A MAN'S REVENGE;

OR, THE CONVICT'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"I must congratulate you, Mr. Sinclair. In my opinion Sir Ralph could not have made a better will," said Dr. Timothy Day, the lawyer, as he took Duncan's hand and wrung it heartily.

"Thank you," replied Duncan in a somewhat husky voice, "I feel most grateful to my uncle. Such a prospect never occured to me. For my uncle's heir——"

"Is a rascal, an unmitigated spendthrift! Sir Ralph never intended leaving him anything but what he was obliged to. The title, of course, is his and the land was entailed, but the money and that Cornwall estate were Sir Ralph's to leave where he pleased. You need the money and will husband it carefully. Sir Ralph was a sensible man despite his deplorable loss of memory. Should his heir dispute the will, he hasn't a leg to stand upon. I'm delighted at your good fortune."

"Well, I'm not such a fool as to say that I'm not pleased. For money was the thing I needed above all others," replied Duncan, flushing as he remembered something he now wanted even more. "But I wish my uncle had lived to enjoy his possessions longer; to marry even, and so leave all to one more worthy of his name than Eustace James."

Timothy Day nodded approvingly.

"No doubt, no doubt," he muttered; "so would any other honest young fellow. But after all things were ordained otherwise. His was a sad life; the pathos of his death is swamped in that tragedy of his youth that turned him into a wrecked man. Perhaps a sudden death is really the best. For my own part I would prefer it. Sir Ralph had no time to suffer. I take it that he fainted and fell, as the doctor very aptly explained at the inquest. You were too young to know him before the accident that changed his life?"

"I was ten, Mr. Day, old enough to remember his bright fascinating manner," corrected Sinclair, with a smile.

"Indeed. So you were! How time flies!" ejaculated the old man, blowing his nose lustily. "I really had forgotten how old you were, Mr. Sinclair; an unpardonable omission considering I've managed your affairs so long. Of course you must remember your uncle's charming personality as a young man. The Apollo of London he was called. It was a bad day for him when he went to Nunchester, my birthplace. I never saw him afterwards without feeling the pathos of the change. So young, so happy, so full of the pleasure of living. That illness changed everything for him. I wonder if the marriage of Lady Cruse added to his cup of bitterness afterwards."

"I can't say. He was, as you probably know, a confirmed woman hater, and could not bear to hear her name."

"And the mystery about her lost child will never be solved through him, now. For people naturally connected the two events. In my opinion he met his living death—for loss of memory is nearly as bad as that—in trying to rescue the child from a kidnapper. However, that is over. Perhaps he might never have remembered. And the child, of course, must be dead, or those who stole her would have restored her years ago for the sake of a reward. Of that I have not the slightest doubt. But I must catch my train, as you say there's nothing more that I can do. I suppose you will not stay any longer here yourself?"

The little man collected his papers as he spoke, and looked at Duncan over his gold-rimmed spectavles.

"No," replied Duncan. "I shall go to town. The place has lost its charm for me. Besides, the woman I lodge with is giving up her cottage. She and her brother are leaving St. Lawrence."

"And a certain young lady objects to your absence, eh?" exclaimed the lawyer, his sharp face wrinkling mischievously.

Duncan looked confused. For his thoughts were certainly not with Eileen.

"I suppose you'll be getting married soon?" continued Mr. Day.

The young man started, the hot blood rushing to his face.

"I don't know," he replied slowly. "I've a great deal to do to my home before then. Thanks to Uncle Ralph I can do much more now. Are you going? I'll walk back with you. Although Simmons has orders to drive you to the station."

"No, no, I don't want him to. The walk will be pleasant enough. It's a pretty village this."

"Yes," murmured Duncan. "But its beauty has gone for me."

"I understand. Without being morbid at all, the recollection of the man you owe so much to met his death here, would be trying anywhere. And here, where the sun seems to shine all day, the thought of death must seem worse."

Sinclair remained silent. A guilty feeling made him own reluctantly to himself that his reason for disenchantment in St. Lawrence was, more than anything, Sunbeam's absence.

For, since she had gone he realized how much she was to him. How their occasional meetings had been looked forward to, how he had listened longingly for the sound of her sweet clear voice.

He had struggled valiantly against such feelings, recalling his engagement to Eileen, and Sunbeam's shadowed parentage, in vain. The strange, new passion for this girl had custed everything else from his mind. He knew that he loved at last, and that the object of his devotion was certainly not Eileen. He had therefore decided that he could not marry his cousin, and that his poverty must continue since his heart entirely refused to buy a fortune at such a price. He loved Sunbeam, whilst his affection for Eileen had dwindled into mere indifference. For her sake, and his own, he must put an end to their engagement.

If, later, Sunbeam loved him also he would risk all in spite of her family. He would let his home and take her abroad—away from all associations—to begin a new life in a strange country. Her father would be bound over to leave her alone. And she herself was the soul of honesty and honor. The pride of blood and lineage shrivelled to ashes before the fire of passion consuming him.

To see her again and to obtain his freedom from Eileen were his chief reasons for going up to town as soon as he could. The death of his uncle had delayed him, but now everything connected with it was over, nothing kept him in St. Lawrence. Besides, Hetty Green had spoken about leaving the place also. Though she still pretended that Sunbeam was visiting friends he read uneasiness and misery in her every movement, and more than once longed to whisper: "Sunbeam is safe and happy." Prudence however weighted his tongue. And, although he watched her carefully, guess-successful in his search and that she was genuinely miserable, she never once swerved from her reticence, and even went so far as to tell him anecdotes of Sunbeam's doings, first in Olnay and then in London, whither she said her friends had taken her.

Lady Larkin had not written to him. He and Sir Ralph had deemed it wiser for her not to do so. A fact which added to his anxiety to get away. He wanted to see Sunbeam and hear of the plans made for her future.

But to-day the unexpected good fortune that had fallen to him brought with it disappointment. For how could he ask Eileen to release him now? Rich, he could hardly make the request. It would seem too brutal and clearly prove to her that fortune alone had bound him to her for so long.

He walked back from the station with a heavy step, and anything but the appearance of a yaung man to whom had come long desired affluence.

"I shall go to London by the next train," he said to Hetty, who looked more dejected than ever, owing to a letter received from Bill giving no clue of Sunbeam's whereabouts.

Her face brightened at the information. She was aching to get away herself and help in the search for her darling. For since Sunbeam was not with Lady Cruse, as Bill assured her, she might be in terrible straits. God alone knew what had happened to her! In his scrawl Bill suggested that Sir Ralph Freer had merely given her a lift, and that they had been a couple of fools to take fright—but told her that she was to be cautious nevertheless.

"If you go then, sir, I shall go. There's nothing to keep me here, and I may as well go in for a little jollification with Sunbeam and Bill, as stay alone," she answered, after Duncan had explained that his work in the village was entirely finished and that he should not return.

"That would be wise of you, Miss Green," he replied, gently, looking into her eyes with inquiry. "So Sunbeam writes glowing accounts of the city? Foolish little girl, this place suits her better. Persuade her to come back to it soon if she wants to keep her roses."

"That I shall, after I've seen some of the sights with her, sir! She writes such tales about the theatres, and the many places of amusement, that my mouth fair waters for a taste of them. For once in my life I mean to have a good fling round too, sir; none can blame me, I'm sure!"

"No, indeed. I hope you will really enjoy your time there. You must tell me where you go to, and I'll come and see you and Sunbeam."

He smiled as she turned away, presenting a deaf ear to his words.

"Poor creature!" he ejaculated. "What an imagination she really possesses! What would she say if I told her that I know all, and that I shall see Sunbeam myself in a very short time?"

The thought cheered him. And he collected his paraphernalia, whistling gaily. Not even the vision of Eileen's face as it rose mockingly before him, could dispel the feeling of happiness that increased as the hour for his departure drew nearer. For the time being he had forgotten everything but that he loved Sunbeam and would see her shortly—obstacles and depression were swept away by the tide of Love.

CHAPTER XIX.

His heart still attuned to the joyful song of Love, Duncan Sinclair drove through the busy streets of London to his sister's house.

The thought of going to Eileen first had not even occurred to him, for his mind was full of Sunbeam and the overwhelming desire to see her at once.

For although the woman Fate bound him to was Eileen, the woman he really loved was Sunbeam; therefore, the present was for her and love; the future and duty could wait. Until then why listen to the whisper of sorrow, why close the heart of joy?

But when he entered the drawing-room his feelings received a shock, for the solitary figure seated by the window was not Sunbeam after all.

For a second etmbarrassment laid an embargo on his tongue, and the color rushed to his brow. But as Eileen turned, her face a lovely rose of welcome, he remembered his duty towards her with a pang, and tock her in his arms.

"My Eileen!" he murmured, "how sweet of you to be here—and——"

"Ah, faithless one," she laughed, her eyes shining with the glorious love-light. "That was accident. I wonder when I should have seen you after all, had I gone before you came."

"I meant to come after seeing Adele and leaving my luggage here. You would not have waited long. At the station I thought of Adele first, and then Eileen——"

He paused, hating himself for the double part he seemed to play, and wishing that fortune had not added a fresh obstacle to his annulling their engagement. And yet, would it not be better for her to believe him a mere fortune hunter? For she was worthy of a man's greatest love, and he had nought but friendship to offer her?

She smiled, and doing so, stabbed him to the heart. For he saw how she loved him; therefore he durst not pain her yet.

"An eager lover would have said, 'Eileen first and then Adele,' at least I think so," she murmured, shaking her head. "But I will not be too exacting now I have you. Only you must not go away for a long time. For the present you belong to me—and to love."

"To love!" sighed his heart, while his lips whispered haltingly, "I have been a beast, I know, but, as you say, I am here to do your bidding. I will atone for the past. Only, as you know, I suffocate in town, and——"

"That is all right. I go to Brackley Park next week. Adele has promised to chaperone me, and we shall have a large house party. You are to be of the number. And I will be indulgent with you there. You can paint from morning till night as long as I see you occasionally. Will that please you, and am I not an ideal fiancee?"

He bent his face to hers and gave her the kiss her red lips asked. She nestled in his arms.

"You do not deserve to be let off so easily," she laughed. "For I must confess that your long absence from me was not at all to my liking. But I have quite made up my mind to be a model fiancee, not to hamper you too much with my wishes, and to let you go your way as much as you like. Love cannot thrive if driven. I realized that long ago."

He smiled down into her glowing face. And his pulse throbbed quickly. For her beauty intoxicated him. And she loved him. What man could resist such charm?

"You are too good," he murmured. "I know that I deserve hard looks and peevish pouts. Instead of which you give me smiles and the sweetest lips in the world."

But even as he spoke his thoughts flew to Sunbeam. Her lips were the sweetest after all, although he had not yet touched them with his own. Anger against himself filled his heart.

"Too good!" ejaculated Eileen, in a gentle voice full of emotion. "Not that! I love you, Duncan, and such love as mine can overlook mere trifles for I know that you love me. Perfect love casteth out fear. You love me, Duncan. Say it once! To hear those words from you is more pleasure to me than to hear any other man say them a hundred times."

He gave a little laugh. There was uneasiness in the sound.

"St. Aubin?" he inquired, glad of the reprieve.

She frowned and bit her lip.

"St. Aubin! Jim, Poor silly Jim!" she ejaculated impatiently. "You know quite well that I do not care for him. I love you—you—you. But those are the words you ought to say, laggard one," she continued, her face clearing. "You make me a typical modern girl—in that I make love while you listen. Reverse the tables at once. I only wish to be an ordinary woman showered with loving epistles and caresses—I have no desire to woo, I want to be wooed. For I am hungry for your love, Duncan; you have been so long away. And I love you so."

Good God! How could he, in the face of such passion, stab her with his news? Only a brute could tell her what he had to say. And yet Sunbeam seemed to draw him from her arms. Sunbeam, the only woman he had ever loved. Sunbeam, who was lonely and needed love. Never had man been placed in such a predicament!

"Come. Say 'I love you, sweet,'" dictated Eileen, her hand on his cheek, forcing his face to hers. "We have been so long apart that you have forgotten your role, and I will not scold you for that. Your lack of speech but proves want of practice. I would rather have it so."

She laughed lightly. His mind regained its balance. He was betrothed to her. His words came before his desire. He bent to her.

"Yes," he murmured. "You are right, sweet Eileen. My tongue is out of practice. You must teach me how to make love to you. I will be a willing pupil, for I——"

The words trembling on his tongue, halted as though ashamed. How could he lie after all. Even to secure her happiness at the cost of his own there was no need to perjure himself. He loved Sunbeam, no other.

But Eileen seemed to notice nothing unusual in his manner, and was about to speak when approaching footsteps fell upon their ears. She sprang lightly away from him, her face sparkling with mischief, as the door opened and Lady Larkin entered.

The relief he felt at the interruption was tempered by disappointment at Sunbam's non-appearance. Where then was the child? Had she already gone away?

The question was visible in his eyes as he greeted his sister with brotherly warmth. But quick as she was to read his mind, she did not refer to the subject he longed yet dreaded to broach.

"Well, are you coming with me or not, Eileen?" she asked, turning to the girl, with a sympathetic smile. "If so, run and put on your hat, will you? Duncan will come with us if you do, I'm sure, though you've had a long tete-a-tete as it is. How did you know Eileen was here? Did you drive to her home first, or——"

"No, he didn't," laughed Eileen, her cheeks still glowing with pleasure, "he was coming to me later. And like a fool I've forgiven him his apparent indifference. What do you think of that? I wonder if he has something hidden up his sleeve, something we cannot guess at to account for his haste in coming here first, Adele. Is brotherly affection generally so keen?"

Despite her laugh there was a ring of anxiety in her voice, a hardened glitter in her dancing eyes.

Adele glanced from her to Duncan apprehensively. Had they quarrelled? Was that strange mood she had seen Eileen in so often lately, about to return and cause trouble between the two? She laid her hand on the girl's arm.

"What could he hide from you, Eileen? And of course he knows you are more often here than at home, so——"

"So?" interrupted the girl, her face raised inquiringly to Duncan's. "Is that why you came here first?"

He hesitated. It was so easy to say yes, but somehow his tongue seemed tied, and her anxious burning eyes grew cold and angry.

"I know," murmured Eileen, turning towards the door. "You were anxious to see your protegee, the village slut, Sunbeam."

So changed was her manner as she flung the words at him, that he started, thrown off his guard. And before he realized how his words would be taken, he had blurted out—

"Where is she?"

The next moment he could have cut his tongue out willingly. For the effect of his question, innocent enough in all faith, had been alarming. Eileen had flounced out of the room with an indignant look on her pretty face, and Adele's eyes had widened with consternation.

"Oh, Duncan, unwise man!" she murmured, as the door closed and they were left alone.

"But why? What is the matter? Had anything happened to her—or——"

"Nothing. But don't you see—though I suppose you don't, men are so blind—that Eileen does not like your taking such an interest in her? That's natural enough. For you must confess the affair is extraordinary, and she is so young and pretty. Eileen is very patient with you, Duncan. You must not try her too much."

She spoke anxiously, for she was fond of Eileen, and did not quite approve of Duncan's mode of courtship.

He sat silent. A little sorrow for Eileen crept into his heart. She had, as Adele said, been very good to him. He had no right to make her unhappy after all. And yet, what had he done? How could she know that he loved Sunbeam? He had merely asked for the girl. Surely there was no harm in that? He was keeping true to his word, but that did not mean he was to take no interest in a girl who needed help and friends.

He looked at his sister. Her face was grave, a suspicion of trouble ahead shone in her eyes.

"How is Sunbeam?" he asked quietly.

She shrugged her shoulders with a gesture full of impatience. What fools men were! Although Eileen had been angered, his thoughts were of Sunbeam.

"She is well—I think she will go to Lady Cruse in a day or two as companion. She has gone there to tea to-day. But I must ask you to consider Eileen, Duncan. It was foolish of you not to laugh away that question of hers. I don't suppose you came here first, for that reason, but——"

"Oh, bother!" he exclaimed, his face lighting up with annoyance. "If Eileen is going to be silly about that, of course we shall quarrel! I thought her more sensible. But I own you are right in saying I have been neglectful. I'll make amends for that. She shall not complain of my mode of love-making any more. As for Sunbeam, of course I'm interested in the child, and, what's more, my interest will continue. Both you and Eileen can make up your minds to that."

Lady Larkin sighed and opened her lips. But at that minute Eileen returned, her face bereft of its anger, her eyes full of delight.

"Have I kept you waiting long?" she asked as though nothing in the world had ruffled her.

(To be continued).

NOT A FAMILY NECESSITY.

"Mamma is all alone to-day, Bessie, dear, and if anyone rings you will answer the bell."

Presently the bell sounded. As Bessie responded to the ring her mother inquired. "Who is it, dear?"

"Thomone thelling thilver polish," announced the child.

"Say no, thank you, and close the door," continued the mother sweetly.

The child obeyed, and a moment later the bell again was heard.

"Who is it this time?" asked the mother in a tone of annoyance.

"Oh, mudder, mudder! here's a man with a wooden leg."

"Mercy! another pedd'er?" voiced the susceptive woman. "Tell him we don't want any.'

Honest poverty ranks as high with some people as dishonest wealth does with some others.

PROFITABLE AND UNPROFITABLE COWS.

The Connecticut Storrs station has tested the cows of 32 different herds in the State of Connecticut. It reports that:—

Many of the individual cows in the test were not returning the cost of the feed. The average milk yield ranged from 13.2 to 23.4 pounds per day, while the average yield of butter ranged from 0.7 pounds to 1.33 pounds per day. This means that the herd giving the largest flow of milk was producing 80 per cent. more than one giving the smallest flow, while the herd producing the most butter was giving 90 per cent. more than the one giving the smallest yield of butter. * * * One of the first things our dairymen need to do is to make a closer study of the individual animals of their herds and to reject the unprofitable ones.

Likewise, the Wisconsin station made a series of tests of the herd of six patrons furnishing milk to the dairy school creamery. The individual cows of four herds were tested through one entire period of lactation. At farm "A" the annual yield of milk ranged from 3,792 to 6,203 pounds, and of butterfat from 147 to 296 pounds. At farm "B" the milk yield ranged from 5,193 to 7,887 pounds, and the butterfat from 245 to 312 pounds. At farm "C" the milk yield ranged from 4,411 to 8,132 pounds, and the butterfat from 222 to 336 pounds. At farm "D" the range of milk was from 4,847 to 6,570 pounds, and of butterfat from 223 to 300 pounds. At farm "A" there were three cows which did not produce milk enough to pay for their feed. The entire herd of twelve cows gave a profit of only $75; $50 of this amount was from three of the cows, while the combined profit from the other nine was only $25. The twelve cows on farm "C" earned a total profit of $288, instead of $75 as on farm "A," but even on this farm there was considerable difference in the cows. The value of the product from the poorest cow was $37.96 and from the best cow was $60.72. The best cow gave a profit of only $8.

The New Jersey station has conducted a dairy experiment on practical lines, using a herd of grade cows. With milk at $1 per hundred, the best cow gave a profit of $49.72, while the poorest cow gave a profit of only 13 cents. With butter at 20 cents per pound, the best cow paid for her feed and $46.64 additional, while the poorest gave only $5.84 in addition to the cost of the feed.

The facts brought out by this study strongly emphasize the correctness of the claim that but little profit is derived from a cow that does not produce 5,000 pounds of milk per year, particularly if the milk is sold at the low price of 1 cent per pound, and indicate that there is but little profit derived from a cow that does not produce 200 pounds of butter per year. No stronger argument is needed in favor of the necessity of testing animals, and thus learning their exact value, and of the selection of dairy cows, than is afforded by the above records.

The average cost of keeping a cow a year has been variously estimated by experiment stations in different localities at from $30 to $45. As the New Jersey station has pointed out, nearly the same capital and practically the same amount of labor are required whether the return from the herd is large or small; and from every point of view a good, small herd is much more profitable than a large, poor one.

Granting these facts, the question arises what the farmer with a herd of dairy cows is to do. First of all he should find out not only what his herd collectively, but each cow, is doing. In other words, he should begin a record of both the quantity and of the quality of milk produced by each cow. After this record has been kept for a while it will show him what cows are giving a good return and will enable him to systematically weed out his herd, retaining only the best cows. He should then gradually raise the standard of his herd by the introduction of new stock, or by breeding his best cows to good bulls. The Babcock test, which is a simple means of determining the richness of milk in fat, and the scales for determining the yield of milk, enable any farmer to ascertain the value for milk and butter production of each cow in his herd, and whether she is a source of profit or of loss.

The fat test may be made at frequent intervals, say once a week; or a composite test can be made by taking a small sample of milk each day, mixing these, and testing the mixture at the end of a week. Since the milk given in the morning usually differs somewhat from that given at night, it is more reliable to take samples of both morning's and the night's milk for testing. By keeping a continous record of the weight of milk produced, and making a composite test of the milk for one week in each month a very close estimate of the milk and butter production of the cow will be secured. The approximate amount of butter can be calculated by adding one-sixth to the butter-fat, which is the rule usually followed by the experiment stations.

The amount of labor involved in keeping this record when once fitted for it, is small, and from a pecuniary point of view, it is well worth the undertaking. It shows whether or not the farmer is boarding the cow and drawing on the profit from the better cows in order to do it. No amount of guesswork can take its place.

Good people are supposed to be happy, but they seldom look it.