A MAN'S REVENGE;

OR, THE CONVICT'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER XXIX.—(Continued).

"Of course I mean to stick to you, she exclaimed. "Whatever do you mean by saying that? There's no fear of your being caught. Sunbeam hasn't betrayed you?"

He moved uneasily in his chair.

"Sunbeam!" he ejaculated. "Wot makes you think of 'er? She's out of it altogether, though I don't say she mayn't speak up for herself."

"She won't. I know her, and so do you. Why, Bill, you love her still. And you ain't the man to let her suffer for you. Think how we've pampered her, and think of where she may go for love of you. Oh, whatever you mean by your mysterious speaking is nothing to what we ought to feel for her—our golden haired baby."

"Shut up," he snarled, his eyes gleaming angrily. "I've no time to talk about 'er. It's her dooty to return something for all I've done for 'er, so 'old yer noise and listen to me——"

"But you don't know the worst about her. That they've arrested her for stealing the pearls, and that——"

"Hang the pearls and you too. I knows as much as I wanter. An' Sunbeam 'll come out o' it awl roight, you bet. As you say, I 'ave liked 'er, and—But there, you'll make me drivel loike yerself. You've to get ready for a journey We're goin' to leave England this very noight; I've made all arrangements, thanks to the pearls. The longed for farm an' bit o' ground will be ours after all. So 'urry up. We flit as soon's possible."

"But it's too sudden, Bill; besides, we can't go away until Sunbeam is——"

"Gammon. Sunbeam'll be well looked after, you bet. If you care for me an' want a 'ome in your old age with me, you must do wot I say. If not, you can stay and get punished for me about the Sunbeam bisness, and run the risk o' no 'ome at all—for I mean to quit this soon 's possible. 'Tain't the furst toime you've rushed off in a 'urry, you're used to that by now, so the quicker you set to work the better. We'll fold up our beds an' walk, an' shake off the soil of England from our 'eels afore midnight. You see, Het, I moight have gorn and left you, not bothered about you; but you've acted square by me, an' so I'll act square by you, long's there's a chance for me, there'll be one for you——"

"But Sunbeam!" she interposed tearfully.

"She'll do, I said. Besides, wot good can you do 'er? If her story come out, 'ow can you explain the past? They'll be bound to punish you some 'ow."

"But who will tell them? Why should that come out at all?"

"Leastways, she's lost to us, ain't she? Though Dan still grumbles about it, he's given up that hidea of 'is. He only wanted 'er to mike her work for us. I've made that up to him, and we're quits. But 'e might gess at the truth about 'er, and try to sell us. But I've cooked 'im."

He leaned back in his chair, chuckling with delight. She looked at him puzzled. Then, realizing that he was in a good temper, exclaimed:—

"How? And for all that, why should we go away, and leave Sunbeam? She loves us, and would let nothing happen to us."

He shook his head.

"I never trusts a female far, look you. She's in a tight 'ole still; she may give me up to save 'er skin, an' I'm too well-known to risk that. So we're off. Later p'raps you can see 'er again that is, if you come with me. Are you comin'?"

She met his eyes entreatingly. Her heart seemed torn in two. Affection and blood drew her to Bill, unsatisfied maternal craving to Sunbeam. She bowed her head.

"But you loved her," she murmured. "You were so good to her. How can we go? How can Dan guess enough to tell her story? If they knew that, then I might say, let us go, Bill, she wants us no more."

"And if I said that by this toime termorrer morning she'll know it, what then?" he demanded.

She looked up eagerly.

"How can that be—unless, unless you—— Oh, Bill, I knew you loved her and would save her. You noble, good man!"

He laughed sheepishly.

"The police should 'ear you, Het," he muttered. "Me noble an' good, by Jove! But 'urry up, I'll tell you all I've done when we're safe. Dan may yet scent sommut. But I'm level with 'im now."

"What have you done?" she asked, her curiosity rising as he laughed again.

"Saddled 'im with the pearls. You see, they can't be got rid of easily just now. But we've made a good exchange; or, rather, he won't think so. He was drunk, as drunk as a lord, and I dragged 'im, an'— But I can't tell you now, toime's short. Listen, I'm off now, at once; a boat waits me at the docks; it'll land me down the river. As for you, you must foller me by train. Urry up. Dan may come and stop you—if he finds out that I've got all his bloomin' savings an' left 'im the pearls wot everyone knows of. How long 'll you be?'

As she listened, the sudden thought of imminent danger restored her courage. Such danger as this she was used to, and knew how to cope with. Her eyes sparkled with amusement. Daring as Bill's deed sounded, it appealed to her sense of humor. She was glad that Dan had been "cooked." Nothing could have pleased her more. But, at the same time, she knew how desperate he would be on making the discovery.

Her protective love for her erring brother returned in full force. What he had done for Sunbeam he did not know. But she felt reassured on that subject. She had never known Bill to deceive her, whatever he had done to others. And now her duty was to save him. She felt sorry for the suddenness of the flight, and dreaded the long sea voyage. But in another land things would be safer, and some day she would see Sunbeam again.

"You may be sure we shan't suffer for this. Sunbeam 'll be more use to us now than ever," were Bill's parting words as he went towards the door. "Git out o' this as soon's you can," he whispered with a wink and his finger on his nose.

CHAPTER XXX.

The balcony of Munton Hotel overhung the quiet market square, and was a favorite resort of all visitors. While it afforded a capital view of the town, especially on market days, its occupants were hidden from the gaze of the curious by the leafy branches of a magnificent wisteria and the graceful foliage of a virginia creeper, intermingling lovingly from base to roof of the old-fashioned building.

There Sunbeam sat with Lady Cruse the morning after Duncan's meeting with Hetty. Sat waiting for her lover's return, her heart full of anxiety. For Duncan had not come back the night before, after all. They had received a telegram from him telling that he was detained. How and by what, he did not say. Therefore, small wonder that Sunbeam looked pale and troubled, and that her fingers trembled slightly over her dainty embroidery as she listened to Lady Cruse's cheerful anticipations.

"You may be sure he will bring good news," exclaimed Lady Cruse for about the twentieth time that morning. "News that will save you from all the publicity of to-morrow. I feel sure of it. What else could have kept him from coming back, so soon after his engagement?"

She smiled gaily into the girl's grave face.

"You will see that I am right," she added, though with a sinking heart. "So try to look happy, my child."

Sunbeam sighed as she forced a smile to her lips. For what would mean release for her must also mean punishment for her father. So how could she rejoice over that. It was far better for things to remain as they were. She could not be very severely punished, whilst Bill, as an old offender, would get penal servitude for a certainty. No, he wanted to bear the punishment for him. It would be an atonement for her recent unfilial behavior. It would show him that she still loved him, that she was indeed grateful for all he had done for her. And yet the ordeal of to-morrow's trial seemed more than she could bear. She turned white at the thought of it, and looked down into the silent square anxiously. If only she could get out of it without betraying her father.—— If only——

Then she started up with a smothered cry of delight.

"Look!" she said. "Duncan is coming. He must have caught an earlier train than he said, and——"

"His news is good!" ejaculated Lady Cruse, as she looked down and waved her hand to Duncan, who was coming quickly towards them, and, despite the bower of greenery enframing them, had seen them and was waving his cap excitedly with all the appearance of being in good spirits.

"How delighted he looks, Sunbeam! Am I not a good prophet?"

But Sunbeam did not reply. Fear held her tongue and magnified the possibilities ahead. Wes her father captured? Would she gain freedom at his expense?

She looked down into the street, half afraid to move, her hands tightly clasped. Duncan had disappeared below, soon he would be with them, telling them what had happened to make him look so joyful. And she was afraid to hear it afraid of seeing him, afraid to move and follow Lady Cruse into the room beyond.

So she remained there alone, trying to quell the strange, miserable feeling ere she joined the trio within, the feeling that was bitter-sweet, fraught with anxiety for her father and Hetty, and hope that in some mysterious manner she had been proved innocent.

Meanwhile Lady Cruse had entered the sitting-room where her husband sat writing, his back to her. She laid her hand on his shoulder. "Cruse," she said, "Duncan is coming, he has something to tell us, something good I feel sure. You were right after all."

"Thank goodness!" ejaculated Lord Cruse, throwing down his pen and turning round as the door opened and Duncan entered, hot, excited, his face beaming.

"Have you heard?" he began, glancing eagerly from one to the other. "Of course you haven't, evening papers don't get here at midday. Well, Cruse, here is one—and——"

"Oh, Duncan, what is it? Don't waste your time saying nothing. Tell us, we are dying to hear your news," exclaimed Lady Cruse.

"Of course you are. And jolly glad I am to be the first to tell you that your pearls have been found, and that——"

A low cry from Sunbeam, who had just entered the room, stopped him. He sprang towards her and put his arm round her waist. The girl's white face expressed anything but pleasure, her lips parted to utter no sound.

"It is true, dearest. You are free, innocent, absolved from all blame. They have caught him, and with him the pearls."

"H'm!" exclaimed Sunbeam in a hoarse voice. "What do you mean, Duncan?"

Meeting her distressed eyes he read the thought that tortured her, and answered quickly—

"The burglar known as Gentleman Dan—they got him last night, quite late. Of course he denies it, but he is a known hand, and was already suspected of the great bank robbery that took place some weeks ago—you all remember that a safe was emptied containing several thousands in gold notes."

"But I do not understand," whispered Sunbeam weakly. "How could they accuse him of taking the pearls when he wes——" She hesitated, blushing.

"They found them in his possession, darling!" retorted Duncan, smiling reassuringly into her startled, puzzled face. "And in his anger he let out that the missing notes had also been hidden there—he swore that he never touched the pearls, that he must have been robbed by a confederate and that——"

"Did he say?" interrupted Sunbeam, her eager eyes compelling his attention. "I mean did he——? No, it must be impossible!"

She leaned back against him with a little sob. It all seemed so strange and so inexplicable, that her father was safe though the pearls were found. Had she been convicted her sacrifice might have been useless. Her cheeks glowed at the thought. Dan must have been waiting for her father that dreadful day and have taken charge of the proceeds of the robbery.

"You are safe, at any rate, my darling," ejaculated Lady Cruse. "Why need you worry about anything else?"

"Because, oh, because, well you know who and what I am—this burglar might have been my father——"

"And if I tell you that he was suspected you must be brave, dear," said Duncan. "For whatever happened between the two men, he is safe. No one knows where he has gone to. No one remembers anything about him since yesterday morning, and Dan was only caught last night. He walked into the pit unwillingly. A detective was watching Bill Green's house — and caught Dan coming out of it. Inside there was no one, and——"

"Aunt Hetty? Oh, what has happened to her?"

"She has gone also. She and Bill. Dan, of course, denied everything. He was taken up on the bank robbery charge. But when they found the pearls of course the police were mad with delight, and the more he denied all knowledge of them, and of Brackley, the more certain they felt they had the man. Some one is coming to see you to tell you all about it. Only I gained on him whilst he went to the police station, for we travelled down together and I culled my information from him."

"But what kept you in town then?" asked Lady Cruse.

Duncan's face darkened.

"I thought I should discover something myself, and waited for that. But I was mistaken, although I do not lose all hope of doing so."

"But there is nothing to discover now," ejaculated Lady Cruse with a little laugh. "This is evidently the end, and after a little while we shall settle down into the humdrum once more. Only who put the detectives to work, who suspected——"

She hesitated and glanced at Sunbeam. But the same question filled the girl's eyes and she turned anxiously to Duncan. Had he done so? And if so what could she say to him? She ought to feel angry, and yet the relief of her escape was so great that she could feel nothing but pleasure, though at the same time somewhat anxious about Bill.

Duncan's answer, however, astonished them all as he replied:—

"St. Aubin I was told. Though how and why I know no more than you.'

"St. Aubin!" ejaculated Lord Cruse. "But how the dickens could he guess at—Bill Green—unless Eileen had told him Sunbeam's story and——"

Lady Cruse clapped her hands softly as she interposed:—

"Then Eileen was doing her best to help Sunbeam after all! How we have misjudged her! Poor girl, I see it now. Being young and intolerant she thought it her duty to prosecute and yet, all the time she has been trying to find the true culprit, or rather the one she thought probable. For of course, Sunbeam, I am not accusing any one, only you know——"

"That a bad reputation brands a man," interrupted the girl gently. "Yes, it is natural that you should all think, although you were kind enough not to say it, that it was my father I was trying to shield. But it is not over yet, I am not cleared—there will be more to say, and—perhaps—I shall still be accused of complicity or thought to be shielding someone——"

Duncan drew her to him.

"That is all right now. Here is the man who will prove that to you. You need worry no more, my dearest," he muttered as the door opened and a servant entered with letters and announcing their visitor.

"But Aunt Hetty, Duncan?" whispered Sunbeam hurriedly. "Do you think she is safe? That they are both—you see things are not yet quite right for them. He—Dan, may—oh, what am I saying?"

"Nothing that I do not know, my heart's own," he replied, squeezing her hand reassuringly as the detective was ushered into the room.

(To be Continued.)

ON THE FARM.

RAISING DAIRY HEIFERS.

Every true dairyman knows that in order to raise strong, vigorous and high producing dairy cows it is not necessary to keep them fat during their growing period. In fact it is better not to fatten the young dairy calves or heifers, but simply keep them in thrifty condition. Dairy calves and the young stock should be liberally fed, but not given feeds that will fatten them. It is held by our best breeders that a bulky ration is better for growing dairy animals than a ration containing a large percentage of concentrates.

There is a reason for this theory and practice. The good dairy cow must be capable of taking a large amount of feed and converting it into milk. If an animal cannot do this she is not profitable to keep for dairy purposes. So in training young, dairy stock to carry out their work they are given bulky feeds which tend to exercise their digestive organs more than the concentrates. Perhaps it is not so much a question of exercise, but the digestive tract is distended more by coarse fodder and hay than by meals and consequently the capacity for handling large amounts of feed is developed.

Through use the muscles of the animal are developed; by disuse they atrophy. To train a horse to trot, he is put on the track and trotted, thereby developing the muscles which are necessary to produce speed. The dairy cow not being kept for speed purposes, is not trained upon the track, but by being forced to obtain her growth by eating liberally of hay, fodder and silage. She should have a training that will tend to develop her digestive capacity, thus developing her to perform better her function as a dairy cow.

WARMING THE WATER FOR COWS.

Warming the water for milch cows results in more of it being consumed. When our first tank heater was introduced several years ago it did not take long to convince us that we got more milk than we had been getting when the cows drank it unwarmed, even though from a well-protected source.

We do not hear or read so much these days on this subject, because nearly everybody understands that ice water is not conducive to a large milk flow. Not all barns are equipped with inside watering devices, and many herds still go to the outside tank for drink. Since 85 per cent. of all milk consists of water, it pays to encourage a free consumption on the part of the cow.

One of the most successful dairymen I ever knew kept but a few cows, but he took excellent care of those few. In winter, since he had no better way, he carried a kettle of boiling water from the house every morning and took the chill off before the animals were allowed to drink from the half-barrel placed just inside the barnyard fence and near the well, from which it was filled by means of a wooden trough. His cows did not stay out of doors on cold days and at night water was carried to them in their stalls. This meant lots of work but he found that it paid to do it. Warm stables, plenty of good food and water will make cows do well even in the coldest weather. Salt is not food, but it is essential to health, and should be regularly supplied to stock of all kinds.

FARM NOTES.

Improved methods of culture are spread broadcast over the land by means of books and papers. For this reason farmers are more intelligent than the same class in any other country. Few farmers now scoff at agricultural information.

Eighty-seven per cent. of milk is water, which shows the necessity of providing in abundance for the cows, and it should always be pure and wholesome. Water from a stagnant pool, or a well which gets the soakage from decay and filth, may have in it a poison that finds its victim in the human family.

Herein lies the advantage of nitrate of soda: The nitrogen being at once available is promptly taken up by the plant roots, which force a vigorous growth during the forepart of the season; then the action ceases, no nitrogen being left in the soil, and the fruit matures. Fertilizers applied to an apple orchard at this time would not produce much effect the same season, but would appear in the crop of the following year.

The results of a number of careful examinations by eminent scientific men show that the total amount of ammonia brought down in a whole year in the rain, dew and snow is about eight pounds to an acre of surface, varying somewhat with seasons and localities; while in a crop of 28 bushels of wheat there were 45 pounds of nitrogen; in 2½ tons of meadow hay there were 56 pounds, and in 2¼ tons of clover hay there were 108 pounds. The greatest benefit we have derived from the presence of snow on our fields, has been in facilitating the spreading of manure in winter, by drawing it over a frozen and snow-covered surface, instead of in mud early in spring.

LAWLESSNESS IN EGYT

COUNTRY IN WORSE CONDITION THAN UNDER OLD KHEDIVE.

Governors of Provinces Being Constantly Interfered With by an Ignorant Inspector.

The lack of public security in the provinces, more especially in the Delta is causing the greatest anxiety at Cairo, Egypt. Brigandage, theft and murder are ever increasing, and in this respect the state of the country is worse than in the time of the Khedive Said Pasha. The cause is the unwieldiness of the machinery of the Ministry of the Interior. Moreover, there is no high official in the Ministry of the Interior who has had any previous experience of police work. It is a government by experiment.

Another fact which greatly militates against the successful policing of the country is the fact that the police of Egypt are by composition and training especially a military force, a gendarmerie, yet they are administered as a civil force.

ADMINISTRATION'S THEORY.

The theory of the present Administration is that the Mudirs, or Governors of provinces, are absolutely responsible to the Minister for the state of the district under their control. But, in reality, their authority is continually being tinkered with by a young inspector, who has neither a sufficient knowledge of the country nor of Arabic to know when he is being wilfully misled, and who lessens the responsibility and weakens the authority of the Mudir; in fact, he irritates instead of soothing.

What is needed is a resident inspector who is entirely cognizant of the conditions under which, and of the characters of the people he is sent to help to govern, a man old enough to have a natural authority, with a certain knowledge of the country and experience of the people he is sent to govern, a working knowledge of their language, and, above all, he must have had practical experience of police work; in fact, a return to, and an improvement on, the system in vogue before the Egyptian civil service was started.

WAVERING IN ALLEGIANCE.

At the present moment all seriously-minded Egyptians, who have been loyal to the occupation throughout, are wavering in their allegiance, because of the apparent inability of the present Government to suppress crime. When a crime is committed in a village, there is not one man, woman or child in that village who does not know the author within an hour. Yet, in many cases which come before the parquet the police profess themselves unable to trace the culprit, and in many well known cases the wrong man has been sentenced.

Neither the Minister of the Interior nor the adviser has the power to demand to see a process verbal drawn up by one of his police, after it has come into the hands of the parquet, a fact which has been the cause of much abuse. There is no reason why the Egyptian should not become a very efficient policeman, but he must learn, and at present he has no one to learn from, as the knowledge of his superiors is merely experimental.

There are advisers to the Ministers, and, with the exception of the Ministry of the Interior, these advisers are specialists. There should, therefore, be resident advisers to the Mudirs, who can insist on the right method being adopted instead of merely experimenting.

NOT IN THEIR CLASS.

"I suppose your family is in the social swim?"

"I should say so," answered M. Cumrox. "We're getting so exclusive that I feel flattered if mother and the girls let me come to one of their parties."