A MAN'S REVENGE;

OR, THE CONVICT'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—(Continued).

"I don't understand, sir, what you said about Sunbeam," she faltered "How can she—how can you come from her—when——"

She paused, afraid to say more.

He laughed, and sat down beside her.

"You and I have been playing a game of cross questions and crooked answers for a long time," he said, "and I must crave your forgiveness for not having set your mind at ease before about Sunbeam's whereabouts."

"Sunbeam's whereabouts!" she exclaimed, mopping her face hurriedly. "I don't understand, sir. These mysteries upset me; but Sunbeam——'

"I know. And I have longed to explain before how Sunbeam disappeared and where to. For I have known from the first. I helped her to escape—I and Sir Ralph."

"Ah! Bill was right then!" she ejaculated. "He said Sir Ralph had done it."

"He said so," exclaimed Sinclair, his tones full of sudden hungry interest. "And why?"

Conscious of her mistake, she turned her head aside, murmuring:—

"Well, he heard it from the people at the Half Way House. You see, they saw her with him. But Bill couldn't find out anything from him, for he died—and we neither of us thought you knew anything, or——"

"Yet you mistook me for a detective——"

"Yes, sir; but I explained that, didn't I, and I beg your pardon too. So all along you knew I was lying about Sunbeam. Whatever did you think of me?"

"I sympathized, and longed to tell you, but we thought it wiser not. And since you have been in London I have tried to find you, first to tell you that, and then because—there is a mystery about Sunbeam—I want you to tell me all about it."

The look he was watching for flitted across her face, and her eyes shifted from his.

"There's a terrible mystery now, what I read in the paper——" she murmured, plucking nervously at her gown. "Sunbeam—but you know all, no doubt, for you said you came from her now, or did I hear wrong? You see, the heat and sudden meeting you was upsetting, and——"

"You heard rightly: I saw Sunbeam last night."

She sprang forward eagerly.

"How did she look, and was she really in prison, my poor darling?" she quavered. "Oh, save her from that, Mr. Sinclair, and I'll, I'll——"

The words were strangled by her sobs. Sinclair laid his hand soothingly on hers, saying slowly:—

"Sunbeam is out of prison—on bail. Lady Cruse got her out; for Lady Cruse loves her as though she were her daughter."

Hetty quivered visibly. A look of fear darted into her eyes. A thrill of sudden jealousy shot through her loving heart. For a second she hated Lady Cruse.

"Now you will tell me the mystery?" continued Sinclair gently. 'No one will be any the worse for it being known. I fear my uncle Ralph was to blame. I think you and your brother must know something. Lady Cruse would give much to know, and——"

She flung his hand from her with a cry of despair.

"Don't ask me. There's nothing—nothing—I can tell," she cried.

"Sunbeam is in great trouble, and her trial will come off very soon. If we cannot save her from an undeserved punishment, we can at least make matters easy for her by proving that she is not a convict's daughter. She is innocent—you and I know that—but how save her from the public, how prove her innocence to all? Can you tell me, do you know?"

"Oh, how can I know that?' she moaned. "You told me yourself where she is. I didn't know; though I have lied to you so much about her, you must believe that. And if there was a mystery about her past, it wou'dn't help her in this matter, would it? It—"

"But it would. Besides, it might lead to the discovery of the real culprit

"I know nothing, nothing," she reiterated hurriedly.

Sinclair looked thoughtful. His suspicions were greater than before. The woman's alarm betrayed her.

"Shall I tell you how it is I knew all about her disappearance and how she came to live with Lady Cruse?" he asked, after a slight pause, during which Hetty had been wondering how she could escape from his questions without jeopardizing Bill's safety.

"Yes," she murmured, thereby seeing a brief respite, though fear had chased all curiosity from her. Had Sinclair told her that he was Cruse himself she would have shown neither agitation nor surprise.

But as she listened to the narrative, and read in his words of his love for her darling, also of Lady Cruse's grief in her bereavement, all jealousy and fear fled from her heart. She was a quiver with emotion, a generous overflowing emotion, that for the moment minimized all danger and magnified her Sunbeam's claims. If only she could tell! After all, why need she mention Bill?

"Listen," she said, as Duncan finished speaking. "I know, like you, that our Sunbeam is innocent; but that's 'cause I know her, not for other reasons. And I don't mind telling you there is a mystery too about her. But what good will it do to help her now the police have her? That's bound to come on anyhow, isn't it?"

"Yes," he replied, reluctantly, fearful of saying too much and thus arresting the words he was longing to hear. "But it might be helpful to know that—well, that she is not your brother's child. Forgive my saying that."

'I don't mind. Bill's a good sort in his way, but he and law don't hit it, and never will. He's been a good devoted father in the past to her, better than some real fathers—for it's quite true what you guess—Sunbeam is Lady Cruse's daughter, though you mustn't worry me for more. You must wait for Bill to tell you the ins and outs. But I don't mind saying I was coming to Brackley to tell Lady Cruse, and then thought it would be no use, for the same idea you have about it came to me. But your uncle was the worse, and we've been very good to her, and what Bill will say to me I don't know!"

With which she fell back upon the usual feminine weapon, weeping. And so copious were her sobs, so incoherent her words, that Sinclair could cull no further information, and strode from the room in despair.

"Tell the lady I'll return shortly," he said to the waitress, "and keep her until I return." With which he sped quickly to the station to inquire about the return train to Munton. He would take Hetty with him, and Lady Cruse would clasp her true daughter to her heart ere the sun set.

But on his return to the room he found it empty. His bird had flown. Inquiry proved that Hetty had been one too many for the waitress, and almost as soon as he had gone she had wiped her eyes and, sweping all aside, left the hotel and vanished from their sight. Evidently her fears had revived and she had fled from him.

In disgust he wandered back to the station. Although he knew he might find her in a day or two, his spirits were damped, and he felt that until he had further proof he could neither tell Lady Cruse nor Sunbeam that what he had long suspected was really true.

Also he reflected that he had bungled fearfully in letting Hetty escape him, for his clue to Bill was lost, and he felt convinced that Bill alone could prove Sunbeam's innocence. Only two days now were left before the trial, and although they all seemed hopeful, in their hearts they knew that unless Sunbeam betrayed the man she was shielding she would be proclaimed guilty by all the world.

CHAPTER XXIX.

As Duncan guessed, it was fear that made Hetty Green run away from the hotel during his short absence—fear of what he might yet make her say, and of what she had already divulged.

Clutching her precious handbag, she stepped resolutely into the quiet side street, and sped hurriedly towards the bustling main road beyond. Never had she longed so ardently for a crowd, never had the busy thoroughfare beckoned so temptingly. The sound of her footsteps on the deserted pavement struck terror into her, and she felt herself a landmark visible to all. If only she could reach the welcome mass of humanity, and lose herself among it, before Sinclair returned to discover her absence! For she knew he meant to question her further, to worm her secret from her. She glanced back nervously to see if the waitress or Sinclair were following her, and sighed, relieved, as no sign of living being showed between her and the hotel. A few more steps and she would be safe—a few more steps and——

She collided heavily with a tall man, who seemed to have sprung up suddenly before her. As he looked down apologetically her heart thumped with apprehension. For perhaps he was a friend of Mr. Sinclair's. The thought spurred her on. She broke into a heavy, spasmodic run. He overtook her.

"Can I do anything for you?" he asked. "You seem in a hurry. Shall I hail a cab?"

She shook her head, too breathless to speak.

"I can get you one in a second," he continued persuasively, as they reached the busy pavement together.

She met his eyes inquiringly, her suspicions still wrangling with her wish for the proffered help. They were kind, friendly, unsuspicious eyes, and won the day for him, for she felt a sudden shame of her doubts. Why indeed should he be Mr. Sinclair's friend? London was a big place, and they were not the two only men in it. Besides, Mr. Sinclair had jumped out of a hansom coming into Tuston Station. She was an addle-headed fool about to lose her chance of escape, perhaps. No doubt providence had thrown this stranger across her path.

"Yes—I—I—want a 'bus," she panted. "That one coming now. Will you stop it, please?"

And ere the words were quite out of her mouth he had obeyed, and was piloting her across the road to the waiting vehicle.

As she dropped into her seat her eyes dilated with astonishment. For he had followed, and sat facing her.

"We are lucky to get one so soon!" he exclaimed, meeting her inquiring gaze with a little smile.

Despite her relief at her escape, she felt uneasy, for her suspicions of him had returned. Could he be following her? Was he a detective?

She watched him anxiously as he tendered his fare. Perhaps he would mention the quarter he wanted, or——

But no. He sat silent, and evidently quite unconscious of her anxious scrutiny.

But when the only other occupant of the omnibus got out—she was a slim, golden-haired damsel—he leaned towards Hetty and said meaningly, with a twinkle of mischief in his eyes:—

"Her hair reminds one of Sunbeam."

To say that she was surprised is not enough. She nearly shot from the seat in her astonishment, whilst her face grew grey, then green, with fright.

Lord St. Aubin—for it was he—smiled. His words had ben spoken at random; he had not expected their having such an effect, and drew back with a puzzled crease between his brows.

He had witnessed from afar Sinclair's meeting with Hetty, and guessed that it had something to do with Sunbeam. Idle curiosity or mere devilry had made him wait about outside the hotel, and then Hetty's distress had touched him. He was amused also at the thought of scoring off Duncan by helping the woman in her flight, for it was evident that she was running away from Duncan; that he therefore would return to the hotel in search of her. Mere devilry also had prompted him to accompany her and to make the remark about Sunbeam. The fear now on the woman's face seemed incomprehensible, unless it was due to Sunbeam's present position, which naturally would alarm any of her friends.

But, as he sat silently cogitating, he began to see more than that in Hetty's distress and alarm. And he had heard enough about Sunbeam to guess that this respectable, honest-looking woman was the aunt who had brought her up, the sister of the convict-burglar.

At that juncture his thoughts assumed a new course. He looked eagerly across at the woman's agitated face, then rising, nodded indifferently at her, and then slipped to the ground. Glancing back from the pavement, he met her eyes on his, though the next moment the omnibus turning the corner, bore her out of sight.

Then he hailed a hansom, whispered hurried directions to the driver, and swung round the corner as the omnibus rumbled off again after a momentary wait.

But Hetty's fears had vanished then, for she had seen the stranger, who had been so kind and was yet so mysteriously acquainted with her affairs, turn his back on her and retrace his steps towards Euston. Why he had followed her into the 'bus, why he had startled her by the strange remark, she could not imagine, but, at all events, he meant no harm, or by, her silence, thought himself on the wrong track. At all events, she was safe. And she had not betrayed Bill.

Had she noticed that a certain hansom dodged her, following her at a safe distance after she had alighted from the 'bus and until she reached her home, she would not have felt so reassured as to Bill's safety. Especially had she also known that, a few minutes later, St. Aubin entered the nearest police station and plunged into a low voiced conversation with the inspector on duty.

Although St. Aubin loved Eileen and had promised to help her, he felt a lurking pity for Sunbeam, and believed her innocent. He also thought that Eileen was genuine in her belief of the girl's guilt. Therefore, he felt now that what he had begun in joke must be carried out in earnest, and that his sudden thought—that the woman he had tracked to her home could perhaps tell of Sunbeam's innocence—must not be cast aside as impossible. Eileen might be angry with him at first. But later, he felt sure, she would thank him for preventing her from making a terrible mistake, though for the present she need know nothing at all.

But the tale he had to tell was not easily believed by the thick-headed official, who listened to him with an incredulous smile.

"We want facts, sir, not suppositions," he muttered coldly.

"And you shall have them, if only you'll do what I say. But if we waste time we may fail altogether," retorted St. Aubin. "The woman may suspect me, and, for all I know, act at once. The sooner you set to work the better."

"We can't work without proof," sniffed the other.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed St. Aubin hotly. "Am I to leave it to you, or go elsewhere? Am I to——"

"Let's hear it again, and then I'll see," replied the cautious one, opening his note book and picking up his pencil with a sigh of resignation.

* * * *

"So there y' are!" exclaimed Bill as Hetty entered the house hurriedly and locked the door behind her. "Wot 'ave you bin up to? I must 'ave come 'ome hours ago? Your shoppin' ain't very showy neither."

He glanced at the handbag she laid on the table, and yawned noisily. Hetty sat down with a sigh. Should she tell him or should she not? She looked anxiously at his sulky face. Was he cross or merely tired? Durst she mention Sunbeam?

He turned to her again.

"I wanted you partickler, an' cos o' that you was out. But we won't waste breath about that. I've a lot to do and preshus little time to do it in. I know females can no more give up gaddin' and gluein' their noses ter shop winders than they can stop breathin', so I'll forgive you, only you'll 'ave to work double 'ard, that's all, if you mean to stick to me."

He was speaking quickly in a thick, hushed whisper. Now and then he glanced at the window as though fearful of interruption.

(To be Continued.)

ON THE FARM

THE FEEDING OF FARM ANIMALS.

In the previous discussions at the convention, no point had been more strongly put forward than the value and importance of the various breeds of live stock to the Maritime farmer, for they not only provided a sure source of revenue, but would yield that revenue at little expense to the fertility of the farm, says Prof. M. Cumming, before the New Brunswick Farmers' and Dairymen's convention. A feeding steer would have in his voidings 90 per cent. of the fertility which was in food. A dairy cow giving an average flow of milk would leave 75 per cent., or, if her product is fed on the farm, there need not be a loss of more than 5 or 10 per cent. of the fertility contained in the food she was given. If it was important to keep live stock—or, rather, to have live stock keep the farmer—it was much more important that this live stock should be of the best quality, for everyone knew that there was stock that would pay a profit, and stock that would not. The problem for the progressive farmer of the present day is to get as many of the first kind as possible, and as few of the other kind. In doing this, one had to depend upon breeding, selecting and feeding, of which three operations the speaker scarcely knew what one was the most important. All were necessary, but he was inclined to believe that, in this Province, at any rate, feeding was even more neglected than breeding. It was a curious trait in human nature that a man who could summon up courage to buy first-class stock, at high prices, would begrudge those animals every extra ounce of food they might consume. Such a course never paid.

The real value of an animal consisted in the amount of food it could consume to advantage over and above the amount necessary to maintain the vital functions. In the College herd, the most profitable cow was the heaviest-feeding one. Such a view did not, however, suit the ideas of many farmers. One day the speaker was showing a farmer the College herd, and pointed out a cow that was giving 18,000 pounds of milk annually, and which was costing about $80 a year for feed. The visitor considered this an outrageous amount, compared with the $40 his own cows cost him; but when it was pointed out to him that the cow was giving as great a return for the $80 she was costing as 3½ of his cows, costing $135 for feed, were doing, he began to appreciate the value of profitable stock rather more than he had previously.

There had been a discussion at the convention on beef cattle, and, incidentally, as to whether there was more profit in that branch of farming than in dairying. Some time ago the students at the College were arguing the same question, and those who favored beef production did so for the following reasons: Beef cattle required (1) less labor, (2) less skilled labor, (3) more could be kept with the same amount of labor because coarser products were consumed, and more manure produced: (4) made holidays and Sundays less irksome; (5) required less capital in buildings and equipment; (6) their manure was more valuable; (7) less trouble with "blanks," and (8) help out the man of mature years who is resting on his oars, and is satisfied to keep up his farm with a fair income.

Those in favor of dairying claim that that industry (1) presents many instances of much more individual profit, even making full allowance for labor; (2) they gave this revenue regularly, thus helping out the man of limited capital; (3) it affords a better chance to keep skilled labor at a profit the year round; (4) it gives a man a better chance to keep pigs and poultry, etc., at a profit (5) when only butter is sold, the manurial product is fully equal to that of beef cattle; (6) in beef production there was trouble, as evidenced by the markets, in competing with Western beef, but dairying afforded a better chance, even if the cost of production were higher and the products of a perishable nature; (7) it affords a better opportunity.

If those arguments were solid, then the best farming outlook was along the dairy line, but there are whole sections, and parts, perhaps of every section, where beef-raising ought to be and can be carried on at a profit. A good deal had been said that day about the dual-purpose cow. For his (the speaker's) part, if he were a beef farmer, he would own beef cows capable of giving a good flow of milk, but would call them good milking beef cattle. If he were a dairyman, he would keep that sort of cow as far away from his farm as possible. Then, as to feeds. The Maritime Provinces were essentially adapted to the raising of hay, green fodder and roots, but, with some exceptions, they did not produce grain as cheaply as places further west, and the farmer ought so to arrange his farm as to get the greatest profit from those products.

With regard to hay, if they were to grow it at all, it would certainly be more profitable to grow only the best quality. Whether for dairy or beef cattle, clover hay was much the most efficient, and would help to save the grain bill, at less expense to the fertility of the soil. In roots, these Provinces easily excel the West. They form a most cheap and desirable feed for fattening cattle and also inducing a good milk flow. With roots, it was possible to use cheaper and coarser feed, and they ministered to the health of all stock. The quantity to be fed varied, of course, with the animal. In some cases, one or even two bushels per cow would not be too much, but about 40 pounds a day would be found an economical amount. Too much could not be said as to the value of forage crops. Peas and oats mixed were particularly valuable, and perhaps more easily grown in some parts than corn. If cows are milking, their use will maintain the milk flow, and, if dry, they would promote condition, and were most valuable for beef cattle and sheep.

THE UNHAPPY FATHER.

He entered the shop hurriedly. Those whom he passed at the door heard him repeating under his breath a formula which he seemed to fear might slip away and be lost.

He approached the counter like one who wishes it were well over.

"I wish to get," he said boldly, "some ribbon for a red baby."

The shop-girl's blank stare seemed to arouse him to a sense of something lacking.

"That is," he said, "I would like some baby for a red ribbed one."

The assistant was smiling now, and four others, a shopwalker, and seven customers, gathered and grinned in unison.

He began again: "That is—of course, you know. I mean some red ribbed baby for one—that is—some red ribs for one baby—oh, hang it! where's the way out?" He departed with speed.

"I wonder," said the shop-girl, thoughtfully, about an hour afterwards, "if he could have wanted some red baby ribbon."

THE CRUMPLED ROSE LEAF.

A prosperous Scotch farmer, painfully exact in money matters, married a widow possessing in her own right the sum of a thousand pounds.

Shortly after the wedding a friend met the farmer, to whom he offered congratulations, at the same time observing:

"It's a good thing for you, Sandy—a marriage that means a thousand pounds to you."

"Not quite that, McPherson," said the farmer, "not quite that."

"Why," exclaimed the friend, "I understood there was every penny of a thousand pounds to you."

"I had to pay seventeen shillings and sixpence for a marriage license," said Sandy, with a sigh.

NOT TIME'S SLAVE.

A traveller, finding that he had a couple of hours in Dublin, called a cab and told the driver to drive him around for two hours. At first all went well, but soon the driver began to whip up his horse, so that they narrowly escaped several collisions.

"What's the matter?" demanded the passenger. "Why are you driving so recklessly? I'm in no hurry."

"Ah, g'wan wid yez," retorted the cabby, "d'ye think I'm goin to put in the whole day drivin' you around for two hours? Gitup!"

AN EAS YTASK.

In this day, Herr Lauterstein had been a busy instructor of many music students; promptness and economy were two of his watchwords. Now that he had grown old and taught but sparingly, his habit of speech often caused a smile.

"What time shall I come for my lesson to-morrow?" asked one of his few pupils.

"You come ven you get reatly," said the music-master, "but be brompt, so as not to vaste my time nor your own. Understand?"

THE BORN LEADER.

Many a man who was born to be a leader has been out of a job most of the time because he couldn't find anybody who wanted to be led.