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## LIFE'S REVENGE

BY ANNIE O. TIEBITS

Author of "The Shop Lifter," "Robes of Shame," &c.

### CHAPTER II (continued). THE COMING OF THE STRANGER.

He was a great, brutal-looking man, a man about whose face there still lingered, in spite of its coarseness and roughness, some traces of its one-time handsomeness. Mark Harper had once turned the heads of nearly all the girls in the village, as "Old Joe" had said. Scarcely a weaver lass, twenty years ago in Little Radcliffe, but would have been proud and delighted if he had paid her attention. Now drink and evil living had ruined him. Even twenty years ago, when he was young, there had been cruel lines about his lips, but now they were sharp and ugly, and the dark eyes were deep-set and vindictive.

Hazel shrank sharply as he came towards them. She was as unlike him as it was possible for her to be. Yet she called him father.

"What are you doing?" he called out. "I heard you, and I'll pay you for it. Get you home, or I'll pay you."

He stumbled towards them, his face aflame, his lips set sharply, his eyes glowering. Hazel involuntarily gave a cry and threw up her hand.

The child at the gate turned. "Old Joe" paused in the act of going towards her, and then suddenly, before anyone had time to move, little Bess had thrown herself forward and hurled her small body furiously upon the burly giant.

It was the work of a moment. Mark Harper, flinging out his arm to strike at Hazel, caught the child's head with his fist instead.

She went down without a sound and lay still, quiet, silent on the silent road.

Hazel dropped sharply to her knees, and "Old Joe" bent, striking a match with a trembling hand to light the wan, stricken face.

For a moment it cowered even Mark Harper. But only for a moment. The next his rage had broken out afresh, and turning to Hazel he caught her roughly by the shoulder, and dragging her up began shaking her savagely backwards and forwards.

"Come you home," he cried. "Come home, and I'll show you."

She tried to resist him. The child lying so white and still on the ground frightened her, but her movement increased Mark's irritation, and without warning he sprang on her, attacking her as if she had been a man, beating her face with his clenched fists, and driving her back against the great bare wall of the factory.

"Old Joe" snatched up the child just in time to save her from Mark's foot. He ran with her to the lodge to put her in safety, but before he had time to return, a blow from Mark felled Hazel to the ground. The next instant another figure had sprung forward. She caught just one glimpse of him before he closed on her father, and her heart jumped sharply.

"What are you doing?" he shouted. "Beating a helpless girl? Stop!"

His voice brought Mark Harper to his senses. He wheeled round, and his manner changed sharply. He stared at the man who confronted them with a queer look upon his face. It was a look of fear and of recognition.

"Sir Geoffrey Denison!" he said under his breath.

Sir Geoffrey turned his head quickly and peered at him in the darkness. But the light of the factory left Mark's face in the shade, and suddenly, with an oath, he shrank back, thinking again of the man who had beaten Sir Geoffrey facing the girl alone.

"Who was that?" Sir Geoffrey asked quickly. "I thought I recognised his voice. His name isn't Fawcett, is it?"

Hazel shook her head. She was shaken, trembling, and her head was still swimming from the blow Mark had given her, and now the sight of Joe bent over the little figure of the child, sent a wave of cold fear over her.

Sir Geoffrey had bent towards her. Apparently he did not see Joe and the child.

"You are hurt?" he cried. "You must let me take you home."

She shook her head again quickly. "No—no—indeed—it is all right. I am used to it."

"Used to it?" There was a sudden horror in his voice. "Used to that?"

"Indeed, I am all right, thank you—you need not trouble. I am all right," she said breathlessly.

He moved suddenly to look at her, and as he did so his own face came into the light, and she saw it for the first time clearly.

It was a good-looking face—the strong, clean-cut face of a strong young man. It could scarcely be called handsome. Yet never before in all her life had a man looked so handsome to her.

For a moment they looked into each other's eyes in silence; then suddenly with a strange cold upon her she fell away from him.

He was a "gentleman." He wore clothes such as the people in Little Radcliffe never wore and she seldom saw. A thick fur coat covered him from head to foot. It was undone, and underneath it she caught sight of a white shirt front and the sparkle of a diamond stud.

She shrank a little farther into the shadow, conscious that "Old Joe," satisfied that she was all right, had remained with the child at the lodge.

"I am sure you are not all right," Sir Geoffrey was saying, "and you must let me accompany you. I am Sir Geoffrey Denison, and on my way to the Hall. Perhaps you can show me the way. I am a stranger here. My motor broke down two miles away, and I left my chauffeur in charge while I walked on. So you will be doing me a kindness if you will show me the way to Warburton Hall."

Again she shrank from him, a strange presentiment upon her. In that one moment something in his face had roused something within her that she could not name. His face, starting out of the darkness, was like no other she had ever seen. She stood, peering at him as he waited in his fine clothes with that air of a gentleman about him that awed her queerly.

He was, of course, the baronet whom Lady Edith Warburton was going to marry. The engagement had only just been announced on their return from London, where they met. Now he was coming to pay a visit to the Warburtons, betrothed to the lucky girl who had seen his eyes shine with love for her—the lucky girl who did not have to bend over a loom for her living—who did not know what it meant to stand all day blinded by the fine powder of the size, deafened by the noisy

rattle of the flying shuttle and hot and moist with the vapour from the steam.

This was the man for whom to-night, at the Hall beyond the village, the lucky girl waited!

But this moment, this brief instant belonged to the unlucky girl who would presently go home to meet a very different kind of man.

She would never meet Sir Geoffrey again, of course. It was a moment snatched out of time. Yet the presentiment persisted and clung and she could not shake it off. Something more was to come of it. That she knew. And shivering uneasily she again shrank from him. No good came of an acquaintance with a gentleman like him for a girl who worked for her living at the looms. She had heard that often enough.

Yet still she could not let him go. "I'll come," she began, "only—there is a child here I must attend to. He—my father knocked her down, and I'm afraid for her. If you'd wait—"

He made a gesture of acceptance. "Let me see," he said, "where is she?"

Together they made their way towards the lodge, and there they found "Joe" and the time-keeper bent over the child. She had roused, and was sobbing helplessly for her mother.

Hazel forgot everything—even Sir Geoffrey—and dropped to her knees, taking the little weeping thing in her arms, petting her, comforting her, holding the little head against her breast.

Sir Geoffrey stood big and handsome in his greatcoat, looking down at her, while "Old Joe" told him gruffly a little bit of the child's history. Lancashire folks do not take readily to strangers, and "Old Joe" looked distrustfully and suspiciously at Sir Geoffrey.

What brought him here? Why wasn't he in his own place in his own fine house, instead of the streets of their poor village, hobnobbing with factory hands? Why was he looking at Hazel like that?

"Old Joe" glanced at him, but Sir Geoffrey was unconscious of it. He stood, leaning against the gateway, watching and listening. And there was an odd look in his eyes as they rested on the kneeling figure of the girl.

Presently he roused and turned, impatient with himself, asking himself the same questions that "Old Joe" was asking himself—why was he here? Why had he mixed himself up with these people?

For the life of him he could not say, only again and again his eyes had turned to Hazel, and when at last she got up, trying to induce the child to walk with her, he volunteered his help, and held out his arm.

"Let me carry her," he said. "I'll take her for you."

"Old Joe" made a quick move. "There's no need for you to trouble, sir," he said gruffly. "I'll carry her."

But the child, hesitating a moment, had suddenly put out her little arms to Sir Geoffrey.

The next moment he was standing up with the little thing nestling with strange wonder and delight against the unaccustomed softness of his fur. He closed his arms about her, and looked at Hazel.

"Now," he said, "if you will show me the way."

She moved away from the lodge and out to the street, conscious that "Old Joe" was looking after her curiously and shaking his head. And again the feeling, dull and cold, that something more would come of it, settled down upon her, and made her heart heavy as lead.

No good would come of acquaintance with a gentleman for such as she, she repeated to herself with bitterness. Her life would always have to go on among the looms in the weavers' shed. There was to be nothing else for her—not even the annual holiday at Blackpool that made the lives of the girls she knew sweet for a little while, for Mark took every penny she earned and gave her nothing. So that there could be nothing but work for her all her life.

Yet, as she walked with Sir Geoffrey at her side the world seemed suddenly to change. She had a glimpse, brief and short, of the world as it might be if she were the lucky girl up at the Hall, and the girl whom Sir Geoffrey was going to see.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE OTHER WOMAN.

Sir Geoffrey had not intended to mix himself up with these people. He had only, on a moment's impulse, interfered between a bullying man and a weak girl, and now he was angry with himself for doing anything more. Why had he allowed himself to carry the child to the grey little cottage? Why had he gone in? Why had he stopped?

For the life of him he could not tell, nor why, all the time he walked to the Hall, the eyes of the little weaver whose name even he did not know, persisted in rising before him, the wonderful beauty and pathos of the thin face under the grey shawl blotting out everything else.

He had never thought that a factory girl could be so beautiful. As a matter of fact, he had never seen a factory girl before, and was surprised to find Hazel Harper not only beautiful but clean and sweet.

"I must find out her name," he said as he walked up to the Hall porch and rang the bell. Yet why? He could never see her again—it was absurd to think of it—and meanwhile, here in the warmth and light and luxury Lady Edith waited for him.

The door was flung open by a footman in livery. A blaze of light flashed into his face, and he stepped forward out of the dark night, away from the cold and poverty of the streets.

The great hall, with its marble floor and great carved fireplace, would have held almost the whole of the little cottage in which he had left Hazel, and he looked round curiously as if he had been unaccustomed to such a place. But he was thinking of Hazel, of her thin face, of the poverty of the cottage and the poorness of the meal he had seen upon the table when he left.

The next moment his thoughts were roused sharply.

(To be Continued.)

"The man's heart-valves were so thick as to be almost like bone," said a doctor at an inquest at Shoreditch.

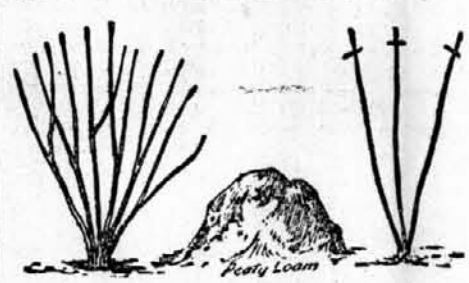
Mr. Charles Wing Gray, formerly M.P. for the Maldon Division of Essex, has died at Halstead.

## THIS WEEK IN THE GARDEN.

God Almighty first planted a garden;  
And indeed it is the purest of human pleasures.

**Removing Bulbs from Ashes.**—Every week now pots of bulbs require removal from the ashes. If sufficient space is not available in the cold frame, stand the pots among the plants at the back of the greenhouse, where the foliage will protect the growths until they develop the normal green colour.

**Growing Azaleas.**—These beautiful hairy shrubs are free-flowering and are conspicuous whether planted in masses in beds or single specimens in borders. They produce brilliant foliage during autumn, and delight in sandy soil and peaty loam. A little of the latter should always be added to an ordinary soil when planting, so that roots may come into contact with it easily. One



thing which will cause failure more than anything else is lime. Some plants have the habit of making long upright growth, which is not desirable; the shrubs should be of dwarf, bushy habit. To obtain this, remove the point of the growth either now or after they pass out of bloom in spring. Plants purchased now could be placed in pots and flowered in a cool house, then transferred to the open after they have bloomed.

**Broccoli.**—As Broccoli plants obtain full size tie the outer leaves together over the head, or dig up the plants with plenty of soil on the roots, and "lay them in" where frost will not damage them.

**Cabbages.**—During a period of mild weather opportunity should be taken to rid the bed of weeds, also to fill up gaps in the rows and make the ground firm by treading. Porous soil means a succulent growth not able to stand severe frosts.

**Poultry Manure.**—This is one of the finest of all manures for Onions, Peas, or any deep-rooting crop. Keep it stored in a dry shed until February, then it may be spread over the surface of vacant ground at the rate of six or seven pounds to each rod.

### HOW THEY VOTED.

#### POLL IN REGARD TO SUNDAY LICENSING HOURS.

M.P.s who signed the majority report of the Parliamentary Committee (adopted by the Government) recommending that Sunday evening licensing hours should be from 7 to 10, were Sir W. Joynson-Hicks, Sir J. G. Butcher, Mr. J. E. Mills, Mr. W. R. Smith, Mr. W. H. Sugden, Sir J. G. Agg-Gardner, and Major H. Barnes. Sir John Radesley concurred in this report.

The minority report, which was not in favour of changing the hours, 6 to 9, was signed by Lady Astor, Mr. Frank Briston, Mr. S. Robinson, Mr. A. K. Rodger, and Major L. V. Henderson.

### MURDER AND ARSON.

#### PARLIAMENT CLOSED TO THE PUBLIC.

Ambushed at a place in County Cork, fifteen auxiliary policemen ("Black and Tans") have been killed.

Arson and murder outrages by Sinn Fein conspirators in Liverpool and London had sequels in police-court proceedings. At Liverpool a mystery Irishman was remanded on a charge of murdering Daniel Ward. At Old-street, London, a young student was remanded in connection with the mysterious occurrence at Whitecross-street.

All the captured plans of the murder and arson gang have not yet been revealed, but they are of such a desperate character that for the protection of Ministers and M.P.s Parliament has been closed to the public.

### NEW ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET.

Admiral Sir Cecil Burney has been promoted to the rank of Admiral of the Fleet to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Admiral of the Fleet Sir George Callaghan.

Admiral Burney has been Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth since last year. He was second-in-command of the Grand Fleet from December, 1914, to November, 1916, and was present at the battle of Jutland.

### BUCKS MURDER INQUEST.

A verdict of Willful Murder against George Arthur Bailey, the husband, was returned at the inquest on Kate Lilian Bailey, whose body was found wrapped in a sheet at Barn Cottage, Little Marlow, Bucks.

### JOHN LAWSON DEAD.

JEWISH ACTOR FAMOUS IN MELO-DRAMA.

John Lawson, the famous Jewish actor, has died in Charing Cross Hospital.

Mr. Lawson made his name in "Only a Jew," a very successful melodrama, and he later made a great hit all over the country in his sketch, "Humanity," which was afterwards filmed.

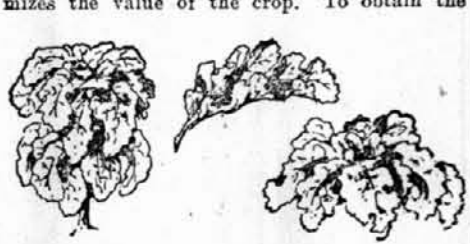
Sir Robert Horne, replying to a proposal by the Chemical and Dyestuff Traders' Association, that the Board of Trade should convene a national conference to consider the dyestuffs problem, states that at present no useful purpose would be served by convening such a conference.

**Newly Planted Fruit Trees.**—Examine all trees put out early in the season which have been secured to supports. Make sure that no ties are lifting the roots or are too tight round the stems or branches. Such matters put right now may save damage and disappointment, and there is always a risk that if left too long they cannot be remedied.

**Outdoor Figs.**—The pruning of these can now receive attention. Prune out weak unripened growths and retain growths which are firm and well-ripened. Where the young shoots are apt to suffer from severe frosts secure them together in bundles and cover them with straw or bracken for a few weeks.

**Planting Espaliers.**—Trees trained in this manner are not used sufficiently in small gardens. A well-grown espalier tree, trained to wires or stout stakes, occupies only a small amount of space, and yet in a good season will bear a fine crop of fruit. Such trees extract their share of nourishment from the soil, but by proper manuring no loss will result.

**How to Use Kale.**—Curly Kales as well as Cottaage's Kale are valuable as winter and spring vegetables. They are popular with all who value a delicious diet of greens. Market growers cut off the whole head when it is ready for use; cottagers and others largely follow the same method. This minimizes the value of the crop. To obtain the



fullest benefit the leaves should be picked singly, commencing from the bottom and working upwards. These leaves are very delicious, especially after a few frosts. Later on, a valuable quantity of sprouts or shoots will issue from the stems and prove useful before the turning in of early spring Cabbages.

**Vegetables in Store.**—These should be looked over frequently. Remove at once all which show the least signs of decay.

**Cauliflower in Frames.**—Keep the soil only slightly moist and give plenty of ventilation when conditions are favourable.

## THE POULTRY YARD

Helpful Hints for "Backyarders." By "COCKCROW."

The earlier moulting hens should about now be again in good form, and when once feather growth is finished it is just a question of building up physical condition and laying a foundation for the next laying season. A hen should not be forced to lay as soon as she has grown her new feathers, especially if she is to do service in the breeding pen during the coming season, for her spell of laying will be the start before she has stored up a reserve of energy. It is wise, therefore, to withhold stimulating food until you see her reddening up naturally, which is the sign that the system is again ready for the call that will be made upon it. The late moulters are naturally still a source of anxiety, and as long as they are only half-feathered they must have cosy quarters, both day and night. If they are fed carefully for a week or two they will return to active habits when the new feathers are well grown and they feel better in themselves. A good plan is to handle the moulters once a week, and any bird that is found to be going very light should be penned separately, so that you can give special attention to it.

### EGG-LAYING FIGURES.

I have mentioned before that a 300-egg hen has never produced a 300-egg daughter. The best layers are likely to be bred from hens with a good winter record and a moderate rate year's record, mated to the son of the heaviest layer obtainable, all other points as well as number being satisfactory. It is not uncommon to buy eggs to produce cockerels, and expect the hens to be good layers, but record breakers. They very rarely are. They have their value, however, as breeders for the following year. In this connection here are some interesting figures. A pullet laid 289 eggs in her pullet year, and this bird and her four sisters made an average of 261 eggs per bird. The eggs of the 289-egg hen were all hatched, and the pullets carefully recorded. Some of her daughters laid 200 eggs, but the average was only 150 eggs each for the year. In their second year these birds were bred from, and gave daughters that averaged 250 eggs each.

### CURING LEG WEAKNESS.

Immediately a pullet is observed to sit when feeding, and to show signs of leg weakness, she should be placed by herself in a warm, dry coop, on the floor of which is a good bed of soft litter. Her legs may also be put in moderately hot water for a minute or two, wiped dry, and then well rubbed with a good embrocation. As regards diet, soft food should be withheld, and such grains as wheat and oats be given, together with an abundance of good, sound, vegetable food. By this means it is highly probably the weakness will be speedily overcome.

### CONDITION AND CLEANLINESS.

After all, however, whatever good results are desired in the pursuit of your hobby or trade, it is ever necessary to have the lesson of cleanliness deeply engrained on one's

The Bergamot.—The Cambridge variety of *Monarda didyma* is one of the best hardy border plants for summer flowering. The Bergamot thrives in most well-tilled garden soils; leaf-mould, freely incorporated among the roots when planting, is beneficial. In this the fleshy roots spread freely, and give a ready means of increase. The clumps grow about 3ft. high, terminating in masses of crimson-scarlet flowers. It is a nice plant for the bog garden and moist soils.

The Mock Orange.—This is the best time for planting Philadelphia. Their fragrant blossoms are welcome in all gardens. Most soils, when deeply dug and manured, will grow the bushes very well. Philadelphia are shown in the shrubby borders, and make good lawn specimens or groups. The two best tall sorts are coronarius and grandiflorus, 8ft. to 10ft. in height. Microphyllus has small leaves, grows about 3ft. high, and is the most fragrant of all the Mock Oranges. Virginia (double), *Lactea* (single), *Mere de Glass* (erect, double), and *Avalanche* (single), are beautiful hybrids.

Peach-Leaved Bellflowers.—These are nice flowers for early summer blooming. The plants grow from 2ft. to about 3ft. in height, and thrive in moist soils and north borders. Increase is by division in October and November. By deep digging and manuring, nearly all soils may be improved sufficiently to grow Bellflowers in. The best varieties of *Campanula persicifolia* are alba, pure white *Humosa*, light blue; *Moerheim*, white semi-double; *Telham Beauty*, very white, large; and *Die Fee*, soft blue, single. The flowering season is considerably lengthened by picking off the old flowers as they fade.

Pruning Standard Fruit Trees.—The pruning of standards is sometimes overdone by enthusiasts. Standards should merely have cross branches removed, which may obstruct the sun and air from the centres of the trees, and those which may possibly rub and damage their neighbours. The centres should be kept open, but to cut half a tree out will mean a corresponding loss of crop.

Pot Fruit Trees.—See that the roots of these are not likely to suffer should severe frosts occur. It is a good plan to cover them with straw litter, bracken or a good coating of ashes. This applies to trees plunged out of doors. No injury will result to the branches, but the pots should be well covered, or at lifting time they may be found cracked and broken.

Foodstuffs and Feeding. I want now to rub home the point I often make of utilising vegetable food as an ingredient in the mash. Cheap vegetable foods have come more largely into use and will replace part of the more costly grain. There is amongst owners of valuable stock a considerable amount of prejudice against the use of potatoes on the plea that they are too fattening. Reference to any standard table of analyses reveals the fact that as a fattening medium potatoes have only one quarter the fuel or fattening value of any grain in common use. The real objection to the potato as usually fed to poultry is that almost all its dry matter consists of starch. This need alone is valueless as an egg producer, but when mixed with a moderate allowance of animal food can be employed with most satisfactory results, as experience has shown.

Fat-Forming Foods. Hens two years old or over, and cocks can be fed on a larger proportion of the hydro-carbon elements with less charcoal and greenstuff, than boilers or roasters. The sinews and muscles of old birds are at their highest stage of development, and attention has to be given to the fat, which should be put on quickly. This is best done with mashes containing a three-quarters proportion of maize-meal, and mixed with scalding water. The younger the fowl the less is needed of the hydro-carbon element and the more of the nitrogenous. When too much of the hydro-carbon or fat-forming foods is given, the fowl grows fat and gross, with a badly-developed carcass and poor plumage. Excess of fat spoils the bird's appearance, while its muscular development, as well as its bone-tissue and plumage, suffer on account of the lack of nitrogen and phosphates. No rule of diet can be laid down which would not require modification to meet various local conditions. For any diet, however, to produce its best results, it is essential for the fowls to be supplied with plenty of grit, shells, and charcoal.

silks, metal threads, and in the most delicate and its beauty often heightening of metal threads of fur, in all the choicest quaint little conceits in socks and oddly placed ruffings, and gorgeous and silk sketched in our illustrations, and best of the new for afternoon wear or ring use in the intimacy of material in which it is grey satin of beautiful The blouse is out out in it in front and the edges ornamented by a coarse red in silver thread. The



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filled by a vest of grey run with silver. The type, are cut in one and are ornamented at the ruffing stitch. There are of silver-run grey lace, in front and at the sides, the edges being over darning. A girdle tier, and is tied in one side. It is made of a ornamented by silver

can be supplied, price mittance and address to Bella Sauvage, London, the price may vary from

rub them when hot on a been rubbed over with

ator sugar, one penny blanchance powder, and add three tablespoonfuls of a little milk, to make taste. Grease a mould, cover with buttered one and a half hours, with white sauce.

substitute for game).— of well-chopped Eng-four tablespoonfuls of ce, two tablespoonfuls of teaspoonful of lemonated nutmeg, two well-drops of onion-juice, taste. Grease a mould, cover with buttered one and a half hours, with white sauce.

ny pieces of cold meat nice very fine. To four one add one of bread-ful of onion (chopped pepper and salt. Boil tender. Have ready a

Take the strips of round and round the in- until the sides are in the mince and a gravy. Cover with eam for one and a half out on a dish it re- duced beehive.

STABLE SOUP.—Ingre- trip, 1 onion, 1 leek, one dessertspoonful of two ounces of butter, of flour, one pint of ad pepper. Prepare the them into strips, and her in a stewpan, and very slowly, and then add the water, simmer until the vege- the flour and a little her and pour mixture and cook for a few

ash half a teaspoonful of basin with a pint of a saucepan, have suffi- half up the basin, cover put on lid, and boil is cooked and creamy; well, and put aside, the yolks of two eggs, make it thoroughly hot, but it must not boil- put in a glass dish, ewed fruit.