A MAN'S REVENGE;

OR, THE CONVICT'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Meanwhile Bill Green had reached the road and was hurrying along it as quickly as he could go towards the nearest station. For although he had seen no one in the wilderness he had heard voices as he crept along, and more than once paused to glance behind him, with eyes full of fearful caution.

And it was only by chance that he escaped so easily, for a few seconds after he left the house one of the men-servants, who had crept around the corner to peep into the windows of the servants' hall, came back to his post at the foot of the balcony steps.

"Ridiculous nonsense!" he ejaculated with a yawn, "as though anyone would break in in broad daylight."

He glanced up at the closed door and smiled contemptuously. Little he knew that someone had broken in and escaped, thanks to his slipshod fashion of executing his duties. And, in like manner, the men in the wilderness, sharing the same views, had foregathered at a space opening into the stable yard, thus leaving the way clear for Bill.

"We can see any one creep along, I bet," said one. "Not that I think any man fool enough to try it on. But I ain't going to kick my heels up in this here wood for nothing. It eases her nerves for her to think we're on the watch; but as it ain't necessary we need-n't do it."

"Right y'are, George. We'll have our smoke here, and then we'll stroll along, promiscuous like. Females are nervous by fits and starts. But there's two ways of pampering such feelings."

For Eileen had not said enough to rouse their fears, and, through her reticence on the subject succeeded only in making them shrug their shoulders mentally and put her orders down to nervousness.

Therefore, Bill, who had made all his plans with the skill of an experienced burglar, caught the mail-train and reached his quarters in London at nightfall.

Hetty, who sat sewing by the table, looked up as he entered the room.

"Well," she asked, "have you been lucky?"

He grunted inaudibly, and, sitting down, began to attack the ready meal she had spread at the other end of the table.

"It depends what you call luck," he muttered at last, his eyes on hers.

"Oh, Bill," she exclaimed reproachfully, "you know what I mean. The question that's never out of my mind is—Where is Sunbeam? is she living or dead?"

His eyes dropped to his plate, and he munched on in silence. She sighed and turned to her work. It was evident that he knew nothing more, that the longing to find her darling would not yet be appeased.

Her tears dropped silently on to her work. Bill, glancing at her furtively, shrugged his shoulders and laughed.

"You're a fool, Het, to worry like that. The girl don't care for you enough to put you at ease about her. We've warmed a serpent in our breasts, it's a turnin' round to sting us now."

She started and raised her head. Though her face still retained its comliness, all the laughter had died out of it, and there was a look of intense misery upon it.

"What do you mean, Bill? Have you heard something?" she faltered eagerly.

"Yes, I 'ave. What's more, I've seen Sunbeam. She's all right, so don't snivel. She don't care for us. For all I know she's betrayed me—her father, you know—to——"

"Bill! Bill!" she cried, half rising from her chair. "So you know where she is? And you——oh, tell me now, at once. Don't torture me!"

"She's in clover—and she's so mighty good that, as I say, she's betrayed me by now. Likely as not the perlice will be here soon, an'——"

"I don't believe it, Sunbeam is true. Though you've driven her out into the world by your conduct to her, she'll die before she injures you. But tell me where she is that I may fetch her—my poor lonely lamb."

Bill sneered, and throwing back his head, laughed gruffly.

"She's in a terrible way—poor lamb, alone in a wicked world, wallowing in the luxuries of the rich, under the motherly wing of Lady Cruse."

Hetty fell back in her chair, gasping.

"Bill—is it true? You're not joking, Bill?" she stammered.

"Why should I lie? It's true enough. An' so is this."

He laid a leather case upon her knees. Stooping over it she carefully opened it with trembling fingers, then checked a cry and glanced up at him with inquiring, frightened eyes.

"Are those the pearls—that belong to—those you meant?" she whispered in awestruck tones.

"Yes. Lady Cruse's. But for Sunbeam I should have had more'n that—other things as good, diamonds and such like. But for Sunbeam we might have left England for good an' all—though these will be of some——"

She had risen to her feet and leaned towards him imploringly, exclaiming:

"Oh, Bill, you'll be caught, as sure as you stand here. Hide them, take them away—and take me to Sunbeam, or tell me where she is. She won't——"

He scowled and interrupted her impatiently.

"I've told you. She's with Lady Cruse. Surely you won't go there? Listen, I'll tell you all, only jolly quick, for I've work to do to-night."

And he plunged into his tale, she listening, open-mouthed, wiping away a silent tear from time to time.

"Do you think they know all we know?" she fearfully asked as he finished, and pushing back his chair, rose with the pearls in his hand.

"She don't, at all events. So I bet they only suspects. But, there, I can't say nothing. Besides I was too busy——"

"Oh, why did you go in after all?" she moaned. "For perhaps she may be blamed. She won't betray you, Bill; of that I'm sure. But when you heard someone coming, and left her there with those things, what do you suppose she did?"

"Told the truth, no doubt," he retorted with a sneer.

She shook her head.

"No—not she. If she said anything it was nothing about you. Sunbeam ain't a sneak. But depend upon it, they'll blame her. Finding her with all those things and unable to say anything, what must they think? If they just know she's your child and no other's, what must they believe? Oh, Bill, you've drawn more trouble upon her. What can we do?"

"Do!" he exclaimed roughly," save our own skin of course. If they know all, things won't be easy for you'n me. It stands to reason that they know who she is, too. Else how comed she there? The world ain't full of miracles now if it ever was, out of womens' silly heads. You bet Sir Ralph warn't as simple as he made out. He sent her to Lady Cruse, though how I managed to miss her I dunno, for I watched enough when first I came up. However, I ain't a-goin' to worry about that. We'll lay low, that's all, for a time. Depend upon it she will make them treat us right if what you say about her lovin' us is true. But that'll take time, in course."

"But they'll still accuse her, Bill," she exclaimed, her lips a-quiver. "They'll thing she has learnt to be dishonest all these years, they won't believe she's as innocent as the lamb unborn. They'll blame her sure as sure. Only they'll hush it up as the only missing things belong to Lady Cruse. She'll do that. But for all that, Sunbeam will have a bad time—and it's you, what loved her so, who's brought her to such sorrow. Bill, Bill, I didn't think you'd have so hard a heart towards the little lass you loved."

He flung her aside angrily and made for the door.

"Curse you with your croakin'," he growled.

"But, Bill," she pleaded, "we can yet save her from that. Tell me where it was and where I shall find her."

But the door banging noisily was her sole reply. With a sob she buried her face in her hands and gave herself up to her grief.

For her darling was, perhaps, in greater trouble than she had imagined possible, and she could not save her, since the salvation of one of the two she loved, meant the certain destruction of the other. What could she do if Sunbeam were really in the plight she pictured?

If only she could see Mr. Sinclair, he might help her, and yet how would that be possible, unless she betrayed Bill? No. She was a wretched woman, for her hands were tied, and for Bill's sake she must leave Sunbeam to bear her troubles alone.

But, to do him justice, until she suggested it, that same thought had not entered Bill's mind, and despite his anger and seeming indifference his heart filled with forebodings. Though Sunbeam had treated him badly, he did not want her to suffer to that extent. And yet, what could he do? Even if he returned the pearls, which would be folly, that would not clear her of the suspicion of dishonesty if it had fallen upon her. He might, of course, confess all, and thus put himself straight into the lion's mouth. He might—but then Sunbeam was not worth that now. Years ago, when her baby hands tugged at his heart he might have acted the soft idiot, but now it would be ridiculous to endanger himself to that extent. He remembered how pleased he had felt to see her suddenly before him in the wilderness; with what joy his heart had bounded as his eyes fell upon her startled face; joy that he had crushed with cupidity and deception.

He felt her soft lips upon his cheek, her arms around his neck. Yes, she loved him, perhaps loved him enough to bear the punishment for his sins, unflinchingly—could they have blamed her for the theft?

He paused, a scowl upon his face, and looked up the narrow courtyard he had entered. Then turned into a darkened house, sloughing guiltily around the door.

After all why should he do anything? Sunbeam was nothing to him now. She had taken herself out of his life. But, for all that, he must get her face out of his mind, the sound of her voice from his ears,, or he might, in a weak moment, injure himself irreparably for her sake.

Gentleman Dan met him at a room door and led him in silently. Then faced him with burning eyes.

"Well?" he asked, his voice thickly eager.

"Bad luck," replied Bill, showing the pearls, his tongue stuck in his cheek.

"You call that bad luck?" ejaculated the other. "Why, they're worth a fortune! Show the others."

"None! That's the bad luck. I was interrupted. But it ain't worth while trying there again. Besides, I know a better job."

"Ah! And Sunbeam? Have you found her yet?" demanded Dan, weighing the heavy pearl rope in his hand as he put the question.

"No. Curse her. And don't want to," muttered Bill. "I'll not trouble about her any more. Let her go, I say."

"Then you're sure to find her if you give up looking, and then I'll have my say, Bill Green, remember that. Neither you nor Sunbeam will fool me, so there," replied Dan quietly, his eyes on Bill's sullen face.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"Sunbeam a thief! I annot believe it. Surely you do not mean it, Eileen!" exclaimed Lady Cruse, glancing appealingly at her young hostess and the group of serious faces around her. "Surely there is some terrible mistake!" Eileen shrugged her shoulders.

"I wish I could think so!" she replied. "I assure you nothing would give me greater pleasure. But there, I have told you all, also how your maid told me that your pearls were missing. I myself found Sunbeam in your room with these other things you all have recovered. That you should be the chief victim seems strange, but easily explained nevertheless."

"I cannot believe it," reiterated Lady Cruse, her face full of despair. "Surely Sunbeam can explain her presence in my room. Perhaps——"

"She told some senseless story about finding the things, then, contradicting herself, said a man had dropped them. Indeed, I am most sorry about the whole affair. But such things have been known to happen—where pretty girls have entered houses in like fashion with the same result. I feel wretched about your pearls, Lady Cruse, but, nevertheless, hopeful that they will be found."

"Their fate does not trouble me so much as Sunbeam's. Poor child! I must see her now, at once, to reassure her, and hear her tale. Surely you none of you believe she is guilty? Eileen is over zealous in the matter. Knowing the girl as you do, can you, for instance, believe it, Adele?"

Lady Larkin looked serious.

"Hardly," she replied; "and yet Eileen's tale is so strange! What was Sunbeam doing with all our jewellery? Also we know that the child's history is peculiar, that her idea of right and wrong may not tally with our own. It is hard to believe that she had anything to do with the theft, and yet we have the proof—from what Eileen says."

The others, who already in that short time since their return had heard the entire narrative and a great deal about Sunbeam's past, nodded at one another, murmuring——"

"It seems inconceivable! And yet with her antecedents what could one expect?"

Lady Cruse, hearing, turned away with a gleam of anger in her usually gentle face. Was she the only one who would believe in the child and uphold her? The sorrow at her great loss—for the pearls were indeed valuable—was forgotten in her sorrow for Sunbeam. She knew that, beneath suspicion, even with her belief in her, the girl would droop like a dying flower.

At that moment her gaze fell on Duncan, who had just entered the room and stood silently contemplating the faces before him. Her heart bounded with relief. Duncan was Sunbeam's friend. He would help to clear her name. But as she opened her lips to call him to her side he moved closer to Eileen, saying—

"I cannot believe this ridiculous story, either, Eileen. Will you have Sunbeam in, and allow her to tell us her version?"

Eileen colored vividly and dropped her eyes from his.

"I am afraid I cannot," she murmured.

"Why not?" he demanded in a tone of surprise. "Surely you do not think the ordeal would be too great for her—or you would not refuse to allow her to clear herself of a vile suspicion? For I, although I know everything about her parents, would as soon believe myself guilty as Sunbeam."

She flinched, raising flaming eyes to his.

"Nevertheless you will find that you are wrong. Others have evidently thought so, since——"

"No one will who knows her," he interrupted warmly. "We are all ready to help her tell her story. Eileen, I will ring, and——"

"It is no good you ringing, for Sunbeam is not in the house," she exclaimed, as he stepped towards the bell.

"Not in the house!" he exclaimed, his hand dropping heavily to his side.

"Not in the house!" ejaculated Lady Cruse.

"What do you mean, Eileen?"

"I told you she was under suspicion. She has been arrested—the constable took her away!"

A low whisper crept around the room. Duncan swallowed an angry exclamation. Lady Cruse seized Eileen's arm and forced her to meet her eyes.

"You mean she has gone to prison—you sent her there—for stealing my pearls," she murmured.

Eileen bowed her head. Her stiff lips refused to move, the scorn in her friend's face shrivelled her soul.

"Has she gone to prison?" continued Lady Cruse.

"Yes," faltered Eileen, gaining courage as she saw sympathy in one or two of the others' faces, "I had to let her go. I had to send for the police, and, of ocurse, they insisted on taking her away.."

"I should not have believed you could be so cruel, Eileen," sighed Lady Cruse, drawing her hand away, and turning to Duncan.

(To be continued,.

ON THE FARM.

INSPECT PESTS AND DISEASES.

In a series of health hints to the poultry keeper Dr. Cary says:

Chicken mites are the most common pests in nests and houses. Cleanliness is the best means of preventing their multiplication. They develop best in filthy nests and in cracks and under boards in chicken houses. Clean the house (move it if portable) and then spray the houses with kerosene oil emulsion. If possible apply tar in cracks and under roosting boards and this will catch many that escaped the spray. Clean and spray the infested house, dip the infested chickens in weak kerosene oil emulsion, or a 2 to 4 per cent. creolin solution. Never dip chickens in a poorly mixed kerosene solution. It will blister the skin. If the kerosene is not thoroughly emulsified. Copper sulphate solution, if applied hot (to roosts, walls, etc.) will kill mites. It should not be applied on the chickens.

The following directions are given for the preparation of the kerosene emulsion and copper sulphate solution needed for the treatment recommended.

Kerosene Emulsion.—Dissolve one-half pound of hard soap in one gallon of hot water, add two gallons of kerosene and stir or churn until a milky mixture (or emulsion) is formed; now add eight to ten gallons of water, stir or mix with a spray pump, or keep the first emulsion of soap, water and kerosene and use as much of it as you desire after diluting with eight or ten parts of water.

Copper Sulphate Solution.—Dissolve four to six pounds of copper sulphate (bluestone) in twenty to fifty gallons of water. Spray this over dusted or cleaned boards, walls, nests of other places. When dry or the next day, whitewash or spray with brush. If applied hot this copper sulphate solution will kill mites.

Whitewash is used to a large extent in connection with poultry houses, and is an efficient means of filling small cracks and making smooth surfaces which cannot harbor vermin. An excellent wash for this purpose is the so-called government whitewash, which is prepared as follows:

Half a bushel of unslacked lime, slacked with warm water. Cover it during the process to keep the steam, strain the liquid through a fine sieve or strainer. Add a peck of salt previously well dissolved in warm water, three pounds of ground rice boiled to a thin paste, and stir in boiling hot a half pound of powdered Spanish whitening (plaster of Paris) and a pound of glue which has been previously dissolved over a slow fire, and add five gallons of hot water to a mixture. Stir well and let it stand for a few days. Cover up from dirt. It should be put on hot. One pint of the mixture will cover a square yard if properly applied. Small brushes are best. There is nothing that compares with it for outside or inside work, and it retains its brilliancy for many years. Coloring may be put into it and made of any shade. Spanish brown, yellow or common clay. To it may be added two pints of carbolic acid which will make it a disinfectant.

It often causes hens to stop laying to move them any distance Better not do it if you can help it.

One day's neglect and the hens will feel. Two, and the flock begins to get the dumps. Three or four and you will feel it, and feel it where it hurts—in the nest box.

If you haven't been very particular to feed your hens regularly, begin now and see what a difference it will make with your profits before another year rolls round.

Give the heavy meal at night.

FEMININE DAIRY WISDOM.

It is to the interest of every farmer and dairyman to produce not only clean milk, but the greatest possible quantity of rich milk from his herd.

Each cow has her own peculiarities, and she must be closely studied and so managed that she will yield her best.

If a cow suddenly falls off in the quantity of milk, you may be sure there is something very wrong with her surroundings or her health. Find the cause, and remove it at once.

If she is sick, remove her at once to the hospital stall, which should be in a building by itself.

The cow giving milk wants more food than the dry one by her side. Still, some men feed all alike. Use common-sense, and feed each individual cow according to her needs.

Clean mangers are a sure sign of a good appetite. Watch this.

When cows nose their hay over, the hay is poor or the cows are fed too much, or else they are sick. Find the cause and act accordingly.

Never tie a cow's legs if it can possibly be avoided, and in most cases it can.

The kitchen is not the place for setting the milk or cream. Good flavored butter can not be made where there are odors from cooking and other sources, which are sure to abound in an ordinary kitchen. Fix up some little place for the milk and cream where it can be handled in pure, sweet air, if you wish to make any profit from your dairy.

A cow will not give down her milk freely to a milker she dislikes, or is afraid of, nor will the milk contain so large an amount of fat.

A WARM BARN.

Dairy cows always appreciate a warm barn in winter as they have a thin coat of hair and a thin hide, with a rather poor circulation of blood to the outside of the body. They are unable to stand the cold breezes that the beef steer can stand and thrive under. A barn need not be expensive, but it should be warm enough so that the animal heat will keep water from freezing.

In order to make the calf grow up into a valuable cow it must have a great deal of attention during the growing period. The selection of feed, the amount and time and manner of feeding has more to do with its milking qualities in after life than the breeding.

GIFTS NOT TO BE ACCEPTTD.

Why Princes of India are Safe in Offering Jewels to British Officers.

There is a curious custom at the courts of the Indian princes. When a British officer or a physician calls upon a rajah he is shown into the reception or throne room, where sits the rajah surrounded by the great state officers. After the exchange of the usual salutations one of the officers brings in a tray on which are displayed jewels and golden ornaments studded with valuable stones, perhaps worth £50,000 or more, says London Tit-Bits.

The trayful of valuables is supposed to be a present from the rajah to his visitors, and it is offered first to the gentleman, who inclines his head, touches the edge of the tray with the tips of his fingers, and it is then passed over to the lady who invariably accompanies the British officer, if he is married, on such occasions. She follows the example of her husband, and the tray and its contents are then returned to the jewel room.

In lieu of the unaccepted jewels a long necklace of tinsel, of little value, is placed around the neck of each, where it remains during their stay within the palace. There is a very strict law against any British officer accepting any gift from a native prince.

Even when a doctor may have performed some serious operation upon a rajah, who being grateful, wishes to give—exclusive of a money fee, varying from £200 to £1,000, according to the operation performed—a present of a shawl, golden cup or some similar valuable, the doctor must obtain special permission from the Viceroy before he dare accept the present.

If any officer accepts a gift of any value without such permission he may have to resign. This rule was made because in the old days, when the East India Company governed India, an officer's pickings and the presents, often extorted from the rajah, were worth much more to him than his salary.

WINDMILL SIGNALLING.

Valuable for Military Purposes, the Dutch Government Has Discovered.

To the casual observer viewing a Dutch landscape there is nothing to arrest the attention in the fact that possibly one or more out of a dozen windmills in sight are to all appearances simply standing idle while the others continue their never ending task.

If one watches the sails of the idle mills closely it may perhaps be noticed that they move slightly from time to time and then remain for a while at a different angle. If this is so the miller is in all probability engaged in holding a conversation with the proprietor of the mill, which may be miles away, in fact possibly barely visible on the horizon.

Quite recently the Dutch Government carried on a series of experiments in order to ascertain the value of windmill signalling for military purposes, and were surprised to find that communication could readily be established with far distant centres and that confidential messages could be sent on from one mill to another and so forwarded throughout the length and breadth of Holland in an incredi ly short time by means of secret codes known only to the millers themselves.

These codes have been handed down from generation to generation and jealously guarded from outsiders with all the intense conservatism for which the provincial Dutch are proverbial. Apart, however, from these secret codes, understood only by the millers and local groups of mill owners, there exists a series of windmill signals with which every one of the inhabitants of the country districts is familiar.

At times, for instance, a mill may stop working suddenly and the miller be seen to come out and with the aid of a long pole with an iron hook at the end like a gigantic boathook reach up and drag down the descending sail until the arms assume a certain position. Every one knows immediately that some accident has happened to the wooden machinery of the mill and that the services of the local carpenter are required.

Every convict, however poor, can afford a watch and chain.

One way of learning a girl's faults is to praise her to her friends.