard to a very small concern no statistics are available.