A MAN'S REVENGE;

OR, THE CONVICT'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER XX.

Nor did the sweetness of Eileen's manner vanish as the carriage bowled through the park, and she chatted excitedly to them both. Her delight at having Duncan was too great to be concealed, and whether she really felt the anger she had shown in speaking of Sunbeam he could not tell,for now there was no trace whatever of it.

But though he tried to give her his heart-whole attention, conscious that he was indeed to blame in the past, he found it impossible to do so. His mind wandered unceasingly to Sunbeam, his eyes sought her face among the crowd. Soon, he told himself, he would look into her eyes. What would he read therein? Ah! what those sweet shy eyes had once told him in falteringly strange language must still be there! And yet his lips were doomed to silence. He dared not tell his love.

With a smothered sigh he turned to Eileen. She was laughing gaily. A feeling of disappointment overwhelmed him as he looked. If only she would not care for him!

"I am so glad Uncle Ralph left his money to you," said Lady Larkin, meeting his eyes. "Poor Uncle! Life was a sad thing for him; doubtless death was welcome. But I was not surprised to hear of your good fortune. He was very fond of you. And now I must say it is a good thing that——" She paused and glanced at Eileen.

The girl laughed.

"I know what you mean, Adele. Don't mind me. You are glad for Duncan's sake that he is no longer poor. And so am I. Although what I have would have been his. Yet—now—no one can say that he is marrying me for my wealth. Ah! money is a woman's curse! With it she never knows how much she, herself, counts in her friendships and her loves. And though I know that you are no fortune hunter, Duncan, I hail the luck that places you above the suspicion of a back-biting world, and I congratulate you with all my heart. It was good of Uncle Ralph to think of you."

He smiled his thanks. He could not trust himself to speak. For how could he say that he was no longer glad. His good fortune but tightened the chains that bound him to her. Though his inner self beat tumultuously at his heart, crying, "Have done with it—put her from you at once," pride and reluctance closed the door of escape.

He glanced at her inquiringly as the carriage stopped at Lady Larkin's door. She smiled, reading his unspoken thought.

"Yes, I'm coming back until to-morrow," she exclaimed. "That's a little surprise Adele planned for you. And to-night she takes us to Carlton and the Opera. You will enjoy that, I know."

"Yes," he replied, reluctantly. For he saw how impossible would be the longed-for tete-a-tete, or perhaps even a word or two, with Sunbeam. For, of course, Adele would not take her also. That was out of the question.

"You do not seem overwhelmed with delight!" murmured Eileen with a little pout.

"My dearest ,I was thinking how good it was of Adele to—to keep you here for me! I hardly deserve it, do I?" he answered in a voice full of self-reproach. For he hated himself for his forced duplicity, and felt that she had really been too patient with him.

"But you have promised to be good, so we'll bury the past. Soon you will be a model Romeo," she exclaimed lightly, the frown vanishing from her face as she took his hand and stepped out on to the pavement.

He wondered what she would say if she could read his heart as he followed her up into the drawing-room. For even as she spoke, his thoughts had flown to Sunbeam. Was she back? Would he see her now?

Disappointment, however, lurked in his wake. For Sunbeam, even if at home, did not appear, and he did not want to upset Eileen again by asking for her.

But when Eileen had gone to her room to dress and Adele was about to follow, she said carelessly—

"Sunbeam is in the schoolroom, Duncan, if you want to see her. She is generally there. I thought she would like that arrangement better, and baby's governess is such a nice girl. But remember that you must not make us late. The carriage will be round in an hour and you haven't dressed!"

Her husband laughed.

"Adele evidentely thinks you may be caught in the toils of little Sunbeam, my boy, as we all are!" he exclaimed.

But Duncan had vanished, a fact that made the baronet laugh louder.

Duncan found Sunbeam alone when he entered the schoolroom. She sprang up with a little cry and came to him, her cheeks crimson, her eyes full of delight.

"Oh, Mr. Sinclair!" she murmured falteringly as he took her hand. "I did not know that you were here!"

"I came hours ago, little Sunbeam, and wanted to see you then, but——"

"Oh, I have only just come home from Lady Cruse; that is why you did not see me. And the others are still out at a children's garden party."

"So you are alone! And we can have a nice little talk. Tell me how you are, how you like London, how—but I need not say that, for you look the picture of health. Your roses have come back again. Are you really happy, little girl?"

Her shy eyes dropped from his.

"Everybody is kind to me, although they know—what some people would hate me for—that I am not——"

She paused, the hot blood surging to her brow.

"How could they hate you?" he exclaimed, taking her hand again. "I know what you mean, Sunbeam, yet no one who sees you could blame or punish you for that."

"They might doubt me all the same," she hazarded, tugging timidly at her hand.

He smiled as he released it.

"That would be impossible! So Lady Cruse has become your friend. I am very glad; for she is a good, kind woman. Do you like her?"

"Can you ask?" she exclaimed, her eyes beaming. "I worship her! What girl in my position would not? I am going to live with her. She overlooks everything about me—my birth—my position—and calls me her daughter. You know her sad story? How she lost her child, and——"

"Yes, I know. And I'm afraid my poor uncle knew more than he ever said. But I think Lady Cruse is a lucky woman now, for she has found you, and you——"

He paused, his eyes on her. A sudden thought darted into his mind. He wondered he had never had it before.

"I am the lucky one!" she added. "I suppose that is what you were going to say?—but there, I am so excited about my good luck that I have quite forgotten to ask how you left dear aunt Hetty. Has she got over my loss? And my father——"

Her face grew serious as she spoke, and the ready tears sprang to her eyes.

"You must not think me ashamed of them," she murmured, as he still remained silent. "I love them both—and—if I could I'd go back to my aunt at once. My head is not going to be turned, Mr. Sinclair. I shall never forget what I really am. Therefore, they are not often out of my thoughts."

"Your aunt seems happy enough. She is coming to London to be with you and see the sights, she told me. But——"

"Oh! Then you haven't told her anything? You might trust aunt Hetty anywhere! Shall I not be able to go and see her?"

"I do not know where she is. She ignored my request for her address. And, as she professed to know all about you, I decided not to say anything. I do not know why she tried to deceive me, unless for some unknown reason they want no one to know you are really lost to them. They did not want me to, at all events. Therefore I humored her. Though once or twice I longed to tell her you were safe and happy."

"Poor auntie! Yes, I wish she knew. Though perhaps my father would bully her into telling him. She always gives in to him. She always has. I wonder though why she was like that to you. I thought she had got over——"

"Her distrust of me! I doubt it. She may still think me a detective. And yet I now have other thoughts. Fool that I was not to have them when with her! Tell me, do you remember anything of when you were a baby? Did you know your mother?"

Shes hook her head.

"She died when I was little. I only remember Aunt Hetty. They said my mother was a lady, and that was why they educated me as they did. But now I wonder—now I am old enough—could a lady have married my father? You have seen him—I feel it is wicked of me to have such thoughts, but no one can know how terrible it was to me when he came home this last time. Perhaps if he had kept me to my position things might have been different. but now I am merely a fish out of water—and I see things, and hate myself for doing so. Besides he now says that he educated me in order to make use of me—you know all. Sometimes when I think of that dreadful time I tremble with fear! And I do not know how to feel grateful enough to you."

He bent over her, his eyes seeking hers.

"Dear little Sunbeam, what I did, any other man would have done. But I should like to feel that you are really happy, forgetting all those dreads of yours. I should like to wipe away all the doubtful past for you, dear little girl. But as that is impossible, I want you to try to forget and, for the present at any rate, to make up your mind to give up your father—and, since you must—your aunt."

"That I will do for the present. But you do not want me to become one of those ungrateful women who forget those who sheltered their childhood. And in my case, my father ran terrible risks for me—to earn money for me. It was in a wrong way, but I cannot undo that. For the present I have angered him and must keep away from him, for many reasons, but later—I must——"

She paused, quietly sobbing. He put his arm soothingly around her. His own heart ached. If only he could tell her of his love, call her his own, and marry her!

"Sunbeam," he whispered, his mouth close to her ear. "Little Sunbeam, be brave. The clouds will break sooner or later, and then——"

"Ah! But you do not know what I meant then. I meant that it will be terrible to go back to them all the same after this. It's horrid of me, I know, and they are to blame for bringing me up as they did, but one cannot bite the hand that fed one. I felt it then—but now, after being with Lady Larkin—and Lady Cruse—I think it will be more than I can bear. I know you're shocked, and so am I. What can I do? We have all made a mistake I think. I ought to have gone as a servant somewhere, and yet, how could I, after my whole life of ladyhood?"

"How, indeed!" he ejaculated, drawing her still closer to him. "Poor Sunbeam! Fate has decided all for you. You are now in the position you have been trained for. Make the best of it, my child. Some day things will right themselves. Until then, remember I am your friend, and I will always be ready to help you, dear. You have been brave so long. Do not lose heart now thinking of the future."

He put her gently from him, and moved away. The longing to clasp her to his heart was overwhelming. Passion and prudence struggled afresh in him.

"So! The Sunbeam is caught in a shower!" exclaimed a mocking voice behind them.

Duncan turned and faced his fiancee. Her eyes gleamed with malice.

"The role of consoler suits you, Duncan," she continued spitefully. "But for all that you will make us late. Or are you the cause of the storm?"

Sunbeam dried her eyes and forced a smile.

"It is nothing," she murmured. "I was foolish, that is all. Mr. Sinclair has been very kind to me, and I was talking about my people."

Eileen's lip curled.

"How interested he must have been!" she exclaimed. Her eyes wandered from the girl's face to Duncan's. "I know he takes an interest in the lower classes. But you must defer the conversation now. Duncan, we start in a few minutes—are you ready?"

"As you see, I am not!" he replied, disapprovingly. Then turning to Sunbeam he took her hand. "Good-bye, Sunbeam, and cheer up. I will talk to you again about your aunt to-morrow. We must arrange to see her if we can. She is a great favorite of mine"

She smiled bravely back at him.

"Thank you. It is very good of you," she murmured, moving towards the door as he left the room. But Eileen called her back. For a second a lock of obstinacy flitted across her face. Why should she stay with this girl who never avoided hurting her by look or word? nevertheless she paused, turning a pale face to the flushed beauty.

"I wonder you have not more pride than to worry people with your affairs," said Eileen. "You know that Mr. Sinclair is the soul of kindness, and you take advantage of that to troube him. But I will not have you annoying him any more; he is my fiancee, and I have a right to forbid your speaking to him. Why, we shall be having every little servant girl in the house pouring her woes into his ears soon!"

Sunbeam stood silent as the words flowed from Eileen's quivering lips. But a look of calm dignity filled her face, and her eyes flashed ominously.

"Mr. Sinclair came here himself," she replied at last. "And I shall certainly speak to him as long as he is good enough to speak to me. A fiancee's rights do not interfere with the liberty of a person."

"You are an impertinent girl!" exclaimed Eileen, passionately. "And whether you want to or not you'll have to obey my wishes. Lady Cruse is going to bring you to Brackley Park with her, and as it is my house we shall see whether you will be able to continue your underhand manoeuvring—and annoy my guests by abusing their kindness in such a fashion."

As she left the room Sunbeam sat down with a little laugh. All desire to cry had vanished, and her nerves quivered with anger. Was she a worm to be insulted and trampled upon? What had she done that Eileen should show her such hatred?

The color rushed to her face as her heart answered the question, and a feeling of relief swept through her. For she now knew why the beautiful heiress had shown such unkindness, and understood that a truly feminine war had been declared between them.

(To be continued).

NEW ZEALAND SAVINGS BANKS.

Postal savings banks were established in New Zealand in 1867. On December 31, 1906, the 540 post-offices doing a savings bank business had 298,746 accounts, covering deposits aggregating $48,766,325, an average of $166.50 for each account, and representing a sum equal to $56 a head of the entire population of the colony. On this basis a United States post-office savings bank system would have 27,400,000 accounts and $4,600,000,000 in deposits.

ITS SHRINKING DISPOSITION.

"This shirt is too small for me now," said Dubley, "it's funny how wool shrinks."

"Oh, it's not so strange," replied his wife. 'You told me it was lamb's wool, and you know what a timid creature a lamb is"

TWO IN ONE.

Mrs. Sparks: "Oh, that big dog isn't the one I lost and advertised for. My dog was a little fox terrier."

Tommy Traddles: "Yes, ma'am; your dog's inside this one."

ON THE FARM.

DAIRYMEN'S KNICK-KNACKS.

To make dairying really interesting we ought to have the best cows in the neighborhood. It does a fellow good to be able to say, "I've got the best cows in the town!" He may not really say it out loud; but if he can feel it in his heart, it helps him to step high and keep stepping.

We shall need to be more careful from now on about dust and other particles of matter getting into the milk pail. Carefully wipe off the cows' bags every time you sit down to milk them. Don't be harsh about it. Think how sensitive the udder must be when full of milk.

A woman butter-maker look it as a splendid compliment the other day when a man said he could put her butter on his bread just as thick as the slice of bread and enjoy it immensely. A few new milch cows in the dairy will tend to make the butter come more quickly than it would if all had been milked all summer.

When the cows go around licking the ground or the boards or timbers under the shed, you may be pretty sure they are hungry for salt. Give them some right away.

Scolding and kicking the cows that have sore teats is a poor way to mend the difficulty. Vaseline is worth ten times as much. Rub it on the cracked places, night and morning, after milking.

Sweet apples are fine for feeding milch cows.

Maybe your barn needs some battens now. Get them while you have time; put them on, too. Battens stocked up in the yard will not keep a single whiff of air off the cows.

What makes you think that a poor little bull calf is the one to keep? Get rid of him and buy a good one somewhere. It will pay to work up. Let's not be satisfied to travel around in a half bushel all our lives.

It is enoough to drive a dog out of a tannery to see how some folks use their hands in making butter, or in caring for the milk and cream. Do be neat, dear farmer friends. Touch the cream, milk and butter just as little as you possibly can with the hands. Use the cleanest of ladles, and never forget that the hands which touch the ladles should be scrupulously free from even a suspicion of dirt.

Believe in signs? Well, whenever you see a bunch of cows huddled together in the lee of the barnyard, their backs humped up like jack rabbits, and each fighting for a place in the patch of sunlight while chewing the butt ends of cornstalks, it is a sure sign that dairying on that farm costs more than it comes to.

The greatest money makers in the dairies are the separators, and those who have them wonder how they ever got along without them. The separator not only gets all the butter fat out of the milk, but it avoids the heavy haul to the creamery, and preserves the skim-milk for the calves and hogs.

Don't guess at the quantity of salt used in the butter. If guessing were a sure thing there would be no use for weights and measures. In the dairy the only safe rule is to know.

The wooden cores around which fence wire is wound make convenient and ready-at-hand milking stools. A bit of board nailed on one end will make the seat more comfortable, while the auger hole in the other end allows the stool to be hung on a nail out of the way when not in use.

See to it that all entry doors are provided with proper fastenings and are kept closed. A stiff spring on each door would make assurance doubly sure. A valuable cow bloated at the meal chest is not a comforting spectacle.

Dairymen should keep up the battle for better milk prices. Not the least valuable weapon that may be used to secure that victory are scrupulously clean stables, utensils, and dairy house. Cleanliness in the dairy is really as essential as Godliness in the church. It is the very foundation-stone of higher prices.

Did you ever stop to think why the very little calf is not afraid of you? It is because it isn't yet old enough to find out how mean and cruel men can be.

The ideal dairy barn is ceiled overhead and is kept scrupulously clean. When this is impossible, as it doubtless is in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the floors over the cow stables ought to be made tight so that no hay particles can sift through. Moreover the rafters over the stalls ought to be frequently swept.

Where cows are watered once a day, and are obliged to drink from exposed troughs, on which it is necessary to break the ice, it will require no small amount of feed to restore their normal warmth. This method of watering will show in the milk pail as well as in the feed bills.

Loud and boisterous conversation is not practised in good society and is equally out of place in the dairy.

There are somet hings to learn about running a cream separator. A change of the speed of the machine at once changes the per cent. of butter fat in the cream. A low speed usually gives a large quantity of thin cream.

Don't sell off your heifer calves at sacrifice prices. Good dairy cows are worth anywhere from $50 to $80, and it will pay to raise the calves and make them into good cows.

Will it pay to have any cows loafing around this winter? It takes a good cow to produce enough during six months above her keep to pay for boarding her free the other six months.

If your butter shows up with a poor flavor, just take a peek into the churn and into the milk pails. We don't like to say it, but these things may not have been washed thoroughly.

If one of your good cows begins to fail off, don't slight her or cut down her rations. Better see that she is getting plenty of water, and if her appetite has been dull, give her a change of feed for a few days.

We believe in turning cows out in the middle of the day all through the winter, but we do not think it just the thing to turn them out and make them drink out of a hole in the ice. A water tank heater costs only a few dollars and it pays.

A good calf let run with the cow will put on from 160 pounds to 190 pounds in six weeks. With veal at present prices the calf makes a most profitable milking machine.

It will take careful work this winter to keep the heifers milking. You may have to coax and feed, but their value as dairy cows depends upon how well you keep them at work during the next five or six months.

SHE WON AT MONTE CARLO

A LITTLE, BENT OLD WOMAN WHO PLAYED FOR YEARS.

"Mamma" Viaud, an Aged French Woman, Won Thousands of Francs.

Nearly every one who has been to Monte Carlo has heard of "Mamma" Viaud a little, bent old French woman, a widow, who played for years.

"Mamma" Viaud played roulette each day from morning until night. Her beady eyes, twitching nervously, saw nothing but the ivory ball as it fell into the cell. As they watched her staggering from the gaming tables late at night people pitied her.

Her whole soul, her life, seemed absorbed in the awful desire of winning. The old woman at times lost heavily—for her; then she regained her losses. For a long time she was enabled to live and continue her feverish pursuit of the game.

LAUGHTER WAS MOCKING.

One night the old woman lost nearly all her store. As she passed from the table, despair in her eyes, her attention was attracted by another wheel. She stopped and bent over the table. Again and again the wheel spun around and stopped. The old woman's eyes sparkled. A flush suffused her pallid cheeks.

As she left the room she clapped her hands, and her laugh—a shrill, mocking chuckle—startled the gamesters as ominous, uncanny.

"Better watch the old woman!" one of the official lookouts told a detective. He followed "Mamma" Viaud to her hotel. He listened outside of her door. There was no alarming sound. In a short while she extinguished her lights and evidently had retired.

RAKED IN THOUSANDS.

The following evening she reappeared in the gaming hall. Her eyes still sparkled, her cheeks were still flushed. With her were several noicrious gamesters. They approached a table, "Mamma" Viaud began to play.

She won. The gamblers, who had loaned her money, watched. She played a second time and won and a third time and won. The gamblers looked on amazed and saw the old woman raking in thousands of francs.

During the evening the old woman sat by the table, playing persistently. Her winnings doubled, trebled, quadrupled and piled up about her.

DETECTIVES BAFFLED.

The management became alarmed. A consultation was held. Special detectives were sent to watch her. Scores had gathered about the table, looking on breathlessly at her wonderful run of luck. The detectives reported to the management that "Mamma" Viaud was playing a certain combination of numbers that invariably won.

One of the directors besought the old woman to desist playing. The bank would be broke, he declared. She smiled and continued to play.

COMPROMISED FOR $300,000.

The director offered her $50,000 to cease playing. He doubled the figure if she would tell him the secret of her success. He importuned her to take $200,000, $250,000, only cease waging her successful battle for gold.

Finally, he offered her $300,000. Accepting this, "Mamma" Viaud, gathering together her fortune, told him very quietly that in passing the table the night before her quick eye had detected that the ball of this particular wheel stopped at a certain place at regular intervals. The managers examined the wheel, found that it was out of order and congratulated themselves upon having compromised with the old woman.

COFFEE DRINKING IN FRANCE.

Dr. Fernet, an eminent French physician, is quoted by the British Medical Journal as authority for the statement that the use of coffee has increased in France to such an extent that it is now common for the people of that country to drink a quart or more of a decoction of coffee daily. The habit is especially common among laboring women, great numbers of whom are received at the hospitals for treatment for disorders solely attributable to it.

POOR CONSOLATION.

"The man who languishes in jail," remarked the home-grown philosopher, "has one consolation, at least."

"What's that?" queried the easy one.

"That he occupies a position from which most of the world is barred out," answered the philosophy dispenser.