

Love Kept Its Faith;

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

CHAPTER XII.—(Cont'd.)

Silence for the cutting of a new quid, an operation which no sailor would jeopardise with talk. Then Bill resumed his observations—

"Noah, he's nut badly. He was as white as a ghost when he came aboard, an' noo he's as black as oald Sooty, an' that doesn't spell badly. There's just yan of three things—he's ayder done summat he shouldn't have done, or he's going to do it, or else—he's in love."

An eloquent shrugging of shoulders and Bill, rolling his quid in ecstasy, spat expansively over the bows.

"Conscience or love—that's it," he continued. "You'll see I see real. A chap niver luiks like that unless he's got something on his mind, or he's thinkin' about a lass he's not seah sure on. By swunters, it's amazin' what a chap'll dui when a lass has got him in tow. I remember yan neet when I was sweetheartin' oor Mally, it was before we'd got till t' walkin' oot stage—I went an' sat in her hoose talkin' till t' oald man about his pigs—they were farmer fowlk, you'll understand, up Salterscales way—an' just getting a glint of Mally as she covered ower her darnin'. Will, noo, can you believe it, when I left her, instead of steering for home, I drifted doon till t' harbour an' aboard t' brig—I was sailing on the Cloffocks then—an' danged if I didn't gang an' git hold o' t' tiller. Just think on it—took my trick at steerin' a brig that was moored hard an' fast till t' wharf."

"Ay," he went on, when his comrades had ceased to chuckle, "an' I believe I'd stood it aw neet if t' mate hadn't come on deck and sent aw my love dreams to leeward with the toe of his boot. Bit what, that's nowt till t' daft pranks some of them shore-lubbers play. Why, I've been told, it's hard to credit it I'll admit, an' you can believe it or not as you like, bit I've been told of yan or two chaps' Allerdale that have actually taken to writin' po'try."

"Poor silly critters," Jack Currie commented, with a smile of amused contempt. "It hardly seems possible, but I believe those reet. Noo, I can understand Bill here standin' his trick 'cause why—weel, it was yan o' t' things he'd been accustomed to, an' when his mind was full of love, it was natteral to dui summat he was in the habit of dding. Likewise I can understand a chap that likes beer takkin' ti drink, but for yan wid hafe an ounce o' brains to set to wark an' reel off a heap o' babby-hoose rhymes—weel, it's mair nor mortal man can grip."

"Nothing o' t' sort," the thunder growl of Dick Glaister declared, and the others turned to him expectantly. Dick was never at a loss for an explanation, and it was felt that the solution of another mystery was forthcoming. "It's as clear as dayleet, if you'll only think a bit. It's weakness, nothing else. There's some men, but only a few, that love touches in their strong points an' fetches 'em out. Bill, here, for example. Everybody that knows him, kens he's a varra devil for wark, an' when he was courtin', he slipped aboard his ship for t' same reason that a duck takes to watter. Love touched him in his strong point, ye see, brought him out, slowed what sort of stuff he's made on."

Bill's face glowed with delight, and slapping his thigh, he ejaculated—"That's just it."

"Well, now," Dick continued, "I've given you an example of strong points, but as I said when I started, in t' great mass of cases it's the soft places that love finds. Drink's a weakness, an' as soon as some men feel a bit in love they fly to drink. An' it's same with po'try—that's a weak spot in a man's natur', and love finds it out; an' vanity, for you'll see some young chaps don aw their new duds an' shave thersel's twice a week, an' never think o' stirrin' out o' doors without havin' their shoes blacked. Ay, ay, there's nothin' like love for findin' soft spots an' showin' 'em up."

"As for t' mate," Dick reflectively rumbled, with a glance aft, "it's hard to say which of his weaknesses has ben got at; he's so many of 'em; but judgin' by his conduct this trip, I should say it was t' sulks. Just look at him,

lads! Fancy love paintin' a chap's face that color."

If appearance were to be accepted as an index Tinion was indeed in bad case. From his cheeks all the health tones had fled, leaving mere livid patches; on brow and eyes and lips there was the mark of a soul at war. But the skipper thought only of physical evil, and approached the mate with an offer of relief for the middle watch.

"You're not fit for it, my lad," he said kindly, "and you'd better turn in and lay by for the night."

"Fit, of course I'm fit," the mate replied surlily. "I can't tell what you're all bothering about. I was never fitter. The best way to really make a man badly," he added, "is to persuade him think there's something wrong with him, and if you pack me off to my bunk you'll soon have me on my beam ends."

Still unconvinced, the skipper pressed his point. Little did he know that instead of a friendly contest with a man, he was waging a stern conflict with relentless fate; little did he dream that success would have involved a malignant plan in absolute defeat. Realizing at last that persuasion was powerless, he abandoned the effort, and as Tinion disappeared down the companion for his watch below Peter Bewly congratulated himself on the possession of a mate inspired with a spirit so sturdy.

Now at last 'tis night, and between the boards of his narrow bed old Peter soundly sleeps, that dreary, starless, hopeless night, into which his honest eyes have never looked, the night of human hate.

Night of Nature's calling, too, is here, and the strings of the horizon have been tightly drawn, until it seems to the men who lounge upon the Habakkuk's deck that the edge of the world is but the length of a few cables ahead, astern and on either beam. Only overhead does space declare itself, up there among the hanging lights of pearl, timorous, fluttering, twinkling stars. From the masthead the lantern twins shoot their warning rays into the gloom, red and green the sidelights bow and curtesy as the ship with pendulum swing rolls and dips; abaft the companion hood a luminous glow faintly indicates the binnacle light, and in the bows a couple of pulsating gleams mark the pipes of the men who are sharing Tom Tinion's watch.

The wind has now dropped to a steady seven-knot breeze, and from that fact the mate extracts a crumb of consolation. To-night he earns his golden coins, but not one of them, if he can help it, must bear the branding mark of blood. From end to end and side to side of the poop he paces, his teeth tightly gritted, fingers digging into his palms, his brow beaded with clammy drops; and as he walks and halts and walks again the sailor's beat, three steps and overboard, his glance shoots fearfully to right and left and even aloft towards the drumming sails and cords, lest night or masts perchance give harbor to some being with eyes to note his agony and mark his deed.

Forward now, to the shadowy screen of the fore-mast, where he stands hand to ear, listening for one of those tales held secret by the sea from all save the men who dwell thereon, and then aft, with a word of command that brings a flash of surprise to the helmsman's face and a word of protest to his lips.

"Hasn't that a bit too much easting in it, Mr. Tinion?" Dick Glaister, he with his hand on the tiller, remonstrates. "It'll take us mighty near the Bulger Reef, I'm thinkin'."

"The Bulger Reef! Why, whatever are you dreaming about? The brig passed that when you were in your watch below."

Even in the dark the mate can discern the incredulity expressed by Dick's face, and making a show of impatience, he repeats his order.

A moment longer Dick hesitates, just long enough for him to recollect that obedience is the sailor's first law, and then the helm is slightly moved, and with a testy little flap the sails empty some of the wind and belly out again, the cordage dismally creaking an accompaniment.

"I don't like it a bit," Dick grumbles, as the mate goes for-

ward. "He may be right, but if it's true that we've passed the Bulger, all I can say is that the old man has knocked more out o' t' Habakkuk this trip than he's ever done before. Wonder if old Bill's right. A chap in love isn't fit to be trusted with a ship. I hope if owt goes wrong they'll put it on our buryin' cards, 'Drooned for love's sake,' ud be a grand epitaph."

Suspicious of he knows not what, all his senses watchful for a peril he dare not name, Dick grips the post that guides the brig upon her course whilst Tinion paces to and fro, engaged in the final struggle with his better self, that shabby, maimed and battered self, the only good thing the demon Greed has left him. So half an hour slips by, and then the white-robed angel wings its flight, despairing, utterly routed, and the brave little brig bores her way onward, the Spirit of Hate incarnate in command.

Once more the mate goes aft, and sinking on the grid in the stern drops his head upon his hands.

"You're not so well, I'm thinkin'," says brawny Dick compassionately. "Won't you go below an' call the skipper?"

"Nay, I'll not do that Dick. The watch'll soon be over, and I'll work it out. I can't tell what's come over me; I feel out of sorts somehow. No, I'll not turn in, but I wish you'd slip below and fetch me a nip of brandy; you'll find a bottle in my locker. I always have a little by me for happenings of this sort. Here, I'll take the tiller till you come back."

"You're sure you can manage that, sir?"

"Oh, yes, I'm not all that bad. I daresay the brandy will put me to rights again."

Relinquishing his charge, Dick hurries away below, but returns with the intelligence that the locker is fastened, and so Tinion has to fumble for his keys, first in this pocket and then in that, and thus a few extra seconds are gained to him with the vessel under his own control.

Once more Dick disappears down the companion-way, and the moment he is alone, Tinion bends over the binnacle, with trembling fingers springs back the hasp and blows out the light. Then he grips the tiller with both hands, and the ready craft, yielding to the rudder's sway, points her nose a fraction more to the east.

"We can't be far off now," he hoarsely mutters; "if Dick will only be slow enough I shall just manage it."

Returning to find the compass a blank, Dick Glaister breathes a malediction on these "blessed lights that won't stand a babby's puff," hands the brandy to the mate, and departs once more for a fresh lantern, Tinion speeding his quest with an appeal to "hurry up, for I've no fancy for guess work."

Haste, ay, haste indeed, but with all thy hurry, good mariner, thou art too late. Too long the gallant little brig, that has carried thee safe over seas, that have clamored for thy life, has lain in traitor hands. Too late, too late!

Even as Dick fits the new lantern in its socket, and neath its rays the compass stuns him with its revelation, a paralyzing cry cuts through the night—

"Breakers ahead!"

"Where away?" Dick demands, stamping upon ceremony and thrusting the mate from the tiller with a force that drives him sprawling on the deck.

"Hard on the port bow."

Dick jams the tiller down, throwing the ship up into the wind, where she curves with her sails all aback and thumping the quivering masts, whilst the sea, lashed into maelstrom fury, angrily beats her sides.

Relaying-pin in hand, Kit Salkeld is beating the devil's own tattoo upon the hatchway, and his stentorian voice shrieks into every corner of the tiny fo'c's'le—

"Tumble up there, tumble up. All hands wear ship!"

Ay, tumble up, but with all your tumbling you shall not baulk the sea of his quarry. There are breakers on the port bow that pierce the over-lying waters and point their witch-like fingers to the sky, articulate breakers, that by day loom dark and grim to the mariner's danger-seeking gaze, and by night give warning to his listening ear; there are breakers, too, on the larboard bow, sneaking, cowardly breakers, which the sun has never kissed—breakers lying low in hiding for whatever the sea may bring them—breakers with adamantine fangs that may rend the stoutest greenheart or hold in steadfast, unrelaxing grip, ay, even to the Day of Judgment, and on these the Habakkuk, with all the way of the seven-knot breeze upon her, is driven with staggering crash.

Shattered by the shock, the fore-topmast goes by the board, and

hangs over the side, a tangled heap of spar and cord and canvass.

Crash again! Lifted by the surge the ship drives further on the ravenous rocks which crush like the shell of an egg her oaken planks, her bowsprit snaps off by the belt, the mizentop shoots out and downwards. The Habakkuk is a ship no longer. She is a helpless, hopeless wreck.

(To be continued.)

About the Farm

PREVENTING PIG TROUBLES.

There is no class of inquiries which are answered with so little satisfaction to the agricultural press and to its readers as those concerning ailing pigs. It is hard enough to diagnose pig troubles when one has an opportunity to make a personal examination, and doubly hard when such an examination is impossible. Even after the trouble is correctly diagnosed, treatment in the case of pigs is often very unsatisfactory. The truth of the old maxim, "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," was never better illustrated than in the case of pig disease. There is no need of arguing the desirability of keeping the pig healthy and thrifty. All readers will agree with us on this point, but singularly enough it is difficult to get them to act upon their own belief. Take, says Wallace's Farmer, the disease known as partial paralysis, which has become quite common, comparatively speaking during the last two or three years. We are convinced that if due care were exercised in the matter of feeding the pigs and very common preventive measures taken, this disease would not be at all troublesome; but notwithstanding the frequency with which we have emphasized the importance of preventives during the past two or three years, not one out of ten of our friends who asked for help in this particular matter have made an effort to prevent it. In addition to providing clean, well-ventilated sleeping quarters and a ration which contains some muscle-making food in addition to the corn it will pay to feed the Government recipe to all hogs which show any signs of disease. This recipe, which we have published many times before, is as follows:

	Pounds.
Wood charcoal	1
Sulphur	1
Sodium chloride	2
Sodium bicarbonate	2
Sodium hypsulphite	1
Sodium sulphate	1
Antimony sulphide (black antimony)	1

These ingredients should be completely pulverized and thoroughly mixed. The dose of the mixture is a large tablespoonful for each 200 pounds weight of hogs to be treated, and it should be given but once a day.

Our friends should always keep before the hogs a box of wood ashes or charcoal, in which a little salt has been mixed. This ought to be where the hogs can have access to it at all times. If they will adopt these simple precautions and then exercise some care in feeding a balanced ration, the number of complaints of pig diseases of one sort or another will be cut in half within three months.

FARM NOTES.

The ignorant engineer gets from 20 to 50 per cent. less steam efficiency from a given amount of coal than does the man who knows. The intelligent dairyman is really an efficient engineer. He makes every pound of the tiny fo'c's'le—

Agriculture now takes its place as a business as sure in its operations and results as manufacturing and merchandising. It is no longer a haphazard proposition in which guessing plays the most prominent part. Farmers are now as much interested in the cost of production as the maker of pig iron or of nails, realizing as they do that therein lies the true secret of profit.

It may be set down as a general rule that all plants have certain climates in which they thrive best. It has been observed that plants more dwarfed and branching, more abundant foliage, and their leaves and fruit possesses brighter colors, the nearer they reach their northern boundary of successful cultivation. It has also been noticed that, in the northern limits, a plant is more productive, generally contains more sugar and gluten, and requires a shorter time to complete its growth.

Let pains be taken to pack the butter in the neatest way possible

and to have it arrive in the very best condition so far as texture and surroundings are concerned. Aim always to have the vehicle it is carried in, also the crates, jars and other packages containing it as clean and attractive as they can be made. If it is necessary to carry apples, vegetables, hides or other products of the farm in the same wagon, let these be disposed of before the customers are served, and never allow anything with a pungent odor like the kerosene can to be carried in the same wagon. The difficulty last mentioned can sometimes be overcome by suspending the offending article for transportation below the body of the wagon.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S HOBBY

Rarely Without a Camera and Has Taken 10,000 Photographs.

It is no exaggeration to say that Queen Alexandra's premier hobby is photography. Indeed her Majesty is without question one of the most enthusiastic amateur photographers it is possible to meet. She is said now to possess albums containing over 10,000 photographs, all taken by her own hands, representing royal and important personages, places and festivals in all parts of Europe, says London Tit-Bits.

For a period of sixteen years now the Queen has been a devotee of the camera. She possesses five cameras. It was, of course, as Princess of Wales that her Majesty made her first snapshot.

Although to-day the Queen really does very little developing, she has so thoroughly mastered its technicalities that she is fully competent to enter the dark room which was specially built on the new royal yacht, the Victoria and Albert, at her instigation and print off her films. Wherever the Queen goes—be it a cruise in the royal yacht to her home in Denmark or a ride across country in the Highlands—she is never without a camera. That she uses it is evident when it is stated that during one of her Mediterranean cruises she secured 1,400 photographs in six weeks.

In her way of going to work she is most methodical. Her photographs fill many albums and under each photograph her Majesty has written a description of the picture and the date when taken. They include a great variety of subjects from the King's stud horses taken in the old days at the annual sale at Wolferton to portraits of her grandchildren on the lawn at Sandringham and the ruins of the Parthenon. The photographs of her grandchildren fill three albums alone and now amount to several thousand. They depict them at their games romping with each other, and one that made the King roar with laughter when he saw it has caught two of the younger sons of the Prince of Wales, each endeavoring to exert his right to a certain toy by the free use of his fists.

One is not surprised to hear that his Majesty has frequently fallen a victim to the ever alert camera of the Queen. What she regards as one of the best photographs of the King is that which depicts him talking to Lord Suffield in the grounds of Marlborough House. Then she has photographs of his Majesty running and in all sorts of unconventional positions. These very much amused the Kaiser when he was in this country, and he is said to have begged the Queen for one of these humorous sets, as she terms them.

Then the Queen has put her hobby to a novel use. She has had certain photographs reproduced on china. This service is kept at Windsor and only used by the Queen when entertaining her most intimate friends. Each cup contains a photographic reproduction and they are all of the humorous type. One shows his Majesty running across the lawn to greet a friend. They say at Windsor that should his Majesty drop in to tea when this service is being used he never gets this cup, because he might accidentally drop it.

YOU KNOW THE MAN.

Most of us are acquainted with the person who asks obvious questions—the sort of man who stops you in the middle of a headlong rush and asks you if you are in a hurry. Mr. E— is one of these pests, and during a walk abroad the other morning he paused in astonishment outside a friend's house. Before it stood three huge moving vans; the lawn was almost covered with articles of furniture of various sorts—pictures, wardrobes, and china. And there was his old friend B—, begrimed, weary, and ill-tempered, directing operations in his shirt-sleeves.

"What, B—," exclaimed Mr. E—, "are you moving?" "Not at all—not at all," snapped B—, with elaborate sarcasm. "I'm taking my furniture out for a ride!"