

Love Kept Its Faith;

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

CHAPTER XI.—(Cont'd).

Seating himself on the edge of the chest, Strang drew the other down to a place by his side, and then lowering his voice so that its strength was but that of a lusty whisper, he revealed a little of the malignant design which, by brooding over, he had made the essential object of his existence. And as he talked the wonder died out of Tom Tinion's face, and loathing, horror, fear, settled in its place, his eyes grew purple ringed, his cheeks lost all their color save the tan of the sea, he trembled as a man smitten with the palsy. Stricken dumb, too, he played the listener only, until at last the enormity of the thing suggested spurred him to speech and action, and bounding to his feet, he planted his back against the cellar door and hotly gasped—

"You old devil, so this is how you've filled that cursed chest. You wicked!"

This was the length of his indictment. Being a weak man, a smile icily contemptuous, a shrug of the shoulders, a steely stare, were enough to hush his protest. "I wouldn't bandy hard names just yet," Strang coldly advised. "You'll be transferring some of that money to a chest of your own before so long, so you'd better reserve your pleasantries. Come here and let me finish, and then you may unburden your righteous soul."

Rebellion danced in the sailor's eyes, his back stiffened defiantly, his lips framed their verdict, but in that very moment Strang trailed his fingers over the gold, touching its syren song to life. Tinion's glance wandered to the yellow mass and wavering, he fell.

Cheek by jowl, for another hour they sat there, and at the end, Tinion became vocal again. He had lost his horror, now he was arguing with sin. Half an hour later he rose and stood before the other with outstretched hands.

"I canna do it," he cried. "Think of the risk I run." He had sunk to that now.

"Risk," was the reply, "what risk? You're a sailor, and you know there is none. What I'm asking you to do is nothing new; it happens every month, nay, every week of the year. Better men than you do it and say their prayers when it's all over; it's a plan that's patronized by the nobility, and engineered by church pillars who regard it, and rightly, too, as straightforward business, as quite legitimate commercialism."

"Risk! fash! think of the price. Don't I tell you it's a job that any of my men would have tackled for a five-pound note, and yet for you there are five hundred of these golden sovereigns the moment it's done. If the rest of the Solway shipowners knew what I was offering you, they'd think I'd taken leave of my senses. I doubt whether I rightly know myself why I'm doing it. I suppose it's merely because I've taken a fancy to you. I'm a lonely man, you're a good sort, here's my money, and I don't know that I could make much better use of it than by letting you have a bit. Besides, as I've already told you, there's nobody for it when I'm gone, and if you serve me in this—well, there's no telling what may happen."

Tinion eyed the hoard greedily. Then he went off on a new tack—

"But what about David Graham? It'll be terrible hard on him."

"David Graham," Strang sneered—"what's David Graham to you? You've put a lot more in his pocket than he's ever dropped into yours. You've sailed the seas for him and worked his ships storm as well as shine, so that he might twiddle his thumbs by his fireside; you've squeezed into a bunk that he might stretch on a feather bed; you've dipped the harness cask and dined on duff that he might feast on the fat of the land; you've risked your life for shillings that he might idle his days on pounds. What's David Graham to you—your master that you clothe and feed and keep. Besides, he won't suffer; in fact, he'll be in pocket by the transaction, for I happen to know that he's just put up his insurance; so you may set your mind at rest on that score."

One after another the objections

were thus brushed away, and when at last Strang turned the key upon his treasure and extinguished his cellar lanterns, his face was wreathed in a smile of unholy joy. But on the face of Thomas Tinion, mate of the Habakkuk, there was the seal of shame.

CHAPTER XII.

Her dusky wings high lifted and far outspread, that not a wisp of the humming wind might be lost, the good ship Habakkuk forged gracefully impetuous on her homeward voyage. Norway's fragrant forests, where the timber trunks, stowed away under the hatches, had bowed their greetings to the sun that shines by night, lay a couple of days at the back of the whitened, widening wake, and with the dawn the mariners would sight the surf-washed jags and the spume-drenched cliffs of Caledonia's outer isles.

Clipper-stemmed and ever a lively craft, the Habakkuk made light of the bulging burden of her holds, and while she rode low in the water she rose and fell with rhythmic tread, as the curving billows raced mightily from the Atlantic wilds and with hiss and shout surged around the feet of the prophet at the bows and flattened far astern. No wonder that Peter Bewley's bronzy cheeks were dimpled as he rolled from rail to rail, pausing now to glance aloft at the tugging sails and straining spars, and now to watch the smoke from his pipe torn to shreds in the outer currents; or that his internal rejoicing was reflected on the faces of his crew. Upon one face only was there aught of shadowy gloom; Tom Tinion's brow loomed dark as yesternight.

The hour was that of the second dog-watch, and the deck presented a picture of unfettered freedom, to be seen on shipboard at no other part of the day's round.

Jack Currie, reputed for his philosophic outlook no less than for his odd preference in the matter of attire, was busily engaged in applying a patch to a well-worn shirt of gorgeous green. Green was Jack's weakness; it's pigment colored every shirt in his wardrobe.

"Why is it I wear green sarks?" he would say when tackled on the subject; "why, bairn! thing as surprises me is that iverly man-jack afloat to say nowt of o't lubbers on land should iver wear o't else. Green; why hasn't t' maister himself clothed the bonny fields an' hills i' green, an' isn't sea watter green three parts on its time, an' what is it but a hint to us? What's reet for t' Maister's world should be reet for t' bairns. He's given it till; an' it's nowt bit barefaced presumption for men to trick thersel's oot in nasty black breeks an' women to cover thersel's wid their red an' blue an' orange fal-do-lals."

A stranger, eager in defence of established form, would, of course, pounce upon Nature's variety in her color schemes, and cite the redness of the rose, and the yellow of the buttercup, and the harebell's blue, as examples equally worthy of imitation; but Jack, reliant on the universality of his favored hue, was not to be thus lightly crushed.

"Red," he would retort, with a fine assumption of scorn, "ay, an' if grass were red I'd wear red, too, or if aw t' trees were painted yellow, I'd have a sark like an orange, but—"

As a rule this marked the end of the dispute. Once upon a time one of the critics, hardier than the rest, ventured on a reference to the brown-black earth as another alternative, but he gained no advantage therefrom.

"Black!" Jack bellowed—"t' soil black, ay, an' He lost neah time in lappin' it over wid His bonny green grass. Neah, it'll nut dui. If a green sark's the reet thing for God's country, it's reet for me."

In fact, Jack made no secret of his leaning towards an entire wardrobe of his peculiar hue.

"I'd hev green breeks an' a green coat an' a green hat if I dar," he was accustomed to declare; "bit what man, t' oald wife mun hev her say, i' some things, an' this is van she insts on. She's a bit wantin' in appreciation, an' if sarks were worn on top, I'se

flayt she'd git her foot down on that as weel as t' other green duds. Bit," with a twinkle in his eyes, "if iver she's daft enough to mak me a widow I'se thing seriously about a green suit."

Sharing the honors of eccentricity aboard the Habakkuk was Bill Ritson, seated in this hour of the dog-watch on the forward hatches, and poring over a thumb-begrimed Bible, the drumming of his lips revealing to those in the secret that, as usual, he was endeavoring to commit some part of the Book to memory. For more years than he was able to name, this had been the chief occupation of his leisure moments, and upon all the far extending waters there was probably not another seafaring man with a mind so solidly charged with Biblical lore. Whether his cargo had been judiciously stowed is open to doubt, but this much at least is certain, that its selection disclosed the liberal mind. All the prophets in turn had received attention, and this voyage he was paying assiduous suit to Job, his "thorn in t' flesh."

"Job's t' warst o' t' lot to git a grip on," he would explain. "There's seah much he said an' she said about him that unless I keep my eye glued till t' chart I lose my bearings an' put some of Job's wisdom intil Bildad's mouth, while I find the good man himself spouting a lot o' that Teemanite nonsense—and danged if I ken which is which till I git my chart oot again."

Among his mates there was a strong suspicion that Bill's devotion to the prophets was a source of pleasure to him, but he himself insisted on regarding it as a matter of duty and himself as the disciple of a deeply altruistic faith. "I dui it mair for their sakes than my own. You see, when I've done cruising doon here an' drop my anchor on't t'other side o' Jordan, I'se expecting to git a set of aw't lot of 'em, Noah an' Moses an' Aaron an' Jeremiah an' Job an' aw of 'em, an' I'se be geid disappointed if we divnent have a bit crack in t' dog-watch noo an' again. An' wadn't I look a lubberin' swab if I kened nowt about them, an' just had to sit still an' say ay an' nay to aw ther' talk an' cross-questions. What I'se stick to is this, that as far as possible we ought to give 'em a laal bit of encouragement."

"Tak' David, noo, for example. Suppose he comes along some day an' ses, 'Guid evenin', Maister Ritson, an' I reply, 'It's a bonny neet, Maister David, an' then he drops his ground tackle, an' starts a cracking on music an' his own psalms, think hoo disappointed he'd be if he found that I kened nowt about his grand bit o' sarks an' hoo he'd gang back till his mansion thinkin' he'd spent his time doon here in vain. Bit on t'other hand, if I could oonly brast oot wid. 'Bless the Lord' an' 'Green Pastures,' an' run t' rig on 'em both, why, man, he'd haul away under full sail as leetsome as a lass wid her first sweetheart, because he'd see that he'd made an impression."

"As for Job, it'll be t' same wid him, neah doot. I may as weel confess that noo an' again I feel a bit bothered an' oot of my reckoning wid him, bit what, it mak's neah matter; he'll be as proud as Lucifer if I can reel off yan or two crushers that he flummoxed that Bildad crew wid."

"Moses? Ay—weel, I'd like a crack wid him, bit he oalus strikes me as a fearsome sort, an' nut much given to talk; but, eh, man, I do hope as Noah an' Jonah'll show ther'sel's sociable, for their conversation should be most entertainin'."

"St. Paul? I'se have nowt to say to any o' t' saints. I can niver git rid of a feelin' that they're a cut above me; they're for iver up in t' clouds where they canna be got at, while t' prophets have a lot mair o' t' ordinary come-day and go-day style about them."

And then Bill would straighten out his old bent back, a look of wistful yearning would creep into his eyes and he would end his discourse thus—

"Ay, its true I'd like a crack noo an' again up yon, bit I'd be quite content to be dumb through aw eternity—if I could—oonly have a glimpse—o' t' Maister himself. Eh, man; d' ye think it's possible I may? Neah, I'se not be able to talk till Him, I'se only want to luik—an' luik—an' luik—an' if he'd not think me presumptuous, I'd like to gang doon on my knees—an'—kiss the feet—that walked up Calvary—for me."

As a rule, Bill's attention was concentrated upon his Bible to the exclusion of all other attractions, but on this occasion it soon became evident that some disturbing influence was at work, and the furtive glances cast at the mate, leaning over the taffrail and staring with unseeing eyes across the waters, suggested that Tinion was

playing no inconsiderable part in his cogitations. By-and-by he rose, passed a beckoning nod to Jack Currie, and the two joined Dick Glaister in the bows.

"Noticed 'owt particler about the mate?" Bill asked.

"Seems to me," Jack responded, "that he's sickening for summat."

Bill shook his head portentously. "If he is, it's for nowt that physic'll mend. An' you'd better not glower at him in that fashion. He canna bide being stared at; I've tried it, an' it seems to hurt his feelings."

(To be continued.)

About the Farm

THE MILKER.

In a recent bulletin issued by the Storrs Agricultural Experiment Station of Connecticut, the authors discuss the milker as a source of bacteria in milk and base their discussion on practical observation and experiments conducted at the station.

The kinds of bacteria, they say, that the milker is likely to introduce into the milk include nearly the whole list of those found in milk. It seldom occurs to the average milker that it is as necessary to wash the hands before milking as before eating a meal of victuals. The number that come from soiled clothes and dirty hands which get into the milk are large. The hands of a milker working around the farm during the afternoon were tested, just before milking time, for the numbers of bacteria that could be washed off in a quart of sterile water. The number was found to be 45,000,000. This washing did not remove all the bacteria, but it did remove all those that would have dropped off during the milking. Another experiment was tried to determine how many bacteria were left on the hands after thorough washing with soap and water. The number that could be washed off them in sterile water was found to be 900,000. These two experiments show that 98 per cent. of bacteria can be washed from the hands.

The clothes of the ordinary dairyman carry immense numbers of organisms with dust from all sorts of contamination. The milker has a much wider range for the collection of a larger number and greater variety of organisms than the cow. The only proper attire for a milker is a white suit and cap to be worn only at milking time. A white suit shows dirt very readily and when made of white duck will last a long time and can be sterilized almost indefinitely.

The milker may not only be the source of a very large number of harmless bacteria, but the largest source of disease germs that can get into milk. The milker may be the immediate source of disease germs or may transmit them to another person. The disease germs that get into milk are largely from human origin, infectious diseases that pass from individual to individual. A grave mistake has been made in the past by allowing persons ill with contagious diseases to enter a cow stable or dairy where milk is handled. Many an epidemic of diphtheria, scarlet fever and typhoid has been traced to a case of illness on a dairy farm, which was not properly quarantined and cared for. One high grade milk handling concern requires that if a case of contagious disease arises in the dairy of one of its patrons, that the milk supply be withheld till the patient has passed the danger limit of conveying the disease germs. The milk produced, however, is paid for during the quarantine. It is very difficult to make average individuals understand, or even believe, that our worst diseases are caused by special kinds of bacteria, and that these bacteria can be transmitted to a healthy individual, who is likely to contract the same disease.

MAKE CHICKENS SCRATCH.

Busy hens are layers, providing, of course, that they are well fed. Dumpy birds that mope around on the roosts all day long, except when a little feed is thrown in to them, are not, as a rule, in any hurry about laying. Exercise is as necessary for the health and vigor of a hen as of a horse or man. Chickens are intended to scratch for their living, and a fowl which does not have to do it is like a lazy man who lounges about the house, with only such exercise as he obtains in sitting down to the table, eating, and getting up again. Who would expect such a person to be healthy, vigorous or

efficient? The idea that hens or cows derive sufficient exercise from the digestion of their food is absurd. Make the poultry scratch for their living, not amid filth and accumulated droppings, but in clean, fresh, dry chaff, leaves or other litter, renewed two or three times a week. When throwing the grain into the pen, scatter it well, and rake or kick the chaff, leaves or dust over it, so as to make the birds use their legs. It may seem like a waste of energy, but it is not. Exercise and eggs are two words that begin with the same letter, and the relation between the facts is not less close than that between the words.

A MODERN STEAMSHIP.

Launch of the White Star Liner "Megantic" at Belfast.

Cable advices from Liverpool announce that the new White Star Liner, "Megantic," was successfully launched from the yard of Messrs Harland & Wolff, Belfast, on the 10th inst. This is an event of more than usual interest in the shipping world, for the "Megantic" will join her sister steamer the "Laurentic" in the new White Star-Dominion Line service to be inaugurated next year between Montreal and Liverpool and thus strengthen the connection between Canada and the Mother Country.

These two steamers will be the largest in the Canadian Trade, and like all other vessels of the White Star Line are being constructed throughout on the most approved principles, nothing that long experience and practical knowledge can suggest being wanting to make them as perfect as possible in all particulars. They are designed on the cellular double-bottom plan, the double bottom extending the entire length of the ship and being specially strengthened under the engines to give still greater rigidity in the vicinity of the machinery.

The passenger accommodation has been specially arranged and will vie with anything afloat, both as regards beauty and comfort. It is, therefore, anticipated that these steamers will prove great favorites with the travelling public. A feature of the entrances an' public rooms will be their height and general roominess, and the state-rooms will have the same characteristic. The decorations throughout will be of a truly attractive nature, realizing the ideal of the artist—richness and simplicity combined. The first class dining saloon on the middle deck will be a very handsome room decorated and panelled in elaborately carved oak. It extends the full width of the ship an' will have the popular "well" arrangement over head, with verandah for the band stand, for the steamers will carry their own orchestras of skilled musicians. The spacious first-class lounge on the upper promenade deck is sure to be a favorite resort for passengers. It will be Louis XV. style artistically panelled in oak with a parquet floor, the latter characteristic also applying to the reading room which is situated on the same deck and will be exquisitely decorated in white. The first-class smoke room is also on the upper promenade deck. It will be decorated with embossed leather and handsomely carved framework will surround the windows. The furniture will be of mahogany and the floor in this instance will be of India rubber tiles. The sleeping accommodation will be quite in keeping with the excellence of the public apartments. The state-rooms will be situated on the lower promenade deck and also on the shelter deck and will include a number of cabins en suite, i.e., with private lavatory and bath room adjoining each suite. An electric elevator serving four decks will prove acceptable to the Company's patrons and show that the most exacting needs have been anticipated.

The second class passengers will find the provisions made for their comfort second to none on the Atlantic. The dining saloon which is on the middle deck and extends the full width of the ship will seat no fewer than 252 passengers. The library on the lower promenade deck and smoke room on the upper promenade deck are also beautiful apartments tastefully decorated in polished hardwood and the spacious staterooms, too, call for mention. The third class quarters will compare favorably with similar accommodation on any steamer afloat, and the dining-room situated aft on the upper deck is exceptionally fine.

The Marconi system of wireless telegraphy will be installed on these steamers, which will also have a submarine signalling apparatus. The "Laurentic" and "Megantic" will be of about 16,000 tons, twin-screw, with carrying capacity of 230 first-class, 430 second-class and 1,000 third-class passengers, and will be the largest and fastest in the Canadian trade.