

# Love Kept Its Faith;

Or, The Girl With the Nut Brown Hair and Dreamy Eyes.

## CHAPTER I.

Night—a weird, fantastic night, one of tempestuous passion and beneficent calm; a night of Nature's contrasts. Now in wrathful haste the snell nor'wester sped across the grey hills of Galloway land and over the creamy crests of the surging Solway, and upon the winter wearied land the cloud galleons spattered their noisy fustillade of hail; now, responding to another mood, the wind ceased its ravings, the overhead packs melted away, and the moon of blustering, wayward March radiantly smiled upon the scene, her beams trailing to the shore along an avenue of liquid glory and dropping in silvery showers over hill and dale.

During one of these peaceful interludes a man emerged from the shelter of the square, squatly-framed tower, which crowns the How, monarch of Allerdale's long low line of grass-clad cliffs, and with steady, purposeful steps resumed the walk which the squall had interrupted. On reaching the point whence the hill dips down to meet its less ambitious brother, he paused, and, turning his back upon the lights of the town twinkling brightly in the hollow, he fixed his gaze upon the sea and greedily scanned its surface. A few minutes thus, and then he retraced his steps, and at the southern brink where the cliff sweeps dizzily to the bouldered beach, he renewed his scrutiny.

Under the cold, clear light of the moon the man etched against the night was revealed as one upon whom many years had laid their hands. Around the shoulders, slightly bent, an Inverness cape hung in fluttering folds, and upon the head a wide-awake hat was closely pressed, but not so closely as to capture all the frosted locks, and the breeze toyed merrily with sundry silken wisps, fragments of the glory crown set like a halo around the brows. It was a good face that looked out from under the kat's broad brim, blue-grey eyes, in which, behind the anxiety at present dwelling therein, it were easy to discern the presence of a soulful companion, the gentle tenderness of the man in whom the ego always ranks last; a mouth firmly set, yet rounding away at the corners in benevolent curves, cheeks seamed with furrows deeply graven, the graving being of the years and not of conduct ill-conceived; in brief, the face of a man who had lived a wholesome life, one whose feet had ever been upon the heights.

Such was Jacob Graham, the owner of ships, of ships that now rocked softly in the hill-screened harbor at the tail of the cliffs, of ships that tossed in frantic fear upon the riven, roaring waters, reaching from the drift-battered boulders down there upon the beach into the void of the ocean night.

From end to end of the eminence the old man plodded to and fro, to and fro, his gaze ever bent upon the sea, and an hour went by. Then muttering something about "home," he turned into a new course, but instead of striking along the path that takes you down into the town, he sought the lee side of the tower, glanced cautiously around to make sure that no other eyes pryed upon his action, removed his hat, sank upon his knees, and over his clasped hands reverently bent his head. And there, with the storm winds blustering around him, and the myriad voices of the sea booming in his ears, the shipowner poured out his soul in a petition for the safety of the sailors who sailed his ships.

"Thou'd have heard me just as well in my own room, Lord," he said, "but when Thy winds are loosed and Thy waters tossing in all their mighty strength, I like to get up here, a bit nearer to Thee and a bit nearer to them poor lads o' mine.

"Lord, do Thou take the tiller of every ship that's out yonder and steer it straight. The winds are Thine—dinna let them have their own way too far; the waters are Thine just to do whatever Thou carest with—keep them well in hand and help our sailors through all the perils of the night.

"There's women down yonder in the town at'll never close their eyes; through all the hours of

darkness they'll be listenin', listenin', listenin' till the yammering of the wind, an' their hearts'll be away out yonder with the storm-tossed ships—dinna let loss be their portion as well as fear, may joy come back to them with the day-break, to them an' the bit bairns that need their daddies just as we all need the love of our own Great Father—Thyself.

"Lord, hear the petition of an old man that's nearly done with storms and tempests, an' bring our lads back to port."

Utterly engrossed in his prayer, the shipowner failed to notice ere its end that he was no longer alone, that two other men had mounted the hill and might have hailed him had their inclination led that way. Each was attired in the distinctive garb of the coastguard service, and they were evidently out upon patrol duty. Screened as he was by the shadow of the tower, the old man might have escaped their notice had not the strenuous tones of his voice betrayed him, and even then the attitude of the newcomers as their eyes discovered him, had no suggestion of surprise in it, nothing but curiosity and a certain element of reverential awe.

Then, as the impassioned pleading fell upon their ears, the elder man glanced apprehensively at his comrade, and from him to the kneeling figure, and back again, and finally his back stiffened and he brought his hand to the salute.

Startled by the action, the younger coastguardman looked at his colleague in amazement, and then, when its full significance had dawned upon him, his arm also jerked upwards, his palm straightened out upon his brow, and side by side, for a few seconds, the blue-coated guardians of the coast remained posed, in dumb fashion, doing honor to Jacob Graham and Jacob Graham's prayer.

"Whattiver med thoo do that, Jim Fleming?" the younger man asked when they had passed out of earshot—they had tiptoed from the spot.

There was a long pause, and when Fleming at length replied his voice seemed to have lost something of its habitual harshness.

"I oalus do it, Tom," he said, "oalus. Theers nut seah many men that I'd touch me cap to, I could count 'em on me fingers, bit their's nowt I wouldn't do to show my respect for Jacob Graham.

"You know, lad, I've found Jacob on his knees in a heap o' gales, an' ivvery time it's been alike, theers been summat that wouldn't let me pass till I'd cum till t' salute. I feel just t' same wi' little childer; I'd like to touch till ivvery yan I meet. It mun be because they're honest.

"Mind, it's nut Jacob's prayer alone that mak's me do it. Prayer's a thing I reckon nowt on by itself. Theers hafe a dozen shipowners doon in'toon yonder that'll pray like angels, an' all the time their ships are t' nastiest, cheapest, rottenest hulks on t' sea—they deserve nowt but hangin' for riskin' men's lives in them. Prayer—fra sec as them—fash! Bit wi' Jacob it's different. His ships are t' tightest craft afloat, theers nut a mair contented set o' men on't watter than them that's sailin' Jacob's boats, an' ivvery voyage they ken that if they shouldn't cum back, their babbies'll nut hev to cry for bread. It's on top o' that that Jacob prays.

"Bless you, lad, Jacob's face has more Gospel in it than t' finest sermon ivver med up. You gang about your day's wark an' you git a skelp here, an' a clout there, an' you find yoursel' tricked ower yonder, an' you gang your ways heame at neet feelin' that you'd nut give a brass fardin' for aw't' religion, an' churches an' prayer meetin's bundled togidder, an' then suddenly you run slap again Jacob Graham an' you see the soul of the man in his smile an' shining oot of ivvery furrow in his bonny white crooned face, an' you remember hoo he spends his life, an' bang, aw the doot an' misgivin' drops out o' ye like mud oot of a hopper. And noo you ken why ah saluted Jacob Graham on his knees by t' tower to neet."

Tom Bell nodded his head, and the men, who had by this time descended to the shore level, made

the round of Curren Bay in contemplative silence.

## CHAPTER II.

Puff—puff—puff!  
Luxuriant clouds of fragrant smoke blown from nine churchwardens billowed through the room.

Puff—puff—puff!  
Nine pairs of eyes roamed distressfully from the grate, where the coals flashed and sizzled as though in serision, to the flat white ceiling, whereon the shadows played their merry games, and back to the grate again.

Puff—puff—puff!  
Even Jacob Graham, who had passed through the ordeal at least four times in his long life, began to have his doubts, and into the heart of wee David, stretched upon the rug at the feet of Cap'n Dan, there crept the terrible suggestion that the task was going to prove too much, and that the new ship would have to be launched unchristened and sail the seas a nameless vagabond. In that case he wondered whether she would be reduced to the indignity of a number, like a mere fishing smack or pilot boat.

Another critical look at Cap'n Dan, however, helped to reassure him. The squat, little man, with the clean-shaven, bulging cheeks and eyes, round as clam shells and almost as big as the biggest, manifested a certain measure of perplexity, but showed no fear of defeat, and David, his confidence restored, again nestled down upon the rug. The ship would have a name, in spite of all difficulties.

"Now," piped the Captain, as he helped himself to a new charge of Virginia from the golden elephant and a spill from the Benares vase, "we'd better heave all the useless truck overboard and have a clear deck. First of all, has the ship to have a Bible name like all the rest of the Graham boats, or—"

"No, no, Dan," Jacob interposed: "every ship I've got carries a prophet for a figurehead, and they're not all used up, the Bible's got enough left to furnish me with another one. A Bible name by all means—the only question is which one?"

"Then, then, that's all right," Cap'n Dan resumed. "Now we're getting our bearings, but before we head for port let's understand this—is it quite settled that we've to stick till t' oald dispensation? I've got an idea myself that them there prophets have had things pretty much their own way, an' I'm thinking it's about time that t' apostles had a look in. What dy'e say, Jacob; how'd Mark do, eh?—he's a chap I've oalus had a bit of a liking for, because, not that I know much about it, but he's oalus struck me as being a nice modest sort of chap. You never hear half so much about Mark as about the rest of his watch, an' if that desn't show that he kept himself well in't background and never tried to get his name in't papers well dash my deadlights what does?"

"Mark be blowed, begging the gentleman's pardon, and yours as well, Cap'n Dan," a beetle browed son of the sea, Sam Hodgson by name, ferociously exclaimed. "I'm t' same with names as with meat other things—I like plenty for my brass, an' Mark hasn't enough about it. Noo theers these two," indicating the Bible, which lay open in his palm at the order of the books, "these two Thessalonians number one and number two, if their characters are o' reet, ye couldn't do better than tak' yan of them, they've a nice comfortable sound, and they'd mak' a grand show on a name-board."

Jacob Graham's eyes twinkled brightly whilst Cap'n Dan's expanded so enormously that David feared they would leap from his head, but this was the only manifestation of mirth that Sam Hodgson's suggestion evoked, for these sea dogs were gentlemen, and gentlemen may laugh with a man but never at him.

"Thank you kindly, Sam, for your suggestion," Jacob Graham remarked after a moment's thoughtful pause; "we'll keep it in mind. As for calling t' new ship after one of the apostles, it's a point on which I've always felt myself in a bit of a quandary, for I don't rightly know whether they'd like it. You see, when you fix on one of the prophets no one can make a mistake, it's as plain as a pikestaff who you mean; but when you come to the apostles it's different. Just plain Matthew, Mark, Luke, or John has no special application, any of them might stand for half a hundred tinpots unless you stick the Saint on, and that's a thing I can never fetch myself to. You see, they've never been consulted about this saint business. It's all very well to make a man into a lord while he's alive, but to clap a title on him after he's dead is a bit risky, especially if he's got any

# About the Farm

## THE HORSE TRADE.

The present aspect and outlook for demand and prices of horse stock, while not so bright as a couple of years ago, cannot be regarded as by any means discouraging to breeders or to those likely to have that class of stock for sale in the near future. Old and unsound horses are constantly passing off the scene, and acute ills to which horseflesh is liable annually carry off the usual quota, making room for the young stock coming forward to fill the depleted ranks. On the other hand, the opening up for settlement of new lands in many sections of the Dominion, and the construction of new railways and other public works, will constantly call for fresh supplies of horse power, while there is also a more or less steady home and export demand for horses of various classes, some for army purposes, some for high-class saddle and carriage use, and others for heavy-draft and general purposes. While farmers and others having a fancy for the lighter classes, and being fairly good judges of such types, and acquainted with the requirements of the market for such, may do well to devote their attention to the breeding of that class for first-class specimens of which highly-remunerative prices are generally available, farmers, as a rule, are on safer ground in breeding and raising the heavier classes of work horses, for which there is a more extensive and steady demand, and which may be raised and trained for their work with less expense, and are less likely to be depreciated in value or usefulness for their work by slight blemishes or partial unsoundness. The heavy-draft class can, also, as a rule, with judicious handling, be put to work at an earlier age than the lighter sorts, and the mares put to breeding younger, and may do a fair share of farm work while carrying or sucking their foals, and be no worse for such usage. There is every probability that the Western Provinces will furnish a large demand for work horses next spring, while saddle horses of desirable type are, and are likely to be, eagerly sought after, the supply of the latter being notably short. Those who have horses for sale will do well to give special attention to their care and fitting for sale during the winter months, as flesh put on a work horse is generally a profitable investment when he is offered for sale, and fitting counts for much in the disposal of a saddle or carriage horse. And as hay and oats are more plentiful, and likely to be less expensive this year than last, the cost of preparing horses for sale should be comparatively less, so that those who have horses for sale, or who are disposed to speculate judiciously in such property, would appear to have a reasonably good prospect for a profitable business.

Meantime, farmers, it would appear, may safely continue to breed and raise a few colts each year, provided they produce good specimens of the classes most in demand, remembering that it costs no more to feed and raise a horse likely to sell for a high price than one less desirable, that will class as common.

## LIVE STOCK NOTES.

Have you found out which are your poorest cows? If you have not, better do it now, and if they do not pay for feed and care, don't winter them.

To avoid heaves, cold in the head and other similar troubles in your horse, feed hay from a low manger and not from an overhead rack. Feed only good timothy or bright clover, and never musty hay of any sort.

The best cow in 1850 was the biggest "thief" in the dory, ready to eat her own hay and steal the half-eaten lock from her weaker associate. The one toughed it through, and the other was skinned in April and her hide sold to buy groceries with. Now, the stable, the well-proportioned ration, the generous basket of ensilage, and the water distributed to each in the manger, make the underling cow the pride of the dairy and the profitable cow; while, by the other plan, the bully of the drove was the best cow, because she lived and the other died.

modesty about him—like Mark, for example, eh, Dan?—and that's the reason I've always fought shy of the apostles—I'm not sure they'd take kindly to being called saints down here. So, if you please, we'll stick to the prophets."

(To be Continued.)

Come now, be honest. Do you know just what your cows are doing for you? Ten chances to one that there are some robber cows in your herd and you don't know it, because you have never kept any record of their milk yield, neither have you tested their milk as to butter fat content. It is just guess work with you. What would you think of the merchant in town that was content to handle goods year in and year out without knowing whether it was at a profit or loss? And yet that is exactly what the dairy farmer is doing who does not know each individual cow and what she is doing for him. Make up your mind to begin at once to find out what each cow is doing and weed out the unprofitable animals.

## BRIDGES MADE BY GUNS

CANNON ARE NOT ONLY MADE FOR WARFARE.

Peace Sometimes Employs Engines of War to Win Victories for Her.

Safe manufacturers use artillery extensively. Many of their standard plates are tested by being subjected to cannon fire at close ranges, and where a special strong room is being constructed its material is dealt with as though intended to cover the sides of an armor-clad. One huge safe, built lately, was placed 200 feet from a six-inch naval gun, which propelled a nickel steel shell, weighing nearly one cwt., against it. In this instance, though the shell was broken up into little pieces, it was difficult, even for experts, to identify the spot where it had struck the safe.

## ARTILLERY v. EARTHQUAKES.

It is not easy to imagine what use the oil trade could have for anything in the shape of cannon, but some of the latest oil pipe lines are simply enormous rifles, many miles in length.

Through smooth bore pipes petroleum, especially in its crude condition, flows too slowly to suit the purposes of its producers, whilst to pump it is expensive. However, it has been discovered that, if the pipe is rifled after the fashion of modern artillery, and a small proportion of water added to the oil, the whole whirls along at great speed, the centrifugal motion throwing the water, which is heavier than oil, to the outside edge, so that the oil flows freely through what is, in effect, a water-lined pipe.

Probably, the most curious manner in which cannon are employed is in connection with earthquakes. Such disturbances occasionally give rise to earth fissures, of which it may be desirable to ascertain the depth; whilst it may also be necessary to get them to close again without delay.

But these gaps cannot always be approached with impunity. Artillery accordingly is fired into them, when the resulting explosion gives some idea of the dimensions of the chasm, while the shock sometimes assists in filling up the opening.

Bridges in difficult situations are not infrequently initiated by artillery. When an otherwise impassible gorge must be spanned a mortar is placed on one bank, and from it a projectile is fired, which carries a cord to the opposite side. This cord serves to draw across a thicker one, and so on, until a regular cableway is established to convey materials and workmen.

## SHOOTING FOR SULPHUR.

The great bridge over the Zambesi at Victoria Falls was begun in this way, as were also those spanning the fearful clefts of the Oroya Railway in the Andes, and the tremendous canons on the Denver and Rio Grande line in the Rocky Mountains.

Shooting for sulphur is amongst the strangest forms of mining. It is practised within the immense crater of Alaghez, Caucasia, where the product gathers in great bunches in inaccessible positions, and is brought down by being fired at. It may be added that engineers now and then find their contrivances turned into unexpected artillery. This occurred in India, where telegraph poles used to be fixed in iron sockets. These sockets have been used by hostile natives as cannon, the bolt hole at the butt sufficing as a touch hole, and the telegraph wire being cut up into a kind of shrapnel capable of causing ghastly wounds.

One of the oldest methods of utilizing artillery occurs in cases of drought. Theorists have pointed out that great artillery duels in warfare have frequently been followed by heavy rain, and it is not the first time that gun fire has been used to bring a spell of dry weather to a close, in order to save the crops.—Pearson's Weekly.