

Love Kept Its Faith;

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

CHAPTER XX.—(Cont'd.)

"As for the rest," Margery was speaking again—"I know it is only too true, but—why, why, why? It isn't David's way. From the little that I've learned I'm persuaded that some other genius of evil is at work prompting him to the thing that I know he must despise. Who is it, Mr. Strang; can you tell me that?"

"You will tell me if you know," she pasted swiftly to his side, her hands secure his cold, unresponsive fingers and hold them fast—"You will help me to undo the wrong that has been done? He's very young, is David; he's only a boy yet, and all his days are before him; and if it pleases you, Mr. Strang, if you have the secret I'm looking for, you may fill everyone of those days with joy, and if it please you, you may weigh every one with woe. And why should he suffer. Surely, you cannot know him, or you would never hesitate; he has a heart of gold, has David, and until this happened everything he did bore the stamp of truth. You will help me to clear him, Mr. Strang—dear Mr. Strang, you will tell me what you know and help me to set him straight with his little world?"

"For my sake, then, if not for his." Still holding his hand she sinks upon her knees on the filthy cabin floor. "I'm only a girl, Mr. Strang, and David and I are—friends; his joys are my joys and his griefs are my griefs, too, and if the path he has yet to tread be one of shame, I also walk the same way. No happiness can be mine unless he shares it, and he can have no sorrow of which I may not bear a part. For my sake, then, you'll do the thing I ask, won't you? I'll forget all the past, I'll look upon all these hideous days with joy, because of you, and I'll—pray—for—you—on—every—one—of—the—days—that—God—has—yet—to—give—me."

Do you hear that, man? Margery Manesty kneels to you, Margery Manesty is praying to you, praying to you as if you were a god instead of what you are.

He steps to Margery's side, and together, their eyes burning with wonder, their souls even touched into awe, they read the message that unknown hand has sent them—

"ASK—TOM—TINION."

Overhead there is scuttering of the Captain's shoeless feet, but his message has dulled their ears, so that they hear it not. In that moment there is nothing for either of them in the whole world but that slip of paper. Only that, until from the note Michael Strang's brain flashes to the writer, to the hand that hurled it through the window; and, galvanized into life, he darts up the stairs, scurries on a furious hunt among the litter of the deck and then vanishes in the gloom of the quay.

Just beyond the railway crossing he falls in with the Sliddlemere brougham, John Curthbert on the box and with Nanny Manesty, awaiting in a fever of impatience and anxiety the return of her niece.

Ere the old church clock has called the midnight hour he encounters it again. This time it has halted by the Beclside, that street which hangs on the edge of the tiniest of Allerdale's triple streams, and now Cap'n Dan has been called and is playing the pilot to Margery, their destination Tom Tinion's home.

But Tinion, scared by ghosts of Michael Strang's raising, his pockets lined with more of Michael Strang's gold, has become a fugitive upon the waters. To-night a tiny boat curvets across the Firth, and drops him ashore on the rocks below Kirkcudbright. The morrow shall find him in the narrows of the Clyde, an emigrant in search of a home, a transgressor flying from his transgression.

CHAPTER XXI

In all her activity, Margery made no show of unreasoning, inconclusive haste. Every suggestion was franked by thought, every instruction the issue of nicely-balanced inference and deep deliberation. In Miss Manesty and Cap'n Dan she aroused a spirit of overpowering wonder, and after that, hope and fear—hope for David and fear for

herself, lest in the end failure should be her portion.

Winter spent its wrath, and the three rejoiced that David's ships had all won through.

"We must get him back to the old way, Missy, before another winter comes round," Cap'n Dan pleaded; and then once more he voiced the dread that somehow seemed to dwarf all other—"Some of his boats'll not stand another battering, an' if only one goes down with men aboard—"

He broke off sharp. They realized in all its awful completeness the contingency he had in mind. "With men aboard." That represented the final catastrophe, calamity converted into crime. The black blot of shame might be erased but never the crimson stain of blood.

"We must get him saved before another winter, Missy. Oh, if only we could lay hands on that Tinion wastrel."

"Yes—but as we can't we must manage without him."

"Ay, Missy—what is it you're thinking on?"

Bravely she tried to meet them, tried and faltered. Only a matter of seconds and then—

"You promised to help me, Cap'n Dan."

"I'm here, Missy; say the word."

"You still think that David's in the dark, that he isn't conscious of all that's being done in his name and won't investigate?"

"Sure as death."

"I shall need more help than yours. How many of David's men can you rely on to do just what they're bidden and care for no consequence?"

"How many? Well, I don't think there's any more Tinions left. I can't say I mistrust any of them, but—anyway, those I'd want an affidavit with, wouldn't man one of David's brigs?"

"And you yourself, Cap'n Dan? Whatever I ask you'll not refuse me, nor turn back, you'll not call me foolish nor my scheme a mad one?"

"Miss Margery, you're hurtin' me."

"Forgive me, Cap'n Dan," she pleaded, "but I'm so terribly afraid. All the time I've been building up this plan the way has seemed so smooth and easy, but now it is simply strewn with difficulty."

"What is it you want us to do, Missy? I'm growing fearful curious."

Margery told him. Told him the thoughts that had come to her on the heights and amid the stately trees, told him of the desperate design whose daring had staggered her at first, and then charmed and again cast down in timorous uncertainty, told the thing she asked of him and those others who sailed the seas on David's ships.

And then she braced herself to meet the storm of opposing protest, but instead of the tempest became peacefully conscious of a great calm. Nanny Manesty paid tribute to her genius and pronounced a benediction upon her project.

As for Cap'n Dan, he was reduced to a condition of limp ineptitude, his limpness was as that of a sea-soaked cable. When, after a period of waiting, Margery begged for his verdict, he weakly waved his hands and craved for time.

"It simply caps everything, this does, Missy. I'm lost, can't tell whether I've got sea room or am drifting on a lee shore; can't say whether I'm 'hoove-to or runnin' with stun'sails an' royals set. By-an'-by, Missy—by-an'-by, when I've got my bearings."

His bearings obtained in the by-and-by time, Dan delivered himself oracularly—

"Miss Margery," he said—surely never had the face of the little skipper worn such a glow—"to-night I'm sailing under a new flag. The red duster's always been good enough for me an' I've been proud of it, but now I've hoisted a new ensign, an' I'm going to ship as mate. I've broken the Manesty flag at the fore, and I'm taking me orders from Cap'n Margery."

CHAPTER XXII

There were twelve of them, sons of the sea, some tall, some short, but all of them bronzed, brawny, stout-hearted. Jim Cameron, by right that none would question, at

the head of the table, the others disposed upon the settee to right and left. All except the skipper of the Daniel—entered in the log-book and the Family Bible as Harry Casson, but known to the world as "Goliath"—whose height and girth banished him to the alleyway, where he crouched cross-legged fashion and almost filled up the gap. Standing room in the cabin he might have had, but he would have paid for it in extreme personal inconvenience, whilst considerations of economy forbade him a seat on the benches.

Into this little conclave, then, as at the last of the twelve melancholy strokes trailed away from the old church tower, came Margery with Cap'n Dan, and as she dawned upon their astonished vision, a common impulse thrust every man to his feet and pulled the cap from every head.

"You'll let me come in, won't you, Captain Cameron?" she inquired, with a wan smile, and extended her hand across the table to the skipper, who responded with words of kindly welcome.

"The cabin of an Allerdale brig's not exactly the proper place for a leddy, but you're mair welcome than I can tell you; an' me an' my ship's at your service. And I think I can say t' same for all aboard at t' present moment."

"Ay!" eleven bass voices rumbled an endorsement, and with a queenly little nod, Margery accepted their homage.

She turned again to Cameron to find him wriggling away from the table so that she might have his chair, but this arrangement she promptly vetoed.

"No, no, Captain Cameron, this is your ship, and that is your place—but I'll sit beside you if I may."

And then, her heart throbbing so that its beating was a pain, her hands, hidden under her cloak, tightly clenched, Margery began her message—began and faltered and stopped. Once more that fear of the opposing voice, the smile of pitying contempt, the glance of blighting ridicule.

"Easy, Missy, easy; we're all friends here." This from Cap'n Dan.

"Ay, all of us." This from Cameron, who struggled to his feet.

"Mebbe I can help you a bit, Miss Margery," he continued.

"I've a lassie of my own at home, an' I'd take it kindly if somebody would stand by if ever she wanted to say the thing that was hard. You'll be wantin' to explain why you've called us in this by-ordinary fashion, but there's not a bit o' need for that. We ken it for ourselves. Cap'n Dan there has given a few on us, them you see around you, a glint of the way you've stood by Maister Davie, an' you've shamed us, Miss Margery, you've just put us all to shame. We all loved the laddie, we all love him yet, an' our hearts are sore for the evil way that he's chosen; but we've stopped at pity and blame, an' after that thought o' little but the seams that need caulking an' the grub that men shouldn't be asked to eat. That's hoo we've acted, an' if it hadn't been for the bit maid with a bright, bonny, gowden faith, David Graham would be a miserable hulk, a derelict, without a chance."

"There's one point I'd like to put myself an' the mates straight on. Right from the varra start o' this cruise we'd our peepers on Tom Tinion, an' perhaps when you take note of inventory entry in the log book it's not surprisin' that we should have thought him in Maister Davie's pay. Now—we're not so sure about it. Cap'n Dan's told us about Michael Strang, an'—we're sure o' nothing. We seem to have drifted until t' middle o' t' blackest, wettest, queerest, fog that's ever licked about us. An' yet, amid all the murk, there's one speck o' light at the masthead, thank God. An' it's you that's hung it there."

A sound that might have been a sob beat upon the Malachi's wooden walls.

"I just want to say one thing more," Cameron continued. "I'm speaking for myself, Miss Margery, an' t' others mun do t' same. I'd do anything, begin life over agen an' ship afore t' mast if I could prove this thing a lie, prove that David Graham hasn't dropped to the level of a money-grubbing, ship-wrecking shark."

"An' me, too, Miss." Sam Hodgson roared from eyrie.

"An' me."

"An' me."

"An' me." And so the cry went all round.

Margery raised her head and now she was smiling, smiling through tears, and this time there was no doubt about the sob.

"God bless you for that," she exclaimed; "I knew it all the time, but it's good to hear you say it. You've given me courage, Captain Cameron, driven all my foolish

fears away and made me confident in the request I'm going to make.

"I'm not troubling so much about the slur of the Habakkuk's loss now," she went on, "it's David himself, not his name, that you must help me to rescue. He's doing wrong—and you and I are going to help him to do right. That is the object that has towered before me and made me ask you to meet me here, where no one can overlook us, at this hour, when no eyes can spy upon our coming and going."

"Beggin' yer pardin, Miss," Bill Ritson interrupted, "but divven't you think that if you axed him in your own way you'd bring him too? Just you try him, Miss Margery; go till him an' tell him as how you want him to throw that manager chap owerboard an' clear aw t' bagwash out of his ships' stores, an' git t' caulkers to wark wi' their pitch an' tow, an'—bless me, he'll do it, faix bit he will. Dash my buttons, Miss, but if you axed him for Jwohn the Baptist's head on a charger he'd not be able to refuse it. Try him, noo do."

(To be continued.)

About the Farm

HOW TO OBTAIN LARGE MILK YIELDS.

There is no one best feed for cows. Big results have been obtained from many different rations. When the cow freshens, she must be treated as an invalid. She must be given light food for several days as her stomach is weakened during maternity. Her stomach gradually regains strength, sometimes in a week, other times in two or even three weeks. Feed her carefully, gradually increasing the feed. Watch the excrement closely. Experience will soon tell you as to the state of the stomach and bowels. The avidity with which the cow eats tells much. She should be keen for her feed at all times. If she is slow in "taking hold" she is getting too much, that is if she leaves anything but hay or straw. The cow can do her best work only when all the organs work in harmony. The importance of this will be readily understood when we consider that there is in the intestines of the wellfed animal some 150 to 200 pounds of fodder in various stages of digestion, writes Mr. George Rice.

It is not food alone we must supply the cow. A heavy milking cow takes 150 to 200 pounds of water daily, even when fed on a succulent ration. Too much water taken at a time acts as a purge and causes serious trouble. It seems natural for a cow to want to drink water after eating. Water should be before her at all times. Food and water are important, but there are other things to be considered.

We know that we can take two cows, feed them just the same, and one will produce more than the other.

Where does it come from. Sometimes from her own body. But then there are cases in which this factor does not account for the difference in yield. It is generally said one cow has the milk-giving function to a greater degree than the other. What is "function?" We might define it as a nice sounding word that we use when "stuck;" in a similar case the untutored Indian gives a grunt and we are just about as wise. If there is not some source from which the cow gets the increased amount of milk then she performs a miracle.

THE PART OF PURE AIR.

There is still another element that is too often not considered, and that is air. Air is as vital to the existence of animal life as it is to plants. A man can go for a long while without food. Some have fasted forty days and nights. But, deprived of air 40 minutes we would soon collapse. Just in proportion as we deprive the animal of pure air, we reduce the efficiency of the whole system. Pure air taken into the lungs, oxidizes the blood, promotes circulation, aids digestion, and produces the power that enables the animal to accomplish work.

The cow to be a good one must have great lung capacity. To produce well she must have sufficient pure air to fill her lungs, else her superior lungs are of no benefit. The oxygen that she breathes goes to the nerve centres, stimulating them to greater effort. Just exactly how, it is a little hard to explain. However, I will give you an example that I had in my work. Two years ago I had two cows of the same age, same breed, calved on the same date. They were in

about as equa' condition as it would be possible to have them. I tested them for a month at home. One gave right along more milk, also more butter fat, than the other. She could not be taking more from her body; if anything the one giving the least was losing the most in weight. I took them to the station for a dairy test. This dairy had a very bad reputation with us cow men.

VENTILATION.

The air in there is never good. Sometimes it is very bad. The committee in charge have done all they can to improve conditions, but the building is too high for one thing, and to get enough pure air on the floor where the cows are, it would be much too cold. Then the cows stand with their heads against a solid wall, and the air they breathe out cannot get away properly. Part of it must be breathed over and over again. It is bad enough for cows when they stand up. It is worse when they lie down. Judging by the manner this building, and a lot of stalls in the country are put in, we should think that the cows breathed through their tails, as the air has a better chance to circulate there. The less boards and other obstructions there are around a cow the better.

The way it affected these two cows was that one made no more while there than did the other. She fed all right, and was all right, but her superior lung power was of no use to her, as the air was not pure enough. There never has been any big work done in this pen in which the dairy test has been conducted. Yet cows have done better work before coming here, and others have done big work after leaving here. We had better follow this up to show how the air and heat affects heavy milkers. Anyone that has done much official testing knows that big work is not done by the cows if they freshen in the summer. We can get the feed all right and we can get the water all right, but we cannot get the air all right. We can get it pure, but we are liable to have hot spells. And that will knock a good cow out quicker than anything. We can see a good reason for this: A heavy milker takes so much air into her lungs that when it is too hot, it raises the temperature of the body too much, and the nerve centres are not stimulated.

SHOULD FRESHEN IN WINTER

I was testing two cows in June. The weather had been nice and the air exhilarating and the two cows had been doing well. Along came one of those very hot spells. The one cow dropped from 2.4 pounds of fat daily to 1.85. The other cow had not been doing such good work and did not drop so much. Dairy-men are getting wise to the fact that in order to have their cows (that is those heavy producers), do big work, they must freshen in the winter, when the temperature can be controlled. Too much cold is also bad, and no wonder, considering the amount of water the cow drinks and the air she uses.

A cow not milking in the winter will not require so much water. But, if cows are to give a large amount of milk the following summer, they need to be well cared for, and put in good condition for the heavy demand that will be made upon their strength. Pure water is quite as necessary as good feed. A cow kept in an ill-ventilated stable at nights, turned out in the raw cold air all day, will not attain the desired vigor. Two wrongs never made a right. The cow should have good air all the time. We should avoid all drafts in the stable. Avoid extremes of temperature. Keep the air as pure as possible, even if a little lower temperature must be obtained, and be regular in feeding and milking.

LEFT TILL CALLED FOR.

When Wilkinson went to his office one day last week he felt calm and contented. He hadn't any need to worry about his wife's loneliness any more, for he had bought a capital watchdog for her.

But alas! when he arrived home his wife met him with the deplorable news that the dog had gone.

"Eh!" said Wilkinson, "did he break the chain, then?"

"No," she replied; "but a great, ugly-looking tramp came here and acted so impudently that I let the dog loose. But instead of tearing the tramp to pieces the nasty dog went off with him."

"Great Scott!" said Wilkinson, "that must have been the tramp I bought him from!"

"Cheer up, old man!" said a man to a friend who had been ignominiously dismissed by the father of his adored one. "Love laughs at locksmiths." "Yes, I know," replied the dejected suitor. "But her father isn't a locksmith; he's a gunsmith!"