A FELON'S LOVE.

BY HENRY W. NESFIELD.

CHAPTER V.

The sun had barely risen when the smoke from the fires showed that Redmuir had once more awakened to the labor of another day. The delicious scent of the wood-fires as the flames roared in the fresh morning air proclaimed that breakfast was being made to be served out preparatory to the two hours' work that had to be got through before breakfast-time.

Men stumbled out of their huts, towel and soap in hand, and straggled down to the creek to wash the "cobwebs" out of their sleepy eyes.

"Morrin', Doctor!" cried one as he passed the kitchen door.

"Good hand at plumbing, Doctor?" inquired another. "Well, see what you've made of us Sunday mare. Nor-of-'er-of-kind, mind. How have?" And so on, and so forth, being some regal, good-natured greeting for the "new chum."

Thomas Baynes, the cook, was a smart, happy-go-lucky fellow, about the average height for him, and he wrung about his work with a rapidity and little that stood a good chance of being done. In appearance he was dark, inclined to shortness for his height, and, taken altogether, in his position in the camp, his cookship, he was not a bad-looking fellow. He would make a mark, have a say, and, in many of the men's minds, he was the "chap that could do a bit of a fight if the occasion happened to come in the way."

The boy in charge of the kitchen generally stopped on a stool, perched himself to be as functional as he was component, and as the clock struck seven he clang the great bell out to the hut which called all hands to their meal. Up they came, rumbling and skylarking, from the shed, hungry as wolves, and eager to see what sort of a hand the "new chum" was likely to turn out.

"Blessed if these cobbies aren't tipsy," remarked a bearded sun-burnt man with his mouth full. "You keep at that young-'un and we shan't fall out. We hard as how you were a married man—what's your name? Tom? Well, all I can say is you've took the plunge pretty early. Why, you ain't got no whiskers yet. How old are you?"

"Twenty-three," replied Tom Baynes, his face flushing at being made the subject of a general scrutiny.

"Twenty-three! Well, you don't look it."

"Never mind, Tom—you'll grow old fast enough," shouted another. "You mustn't mind Hank—he's a talk—he don't mean, any what he says."

"Where's the missis?" inquired the man who replied to the name of Dick.

"She is tired," replied Baynes. "She is never strong at the best of times."

"That's bad news. We was in hopes of having a few quadrille-parties and sich like when we heard a lady was coming up to Redmuir. However, you give her my very kind respects and tell her as we'll call in some time this afternoon and drop a card," continued the man, who had a high opinion of his own wittiness.

Thus, with some coarse jests and half the meal passed off, and as the men strolled back to the shed the general opinion seemed to be that the youngster knew what he was about, and was a better cook than the dirty old fellow who had preceded him. Soon after they had departed, and while Hopkins was engaged in washing up the plates and pannikins Mr. Hall looked into the kitchen.

"Getting on all right, Tom?" he inquired cheerily. "That's a good job Reardsley has got man to do a thing sometimes, for they mean it harm, you'll soon get used to them. You think you'll manage the work, eh? There are a good number of mouths to feed."

"I am not afraid of the work, sir," replied Baynes, "and think I shall not be on bad terms with the men. They all seem good-tempered enough."

As he spoke Mr. Hall fancied he detected a curiously sad tone in the man's voice, and he thought what a soft, gentle voice it was compared with the rough tones of the ordinary bush hand.

"Your wife—is she pretty well this morning after her long journey?" he asked, scrutinizing him rather sharply.

"Yes, sir, thank you," replied Tom, stooping down, as he observed, to pick up a cloth he had dropped.

"Mrs. Hall will look in and see her," continued the master of Redmuir, "some time in the course of the morning."

"Thank you, sir," answered Baynes; "but I would much rather that is, she would rather not—she is in such a very nervous state, and her eyes trouble her so much, that if Mrs. Hall would excuse her, perhaps she may grow stronger with rest and care, and then—"

"Oh, very well!" said Mr. Hall, turning upon his heel. "When she is feeling better will do as well, only my wife thought she might help her a little with some needlework and such things; but if her eyes are so bad—"

"They are not so bad as all that," Baynes remarked hurriedly—"only sometimes. I am sure she will be happy to undertake any needlework Mrs. Hall wants doing. She is not quick, but she is very clever with her needle. If I might go up to the house and fetch the things she will set to work at once."

"Time enough for that when she is well enough to see Mrs. Hall," returned the squatter. "Women like to chat together over that sort of business. I always find."

"There is something very odd about that young chap, with his soft voice and his shy manner," Mr. Hall thought as he walked on to the shed. "His wife suffers from bad eyes, too, yet she can do needlework—has a nervous complaint, and evidently is not anxious to be invited. I wonder what—Pshaw—it's only my fancy, I suppose!"

A few weeks passed by, and shearing was a thing of the past. The station hands had settled down into their ordinary routine of work, and the extra men, who had been employed during the busy season had passed on to find similar jobs elsewhere.

"It is very strange," remarked Mr. Hall one day to his wife, "that one never sees Mrs. Baynes. What can really be the matter with her? He tells me she has been ailing ever since she left Sydney."

"That is odd," replied his wife, "for if her eyesight is so bad, how in the world does she manage to hem those fine handkerchiefs so neatly? I never saw better work in my life."

"Well, that is curious," interposed Mr. Hall. "And shunning herself up so very persistently in Baynes' hut makes to end of gossip on the station. A fellow asked me yesterday when I was over at Bombora whether it was true that we had a maniac shut up here. It is such of that sort is the talk of a place fifty miles away, we shall soon be getting a fine name for curious behavior at Redmuir."

"Oh, as for gossip, you'll find that everywhere," remarked his father. "And, after all, Tom Baynes is the smartest cook I've had for many a day, and a pleasant enough fellow, too, now he's got over that shy sort of manner which he had when he first came up."

"Perhaps he is jealous of the other men, father," suggested Mary slyly, "and does not like them to look at her."

"That's possible," replied Mr. Hall. "I remember a man on board ship once who kept his wife locked up in her cabin for three months, and carried all her meals in to her himself."

"What a brute!" cried Mary. "Do you mean to say he never let her out at all?"

"Only at night-time in fine weather, and then he marched her up and down the deck for only an hour or two. Even on these nocturnal occasions she was so thickly veiled that nobody could get a glimpse of her features."

"Perhaps she was a 'pig-faced lady' that he had married for her dollars," said Jack; "or she might have committed some crime, and he was helping her to escape. A murder perhaps—Good gracious, Baynes! how you made me jump!"

CHAPTER VI.

As Jack Hall was speaking, Tom Baynes happened to be passing the open door with an armful of plates and dishes, and these he suddenly let fall with a crash upon the ground.

"Dear me!" cried Mrs. Hall, "how dreadfully careless of you, Tom! How are we to replace them? What could you have been thinking about?"

"I am so very sorry, ma'am," he replied. "I must have stepped on something—I really don't know how," and he leaned up against the verandah-post, looking as though but for that support he would have fallen down.

"Why, there, don't look so scared, man!" said Mr. Hall good-humoredly. "Pick up the pieces, why, the lad looks quite frightened. There are worse accidents than that at sea—ay, and on shore, too, for the matter of that."

Baynes did as he was told, but he had turned white to the very lips. As he walked away with the broken crockery in his cook's apron, he repeated to himself—

"Ay, and on shore, too, for the matter of that."

After a few months Mrs. Baynes' retirement ceased to excite much curiosity. She was an idiot, she was too ugly to face the daylight, she was anything that could possibly be suggested whenever her name was mentioned; but Baynes was voted by all hands to be an obliging fellow and a capital cook, so the men soon ceased to worry him about his wife.

One day Baynes asked permission to be allowed to repair and occupy an old but which stood in a bit of neglected garden upon the hillside some two hundred yards or more from the men's quarters. Mr. Hall told him he might do as he pleased, so, with the assistance of one of the men, he took possession of the place, and very soon managed to make it snug and comfortable.

Thither he removed his few goods and chattels, including Mrs. Baynes; but at what hour he made the exodus was never known, for the first intimation the station had of his having left his old quarters was the smoke issuing from the chimney of the renovated hut early the next morning.

Mrs. Hall had, by her husband's advice, ceased to offer to call upon Mrs. Baynes.

"The woman is queer, or a great invalid," he remarked. "Her husband suits me well enough, and she does your needlework. Why worry about her? 'Leave well alone' is my advice."

Mrs. Hall found it extremely convenient to have a woman upon the station, even if she did choose to remain invisible. As Tom Baynes had at first stated, his wife was not quick at her work, but was a wonderfully skilful needlewoman, and she saved Mrs. Hall many a weary hour's darning.

One evening in the middle of April, some five months after Tom Baynes' arrival, he was sitting in the kitchen with some of the men, when a swagman carrying a bundle slung on a stick walked up to the door and asked for a night's lodging.

"Looking for a job, mate?" asked one of the men, as he glanced up from his game of euchre.

"Yes."

"What lay are you on?"—"Knocks about hand."

"New chum?"

"Aye; not a very old one, anyhow, governor."

"How long have you been out?"

"Only a few months; but I'll answer your questions better after I've got outside a square feed and a pint of tea. I'll be bound, I've come goodish step today."

"Here you are, mate!" interrupted Tom Baynes, placing a plentiful supply of bread and meat in front of him. "Sit down and tackle that, and never mind their jaw."

The men laughed and went on with their game, until the stranger, having satisfied his hunger and lighted a pipe, seemed more inclined for being sociable through his pipes.

"Your chance of a job here?" he presently inquired of the company in general.

"Yes, I should think there ought," he answered one. "You had better go up to the house and see the boss in the morning. He is pretty short-handed since German Charlie and Bill Jack went off to Sullivan's to blow their cheques."

Baynes was sitting on a bench on one side of the hearth, resting his chin on his hands, and looking moodily into the flickering log-fire.

"Where have I seen your face before?" asked the stranger suddenly. "Somewhere, I'll swear."

"I don't remember ever having seen you," replied Baynes, scrutinizing the other's features; "indeed I am sure I never have. What may your name be?"

"Mine's Bob Luke. What's yours?"

"Luke!" echoed the cook, with a start.

"Yes, Luke. Anything wrong with it? You seem to know the name somehow—perhaps you know something against it?"

"No," said Baynes. "I never knew any of them by that name. It was somewhere else I heard it."

"What a brute!" cried Mary. "Do you mean to say he never let her out at all?"

"Only at night-time in fine weather, and then he marched her up and down the deck for only an hour or two. Even on these nocturnal occasions she was so thickly veiled that nobody could get a glimpse of her features."

"Perhaps she was a 'pig-faced lady' that he had married for her dollars," said Jack; "or she might have committed some crime, and he was helping her to escape. A murder perhaps—Good gracious, Baynes! how you made me jump!"

(To be Continued.)

CONSUELO'S GUESTS.

Taking the Kneipp Cure Every Morning at Beautiful Blenheim.

Consuelo, duchess of Marlborough, inherited from her mother, Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, the talent of an expert entertainer. Progressive and charming, clever and rich, she is constantly devising new ways to amuse her guests and succeeds far beyond most other hostesses in England. For a month back she and her husband have been amusing themselves and their friends with what they call recuperation parties. Blenheim, one of the finest old country seats in England, is at its loveliest in the early fall, and just now is crowded with guests, mostly young people resting after their dissipations of summer and building up against the ravages of a winter society campaign yet to come. The Kneipp cure has many devotees among Consuelo's guests, and every morning they may be seen walking barefooted on a dewy lawn as large as a city square. Somewhere near 100 people are staying at Blenheim, and over half that number are taking the Kneipp cure, believing that dew upon the feet in the morning acts as a nerve tonic, freshening up the entire system for all day. The time for the dew cure is between 5 and 6 in the morning, for after that the sun has absorbed the dew. The walk is taken before breakfast, with only a glass of milk in the stomach. The bath follows, then comes breakfast, and after breakfast the Kneipp girls play tennis. It takes only a few days of this treatment to bring back bright eyes and roses, but whether improved condition is due to the Kneipp cure or to the regular life and early hours which the young duchess imposes upon her guests may well be regarded as an open question.

"Oh, you needn't talk," said the indignant wife. "What would you be today if it weren't for my money, I'd like to know?" "I really don't know, my dear," calmly replied the heartless wretch, "but I'm inclined to think I would be a bachelor."

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

SOME GOOD JOKES, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

A Variety of Jokes—Jibes and Ironics Original and Selected—Flotsam and Jetsam from the Tide of Humor—Witty Sayings.

The Song That Reached His Heart.

She warbled "Home Sweet Home" to him,
With all her girlish art;
She trilled "Sweet Annie Laurie," but
She failed to reach his heart.

At last despairing, he began
On "Yankee Doodle," when
He crooked his heels together and
She won him there and then.

The Landsman's Wish.

I like to be a sailor
And sail the salty sea,
Or be a mighty cruiser—
Oh, that's the life for me!

I like to be a sailor,
A tar with grit and brawn—
But I like to when there wasn't
Any fighting going on.

—Chicago News.

Her Answer.

"You were a long time in the favor of the conservatory with Mr. Wing last evening," suggested the mother. "What was going on?"

"Do you remember the occasion on which you became engaged to papa?" inquired the daughter by way of reply.

"Of course I do."

"Then it ought not to be necessary for you to ask any questions."

"Thus gently the news was broken that they were to have a son-in-law."—Chicago Post.

Slightly Cruel.

Fellman and his girl were out on a bear hunting. As she piloted him to a vine-bordered laneway into a secluded spot, he remarked: "I always get bewildered in these pathless woods, don't you know. It was only yesterday that I was somewhere in this neighborhood, and I completely lost my head."

Stooping to pick a mammoth puffball, she roguishly inquired: "Is this it?"—Cleveland Leader.

He Was Convinced.

Mrs. Hayricks—It says here in the paper, Silas, that this war has served to bring the people of our country closer together. Do you think there's any truth in it?

Mr. Hayricks—Yes. When I looked into the parlor last night, Lieut. Stripling and our Annie was settin' a good deal closer together than I have ever seen them afore he went away.—Chicago Post.

Requisite to Independence.

Jester—I see that Meekman has recently come into possession of a hundred thousand dollars.

Quester—Yes, and I'm glad of it, too. It will make him independent.

Jester—Not exactly; there is just one more prerequisite to that condition.

Quester—What is that?

Jester—A divorce.—Cleveland Leader.

Guilty.

"Someone has painted a statue in the grounds crimson," said the college president. "Do you know who did it?"

"Well, I guess I might as well confess," said the ringleader, "since I was caught redhanded."—New York Vim.

Only a Dude.

Fanny Foodlights—I never go out to supper with men after the show.

Willy Wilt—Then you won't go with me?

Fanny Foodlights—Why, certainly I will. Willy!—Up-to-Date.

He Got There.

His Wife—Now you won't forget any of those things I asked you to bring home?

The Suburban (doubtfully)—I hope not. Suppose you have me sealed orders, not to be opened till I reach New York.—Brooklyn Life.

Better Than Having Them Stolen.

First Actress—Yes, Miss Starr attempted suicide by charging a musket with her diamonds and firing them thro' her body.

Second Actress—What a glorious advertisement!—Jewelers' Weekly.

European Forests.

North British Agriculturist, in an article on English and Continental forests, says:

However much individual opinions may differ as to the quality of the timber grown in this country, or as to the methods of management under which it is produced, that the country has got to face is the fact that, excluding minor forests, we produce, its timber bill amounts to something like £16,000,000 per annum, £20,000,000 or so of which goes to the Baltic ports for common spruce and Scots-fir, chiefly for constructive purposes. Of the remainder, about £5,000,000 finds its way to the North American ports, chiefly for pines, most of which cannot be grown here, and about £2,000,000 to Asia and Australia for teak and Eucalypti, the latter principally for street-paving.

To a continental sylviculturist, who has not had an opportunity of seeing what the resources of the country really are in respect to timber-growing, it might appear, from an examination of the agricultural returns, that Britain was very ill adapted for the purpose. When our woodland area of something like 3,000,000 acres is compared with those of some of the principal timber-producing countries of Europe, it becomes dwarfed almost into insignificance; and when it is taken into account that a very considerable proportion of this area consists of land occupied by ornamental and other plantations of various kinds for amenity, which would not be classed as timber land according to continental ideas and of large tracts which practically carry no crop of any kind, as in some parts of the New Forest in Hampshire, the area actually under what might be brought under the head of timber land proper is a very small one indeed. The whole woodland area amounts to less than one-twenty-fifth of that of the whole country (including land and water), and of this little more than one-thirtieth is owned by the state. When we turn to some of the principal timber-producing countries of the continent, we are confounded with a very different state of affairs. Russia proper has over one-third of its whole area under timber, fully one-half of which is owned by the state; Sweden has about one-half, of which one-third is owned by the state; Norway about one-fourth, of which one-eighth is owned by the state; Germany fully one-fourth, of which one-third, is owned by the state, and a considerable portion by communes; Austria about one-third, of which one-tenth is owned by the state, and France about one-fifth, of which one-tenth is owned by the State. Looking more particularly at the German area, which is undubitedly the most skilfully managed of all, we find that, from the 24 million acres of land under timber, there is an annual out-turn of timber amounting to the value of from £20,000,000 to £22,500,000, without in any way encroaching on the capital or growing stock, while the expenses of management amount to a little over £4,000,000. But what is of as great importance as the fact that employment is afforded to nearly 600,000 people, representing, it is estimated, something like 3,000,000 of the population.

Lime Water as a Disinfectant.

The value of lime water as a purifier, a disinfectant and a germicide is not generally known, says R. Crowe, assistant dairy expert in Victoria, Australia. Its adaptability for use in dairying places is far ahead of other things on that line. The chief points of advantage are in, cheapness, ease of application, efficiency and harmlessness; for it is not poisonous, as many disinfectants are. No remedy is known that will permanently sweeten a badly contaminated churn which should be destroyed. To prevent a churn from going off, it should be filled periodically, say once a week, right up to the top with lime water and let it stand over night. This water may be used again to wash walls, floors, etc.

To make lime water put in a quantity of slacked lime in a tank or barrel. Fill up with water, then stir well. After settling the water will be clear, with a scum (carbonate of lime) on the surface. Use the clear water without disturbing the lime in the bottom. When emptied fill up again with water and stir, then leave to settle and so on. The quantity of lime may serve for many fillings of the vessel with water. As long as the carbonate of lime appears on the surface after settling it may be considered of sufficient strength. Every factory should have a tank in a high position with taps laid on to places required. Lime water should be used by all milk suppliers to rinse buckets and milk cans after cleaning. The cause of milk turning sour in cans quickly is often on account of the bacterial starter left in the vessels used. A simple experiment will demonstrate this to be true. Rinse one can, after cleaning, with lime water, and after leaving the cover on for some time compare with another which has not been rinsed with lime water, leaving the cover on this also. Again, if we take two cans, one cleaned in the former way and one in the latter, it will be found that milk will keep much better in the one treated with lime than in the other.

Wheat and Oats.—Wheat and oats are the best two whole grains, barley and corn next, then buckwheat, and rye the poorest. This is according to experience, and not according to analyses, though that places them not far from that order. It is a mistake to feed too much corn, and it is just as bad, almost, not to feed enough of it. I believe in making corn or corn products about twenty-five per cent of the entire weekly ration in winter—in hot weather use less.—Ex.

See that the eggs are clean before being sent to market.

Soldiers

From the War

Bring the germs of malaria, fevers and other diseases, which may prove contagious in their own families. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a special boon to soldiers, because it eradicates all disease germs, builds up the debilitated system and brings back health. Every returned soldier and every friend and relative of soldiers should take

Hood's Sarsaparilla

America's Greatest Medicine. $1; six for $5.

Hood's Pills cure sick headache. 25 cents.

Unfortunate Cretans.

Even in ancient times to be born a Crete meant a life of misery and hardship. They were then as abject a race as they are now. Epimenides, as quotoid by St. Paul, said: "The Cretans are always liars and evil beasts." In the present to this day to say that a man is a Crete is by no means a compliment. The island is inhabited by people who speak the Greek language and hold the Greek faith. They have inherited the beauty and, to a certain extent, the heroism of their immortal ancestors. They are acute, genial and comely in their manners; the humblest barefoot peasant girl holding her distaff under her arm and spinning by the roadside, exactly as described by Homer, has a profile as perfect, a form as graceful and an address as courteous as though she were some princess in disguise.

The Amateur.

Mrs. Unsoft—"They say that the Minneapolis can steam twenty-four knots in an hour." Mr. Unsoft—"That's what she can do." Mrs. Unsoft—"I suppose they steam them so that the poor sailors can untie them more easily."—Brooklyn Life.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Many Times Nothing—Sometimes a Fund of Knowledge.

It's a good old saying, and a true one too, "Know all men by their works." The public have been imposed upon so many times by unscrupulous claims made for selfish means of profit, they look for something more substantial; they ask for deeds. The little conqueror has earned the reputation made in Michigan and no imposter can steal it. From north to south, from east to west, in every city, town and hamlet in the state, people stand ready to testify to merit. Gratitude for comfort brought to thousands of homes brings emphatic rejoicings and words of praise the like of which has not been equalled in modern times. Is it a wonder the name Doan's is a familiar one in every household? Is it surprising the public appreciate Doan's Kidney Pills and will not be led astray by the ingenious efforts of would-be competitors? A Detroit citizen tells here why the name of Doan is dear to him: Mr. R. N. Elliott, of 143 High street, Detroit, says:

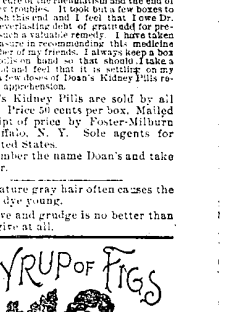
My knowledge of Doan's Kidney Pills dates back a few years now. I was then living in the town where Dr. Doan was located. I was tortured with kidney troubles and inflammatory rheumatism. The doctor prescribed the pills for me which have since become so justly famous. They quickly expelled the rheumatic poison from my system and with its departure came the cure of the rheumatism and the end of the kidney troubles. It took but a few boxes to accomplish this end and I feel that I owe Dr. Doan an everlasting debt of gratitude for prescribing such a valuable remedy. I have taken great pleasure in recommending this medicine to a number of my friends. I always keep a box of these pills on hand so that should I take a severe cold and feel that it is settling on my kidneys a few doses of Doan's Kidney Pills relieves all apprehension.

Doan's Kidney Pills are sold by all dealers. Price 50 cents per box. Mailed on receipt of price by Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name Doan's and take no other.

Premature gray hair often causes the good to dye young.

To give and grudge is no better than not to give at all.



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is due not only to the originality and simplicity of the combination, but also to the care and skill with which it is manufactured by scientific processes known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only, and we wish to impress upon all the importance of purchasing the true and original remedy. As the genuine Syrup of Figs is manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only, a knowledge of that fact will assist one in avoiding the worthless imitations manufactured by other parties. The high standing of the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. with the medical profession, and the satisfaction which the genuine Syrup of Figs has given to millions of families, makes the name of the Company a guaranty of the excellence of its remedy. It is far in advance of all other laxatives, as it acts on the kidneys, liver and bowels without irritating or weakening them, and it does not gripe nor nauseate. In order to get its beneficial effects, please remember the name of the Company—

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CURES in 1 to 5 days. Guaranteed not to stricture. Prevents contagion. THE EVANS CHEMICAL CO. CINCINNATI, O. U. S. A.

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