A MAN'S REVENGE;

OR, THE CONVICT'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER XXI.

The next day Lady Cruse called and took Sunbeam away with her.

"I cannot wait any longer for you, my child," she said, "so you may as well come at once. To-morrow I go to the country for a day or two, and I want you with me. She reminds me more and more every day of the daughter I might have had," she added, turning to Lady Larkin, who, under the circumstances, was not at all sorry to see Sunbeam go.

Duncan therefore had no further opportunity for resuming the coversation Eileen had so rudely interrupted. Prudence whispered that it was just as well that Fate had intervened for the present, and he consoled himself with the knowledge that Lady Cruse and her protege were due at Brackley Park very shortly, though, after the manner in which Eileen had spoken to Sunbeam in his hearing, he wondered how Sunbeam would fare as her guest.

He felt displeased with Eileen for her attitude towards Sunbeam, and also disgusted. For he had never before seen that side of his fiancee's character, and, manlike, so little believed in female pettiness, that, at its appearance, he was more than horrified.

Therefore he showed his displeasure plainly the whole evening, and Eileen, heart-sore and somewhat ashamed of herself, took refuge in a silence from which no one could rouse her but Lord St. Aubin, who was one of the party.

But if she thought she aroused jealousy in Duncan's heart by her open flirtation with his rival she was indeed mistaken, for, instead of jealousy, a strange wild hope possessed him, as her high laugh and flippant tones fell on his ear—hope that eventually she would really make up her mind to accept this faithful admirer and free him for good and all.

But Eileen was not really a bad-tempered girl, and she soon became herself again, and had so much need of Duncan during the following days that he had very little time free, and drifted quietly into the role of a devoted lover. But his thoughts were nevertheless with Sunbeam, and the strange idea that had crept into his mind during his conversation with her.

If only he knew where Hetty had gone to! But he had not an inkling of her whereabouts, and, with a thousand questions awaiting the answers she alone could give, he, in his few spare moments from Eileen's side, paced the unfashionable streets of the metropolis in the hope of suddenly meeting her.

Walking in Bond Street one morning, he met Lady Cruse with Sunbeam. The girl looked radiantly happy, and was talking gaily to her companion, whose face had lost its look of pathetic longing.

"Why, Duncan, what a stranger you are!" exclaimed the older woman, stopping and holding out her hand. "I wanted to see you to thank you for finding Sunbeam—her name is appropriate. She has warmed my heart. And I owe you eternal thanks."

"I am delighted to have rendered you a service," he replied, glancing from one to the other and smiling. "I am glad also that you saw Sunbeam before any one else wanted her. Experience has taught me the value of your friendship. Sunbeam is indeed lucky to have secured it."

"I tell myself that from morning to night," interrupted the girl. "I am afraid everybody is spoiling me."

"Nonsense," interposed Lady Cruse, her face growing tender. "I do not think anyone could do that, my child. Nor could I ever repay you sufficiently for the joy you already are to me. Had my child remained mine, Duncan, I would have chosen her just like Sunbeam—in appearance and character. Therefore she is my daughter now. We have quite settled that."

"Oh, Lady Cruse! I told you that some day I must go—my duty will be to do that," began Sunbeam in a quivering voice, her eyes turning inquiringly to Duncan's.

Lady Cruse laughed.

"There's some mistake there, my little friend. I shall not part with you easily, and you will not want to leave us."

"No; perhaps not. But one cannot always choose to do what one prefers," murmured the girl, her eyes filling with tears. Then, turning to Duncan, she continued in a voice broken with anxiety, "have you heard anything of Aunt Hetty—or—my father?"

He shook his head.

"Nothing at all. But you need not worry. It will hurt neither of them to be anxious about you, and the longer they are in ignorance of your whereabouts the better it is for you."

"You are right, Duncan. I tell the child she is foolish to fret about them," exclaimed Lady Cruse. "And now good-bye. Shall we find you at Brackley Park when we go down there?"

"Yes; I am going there with Adele, so we shall meet ere long. Good-bye, Sunbeam. If I do find out where Miss Green is, I'll let you know."

"How good you are!" she murmured, looking gratefully at him.

He turned away quickly. His longing to seize here there in the face of all repossessed him. And he fancied that Lady Cruse's eyes had grown thoughtful and read his secret. If so, what did she think of him for loving one girl while engaged to another? And would she, like Adele, try to put temptation beyond his reach?

But Lady Cruse had not read his mind so clearly as he feared. She had certainly noticed how his face softened and his voice trembled, but she had not thoroughly fathomed his heart. Had she done so, she was sufficiently conventional to see the incongruity of his marrying Sunbeam, even with no obstacle, in the shape of Eileen, between them. For, much as she liked Sunbeam, she could not forget her parentage, and grieved that a girl so entirely above her class both in body and soul should be condemned by the laws of society to remain in it.

"Though I do not see why any one need know that she is not all one imagines her," she explained to her husband. "Therefore I shall enlighten no one myself. If any man showed signs of falling in love with her, then will be the time to speak—meanwhile, we can keep our own counsel. Eileen has included her in the invitation, and the Larkins have received her in their home circle; all that is sufficient for outsiders. More they certainly need not know."

Therefore, when Sunbeam joined the house-party at Brackley Park, she was received by the other guests as one of themselves. Nor did Eileen enlighten them as to her true position, though she herself was extremely cold and stiff with her, according her scant notice.

Nevertheless Sunbeam, who had dreaded the visit above all things, was surprised to find herself enjoying it, and grew lighter hearted every day; though she avoided Duncan, becoming shy and silent in his presence. Once he asked her if he had offended her, and though her answer was incoherently evasive, he understood that something had come between them, something that transformed the happy, laughing girl into a blushing, embarrassed woman in his presence.

Had he known that her changed manner was due to her sudden knowledge of her heart, he would have rejoiced, but, unfortunately, he put it down to other causes, and suffered accordingly.

Meanwhile, the days flew by in quick succession, and Fate hovered above both, watchful and menacing.

The first shadow fell across Sunbeam's path one glorious evening as she took a solitary walk in the grounds. The others had gone to a garden party at some large house a few miles off, leaving her behind with Eileen, who was suffering from neuralgia, and had remained in her room nearly all day.

Therefore Sunbeam had her tea alone, and, after a quiet row on the lake, turned into the wilderness—a tangled mass of greenery behind the house. Here she loved to roam; it was cool, silent, full of Nature's beauties and untouched by man. In parts the branches of the trees grew so close together that the sky was barely visible between their foliage, whilst below bushes and brambles smothered the paths.

Suddenly before her Sunbeam saw a man.

Though his back was turned to her, she knew him at once and stopped, paralyzed with fear, not knowing whether to advance or retreat. But he had evidently some inkling of her presence, for just as she was about to turn back he faced her, starting forward with a surprise as great as her own.

"Gawd!" he exclaimed. "You, Sunbeam - So I've found you at last! Who'd 'ave thought of your bein' here. Crickey! it's luck that brought me down!"

The terror that had possessed her hied away, and a look of relief sprang to her eyes.

"Father!" she murmured, going up to him, and holding out both hands pleadingly. "So you are glad to see me then, you—you——"

She paused, choking with emotion. She remembered the last time she had seen him, livid with bestial anger, and read the undisguised affection in his smiling face with a deep feeling of thankfulness. So he still loved her, and had missed her! She need no longer fear him, after all.

"Yes," he answered gruffly, "I'm delighted to see you, though maybe I oughter be angry wi' you for your undooliful behavior, but I 'ave no time nor likin' to talk of that. I'm 'artily glad to see that you still care for your old father. And may I ask what you're doin' 'ere. It's natshrul I want to know."

"I'm staying here, father, with the lady who has taken me as her companion, and——"

"Her what owns this place?"

"Oh, no. Lady Cruse."

He started, his eyes dilating.

"What? Lady Cruse!" he ejaculated. "You're her companion?"

"Yes——" she faltered, alarmed at his evident excitement. "For Lady Cruse saw me at——" She hesitated, wondering what she could say to avoid mentioning Duncan's name.

"Her companion, did you say?" he asked incredulously, his eyes devouring her face, as though eager to read her every thought.

"I said that, and it is true. Lady Cruse is very lonely; she wants a young girl with her. Years ago she lost her only child, and since has pined for a daughter—that is why——"

Her words were drowned in his laughter. Slapping his thigh, he gave himself up to his merriment, unconscious of her surprise and his own danger.

"Why do you laugh?" she asked, as he paused.

"My Gawd! it's such a joke—such a rich un that, I can't 'elp laughing. Never mind why now; be thankful I don't make you leave your companionshippin' to this 'ere Lady Cruse and come with me at once. That's my right, you know. Honor bright, you're not kiddin' me, eh, Sunbeam—you're just a paid companion to 'er ladyship, nought else; not replacing that lost child, maybe?"

"I'm a paid companion, if that is what you mean," she replied seriously, wondering at his manner.

"Good. Then I'll leave you in your situation, my girl. Thanks to me for edoocating you, you've got it! But I leave you on one condition, and that is that you 'elp me a bit. First you're to say nothink about seein' me 'ere, and then——"

"Oh, father, you're not going to do anything wrong in this house?" she exclaimed fearfully.

"What d'you think I'm 'ere for? We ain't all lucky enough to drop into clover like you. I know you're to be trusted whatever else y'are. So I say you must 'elp me now. It's a little enough thing for the man that's done all for you—even to bein' copped. I know my toime is within the next two or three hours, for all the bedrooms are empty and the party won't be back for quite two hours. So, when you go back, just leave the glass door on the balcony open. I know it's locked, for I've just tried it. You see the 'ouse is deserted now, the servants are up in their jinks, and no one else about. I knowed all that. Even if they finds out when they come 'ome, it's safe enough, safer than in the night, as I wants to get to the bedrooms. So leave the door unlocked. That's all; yittle enough to do for your poor old father, what can't be a toff like you——"

"Oh, I can't," she murmured, growing white. "You forget I am received here as a guest. Besides, it would be wrong, anyhow. How can I help you to do such a thing?"

His face grew dark.

"I ain't come all this distance for nothink, nor to fail. I knowed the house was full of swells, and I knowed your Lady Cruse was 'ere—her pearls have made my mouth water for years—but I'll leave 'er alone for your sake if you'll help me to get at t'others."

"I can't. Oh, I can't. If you hadn't seen me you would have managed without my help," she moaned.

"Yes. But I've wasted precious time with you now, and you bein' 'ere, it's natshral you should maket hings easier for me. Now, then, say you will, and I'll leave you alone. You can't take the bread out of your own father's mouth, not your aunt's, what's starving——"

"Oh, how is she?" exclaimed Sunbeam in an eager tone, her thoughts flying to her aunt.

"Not long for this world if I can't get some money for 'er—so if you love 'er—Garn, put your purse away. I ain't the father what would help to take his child's 'ard-earned money. You help me like a gool gal, and I promise to leave you alone; what's more, not to let Gentleman Dan worry you, do you 'ear?"

"Yes, yes. But I cannot do what you ask. Anything but that. If you must enter the house, do it your own way, but don't ask me to help you."

He swore heavily under his breath, his threatening eyes on her.

"You won't?" he growled, seizing her arm roughly.

She winced at the touch. All her old fear revived. Then with a feeling of relief she heard a crackling of boughs on the other side of the bramble-bound hedge.

Her father dropped her arm, and sprang quickly aside. Alarm for him killed her dread of him.

"Go," she whispered. "Go, some one is there, and they may see you."

He smiled.

"An honest man may walk 'ere without knowin' he's trespassin'," he muttered, moving away nevertheless; "and remember, if you don't help, I'll send Gentleman Dan to fetch you. Like Old Nick, he can get in anywhere. Within the next hour I expect your 'elp."

"I can't, I can't!" she reiterated in a low whisper, clasping her hands together tightly and turning back to the house as he crept behind a tree with a warning look on his ugly face.

But Sunbeam had not gone far when her father's voice sounded in her ear.

"Listen, Sunbeam—we got a scare for nothing. It was a bird, no doubt, in the brambles. Tell me what'll you say to me if I back out of this?"

She stood still with a sigh of relief.

"Do you mean if you give up the plan you were discussing, to——"

"Yes. You needn't go into it. You see, I love you still, Sunbeam, though you 'ave got a crank in your 'ead against me. But seein' you walkin' back so forlorn lookin', I thought to meself: 'After all, I might spoil the gal's chances by goin' into that 'ouse; some might throw it up at 'er, and there's as good fish to catch elsewhere; so then I ups from behind the tree round which I was awatching you, and I run to tell you so. I'll go away at once. Forget what I said. Only what'll you do for me instead?"

"You won't ask me to marry Gentleman Dan?" she asked.

"No. I'm sick of 'im meself, and was a fool about that——"

"I'll come back to you and Aunt Hetty—if you want me to—only now I'm no expense to you, and——"

"It's your dooty to 'elp us, and for the present you're doin' it by not comin' back. Now, I knows where y'are. I'll sleep content. No, I'll be generous, Sunbeam, to show you I really love you. I'll ask for nought from you yet. I just gives this up 'cause I don't like you to be so miserable about it, and to show your old father ain't quite the brute you think him."

"Oh, father, thank you—it is good of you!" she exclaimed, throwing her arms suddenly around his neck and putting her soft cheek against his. "I know you love me, father, and am sorry I cannot see things as you do."

"There, that's enough," muttered Bill, somewhat sheepishly. "You'll think better of your old father now."

"Tell me where Aunt Hetty is and give her my love, will you?" she continued.

"In a day or two. Now I must cut—I've to turn my steps to pastures new—Hark! There's that cracklin' again."

(To be continued).

ON THE FARM

FERTILIZING VALUE OF HEN MANURE

Poultry manure is generally recognized as a strong fertilizer, tending, however, to make vine and leaves at the expense of fruit. Where chickens are raised in quantity and there results a large supply of droppings, many planters are in more or less of a quandary as to what crop to supply this manure to and in what quantity. Some valuable information is noted by the Department of Agriculture as a result of extended observations made at the poultry farm of the Reading University College England. In the first place it is something of a surprise to note the amount of manure made by chickens. A seven-pound cock will drop from 1½ to 2 pounds of manure daily, a six-pound hen nearly as much, a four-pound growing chicken from 1 to 1¼ pounds and a 3½ pound fattening bird, while being crammed for market, more than any of the above.

The habits of chickens considerably affect the manure supply. The dried droppings from birds having the liberty of the farm contain about 4 per cent. nitrogen, 2½ per cent phosphoric acid, 1¼ per cent. potash. Manure from birds in the pen averages slightly higher while that from birds fattening for market runs about 6½ nitrogen, 3 phosphoric acid and 1½ potash.

Its value and use are discussed as follows: "It forms a distinctly nitrogenous manure which stimulates vigorous growth of the leaves, stems and roots of plants generally as much as a dressing of nitrate of soda or sulphate of ammonia. It contains, however, in addition to nitrogen, an appreciable amount of phosphanen and potash in a rapidly available form, and on this account is a good complete manure. Its value as an all round fertilizer, for all kinds of crops, can be materially enhanced by mixing it with superphosphates at the rate of one part of the latter to five or six parts of the fresh manure." It is recommended that it be first spread thinly on trays in a shed to dry, then it can be barreled. While this is some trouble it may well be worth the while since as manure it is worth from $12 to $15 per ton. If barreled in the ordinary manner much of the virtue is lost. When dried the mixture recommended above can be used at the rate of six hundred to eight hundred pounds per acre on cultivated or fruit land.

THE COW AND CALF.

Cows require a different kind of feeding in some respects to that of beef animals, and Dr. Roberts, the Wisconsin State veterinarian, says the daily feed for a one-thousand pound cow is forty pounds of silage, seven pounds clover hay, eight pounds of grain.

The cows that are soon to calve should be fed on succulent feed such as silage or roots, bran, linseed meal with a little oats. Keep the bowels open and do not feed very heavy on grains just before or after calving. After calving give bran mash and warm the drinking water for a few days.

Allow the calf to suck for two days and then feed his mother's milk from a pail for about two weeks about three quarts twice a day; after that reduce it with skimmilk or warm water so that at the end of fourth week the calf will be getting all skim milk or half whole milk and half warm water with some reliable stock tonic to aid digestion. Keep a supply of good clover or alfalfa hay within reach and also some ground oats with a little linseed meal mixed with it. After the calf eats the ground feed gradually get him used to whole oats as this is the best feed for him up to six months old. The heifers should not be bred until about fifteen or eighteen months old.

BONE BEST EGG PRODUCER.

We may have well-grounded opinions as to what kind of feed is required to produce certain results and we should see to it that our hens get that certain kind.

For instance we know that fresh green bone is an egg-making food. All the great masters in the business agree on that. Then isn't it better that we should supply this green bone in right quantities and in right form rather than buy and use some prepared food that we know nothing about.

Feeding it simply as bone we know how much to supply. We are sure we are not feeding anything that may prove deleterious; we can be sure we are feeding right to produce desired results. And withal we can feed bone regularly and systematically at a very small cost.

The bones must be green and fresh; not the dry ones that may be gathered up, or those that have come through the soup or the boiling pot. Such have parted with most of their valuable elements for eggs, feather and flesh production. The ribs with particles of meat adhering that the butcher removes when he rolls the roast are all ready to be cut up and make the ideal food. The relish with which hens devour the product indicates the important part it is to play in the production of eggs.

FARM WORK IS NEVER ALL DONE.

There is small excuse for being idle on the farm. No matter how bad the weather the man who manages well always will find something for his hands and himself to do in the barn or the shed or the shop—and every farm should have a shop. There will be harness to oil, or ladders to make, or mend, or axes to grind, or saws to sharpen or a dozen and one things to do, to have tools and utensils ready for bright days—plenty to do besides whittling and whistling.

EATING ARSENIC COMMON.

In Styria, Where Quantities of the Drug are Manufactured.

"Eating of arsenic is common in Styria," says Alois E. Steinzieri of Vienna, Austria, a manufacturer of chemicals and drugs. "The Styrians say that arsenic makes one plump and comely, and gives one strength for great exertions, such as running of mountain climbing. Styria, which is in Austria, gives the world vast quantities of arsenic. The manufacture of this drug is, indeed, the main Styrian industry. They who make arsenic eat it as a rule, for they say that only the arsenic eater can withstand the arsenic fumes. These makers and eaters of the drug are comely. They have a clear color, and look much younger than they are."

"The foreman in a certain factory told me that in his boyhood, when he first came to that plant, he was advised to begin to eat arsenic, lest his health suffer from the fumes. He did begin, and his first two or three doses gave him a sharp pain, like a burn, in the stomach, and this pain was followed by tremendous hunger and a violent, disagreeable excitement. But as his doses increased in frequency and size their effect became pleasant. There was no longer pain and excitement. On the contrary, there was a ravenous appetite and a mood of joyous activity wherein the youth could do three men's work.

"This chap, by the time he got to be 30, was taking four grains of arsenic a day. He looked at 30, with his clear pink and white color, no more than 23. He was as robust as a blacksmith. But he said he would die at 45 or so, that being the age at which all the Styrian arsenic eaters die."

BLAMES ENGLAND FOR DEFEAT.

Russian Histories Have Own Version of Japanese Ware.

A school book history of the late war has now been issued with the approval of the Russian Government. The assertion is made that if it had not been for the active assistance of the United States and England, Japan would never have triumphed.

A state official named Howaiskis shoulders the responsibility for this unique historical work.

The book paints in glowing pictures stories of Russian heroism at Port Arthur, but neglects to mention the defeats of the Russian army. As to the great battle in the sea of Japan it says:

"The primary cause of the catastrophe to our fleet had nothing to do with the enemy's strength—the active assistance given by Great Britain to the Japs contributed most to the disaster. The English entirely disregarded the obligations of neutrality. They assisted the Japs with ships, men and cannon and ammunition of every kind. Moreover, they forced the French to refuse us food and coal at Tonkin.

"The English acted throughout as the enemy's spies, informing Tokio of every movement of our fleet. And the United States did the same.

"After General Linevitch had reorganized the army and was preparing the death blow for the Japs, the latter's allies, the English and Americans, played their trump cards and compelled the warring Governments to enter into peace negotiations. At the American town of Portsmouth the representatives of the powers met.

"And with the assistance of President Roosevelt, the St. Petersburg plenipotentiary, Witte, the same who was responsible for our ill-timed adventure in the Far East, then and there concluded a peace with Japan."

NOTABLE VOLUNTEERS.

Amongst other notable men who have served in the ranks of the British Volunteer force at different periods of history may be mentioned Lord Palmerston, who was a private in the Cambridge corps of his alma mater; William Pitt, who commanded the Cinque Ports V.C.; and Sir Walter Scott, who acted as Quartermaster to the Edinburgh Light Horse.

WARNED.

On the door of an eating-house in Dublin the curious may read the following printed announcement conveying fearful intelligence to the gallant tars who frequent that port:—"Sailors' vitals cooked here."

The wings of riches are not patterned after the wings of angels.