

Love Kept Its Faith;

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

CHAPTER XXII.—(Cont'd)

Bizarre though it was, the speech aroused in the girl to whom it was addressed a sense of gratification.

"I want David to do right for the work's sake and not for mine," she declared. "I wouldn't like it to be said of him that he'd forsaken the evil way for no better reason than to please me. I'm not saying that under no circumstances would I act as you suggest, Mr. Ritson, but it would not be when all other measures had failed.

"You know, I'm half afraid that I've lost some of my womanhood in this contest. Pity I'll put far from me, and my heart shall be turned to steel, and, if you help me, if you do the thing I'm going to ask, you will have to banish all fear of consequence, and make yourselves less merciful than winter's most terrible sea."

Watching their faces for sign of agreement, of capitulation, Margery had a perfect revelation of the emotion through which her pleading successively carried them, interest hardening to amazement, this to incredulity, and in the end a tempest of worrying perplexity.

That a glimmering appreciation of the fact had penetrated the inner consciousness of at least one of the salts was manifest when Cameron's turn again came round.

"It's a hard thing you've asked us to do, Miss Margery," he said. "It's hard—wonderful hard—sounds a bit like mummies' work—but we'll talk about it—seeing it's a leddy an' yourself that's asked us. Is there no other way? D'ye think it'll do?"

"I've looked and looked for other ways, and I've always come back to this one as the best," she assured him. "As for the result—I don't know; I can only hope. Just the same as yourself, Captain Cameron, when you begin a new voyage or as a landsman begins a new day. There's no knowledge of the end, only a little bit of hoping and a little bit striving.

"Don't you see," she continued, "how it all depends on David! He's not bad, he doesn't mean ill. I know it. If I had any doubt I wouldn't dream of doing this thing. He's only a wee bit weaker than we'd thought him, and somebody hates him. And when he sees with his own eyes he'll want to do right and he'll grow strong—oh, so very strong."

"Have you got it all chartered, Miss Manesty. Can you show us how the thing's to be worked?"

"No. I'm sure it can be done, but after that, it's a task for sailors, and I've left the details to you. Cap'n Dan and the rest of you, I'm certain can devise a way."

"And how many of us will need to be in it?"

"The crew of one ship, of course."

"Which one?"

"That is one of the points you must decide."

"When?"

"There also you must choose. All the risk is yours, none of it mine. The sooner the better."

Cameron rested his arms upon the table and counted off the Graham crew at present in the harbor.

"Malachi, Obadiah, Daniel, Joshua."

So Cameron ticked them off, and even while his fingers made their record Margery rose, the light of victory flashing in her eyes. Lumbering out of the alleyway to the foot of the table, Goliath stretched out his massive hand, and at the signal a dozen hands were held forth in attestation of loyal service.

And thus the pact was made.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Burdened by many tons beyond her easy carrying, the Daniel wobbled reluctantly down the Gut and vanished in the night. On the edge of the Fifth the yapping, testy tugboat slacked its tow-line, then hauled it in, screamed from its iron throat a rusty farewell, and left her to the will of the winds.

When the rim of the sun dropped again upon the sea, the prophet poised upon the bows was staring through his wooden eyes on the Mull of Galloway's awesome bluff, and after that he yawned across the red-gold waters and struck the homeward track. With the night

again about him, and the harbor lights of Allerdale twinkling a league and a half to leeward, the anchor rattled out beneath his feet.

Tugging at the dripping cable, the Daniel slung round with the set of the tide, and thereafter three men clambered across her quarter and soon the clink-clank of rowlocks in diminuendo spoke of a boat speeding shorewards. More like a figure of bronze or stone than being of flesh and blood, Goliath stood on the poop, his huge hands tightly gripping the rail, his ears strained for the rasp of iron until it no longer rang upon the air. By his side, sharing his vigil, was the squat form of one whose name was certainly not entered on the log as a member of the crew.

An hour passed—in silence, save for the lapping of the waves against the hull, the far off booming of the surf, and the vague, indefinable mutterings of the sleeping land. One hour, two and then again the metallic beating of the rowlocks.

Galvanized into activity, the men on the poop swiftly separated. One of its units sped to the aft companion, pausing at the top to take the skipper by the hand and utter a whispered plea. In the light that flashed up the well, Goliath's eyes shone as the stars above the Daniel's masts, his swarthy brow was thickly studded with beads, and when he responded his voice was as that of another man.

His companion gone, the skipper hastily descended from the poop, and leaning out over the taffrail, strenuously scanned the unresponsive waters, over the hills and hollows of which the boat was speeding. Now the iron scraped close at hand, not more than a couple of cable lengths away, now the little craft shot through the veil, now, the water creaming in her wake she rounded under the Daniel's counter, and now the captain saw.

Three men had left the ship, four had returned.

Now, too, it became clear that for the skipper's loss of nerve, for the beaded brow, the quivering limbs and the changed voice, suspense must bear the blame and not fear of a task to be faced, for when the brig dipped with the surge and David Graham scrambled on board, Goliath had himself in hand again.

"Whatever's the matter?" David demanded of him. "What does all this mystery mean? Jerry Dudgeon tells me that you've had to put back and that you must see me, but not another word have I been able to get from the three of them. What's gone wrong; you look shipshape enough."

"Don't you see what's wrong, Master David?" the skipper asked; and when the other hotly bade him "cease his riddlings and explain," he started forward, begging his master to "come till t' fo'c's'le an' see for himself."

Curiosity, a slight measure of annoyance, and a profound trust in the fidelity which had never yet been betrayed, all conspired to blind him as he obeyed the invitation, and when the skipper paused by the hood, and deferentially, as of old, gave him the lead, he slipped down the ladder, untroubled by a shade of suspicion.

His feet upon the fo'c's'le planking, he glanced around the dingy chamber, but like the deck, had no secret to reveal, and he turned to meet the skipper and listen to his tale. But instead of revelation, lusty amazement gripped him hard and tight. The ladder was moving, even as he looked it thumped upon the deck, and in its place, framed in the black patch on whose edge it had rested the beseeching face of the skipper appeared.

"Casson, what d'ye mean by this foolery? Drop that ladder at once," he angrily cried, and the sailor, remembering that the youth down there was his master, was Jacob Graham's son, almost surrendered—almost; but in time recalled the promise he had made.

"Now, just bide quiet for a bit, Master David," he implored; "sit down an' put your mind at rest, for we mean no harm to you—an' I'll come an' explain. We had to do it like this, you see, to save any noise," he apologetically added; "for we didn't want to fetch them coastguard chaps about our ears."

"Casson, I insist—"
But Casson was gone. The doors snapped together, the hood grated on its slide, and David Graham was a prisoner, interned in the depths of one of his own ships.

"Casson—Goliath—Goliath." The wooden walls hurled the words back in his teeth.

"Dudgeon—Blair." Only the gurgling of the outer waters made answer to his call.

By turns he clamored for every member of the crew. Overhead the feet of the men pattered along the deck.

For the present, escape from captivity was his only concern. What a hateful hole in which to imprison a man who had set his heart on a kingdom, who, one of these days, would rule as one of the Princes of the Sea.

Ah, at last! The little lid was flung back, a flood, icy cold but life restoring, rushed through the scuttle. Deep down in his heart David thanked God for a breath of fresh air. Then he looked aloft, and all consciousness of gratitude fled. The ladder was being lowered, now it was in its place, now Casson and he were face to face, the skipper cool, resolute, as though the meeting were one of the everyday passages; David, passionate, resentful, his nerves strung to their tightest tension, the hot blood of wrath pulsating through his veins.

"I'm mighty sorry for this, Master David," the skipper began, but there his apology ended.

"Well, keep your sorrow, man," David hotly interrupted, "and tell me what you mean. Why have you lured me here? Why have you carried me away to sea on my own ship? What madness is behind it all? What do you mean to do? Answer me, man, answer me, or—or I'll forget that I'm Jacob Graham's son, and—"

"Haven't you forgotten that already, sir?"

The upraised arm dropped limply.

"Now, sir," Goliath continued, "I'll answer all your whys and wherefores. It's a hard thing we've done this night, and some day, please God, you'll see that it bears harder on us than on yourself. We've brought you here to show you—why—Jacob Graham's son—should—do—the—thing—his father asked."

"A pretty tale," David cried. "A deal you care for my father or his son. It's been lump-love with every one of you, service for what you could get. You have all prated of loyalty, but the moment Slander whispered you ran."

"If you're thinking of the Habakkuk, I'll own that we did you a great wrong. It's true that we doubted you there, but we don't now. Though I reckon even that as part of the price for your other ills."

"Well, then, what—"

"Just this. Once your ships were seaworthy, now they're rotting; once they carried a safe load, now—if t' Daniel meets with a storm God help us; once they were well fed, now your men are given stuff not fit for a pagan. We've tried and tried and tried again to tell you, but you stopped your ears, and wouldn't listen, and whiles you hid yourself so that we couldn't come near you. And so we've brought you away with the hope in our hearts that you'll not refuse to look and see things for yourself."

"It's your last chance, Master David. We've done you t' credit of thinking that you've been sailing in the dark, but now you've that defence no longer. All around you there are real, solid, ugly facts, and you may turn them inside out in broad daylight if you will. It's a bold thing that we've done, and no doubt you're greatly angered; but, Master David, don't let your anger kill your judgment. There's not a man aboard, not a man in all your fleet would harm a hair of your head, but every one of them would take his life in his hands to make Jacob Graham's son what Jacob himself would have him be."

In dumb, bewildered silence, David listened to the skipper's confession and appeal, and when the tale was told he had nothing to say.

So he waited without a word and wrestled with strenuous thought. Waited until Goliath laid a kindly hand upon his shoulder and snapped the spell. A long, troubled look into the face of his captor, and David passed from the fo'c's'le to the deck and sought refuge amid the shadows hanging darkly about the bow.

(To be continued.)

NOT DIFFICULT.

"Doncher know," began Sandleigh, "that I'm—er—sometimes inclined to think—"

"You really ought to try it," interrupted Miss Cayenne. "It's not such a difficult thing after one gets used to it."

FOR A COLONIAL MARKET

THE SUGGESTION OF AN ENGLISH NEWSPAPER.

No Shops in London Where One Can be Sure of Getting Colonial Goods.

A writer in The London Express suggests that the various colonies of Great Britain, which spend large sums yearly in advertising their products, should establish one or more shops in some great thoroughfare where the colonial products may be well displayed, cheaply priced, and available for one and all to buy, try, and come again. This, he submits, would in the end be more useful than numerous colonial exhibitions and regiments of colonial officials in palatial office buildings.

CAN'T BUY OUR PRODUCE.

There are, he says, at least half a dozen colonial shows or museums permanently open in London, all excellently arranged and displaying the different products of the colony to the best advantage. One is tempted by the cases of jams, honey, turtle, fruit, meat, and a hundred and one other things, tasty, useful, cheap, well packed, and thoroughly available for general domestic use. But go into any big shop in London or the country and ask for any one article of colonial produce, and the chances are a hundred to one, or more, that you will not get it.

The colonial representatives, good, worthy, estimable men one and all, fight shy of the retail trade, or else have no power to push the goods which they show and recommend. Their exhibitions, therefore, form a trading point of view, defeat their own ends. One's mouth waters at the delicacies displayed; and one then finds that there is no chance of being protectively patriotic, and spending hard cash on colonial products. In default, therefore, one buys

AMERICAN GOODS.

The colonies must start their own shops in London first, and then in the more important provincial towns, or, what would be the ideal plan, they should combine (if for once agreement were pleasantly possible) and open a large colonial market right in the heart of London, where every colonial product would be on sale, and where one might buy dugong and beche-de-mer from Queensland; honey, mutton, and butter from other parts of Australia; apples, maple sugar, and fish from Canada; jams, pines, sugar and tea from Natal; mebos, snook, and van der Hum from the Cape; mealies and tobacco from the Transvaal; rum from Jamaica—and so on, right through the whole gamut of colonial produce.

THE MODERN HOTEL.

A Town in Itself—Big Manufacturing Industry.

The modern hotel is a town—nay, a city, a manufacturing industry, a theatre, a restaurant—in itself. In one leading New York hotel are 750 bathrooms. Almost any time one can find housed there 1,500 guests and nearly as many servants, while daily as many as 10,000 persons can be served in the dining hall.

There are in the hotel telephone and telegraph offices, a machine shop, an electric light plant, an ice plant, a blacksmith shop, silver-smith shop, tinsmith shop, plumbing shop, upholstering shop, barber shops, a fire department, a police force, a private detective bureau, a grocery warehouse, a hothouse, steam laundry, printing office.

In the wine cellar are a half million dollars' worth of aged and aging wines; each year is spent \$50,000 for linen, \$57,000 for butter, \$12,000 for eggs, \$42,000 for fruit, \$80,000 for vegetables, \$113,000 for poultry, \$200,000 for meat and \$30,000 for flowers.

And the cost of the hotels! Corporations are behind them. In them are sunk many kings' ransoms. In New York city, the metropolis of hoteliers, there are invested in the Plaza Hotel \$12,500,000; in the Belmont, \$9,000,000; in the Gotham and St. Regis, \$9,000,000; in the Knickerbocker, \$7,000,000; the Astor, \$6,000,000; the Breslin, \$3,000,000; the Serville, \$1,000,000; in the Marseilles, \$1,000,000.

Within one year forty hotels were put up in Manhattan, at a cost of \$20,375,000; the following year the number increased to ninety with an investment twice as large, exceeding \$40,000,000.

About the Farm

DON'T RAISE TOO MUCH STOCK.

Nothing goes to the heart of a lover of animals more sharply than a lot of half starved stock. Don't keep an animal more than the farm will support in plenty. A well fed and cared for team will do more work than two teams of weakened, straw-fed horses. Two properly fed cows will give you far better results than twice as many depending almost entirely upon corn stalks for their sustenance, and the eternal squealing of half-fed hogs must drive you almost insane. Even chickens, excellent scavengers though they be, cannot be expected to produce eggs during the winter, unless fed properly and regularly.

Don't starve the land either. If you cannot properly care for the whole farm don't try to do so. Better by far let a field or two lie fallow than to half fertilize and half cultivate the whole place. One acre of corn planted as corn should be and taken care of as it must be will give you more corn, more stalks and greater satisfaction than two or three acres we see so frequently.

Don't starve your family; don't starve yourself. You must give your mind as well as your body, nourishment. You must have social intercourse with your neighbors, plenty of proper reading matter, and keep up with the ever progressing movement of the world around you.

We do not advocate incessant "gadding," and the "unsight and unseen" taking up of every new proposition and method that anyone chooses to propose, but thank goodness there is no longer a place in our farming life for the man who never takes his eyes from the ground to see what others are doing, or allows any member of his family to do so.

It's all right to think of the good old days, and tell us how much better they did things when you were a boy. But the world moves onward and those methods will not answer now, and we do not propose to adopt them.

Then the farmer raised for his own living, now the market is the world and his competitors the civilized nations.

The secret is intensive effort, whether in dairying, breeding or general farming, and it's the same in life off the farm. The Jack of all trades has given way to the master of one.

But we have only made a fair beginning in this country yet. The day will come when the product will be twice what it is to-day.

FARM NOTES.

The days of ground-hog farming are over. There is no hibernating among the young men who have attended the agricultural college and have learned to seize opportunity by the foretop and to have something to sell every day in the year.

Tillage means stirring the land for the land's saks, not merely for the purpose of preparing a seed bed or of killing weeds. We till to make plant food more available; to preserve moisture; to prevent injury from insects and diseases. If we can accomplish these things better by other means, these other means should be adopted. The best for one man is not always the best for another.

Many breeders, especially with a favorite sow, are too good to them and feed them, or rather overfeed, until they get them out of condition. The pigs will get out of condition at the same time and lots of trouble will ensue. A breeder who will look after his sows and their pigs closely, feed them regularly, moderately and intelligently, will get them started in good shape and keep them growing continually, and will be able to show something to his neighbors that he will be proud of later on.

Slack one pound of good lime in about three-fourths of a pail of water (eight quarts), stir it thoroughly and let it settle. Drain off the water and about a pint of the settlings into a four-gallon stone jar, and set in the cellar, or other cool, dark place. Put the clean, fresh eggs daily into this limewater, taking care to drop them in carefully, so as not to crack them; cover, and they will keep good a year or more. No matter which end is down, and have no care about turning them.