

LIFE'S REVENGE

BY ANNIE O. TIBBITS

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CHAPTER VII (continued).

WHAT HAPPENED AT THE FACTORY.

"You will not mind if I go, too, of course," he said. "There may be injury and work to be done. I'll come back presently if I can't do anything, but if I don't you won't mind, dear? You will go home?"

"He did not wait for her reply. It never occurred to him that she could be selfish enough to object. He followed Lord Warburton into the yard, and then came to a sudden standstill."

The place was full of steam—steam thick like a fog but hot and stifling. Geoffrey caught Lord Warburton's arm. They could neither of them see a yard ahead, but they groped their way with their faces grey and jagged and suddenly drawn.

"What does it mean?" he asked. "The man recognising him, explained quickly."

"The new boiler, my Lord, burst itself, and 'Joe' says there won't be a soul alive in No. 2 Room."

"Lord Warburton staggered back. Not a soul! Is that the room we've just been through?" Geoffrey asked, his face grown suddenly ashen.

"Yes," Lord Warburton said, "for God's sake let us go round and see. It will be clear of steam the other side."

"They hurried through, and a few minutes later Geoffrey found himself groping blindly amongst piles of machinery, torn and broken and smashed, for the bodies of men and women embedded in them. He tore off his heavy fur coat, threw it upon the floor, where it lay as if it were a dead animal."

"How long he worked he could not tell. It might have been hours, or it might have been days—it was all the same to him. He forgot Lady Edith. It was no time for remembering the hale and the well when there were lives to be saved, and injured bodies to be helped. He worked feverishly, with all his strength, carrying out the living and the dead, and all the time with one face before him, one thought in his mind. The girl of last night—where was she—how was she—how would he find her at last?"

"He had just returned after finally disposing with much fuss of a woman who had only a broken finger, when he came suddenly, abruptly, face to face with her. His breath caught in his throat with a choking sound. Here at last was the face he had been straining every nerve to find."

"You! oh, thank heaven you're safe! I was afraid—I thought you were dead!" He stopped sharply. What was he saying? What did it mean? How came it that this girl's face and eyes were sending him crazy? What was this madness that possessed him? Now that he knew she was safe he grew calm again. He made a movement as if to pass on and then checked himself abruptly.

"Good heavens!" he cried. "You are hurt yourself—you are why—why—Hazel!"

"He was almost unconscious that he had spoken her name."

"She made no reply for a moment, but with a helpless look at him sat down amongst the broken machinery."

"It is nothing—I think it is nothing," she said feebly. "Only my arm—"

"Her arm! He looked down at her sharply and then drew in his breath. It was hanging loose from the shoulder, and the sight unnerved him as nothing had ever done before."

"He sat upright, trying to steady herself for an instant, but faintness overtook her, and as she fell back he dropped to his knees, taking her hand in his, saying he knew not what he meant beside her, until he looked up with a sudden start to find Lassells beside him."

"He sprang up. The 'shed' was almost empty now. Everywhere was broken machinery and cracked and falling walls."

"Have you come from Lady Edith?" Geoffrey asked. "Is she all right? Then," as Lassells nodded, "tell her I can't come yet; there is much to do. Perhaps she is helping."

"He broke off, instinctively knowing that Lady Edith would not be helping anybody. He gathered Hazel in his arms and carried her out—just as he had carried out Lady Edith a short time before. And this time he was blind as he went to everything except Hazel's white face—blind even to the ugly light in Lassells's eyes."

"Only a thought—a rough dress—a little thin dusty thing that lay in his arms, no heavier than a child—undressed, starved, beaten—bruises, had he only known it, under her plain dress, a tired lonely heart, had he only suspected it, under the white cotton blouse. Why did this little shabby bundle of coarse against the fine white linen of his shirt, touch his heart as he held her—touch something deeper and stronger, that beat like a pulse somewhere—somewhere deep down within him?"

"He put her down and a little cry broke from her lips."

"She opened her eyes, and a sudden fear sprang into them as she saw him."

"The second time you have saved me," she whispered. "Oh, go—now—never come to me again—go."

"I am not going," he answered. "Instead, I am first going to set your arm. I qualified as a surgeon before I inherited—and then I am going to take you home."

"No, no, you must not," she cried. "You must not."

"The thought of her father made her tremble."

"You must not," she repeated. "You must go—leave me."

"Why?" he asked.

coolly, "after I have set your arm. Now do as I tell you—hold your hand, so."

Hazel made no further remark, and just then the pain was too great for her to think coherently. The Fate that was marching upon them was too much for her. She yielded helplessly, half fainting with the sickening pain at her shoulder, while he jerked and pushed it into position again. Then he helped her into one of the cabs that had been called for the injured, and snatching up his fur coat from where he had thrown it, got in after her—in spite of the imploring look she gave him, and they started.

Little Bessie was to see her "grudely gentleman" after all."

CHAPTER VIII.

LURKING MISCHIEF.

Lady Edith Warburton did not mean to wait. All unpleasant sights she abhorred, and Geoffrey's hurried disappearance to help the injured raised her indignant anger. To leave her—to keep her waiting while he went to help the "hands" was too much for her.

"She stood biting her lips while Lassells at her side waited smiling. 'Go after them—tell him, Sir Geoffrey, to come and take me home,' she said harshly. Lassells, leaning still smiling on his stick, shrugged his shoulders."

"Do you think it likely he will come?" he asked.

"She turned on him sharply, realising at that moment how much she had at stake. Men in plenty there had been, but never one like Geoffrey. She had been determined to win him from the first. She determined to keep him now."

"He will come," she replied. "Go and tell him."

"After he had gone she stood, all her strong passion roused. If he did not come, what then? If he refused her? If he left her there—"

"She turned impatiently and began to pace up and down."

"Love that is selfish as hers often trembles on the brink of hatred; and in her eyes now as she waited was a light ugly to see."

"She went backwards and forwards for a long time. It was not easy to find Geoffrey in the rush and confusion that had followed the disaster, and in one room at least it was impossible to clear a way, and she knew that if Geoffrey was in the thick of it Lassells would find it next to impossible to get to him."

"Perhaps Lassells knew it himself. At any rate, he did not hurry. He strolled round the end of the factory as if it was the entrance to the Park, and peering in at open doors and windows, made his way towards the room in which they had last been."

"There quite suddenly he saw Geoffrey, and went towards him."

"But Geoffrey did not see him or heed him until he was close by his side, and afterwards Lassells waited watching him while he carried Hazel out, half fainting, only half conscious, a helpless burden against his square shoulder."

"After they had gone Lassells stood thinking for some minutes and pulling at his moustache with nervous fingers. Sir Geoffrey Denison and a working girl!—how could he turn that to account? How could he work that to his own advantage?"

"A little, old woman, holding her finger in her other hand and moaning as she went past him, attracted his attention."

"Here," she said, "Who's that girl?" The woman, arrested by his tone, looked round resentfully.

"You ax no questions and you'll hear no lies," she said.

"Rubbish!" said Lassells. "I want to know the girl's name, that's all. Can't you tell me that?"

"She stopped, and then looked curiously into his face."

"You're one o' the gents in the Hall party," she remarked. "Well, you could tell yo' more than 'er name an' I liked—summat as might be 'er use to yo'."

"He hesitated a moment. Was it worth it? He looked into her face. It was a keen, old face, worn by the years, with cunning in the eyes that was contradicted by the width of the mouth. A woman at once both cunning and loving. Well—she might be bluffing, but, on the other hand, half a crown might reveal something to his advantage. He rattled the silver in his pocket."

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"Yo' ax me t' lass's name," she said. "I ax yo' yo' reason."

"Oh, I've no reason in particular," said Lassells.

"Hans't yo' now?" said the old woman, coming closer. "Be yo' sure?"

"Something in her eyes checked him. He looked at her curiously, and his keen instinct detected something behind her manner. 'Was yo' yo' yo' handsome if I told thee summat as worrit me here for, in this shop, chest with her clenched hand. 'Maybe yo' pay—an' I'd be rid o' worry, eh? I should ax done my share t' stop it and ax.'"

(To be Continued.)

St. Mary's Hospital for Women and Children, Plaistow, is in a serious position financially, and the number of beds to be reduced.

Scotland Yard has sent detectives to Boulogne to unravel the mystery surrounding the disappearance of Mr. Gourlay, the missing Englishman.

THIS WEEK IN THE GARDEN.

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

Greenhouse Climbers.—The pruning and cleaning of the climbers on the roof, pillars, and walls are important January operations. There are Roses, Fuchsias, Solanums, Honey-suckles, Plumbagos, Abutilons, and similar plants to prune. On the main stems there is often flaky bark which, if not rubbed off, harbours insects. To make doubly certain, always scrub the thick stems with warm, soapy water and insecticide.

Pruning Pyrus japonica.—This beautiful plant, which may be grown as a bush in the open or trained to a wall, has scarlet flowers which are produced freely in March and April, and occasionally in autumn also. The seedlings are easy to raise in a cool or unheated greenhouse. For the latter, however, do not sow before the middle of February. There are several strains or varieties. If only one is grown, select the Wisconsin Hybrid. As soon as the seedlings show above the soil give them a light position near the roof-glass or they will soon grow tall and spindly. When large enough to handle readily, prick off the seedlings, four or five round the sides of 4in. (60 size) pots.



Border Chrysanthemums from Seeds.—The raising of a few border Chrysanthemums from seeds each year is interesting work. The seedlings are easy to raise in a cool or unheated greenhouse and in a cold frame. Make an early start with the sowing of the seeds to give the plants a long season of growth. Seedling Chrysanthemums are valuable to cut for vase decoration.

Border Carnations.—Wherever possible, autumn planting is recommended, but in the heaviest soils and in some town gardens it is found better to plant in early spring. The bought plants also usually come to hand in spring. Where the ground is vacant turn up the soil in the autumn, and in town gardens insects are dislodged frequently and fall a prey to birds.

Sweet Peas.—To supplement those sown in autumn, or as a first sowing, put in a batch of seeds before the middle of the month. Give has one to compare the plants from early and late sowing, when in bloom to realise the advantage of early sowing. Sow for preference in a heated greenhouse, but, failing this, an unheated greenhouse or frame will do. Seeds of the plants to produce show blossoms are better sown singly in 3in. pots, for garden decoration three seeds in 3in. pots or five seeds in 5in. pots are convenient.

Flowering Shrubs for Small Gardens.—If the weather is open plant a few deciduous shrubs in the borders now. Philadelphia, Virginal, double white; P. microphylla, single white, very fragrant; Ribes sanguinea, the Flowering Currant, rose red; Magnolia stellata, white; Diervilla Eva Rathke, rose; Forsythia spectabilis, yellow; Pyrus arbutifolia, pink; Prunus sibirica, fl. pl., double rosy pink; Kerria japonica, fl. pl., double yellow; and Hypericum Henryi, yellow, are easy to grow.

BURGLAR WHO KISSED.

GALLANT SENT TO GAOL FOR SEVEN YEARS.

Frank Fisher, the burglar who kissed Mrs. Gladys Rowe, a war widow, who caught him in her flat at Clifton, was sentenced at Bristol to seven years' imprisonment for burglary. He was arrested after the flat incident when trying to break into a church.

The gallant burglar was described by the police as a violent and dangerous man, with 37 convictions against him since 1896. His Army record was bad, and he had been dogged for a savage assault on a prison warder. It was stated that he had confessed to eight other cases of house-breaking, and that since his arrest an epidemic of such cases had materially decreased.

ONE DAY MARRIED LIFE.

WEDDED IN THE MORNING AND PARTED IN THE AFTERNOON.

In an application made by a woman at Dudley, Worcestershire, for a separation order against her husband, it was stated that the parties were married last June in the morning, fell out in the afternoon, parted, and had not lived together since. The husband was ordered to pay his wife 5s. a week.

CHILDREN RUN INTO BY MOTOR.

A six-year-old boy, Charles Collis, was killed, and his sister Violet, eight, seriously injured when a car driven by Mr. Henry Beecham, of Knebworth House, the seat of the Earl of Epton, at present occupied by the Beecham family, ran into a cart of children on the high road near Baldock, Herts, on Sunday night. The car is said to have swerved at a bad bend in the road.

BISHOP IN A COAL MINE.

Wearing overalls, the Bishop of Birmingham descended the Hamstead colliery near Birmingham—one of the deepest in the country, reaching 2,100ft.—underground—and spent three hours inspecting the work of the miners. It was his second descent of a mine.

TRAGEDY OF THE WRONG BOTTLE

A verdict of "Death by misadventure" was returned at a Hackney inquest on Rebecca Platz, aged 24, wife of a mantle manufacturer, of Clapton. It was stated that she took spirits of salts in mistake for her medicine. Dr. Spilsbury said it was surprising how the woman could have made such a mistake in view of the difference in the size and colour of the bottles.

STEAMER ON THE ROCKS.

The steamer Broadmayne, of Swansea, 3,000 tons gross, bound from London to Dartmouth for bunkers, while entering Dartmouth harbour stranded on the rocks. Some of the crew scrambled ashore, and the Brixham lifeboat saved the remainder and brought them to Dartmouth.

Fuchsia.—Bring a plant of each of the most important varieties from the winter store to the warm greenhouse to provide a few early cuttings. Soak the pots with water to begin with, then probably the soil will keep wet enough with the syringing of the tops, which should be done morning and afternoon on bright days. The thinnest ends of the twigs are frequently cut off in autumn before storing; if this was not done take off several inches now, but only back to the firmer wood, or it will considerably limit the number of cuttings.

Schizanthus.—By many flower lovers the Schizanthus or Butterfly Flower is considered to be the most beautiful annual for pot culture. It is easy to grow in a cool or unheated greenhouse. For the latter, however, do not sow before the middle of February. There are several strains or varieties. If only one is grown, select the Wisconsin Hybrid. As soon as the seedlings show above the soil give them a light position near the roof-glass or they will soon grow tall and spindly. When large enough to handle readily, prick off the seedlings, four or five round the sides of 4in. (60 size) pots.

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Vine Borders.—It will be a good plan to fork over the soil of the borders gently and take away that which is old and spent. Replace with turfy loam, to which lime rubble and wood ashes may be added. Tread or beat this down to make it moderately firm, and if water is needed apply it now.

Vines Still Bearing.—If there are Grapes still on the rods get them cut and placed in bottles at once. This will allow the Vines to be pruned and the Vines and the houses in which they are growing to be cleaned. Rest can then be allowed the Vines, and everything can be put in order ready for the time when growth commences again.

Globe Artichokes.—If it has not already been done, give the old crowns a good covering of leaves or ashes. Failure to do so may mean the loss of the plants should we get prolonged frost.

Broccoli.—Such varieties as Self-Protecting, Snow's Winter, or Christmas, will need protection during severe weather. Where heeling over cannot be done use a little hay or straw; failing either, cover the heart of the plant with paper.

The Shrew Mouse.—The Shrew Mouse is a garden friend; it subsists entirely on worms, slugs, wire-worms, beetles, and insects. It



is often destroyed for mischief done by other furry creatures; the Shrew Mouse is easily recognised by its long, pointed snout, and it is what might be termed earless.

Early Beans.—Broad Beans should have a rich soil, and they give better results where this is fairly retentive. Seed may be sown whenever the condition of the soil permits. Allow at least a foot between each seed, and where double rows are sown, not less than 2ft. apart.

Early Potatoes.—Tubers intended for planting in a frame, in pots, or in the open border for the earliest supply, should now be selected and placed "eyes" upwards, in a light room or other place safe from frost, but where plenty of light reaches them and induces sturdy shoots.

THE POULTRY YARD

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

There will be found just about this season a prevalence in pullets moulting, which chiefly affects birds that were hatched fairly early, and commenced laying somewhere about September. As indicated in a previous article, many people are inclined to look upon early hatching as a bad "spec." But it must be borne in mind that the pullet's eggs have been very useful during the last few weeks. A pullet's moult is generally a mild affair, mostly confined to the neck feathers, and with good feeding, combined with exercise, the birds should be laying again in a month or six weeks. Here again the necessity for a care in the diet and the value of a good run is obvious, to say nothing of the full observance of cleanliness.

LIVER DISORDERS.

Watch cases of diarrhoea carefully. These are frequently caused from lack of grit and the liver not acting properly through lack of this article. In violent cases the birds lose condition rapidly on account of it not being noticed. In any case it is wise to give a teaspoonful and a-half of olive oil to a hen, two teaspoonfuls to a cock, and proportionate quantities to chicks. Irregular feeding, shortage of water, and drinking dirty water when they become thirsty are frequent causes. In severe cases give a heaped-up teaspoonful of powdered chalk and half pint of ground ginger, adding later a teaspoonful of rump powder. Dry rice and minced meat mixed, or boiled rice sprinkled with chalk, or two to six drops of chlorodyne are among other useful remedies.

ASSURING GOOD TABLE BIRDS.

The best table birds are generally produced by crossing dissimilar and suitable breeds, as such crossing not only imparts stamina to the progeny, but ensures the production of birds whose bodies carry a more even distribution of edible flesh and the minimum of offal. Most people fancy table birds with white shanks and flesh, so that in the production of desirable chickens at least one sex forming the breeding-pen should possess such qualities. Indian Game is used in the production of some of the finest table birds, but on account of its shanks and skin being yellow it is crossed with birds possessing white shanks and flesh. Obviously what is required is a chicken of quick growth which means a chicken fine in bone and one that can be relegated to the fattening coop at an early age, which naturally means a quick return for the breeder.

SOME INTERESTING EXPERIMENTS.

Some curious results in experiments on poultry are disclosed by Professor R. C. Punnett, M.A., F.R.S., of the Department of Genetics, Cambridge University, in his report to the Development Commission. In poultry, for example, a cross was started between a gold-pencilled Hamburg cock and a silver Sebright bantam hen. Many breeders would have expected the result to be the production of a strain of intermediate size, but all sizes resulted. The cross was also designed to test the inherit-

ance of "silver" as opposed to "gold." It was found that the silver cock transmits the silver factor both to his sons and his daughters; the silver hen transmits silver to her sons, gold to her daughters. When a silver hen is mated with a gold cock all her sons are silver and all her daughters gold. No exception to this rule has been met with.

SEX-LINKED INHERITANCE.

The egg supply of the country would be greatly increased if the breeder would recognise and make use of the peculiar nature of sex-linked inheritance as shown by gold and silver, and certain other characters, says the professor. The problem of the inheritance of size was also attacked through the rabbit, by noting the effects following a cross between a large and a small variety. So far the results are in marked contrast with those obtained in poultry. Further experiments are in progress; it is said.

THE PRICES OF EGGS.

Many people seem quite unable to understand the rates governing the sale of eggs. Consequently the Ministry of Agriculture has issued the following explanation of recent Orders, which may prove helpful alike to buyers and sellers. In terms of an Order issued at the end of October by the Food Controller, the Egg Prices Order of 1919 has been amended. The general licence dated March 20, 1920, is revoked, and the following schedule of maximum prices has been substituted:—

Table with 4 columns: Description, Retail, Per doz., Per doz. s. d. e. d.

DEFINITION OF TERMS.

In order to make the terms of the foregoing classification perfectly clear, the following precise definitions will be found useful for reference. The expression "eggs" includes eggs of any bird except plovers and gulls. "Fresh eggs" means eggs for use in the United Kingdom each weighing 1½oz. or more, and not having been preserved either by pickling or by being held in cold store or otherwise. "Imported fresh eggs" means eggs (other than those imported from China) imported into the United Kingdom. Each of these must weigh 1½oz. or more, and must not have been subject to the preserving processes already specified. "Preserved eggs" signifies eggs other than those from China and each weighing 1½oz. or more, preserved either by pickling or by cold storage or other method. "Chinese eggs" means eggs imported from China, the weight of these to be 1½oz. each or above. The term "small eggs" will refer to all eggs less than 1½oz. "Sale by retail" means any sale other than that made to a person who buys for the purpose of re-sale.