

Love Kept Its Faith;

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

CHAPTER VI.—(Cont'd).

Only half convinced, the boy hesitatingly obeyed, but in the course of days he became to accept Dan's explanation as one of his rights, and when, in the after time, the old skipper raised the question of repairs, and demonstrating why this vessel should go to the grid and that have a new set of sails, and one of the grey heads be put on the pension list, he gave his consent to the expenditure with a dignity which drove old Dan to a flourish of his handkerchief and a prodigious blast of his nose.

Only at these brief intervals, however, did the boy dwell in the kingdom of the man. Figures and freights done with the long Castle Connell would be shouldered, and together they would thread the maze of the woods until they reached the madcap river, where the silvery salmon were lurking and the white trout were on the feed in shoals, or else the sea would call, and aboard the harbor tug, they would pilot one of David's brigs towards Galloway's fearsome Mull.

Finally, this at least in the early days of Dan's guardianship, there was a visit to a spotless bedroom, where a tired boy snuggled between the whitest of white sheets, the grip of boyish arms about the old man's neck, a kiss that might have satisfied a father's heart, an exchange of benedictions. "God bless you, Davie, my laddie," "God bless you, Cap'n Dan." Then away back through the night to his lonely home, his big, round face aglow with joy, his great, kindly heart over-running with content.

Piloted only by the skipper, David might have been trusted to a safe navigation of the rock-beset seas of youth; but lest Dan should fail or David by chance get away from the course, there was Bella to watch and control; she of the rasping tongue that rarely wounded, the eyes keen for a sorrow or a sin as for a speck of dust, the hands that would never rest; Bella, who in the night time, long before Dan had sighted Ballast Brow, would tip-toe up the broad stairs, and peer round the door, so that she might have the only acceptable evidence of the boy's slumber; she who, through all the wakeful time, gave her first thought and her best to the boy, and grudged the hours claimed by the night for sleep, because they stilled her fingers and took something from him.

So the new life opened for the lad who had neither kith nor kin, the last of his line; so the hours of summer serenely sped, healing the wound, turning grief into a memory, filling up the void; and through them all Miss Manesty waited in her home, between the black-faced hill of Barf and Bassenthwaite's reedy fringe, waited until the heather was aflame on the fells, and then descended upon David's home.

The manner of the meeting was charged with certain volcanic elements, distributing, confusing. Returning from a visit to the harbor, Davie burst into the parlor with mischief in his mind, for he meant to give Bella a shock by the revelation of an ascent to the crosstrees, and scandalize her by a show of tar on hands and clothes; but instead of Bella, a stranger rose to his call a lady who had silvery hair and a deep-lined face, yet carried herself stiff and straight as a maiden of seventeen, one whose eyes, grey and deep set, were terribly searching, yet filled with a smile at sight of him. Her lips met firmly, and when she spoke they bit her words off sharp at the end, but in her voice he discovered that which showed she wished him well.

There was also a second stranger in the room, he noticed. A maiden, whose years he found before the day closed kept company with his own, one with hazel eyes and nut brown tresses, long and wild, such as the sun loves to play among.

Awkwardly, he backed towards the door, colliding violently with Cap'n Dan as he reached it.

"Avast there, my laddie!" the Captain roared, and then, "beg your pardon, ma'am—why, if it isn't—"

Bowing and bobbing merrily, as a ten-ton yawl in a gale, the little skipper crossed the floor, and shook Miss Manesty by the hand, and after that valiantly endeavored to assure her of a welcome; but the ef-

fort was not a success, and Dan was not in the least offended but on the contrary relieved when she waved him aside and called for David.

Shyly the boy advanced, holding out his hand, but instead of taking it, Miss Manesty led him by the shoulder towards the window, and there subjected him to an embarrassing scrutiny.

"Um," she remarked at length, the old strain; there's no mistaking it; your father will never be dead while you're alive."

"D'ye know me?" she continued. "Ever heard of Nanny Manesty? I thought not. I knew your father, David, and I liked him." The boy's heart went out with a bound to the quaint old lady. "I liked him because he was straight, and if you try hard enough, there's a chance that I'll like you as well. Shake hands."

David smiled and held out his hand, but in time remembered the tarry ropes.

"Tut," cried Miss Manesty, rightly divining the cause of the retraction, "never mind the dirt; that'll wash off. Dirt's all right till it gets into a man's heart. Come along, shake hands, for your dad's sake. One of these days I'm hoping I'll be able to shake with you for your own sake—that depends on yourself."

"Now then, you can go and shake hands with Margery. Oh, she's no more afraid of dirt than I am. You should see her grubbing for ground bait and shinning up the Sledmere trees. And while Bella's making tea, I'll have a talk with Cap'n Dan."

The little skipper had meanwhile been working himself up into a consideration of great excitement, the outward and visible signs of this being an incessant twirling of his cap and an expression of his cheeks to a degree which had caused Margery no small amount of concern. Now at Miss Manesty's behest he seated himself on the edge of a chair by her side, and when she suggested wonder on his part as to the cause of her visit, he twirled his cap and stammered:

"Oh, no, ma'am—no wonder at all—not a bit of it—not a bit, nothing to wonder at."

A flicker of amusement passed over Miss Manesty's face, but as she cast about for another opening and Dan proceeded to fill up the interregnum by another irritating movement of his cap, her brow wrinkled minously. She had seen much of Cap'n Dan in the yesterdays, and she realized that conversation so violently punctuated was impossible. The cap must be got rid of.

"Where's your pipe, Cap'n?"

Down went the cap upon the floor; two hands went plump into the depths of two capacious pockets, one of them flourished a respectable briar.

"That's right; now light up."

"Thank ye, Miss Manesty, thank ye, but I couldn't dream of—"

She reached a spill from the mantel-shelf, lit it at the grate, and passed it to him.

A column of pungent smoke coiled towards the ceiling.

"Now then, I'll explain why I've come here. I want to help you with the boy."

"The boy? You mean Davie?"

"Yes. I've had it in my mind to come ever since Jacob went; and if I'd thought that Bella and you weren't to be trusted, I'd have been here long ago; but I knew you both, and I guessed the laddie wouldn't want a stranger poking her fingers about his poor little sorrowing heart. If I was in trouble I'd want no comforters worrying me, and I've just been giving him time to get used to his loss. Now we'll try among us to put a bit of life into him and make him the man his father would have him be."

"For some things, the lad couldn't have been left in better hands; but I'll ask you plainly, Cap'n Dan, would you like David to be such a man as yourself when he's grown up?"

"Lord deliver him, ma'am," Dan ejaculated, bouncing to his feet, "you don't think there's any chance of that!"

"And you wouldn't like him to have very many of Bella's ways?"

"Haul up, ma'am, haul up and let's go about on another tack."

Who'd ever have dreamed there'd be such ugly breakers ahead?"

"Oh, it isn't all that bad yet. I only mean that if things go on as they've started, if he's boxed up through all his youth with just you two, there's a danger of David ending with a bit too much Cap'n Dan and a bit too much Bella Mackiterick in his make-up, and he'll be none the worse for a little variety in the mixture. So what d'ye say if I come into the partnership? Shall we make it, Cap'n Dan, for business—Bella for meat and drink and me for polish?"

"Faix, but it's a grand idea," Dan exultantly declared, all his nervousness gone now. "Between the three of us we should turn him out a full-rigged, copper sheathed craft. Why"—Dan lay back in his chair, and admiringly regarded the old lady—"why you'll teach him the manners of an admiral."

"Manners," Miss Manesty repeated reflectively, an inflection of scorn in her tone—"ay, but they must be the real thing. I've never reckoned very much on those poor thread-bare tricks of speech and behaviour on which folk who should know better set such store. They're not a bad extra for a gentleman to have by him, but it's bad when they're mistaken for the whole of a gentleman's outfit, and when a woman depends most of all on her company graces, it's pitiful beyond speech. Manners make a mighty fuss about a crease in its coat and a speck of dust on its shoes, and all the time forgets that conduct can also have its creases and faith its specks. You know, Cap'n Dan, there are scores of farm folk about the fells who could no more uncover their heads to Margery and me than they could jump over Latrigger; but when they smile and pass the weather it like a glint of sunshine stealing into your heart, and—if trouble came we wouldn't need to ask their help."

"Those are the sort of manners I'd like to teach the laddie, to lift his heart to a woman when he raises his hat, to mean the thing he says as well as say it in the proper way; to care little about what people think, but much about the thing he does, seldom to dream of seeming a gentleman but always of being a man."

Launched upon one of her favorite themes, Miss Manesty would probably have treated Dan to a sermon of many points and abundant illustrations, but at this juncture Margery impetuously applied a period.

Her face aflame with excitement, her cheeks aglow, the child danced into the room and exclaimed:—

"Oh, do come and look, auntie; you never saw such a house as this, it's a wonderful place. Why, David has some real live idols, and a stuffed monkey, and a flying fish and chopsticks and lovely Japanese ivories, and some whalebone and shark's teeth, and—"

"Stop, stop, Miss Tempestuous!" Miss Manesty cried, clapping her hands to her ears in affected dismay; "it's not a house you mean, but a museum."

"Oh, better than a museum, auntie; a museum always belongs to somebody else, and you mustn't touch, but this is David's own."

"Well, there are a lot of furrin knick-knacks knocking about the house," Cap'n Dan interposed; "but nothing out of the ordinary. You'll find the same sort of thing in a hundred houses in Allerdale. You see, missy, we're all seafarin' folks, and our men bring a gay lock of funny things back with 'em. But bless you, we don't set so much value on 'em. I daresay that up at Bassenthwaite now you'll not see such like things in any quantity but here in Allerdale we've heathen gods an' tommyhawks an' birds o' paradise scattered all over the place—consequently, we've come to look upon them as varra common pot. The main value they have is on account o' them that brought them; if it wasn't for that I'll warrant the women would never put up with them when they get to work about their dustin'. You should hear Bella yammerin' at such times."

Only half accepting the old sailor's testimony, Margery returned to David and his treasures, and a little later was discovered seated on the back of a crocodile from Africa, with the yellow jacket of a Chinese mandarin about her shoulders and a fearsome two-headed god from Rajputana in her lap, and by the spectacle even Bella, who deemed laughter in a house of mourning an unforgivable offence, was betrayed into a smile.

As for David, the doors of life had suddenly been thrown wide, wide open, the prattle of a romantic child the golden key wherewith the miracle had been wrought.

For the first time in his life, moreover, he was realizing the joy of possession. Hitherto, his home had made little appeal to sentiment. The treasures it contained had, it is true, aroused his interest, because they stood for a life, wild,

strange, barbarous—a life outside his own. But his father had never in his hearing made any boast of them; the men of the sea, who had made up the company roll, had passed them by as things not calling for notice, and so he had never discovered that his home was not as others—that it occupied a plane high above the commonplace, each of its rooms a treasure chamber.

But now Margery Manesty had exulted; into the mummies she had breathed the breath of life, the bones reclothed with flesh, she—this girl with the nut brown hair and the dreamy eyes—had done this and now the things wherewith he had only mildly wondered, stood before him as riches of the golden orient and the crimson lands of the west—and they were his own. Oh, it was a glorious thing to have!

(To be Continued.)

About the Farm

POULTRY POINTERS.

Mix some "brains" with the feed, and you will get better results than if you mix their feed carelessly. Carefulness in feeding is essential in any kind of stock. The amount of food given the laying hens, or the hens that should lay, is an important matter. No fixed amount can be given, but it must be governed by the judgment of the operator.

Remember, the poultry business is like any other enterprise. It starts small and grows big. If you start on a large scale to gain experience, losses will be harder felt and discouragement is likely to follow.

One of the main essentials of every poultry-house is that it must be kept dry. Damp houses cause diarrhoea, canker, sore eyes, rheumatism and other troubles that all animals, as well as poultry, are heir to. The best way to keep the house dry is to give it plenty of fresh air by opening the doors and windows during the day. Supply fresh litter often. Build the house on a high, dry spot.

A flock of lively chickens in an orchard will pick up thousands of insects, worms and the eggs that hatch them. Scatter grain occasionally to encourage scratching.

One of the reasons why a small flock of hens does better than a large one is because table scraps form a large part of the small flock's rations, and they are an evenly balanced ration.

Hooked breastbones in chickens are caused by the heavy birds roosting on poles and fences. The bones of the young birds are soft and are turned to one side by pressing on the roosts.

AMPLE DIGESTIVE APPARATUS

A good deal of overdrawn argument is occasionally advanced to the effect that beef cattle cannot be economically raised and fed unless they be of the very low-set, compact, cubical beef type, and of a special-purpose beef breed. As a matter of fact, these models of type do not always prove the most profitable feeders. The big-barrelled steer frequently makes the best gains, and, while an excess of paunchiness means an extra proportion of cheap meat and offal, still the cattle feeder's interest demands a certain departure from the trim-bellied, lathe-like conformation which constitutes the butcher's or the packer's ideal. An experienced feeder remarked to us one day that he never liked to buy a steer that lacked a good middle. Other things being equal, the big-barrelled steer made the best use of his feed. Of course, he was not speaking of those pot-bellied runts which are walking barnyard evidence of insufficient nourishment on poor, bulky food, but of well-grown cattle that have been properly started out in life, and carried along in good thrift right up to the finishing stage.

TEACHING COLTS TO FOLLOW RIG.

Among the many devices contrived for teaching colts or horses to lead behind a rig, perhaps the simplest and one of the most effective is made by taking a long rope, or heavy plow line, and extending it through the halter ring over the back, having a loop as crupper. The rope can be doubled and one knot made about the middle of the back, and another further back, to form a crupper. By passing one end on each side of the neck through the halter ring, it will remain in place. When the colt pulls back, this rope (which

should be tied to the axle or rear part of the wagon) tightens, and the rope device pulling under the tail brings him to his place. One or two pulls generally cures any tendency to rush back. The same treatment will cure a halter-puller in the stable.

FARM NOTES.

Certified milk is largely a matter of certified cleanliness, and there is nothing to hinder any dairyman from getting the habit.

No potato is popular which has deep eyes. Whatever its excellence in other respects, this defect makes it less saleable. There is not only a great loss in preparing such potatoes, but it is the most valuable part of the potato which is near the skin.

A banker said that many farmers were not as careful of their credit as they should be. The fact that the farmer was a fixture on his land to a great extent made merchants, manufacturers and agents more willing to trust him than men of most other classes; and the farmers often was anxious about meeting the obligations he assumed, and was also tempted to buy many things he could go without, simply because he could get a long credit.

The greatest obstacle to thorough farming is the habit of going over a large area of land for a small amount of produce, which habit has been engendered by cheap lands and large farms. Intensive farming is not something to be taken up and put into operation at once by anyone, any more than an education can be gained by attending a single term of school. It must be taken up or learned by degrees; and, more than this, it must pay from the start. The growing of large yields by an unlimited expenditure of manures and labor is more likely to be rightly called amateur farming than intensive farming.

WHAT COURT UNIFORMS COST.

A Complete Dress Will Cost Anythin From £180 to £210.

Although King Edward is the most democratic of monarchs, His Majesty always insists that his Ministers must have the necessary Court dress before they are allowed into the presence. It will be remembered that when the Right Hon. John Burns was given a seat in the Cabinet two years ago, he petitioned the King to dispense with Court dress in his case. His Majesty, however, was obdurate, and, in spite of his high position, the President of the Local Government Board had to conform to Court regulations before he had an audience with the Sovereign.

All Cabinet Ministers and other high State officials are expected to possess at least two Court uniforms. A complete Court dress will cost anything from £180 to £210. The coat is made entirely from Royal blue cloth of the choicest and costliest order, richly embroidered with gold thread, about 800 yds. of this thread being used, and it is this item that makes the garment so expensive. The waistcoat is of the same material, and splendidly embroidered. To make the outfit perfect there are breeches of the finest silk, with cream silk hose, and footgear of the choicest porpoise hide, adorned with rich silver buckles. These, with a cocked hat and a sword worn by the side, complete the orthodox Court suit.

More than 5,000 yards of the costliest gold thread are lavished upon the official uniform of the Earl Marshal. This is probably the most luxurious suit for Court wear, and costs the Earl Marshal £230.

The complete Court dress of a Lord Chancellor costs that high dignitary £120. Compared with some of the other Court dresses it is rather unpretentious in appearance, but it is made of the finest silk, exclusively woven for this purpose, and that is what makes it a rather costly garment. The correct color for the coat-collar of a Cabinet Minister is Damascus scarlet, while the collars of some other garments vary in color, according to the rank of the wearer, some of the foreign Ambassadors wearing white and others Royal blue. On these, as on other Court garments, there is always bestowed plenty of gold thread, and they range in price from £160 to £210.

RIVETED TO AN EGG.

A Hungarian blacksmith recently sent a novel present to the Austrian Emperor. It was a goose egg with a horseshoe, a pair of pincers, a file, and a knife, all riveted to the shell. The work had been so carefully done that there was not even a crack in the shell. The Emperor sent him an autograph photograph, a medal, and \$15 in return.