

Love Kept Its Faith;

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

CHAPTER VII.—(Cont'd.)

Bella threw up her hands and a shriek of scornful laughter pronounced her disapproval. David knew, however, that neither a first, nor a second, nor even a third suggestion would be approved so he maintained his composure and calmly waited his time.

"Well, if the monkey won't do, what about that Malay Kriss?"

Laughter again.

"That lump of whalebone."

"Listen till him. Nasty whalebone for a bonny lassie."

Thus, one after another, David ran over the list of his treasures, until at last he reached "that little god from China," and then Bella donned her studying cap, and David knew he had gained the desire of his heart.

As a matter of fact, Bella and the stolid, yellow checked idol had never been on terms of happy intimacy. The skull on a bracket in the dining-room, supposed to be that of an infamous rajah, gave her the creeps she declared, and the scalp from the Western Wilds made her "dodder," but the idol filled her with imaginings; the skull and the scalp were palpably human, but the god, in spite of herself, she invested with Divine suggestion, and there were times when she felt its baleful eyes searching deep into the recesses of her heart and reading all her secret thoughts. Some times, too, she feared lest it might compel her prayers. Still, although ready for the sacrifice, she must make a show of resistance, and so various objections to the project were raised ere she finally surrendered.

And now the little god from China, hidden by many wrappings, dangled at David's back. When the train, coughing, sputtering, laboriously climbed the hill to the railway's full point at twill-rivered Gammersby, it was restored to its perch, and it was still there when they trudged along the last of the six miles and turned in at Sleddemere's white wooden gates.

For the boy the hour was charged with a double delight. Not only was he about to forge another link in what promised to grow into a very desirable friendship, but his march was to the mountains, those mystic heights towards which he had looked with eyes of passionate longing.

It is fact surely to be credited that this lad had lived his fourteen years at the very gates of Eden, and yet his feet had never trod its flower-decked paths, his eyes never feasted on its awe-inspiring beauties, his ears never revelled in the music of many waters. Less than twenty miles from his home, Skiddaw's sugar loaf loomed greenly against the blue of the summer sky, white against the greyish background of the winter's horizon, the river whereon his father's ships made their haven laved the monarch's feet, but to David the mountain was a mysterious stranger, to whom he might not even nod. And in the rear of Skiddaw, fearsome Blencathra and Helvellyn's colossal bulk, and away to the south—he could see them from the moors behind the town—the black, serrated teeth of Scawfell, where Death had his dwelling, and the Pillar that lured weak-minded men to its point and then cast them headlong to destruction, and all the rest of the mountain host, ever since his toddling hours he had known them, but always, always, in the distance.

Strange! And yet in David's case there was no singularity; he was one of the multitude. Those who turned their backs on Cumbria's foamy fringe and plunged into her crag-encircled heart were the few. The rest might know their Liverpool, for thither the ships all turned their prows; Annan and Kirkcubright, too, they knew, for the journey thither was by way of the sea; but the wilds of Scarf Gap Pass they never trod, and to them Borrowdale never preached the insignificance of man. More than one of Allerdale's sons had looked upon Niagara and died without a glimpse of Scale Force. But now David was passing through the doors, at last his longing was to be

satisfied, this was the day of exploration.

How often he had stood upon Allerdale's Bridge and upon the canvas of his imagination painted pictures of Skiddaw's grandeur. So vast in the distance, how stupendous must it be to the nearer view? This was the thought which dominated him as he tripped over the fells by Dan's side; he would see the mountains grow bigger with his approach, and a dozen times it drove him hot foot in front that he might the sooner note the growth, but nearly always when he reached the summit of the fell he found another one in front, and whenever old Skiddaw loomed again before him, its stature was not a cubit more.

At last they breasted the last of the hills, and Bassenthwaite lay outspread beneath them, a shield of glistening silver, and flanking it the Little Man of Skiddaw and his sire, and when David looked the light of expectation vanished from his eyes, disappointment gripped him.

"Why, Cap'n Dan," he cried, "it's nothing like what I thought it would be. Skiddaw's not a bit bigger; in fact, it's less her than at Allerdale."

Then he shook his fist at the mountain and pronounced it a fraud.

Not yet had he learned the lesson of the hills, though he drew a little nearer to the secret when he told Miss Manesty of his disenchantment.

"Not so big, eh?" she dryly remarked. "Look bigger at Allerdale, do they, laddie! Wait till you are as old as me and you'll learn that mountains are very much like men, the nearer you get to them the smaller they look. I've known lots of men in my time who've been tremendously fine fellows at a distance, but close up they've been parched and poky bits of skin and bone, things with gristly hearts and brains that wouldn't weigh. Here and there's an odd one you can stand up to without losing a bit of your faith—and David, your father, 'll be hurt if your not one of that brand."

The boy nodded his head thoughtfully, and again glanced critically at the mountains, and just at that moment a vast fleecy cloud trailed across the blue and dropped its shadow on the turf and crag, where upon David clapped his hands in ecstasy.

"Oh, look, Cap'n Dan, look; old Skiddaw seems bigger at Allerdale, but it never shows its shadows to us there."

"Nor its great bonny patches of heather flowers," Cap'n Dan completed the picture.

"Mountains and men again," Miss Manesty moralized, and then, speaking more to the sailor than the boy, she added, "My father used to say that you could never appreciate a man unless you worked with him, nor a woman unless you lived with her; and I often wonder how we stand to those about us, far too much shadow I'm afraid, far too much shadow."

"Don't forget the heather flowers, ma'am; there's a gay lock on Skiddaw among all its shadows," Cap'n Dan caustically added, and was then overpowered by the recollection of his boldness, but the mistress of Sleddemere laughed delightedly. It was seldom that anyone dared a lesson to Miss Manesty, and this one pleased her.

For the two elders and Margery the day provided many themes and many interests, but David passed through all its hours under the spell of the mountains. From his sense of disappointment he awoke by degrees to a realization of their stupendousness; they cried to him in the mass, became expansive, filling the view. From the rioting luxuriance of Miss Manesty's garden he turned indifferently, from rose and hollyhock and blushing creeper to the modest purple bells on the Little Man; out of the tropical tangle of Wythop Woods he gazed mistfully to Latrigger's larch-clad crest. Margery chattered joyously about her idol, and thanked him for the gift, but smilingly he looked away from the Chinese god to the white-robed Bishop stonily

poised upon the screens of black-browed Barf.

And when at last the westering sun kissed the crags from grey to gold, and then from the rim of the sea threw over them a mantle of pinky sheen, and, withdrawing, left them ebony etched against the emerald dome, awe, deep, overpowering, seized him.

And Miss Manesty, watching him, softly whispered to herself—

"A dreamer, a dreamer of dreams. My task may be harder than I've looked for. Lord, touch the laddie's heart that his dreams may not give unto dross the glint of gold."

CHAPTER VIII.

When David touched the mystic line which divides the teens from the twenties, Bella was trapped into a confession of her belief that, providing his linen was kept well-aired and he was faithful to "barley bread an' guid, stick-by-t-rib oatmeal poddish," he would probably "do." This, for Bella, was testimony of ecstatic eloquence. Cap'n Dan, on the other hand, was for ever striving to turn his thoughts into words, and for ever failing in the effort. Once he advanced so far as to inform Miss Manesty that her "polish was showing fine," but was straightway silenced by an assurance that "polish never showed until grey hairs came," and thereafter he contented himself with a wink, an expansive smile, and an occasional boast among his sea-going cronies that on the whole of Solwayside there was no such head for shipping and book learning as Davie's. Miss Manesty, for her part, never praised, but her reproofs were less frequent and her criticism gradually lost its sting, from which it may be assumed that she, too, had touched the edge of satisfaction.

As for Margery, the world held but one David, and he was her chum. Had they lived in one of the screaming, chattering, busy-body towns they would already have plighted their troth or else been driven apart, for there a man may not look upon a maid without some foolish eye drooping hinting-ly, nor speak to her without some wanton tongue whispering of marriage; but in the freedom of the land where only the mountains look on and gossip is left to the waters, the friendship of such as these two may be for more than a day. So Margery and her chum David toyed with destiny, lending their hands to Miss Manesty as she tended the weaklings of her garden, reading together on the terraced slope of Wythop Woods, gliding over the sky-tinted surface of the great lake, or climbing to secret places of the encircling mountains. Thus, until the day of discovery when David dropped his boyhood and Margery ceased to be a girl.

Upon all of them Old Time has left the impress of his fingers, not always the brand of decay, as shallow-minded people would have us think. Little Margery Manesty, the child of elfin witchery has gone, and sometimes when alone in her garden, with only the darkening shadows of the hills and the silence of the vale about her, Nanny Manesty yearns passionately for the bairn who laughed and romped and coaxed and teased, longs for the wand of the magician that she might restore the Past into the Present. Sits and longs until upon the silence there breaks the liquid notes of an old-world song, and then Nanny Manesty forgets the past. By-and-by across the lawn the singer lightly trips, and the vision of the old lady in the arbor is veiled by a mist, she mutters softly: "My Margery! I wouldn't go back, not for a day. This is the best. . . I'm a foolish old woman—I might have known . . . the thing that is, is always the best when God gives it."

Yes, Margery Manesty has gone, and Margery Manesty is here; the madcap maiden in repose; the laugh that roused the echoes exchanged for the smile of content; the riotous curls for rippling wavelets, not quite so rebellious, but still tempting the sunbeams to a game of hide and seek; hazel eyes serious now a little oftener than in those other days, but always bright because of truth and loyalty; and a heart that knows no wrong.

Keeping pace with his chum, David has cast behind him nearly all that belonged to the boyish time—though, truth to tell, some of his old salts even yet call him "wee Davie," and will continue to do so until their lips can no longer frame themselves to his name. He is tall, Cap'n Dan says taller, than any other Graham he himself has known, blue eyed, hair dun colored, as befits a Cumbrian, son of the sea warriors from the lands of the Danes and Norsemen, good to look upon now, and giving strong prom-

ise for the days to come. So far he has sailed by the old chart, his ships are as sound as ships ought to be, their crews satisfied with their lots. Amongst those who know him there is no fear; on Miss Manesty, who has watched in his day dreaming and followed the way of his conversation, for sees the power of temptation and prays for him in the hour of testing.

With the lady of Sleddemere herself the years have dealt very lightly, leaving her step almost firm as ever and her activities unchecked. Both she and Bella grow old very, very slowly. Both are of that class for which Cumberland alone has a title. They are not only hale, they are not merely hearty, they are "lish."

Cap'n Dan, on the other hand, has travelled more rapidly, and now his head is crowned with wisps white as Skiddaw's winter crest, he rolls a little more in his walk, and the hills soon weary him, but his cheeks are red and round as ten years ago, his eyes as big and merry, and his heart every whit as young.

(To be continued.)

About the Farm

IS THE STABLE VENTILATED?

Winter is almost upon us, and the cows, instead of having the abundant ventilation and sunlight which the open fields give, will be confined to barns more or less during their milking period. The cow needs fresh air quite as much in winter as in summer, and can not properly perform her function, whether it be producing milk or meat, without this abundant supply. Therefore we raise the question: Have you provided for ventilation in your cow barn?

If, when you open the barn door on a cold morning, the steam pours out, you may know that your barn is not properly ventilated. How was it with you last winter? If it was not properly ventilated, then your cows have not been comfortable. If the steam, which is the breath of the cows and their perspiration, has made the atmosphere so damp that it becomes a good conductor, your cows have not been as comfortable in a well made open shed open to the south. You do not feel so comfortable on a foggy day as in one clear and cool. Do you want your cows to continue in that condition this winter and thus make an insufficient use of grain and clover hay that you are feeding? Moreover, your cows will be breathing vitiated air heavily laden with carbonic acid gas, which is injurious to them, air which is deficient in the oxygen which is absolutely essential to her making proper use of the feed.

There is no reason why any cow barn can not be properly ventilated, no matter how tightly built it may be. All that is necessary is to provide an intake near the floor on the outside, carry it up and let the air into the stable near the ceiling and to provide an outlet in the shape of a box of planed and grooved material reaching from within six inches of the floor to the roof. One box is sufficient for ten, fifteen, or twenty cows, depending upon its location and size. This outlet, of course, must go up to the roof, and must be so constructed that it can be regulated according to the temperature and the direction of the wind. This is what is known as the King system, and is regarded as the best system as yet developed. It has the advantage that it can be constructed by any carpenter, or by the farmer himself if he is at all handy with tools.

Equally important with ventilation is lighting. We are having a great deal of complaint of tuberculosis among cows in dairy sections. If farmers really knew the extent to which this disease prevails, and must necessarily prevail when hogs are allowed access to the droppings of dairy or other cattle, there would be an earnest inquiry everywhere for a remedy.

We do not propose to give the remedy here, but simply point out that tuberculosis herds are almost universally found in barns that are deficient in ventilation and in sunlight; for sunlight is the great cheap disinfectant. There is plenty of sunlight outside even in winter, and all that is necessary is to let it in through every part of the barn. This can be done at small expense by any farmer, and would be done if he realized the value of sunlight as a disinfectant. Every farmer knows that young pigs, lambs, or any other young things, never thrive in a dark pen. They must

have sunlight; and while the cows do not need sunlight as much as calves or young things generally, nevertheless it is essential to good health.—Wallace's Farmer.

POULTRY DISEASES.

Diseases of the internal organs are the result of over-feeding. The cause is thus easily removed, and unless the trouble has been of long and continuous standing birds may be soon brought into good working condition again.

General ill health, an appearance of unthriftiness without any very pronounced symptoms, may generally be laid to the charge of parasites, either internal or external—the latter may, of course, be easily removed; the former are usually a more serious matter, and require medicine to eradicate.

Ailments affecting the mouth, throat and lungs, the symptoms of which are discharges, growths and trouble in respiration, are nearly always caused by draughty, damp and dirty surroundings. To cure it is necessary first to remove the cause, and afterwards give whatever drug or drugs may be suitable for the special complaint to be treated.

Sunstroke, apoplexy, and diseases of the brain are due to great heat or sudden exertion when in a condition of over-fatness. The provision of shade, guarding against over-feeding and giving a sufficient supply of green food, which has the effect of cooling the blood will usually keep at bay any of these troubles.

Poultry doctoring is also a thankless and unprofitable task. Heroic measures at the outset are best. It is more profitable in the long run to stamp out disease with the axe, fire, and strong disinfectant, than attempt to cure it from the medicine chest. There is one thing which should certainly be done at once, and that is, isolate any birds which may show any symptoms of disease; never mind whether it appears to be a contagious disease or not. In any case isolate.

TRAINING THE MEMORY.

Mental Exercises as Effective as Are Physical.

Many persons complain of having a poor memory, and yet that faculty can be developed as easily as can the biceps muscle. Nor is it necessary to go to any professor of memory or to master any elaborate system in order to accomplish this result. One does not have to go to a gymnasium to strengthen the arm or back, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Chopping wood or rowing a boat will do it. Similarly, memory may be cultivated by an effort and amid ordinary pursuits.

One man made the Sunday service of his church serve as a memory exercise. After the service he would endeavor to call the numbers of all the hymns sung, the chapters and verses of the lessons, words of the anthem, the text and points of the sermon. This required paying close attention and a conscious effort to impress these things upon his mind. By this and other equally simple means he developed a memory that was absolutely at his command.

Certain persons possess what may be called the bump of location. If they remember a passage in a book they can tell you which side of the page. There are students with that kind of a memory who prepare their recitations by taking a large sheet of paper and writing different places on the paper. They then rely on their sense of location to call to mind whatever they wish to remember.

But perhaps the most wholesome way in the long run is simply by repetition and effort to fix the thing in the memory directly without tricks of memory or artificial methods. By memorizing each day one sentence or verse from the best literature the mind will soon have a fine treasury of beautiful thoughts and an enriched vocabulary.

For quotation purposes it is necessary to remember verbatim, and, though this is the hardest task of memory, it well repays the effort. Once trained, the memory will be able to recall the exact words of conversation, sermons and passages in books without having made any conscious effort to commit them.

A MISNOMER.

"I never saw such a lazybones in all my life! Of what is that girl made?"

"She is supposed to be maid of all work."

All honest doubt has its destination in some great truth.

England contains about 13,000 square miles of coast-lands.