Love Kept Its Faith;

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

CHAPTER XXIV.

Head rigidly erect, hands tightly clasped behind him, vision riveted straight ahead, David paced amid the tangle of the bows, and in the darkness sought with agony of soul for light.

To his dying father he had made a promise of fidelity—and he was here on the high seas, a prisoner on his own ship!

To Margery Manesty he had plighted his troth—and now he was treated as a moral renegade and the sea flung itself around him on every hand!

Uneasily he looked about him, uncertain of his ground, and Goliath, who had shared his watch, left the poop to meet him with an offer of food and sleep. Indifferently he consented, and staggered aft towards the captain's cabin, but halted when the skipper hastily stepped in front of him.

"I mayn't let you go there, sir."

"There," he repeated—"where?"

"To my cabin. I'm sorry, but—but I'll have to ask you to put up with t' fo'c's'le—else how'll you get your bearings and—and see things as they are?"

Stinging, bruising, the words beat one by one upon his intelligence. Rage again swept into his heart. Suddenly his arm shot forward, and Goliath, giant though he was, fell beneath the blow. Before the skipper could regain his feet, David was speeding aft.

For a moment, however, David had abandoned his design on the cabin. The issue now was not one of accommodation but of authority. Turning his back on the skipper he gripped the rail of the poop and called for the first man on whom his glance fell.

"Blair, come here."

The mariner shook his head.

"D'ye hear me, Ned Blair? Come here."

Blair dug his hands deep into his pockets and rolled away forward. Angrily, David watched him join the rest of the crew who had gathered in a knot abaft the foremast. Then he followed and insisted on obedience, declared that Casson was no longer the skipper, and commanded them to put the ship about. Embarrassed, with lowered lids, a tumult of longing in their hearts, they crowded before him, and listened, but not a hand was lifted, not a foot stirred.

"D'ye hear me?" David cried again, and stamped furiously upon the deck. "You, Blair, and you, Atkinson—and all the rest. This is my ship, it is my money that pays you; get about your work and wear round for port, any port you like so long as this monstrous farce is ended. Is it the thing you've done that makes you afraid? Then let your fears go; I'll say no more about it. I'll believe that you've been led into mischief by those who ought to have known better, and there shall be no punishment for you nor suffering for those who are dear to you. Now then—at once."

"We can oanly tak' t' captain's orders."

"You must take mine. Casson's dismissed and I'm captain now."

Still they stood their ground. One after another he appealed to them by name, and in each case the response was flung at him with chilling sameness. They could "oanly tak' t' captain's orders." He offered them rewards; they could "oanly tak' t' captain's orders." He threatened the sternest penalties of the law, but again they sheltered behind Goliath's authority. Finally, he sought the mate and offered him the command, but Reuben Tickle declared that he'd given his word to stand by Goliath. Thereafter David struggled no more.

At a sign from the skipper, Jack Currie touched him on the arm, and with broken utterance offered him the hospitality of the fo'c's'le. Dazed, wearied to the verge of collapse, exhausted too by hunger, David offered no further resistance and scrambled down the ladder. This, too, was part of the Fact!

Hot from the galley stove, Jack brought him a pannikin of strong tea with a platter of bread and butter. He raised the tin to his lips, sipped and asked—

"What is it, Jack?"

"It's tea, Master David."

"Tea!"

He looked again into the pannikin; the stuff was the color of mud. He put the pannikin down and took up the bread.

"Funny looking bread, Jack; very dark, isn't it?"

"Ay, it's nut eggsactly flannel bread, an' as for it's color, it's second cousin to black, but — it's like t' tea."

"How?"

"Best we've got aboard."

Tasting it, he found it doughish, with an insipid, musty flavor; but hunger helped him to a few morsels, just sufficient to take the edge off his appetite.

He was terribly sleepy—what had happened to the ship—the fo'c's'le was spinning round—he would see about that bread by-and-by—men who worked for wages deserved better fare than that—What did Jack say—lie down—yes, certainly.

"I guess you'll like a bunk better'n a hammock," Jack remarked, as he spread a rough blanket over him; "a bunk's easier to manage an' a lot warmer. It's wunnerful hoo much heat these wooden walls manage to store up. None o' your new-fangled iron ships for me. Wooden walls are like green shirts—God almighty med 'em both. Bit theer, whist thy yadderin', the poor bit bairn's asleep awriddy."

That morning the crew of the Daniel were granted a minor holiday. But for the sake of David's slumber, all discordant, echo-raising occupations were suspended, the ship became far more silent than the irrepressible sea. Not until the noontide sun was warming the waters and splashing them with patches of silver and gold did he awaken. The men were at dinner, and for a while, through sleep-dimmed eyes, he lay still and watched them. A couple of wooden kids were placed on the floor, one containing meat, the other a boiling of potatoes, and round these the sailors were gathered, and into their capacious deptns each one dipped for himself.

Sense reviving, he cast a curious glance into the smoking tubs, wondered why the potatoes should be so deeply colored, and remarked that in the process of cooking the meat had acquired a mahogany hue like that of salt junk when kept too long. But this must be fresh meat, for the Daniel was not yet two days out.

He turned his attention to the men, noted that Barney Rigg affected a vegetarian diet, was surprised to find Sandy Litt dining off a mixture of which ship's biscuit formed the basis, saw a look of disgust sweep into the face of Jack Currie, as he struggled with his portion of meat, saw Jack cast it all away into the refuse bucket.

Wide awake now, he slung himself over the ledge and became one of the group. His garments—he had slept just as he boarded the brig—were creased and frowsy, his hair tossed in rank disorder, his mien still wild.

"What is that stuff?" he demanded, pointing to the tub of meat.

"That?"—Jack Currie could always be depended on for a word in an emergency—"why, that's salt junk."

"Salt junk!" he repeated, in accents full of doubt—"salt junk, and the voyage only begun? Where's Casson, send him here — tell him you must have fresh meat, that I order it. How far is all this fooling to be carried?"

"If we get fresh meat, it'll have to be cut off a sea cow," Barney Rigg broke in. "Theer's neah freshness aboot anything on t' Graham boats noo. We start oor trips on salt horse an' we end 'em on salt horse. An' even the junk's gone bad afore it was shown the brine tub."

"What Barney says is gospel," Jack Currie assured him; "you'd nivver listen till a word fra any on us, Maister David, bit oalus made your manager your go-between, or you'd have kenned it aw lang sin. Mappen you've been thinkin' we fared better an' mappen your moneys paid for decenter stuff, bit ah tell you honest that there isn't worse fed boats afloat than yours. Theer"—pointing to the meat kid—"that's oor best. Your oan dog wadn't eat it."

One fleeting, horrified look into the excited, expectant faces crowding about him in the slanting scuttle light. Then the fork slipped from his fingers and clattered on the boards. Up the ladder a file of jerseyed tars swiftly scrambled, and David was alone.

By his side a wooden vessel of abomination. The man and his mark!

CHAPTER XXV.

Slanting athwart the unfriendly winds on far-stretched tacks, the Daniel made disappointing headway, and when she touched the fifth day out she was still beating about the narrows of the homeland seas.

Pacing the poop as night was falling, dividing his attention between the navigation of his ship, its owner away yonder in the bows, and his men, who busied themselves in the tasks of the hour, grave of face and with never a word among them, Goliath was struck by this fact, the utter absence of self interest in every man. Pluming himself on a discovery, he forthwith announced it to Jack Currie, who was taking his trick at the tiller, and instantly his atom of vain glory was brushed away.

"Beggin' your pardon, Cap'n," Jack responded, "but I can't say I see owt surprisin' in it. It's oanly human natur'. Bless you, men chunner aboot Number Yan, bit wid most fwolk Number Yan's nivver contentit wid itself."

"How do you make that out, Jack?" Goliath had learned more than one lesson from the queer old tar.

"Weel, Cap'n, you can begin at t' royals an' wark doon till t' mains'l. T' Maister himself were varra ill content wid t' New Jerusalem till He'd med sure that aw t' poor, sin wracked, heavy laden men an' women doon here ud have a chance o' sharin it wid Him. There you're on t' royals. Now come doon till t' tops'ls; fadders an' mudders nivver enjy owt unless their childer have t' lion's share. An' after them you come till t' bairns who mun have their bit dollies to cuddle an' dandle, an' their rabbits an' guinea-pigs to fend for. Why, ah tell you we're aw much interested in other fwolk that in aw t' warld theer's not eneuf on 'em for us, an' we've acshully to manifacter mair. Tnat's why we've aw furgitten oor oan consarns an' are watchin' Maister David, an' wonderin' whether he'll weather t' point or run ashore."

"An' which is it going to be Jack; what d'ye think; how is the cruise going to end?"

"What do I think? Cap'n," leaning on the tiller with both hands the old man peered earnestly into the skipper's face—"Cap'n, you mind what happened when the laddie found oot that instead of honest meat we were gittin' bagwash. He sat for a while huddled up in t' fo'c's'le an' then he sent for you an' made you show him aw t' ship's stores; an' after that you had to tell him hoo lang this had gone on, an' what was happenin' on aw t' other Graham boats. Weel, when he left you, I heerd him say till himself, 'They wantit to tell me an' I wadn't listen.' Noo, then, you mind what followed. You offered him some of that soft tack you'd laid in 'specially for him, an' he wadn't have it, but said, says he, 'I'se tak' what the crew's gittin'.' An' seah he's messed forrad wid us—he's made your poop holy ground widoot axin any questions—he's sparrow picked at his junk an' his duff an' his scouse, an' last neet I heerd him yadderin' till himself away yonder, an' sayin', 'They wantit to tell me an' I wadn't listen,' an' after that, 'I wonder—I wonder—I wonder, oh, if I only knew.'"

Abruptly the helmsman ceased. Impatiently the skipper waited the resumption of his story, and when old Jack manifested no disposition to oblige, he testily bade him "finish his yarn."

"I've nowt mair to say," Jack doggedly replied.

"Well, of all the aggravating old porpuses! Anyhow, what about that opinion I asked you for? Perhaps you'll say that much."

"I think, Cap'n that we'll have a bit mair wind an' watter, an' a bit less canvas spread afwore mornin'."

Smothering an expletive, the skipper bounced away to his cabin. Jack braced himself to the swing of the tiller.

"Opinion," he grunted; "fash, they're things I reckon nowt on. They're too cheap an' the varra divil for mischief an' wrangness. Bit I'se like Maister David—I wonder an' wonder an' wonder."

Ever since that fateful moment three days back, when he awoke from slumber and learned that at least one of the counts in the indictment against him was solidly true, David has passed the hours in a condition of ceaseless mental interrogation. He is satisfied now that miserably mean acts have been wrought in his name, and, in the eyes of the world, with his sanction. But beyond that point, there is no clearness of vision. For three days brain and soul have groped for illumination, and now, instead of light, the gloom is being piled about him, fold upon fold, terror instead of perception.

Pausing in his narrow walk — since he was forbidden the after cabin he has never allowed himself to pass the forward hatch — he leans upon the windlass and gazes from sea to sky and all around.

(To be continued.)

PRINCELY RAIMENT.

The German Empress is a Very Economical Lady.

The really, truly, flesh-and-blood princess of to-day are not, like their prototype of romance, clad in velvets and satins and feathers; and they do, occasionally, lay off their jeweled coronets to assume quite matter-of-fact and up-to-date headgear. The recent marriage of another of the Kaiser's sons brings to mind the fact that those princes are no longer sturdy lads subject to the domestic economy of the nursery.

For these princelings were brought up on principles well adapted to any careful household. No "slashed suit and doublet" for their active days! Their mother was far too good a housewife for such extravagances. Not only were the boys' clothes of strong and practical manufacture, but so long as there was anything left of them, they were handed down from one brother to another, made over in the Kaiserin's own workroom.

Sometimes the Kaiser's royal trousers were cut down to fit princely little legs, now grown much too long and too important to be encased in second-hand habiliments.

The royal mother had due regard to the practical economy of her own attire. Wolf von Schierbrand, in "Germany; the Welding of a World Power," gives an instance of her prudence.

In 1896, at the Berlin Municipal Exposition, a very costly dress was exhibited, having an exceedingly long train. The Kaiser took a fancy to this garment, and wanted the Kaiserin to buy it. She smilingly refused.

"What use would it be to me?" she said. "With two or three boys always hanging on my skirts, it would be torn in a jiffy."

BILL TO CLASSIFY MURDER.

Introduced in English House of Commons.

Some highly important changes in British criminal law are proposed in the bill to classify murder, and amend the law concerning suicide and infanticide. The bill classifies murder into two degrees, and makes crimes of the first degree alone subject to the death penalty. In murder trials, in case of conviction, juries will be required to classify the crime. A verdict of "murder of the first degree" is not to be returned unless the jury finds that the homicide was deliberately committed with express malice aforethought.

A provision of great importance is that which says the mother who kills her child at birth or within the first month after cannot be indicted for murder. If the child dies through injury maliciously inflicted by the mother within the same period, the mother shall be chargeable with an indictable offence, and, if convicted, be liable to not more than ten years' penal servitude, or imprisonment with or without hard labor for not more than two years, or, at the discretion of the court, to detention during his Majesty's pleasure.

DISHES OF THE GREAT.

Frederick the Great made a satisfactory meal on salt beef or pork and cabbage.

Ben Johnson asked no better treat than a pork-pie, with an abundance of Canary wine.

Peter the Great consumed baked goose, stuffed with apples, and considered it a fine dish.

Raphael lived principally on dried fruits, such as figs and raisins, eating them with bread.

Locke considered that the proper breakfast for a studious man was a bit of fish and a piece of bread.

Mohammed was so abstemious that a handful of dates and a mouthful of water was all he required after a day of hard riding.

Napoleon Bonaparte was not at all choice in his eating habits. He would seat himself at the table, begin on the things that were nearest, and in ten or fifteen minutes he had made his dinner.

About the Farm

GET OUT THE MANURE.

There is a difference of opinion among farmers as to how much waste of fertility occurs when manure is spread on the fields in winter. On hilly land, and in a broken winter, no doubt a rather considerable proportion of the more soluble portions is washed away. To minimize this loss, some farmers deposit the manure on the field in small piles, convenient for spreading in the spring, others haul out and stack in deep piles, to be distributed with the manure spreader after the snow goes off.

Where time permits, this is an excellent way to apply manure on corn and root land; but time does not always permit, and the method of leaving in small heaps is open to the objection that they hold the frost long in spring, not only delaying the spreading, but sometimes retarding the plowing of other cultivation of the land. Then, too, the spot directly under the heap is liable to be unduly favored, as compared with the remaining area, although this, perhaps, is better than to have the dissolved fertilized carried away to the river.

Upon one point there is almost unanimity of opinion. Whatever is done with the manure, it should not at any rate be gotten out of the yard in winter, and either spread on the field, left in small heaps, or stacked conveniently for distribution with the spreader in spring. On level land it is doubtless best to spread at once, thereby completing the whole operation at one stroke in the slack season, and having the manure in good condition to incorporate readily with the soil. If spread on sod that is to be spring-plowed for corn, the waste will be minimized. On hilly land we incline to favor piling and distributing with the spreader, where a spreader is available, otherwise dumping in small heaps, which after becoming frozen through will be proof against serious fermentation and leaching until they thaw out, which in most sections will seldom occur until spring.

However the manure is handled, there will be some waste. When left in an open yard to ferment and leach, the waste of fertilizer is considerable, and the waste of time much greater, though in a water-tight manure cellar, where it is kept damped and worked over by hogs, the loss will not be so great. The problem is how to handle the manure economically and secure quick returns, while conserving, so far as possible, the total content of fertilizing elements. To this end winter hauling at least and in many cases winter spreading as well, will be found the best plan to adopt.—Farmer's Advocate.

FARM NOTES.

Deep pits for storing manure work well in theory, but poorly in practice, for it is in such manure pits that the manure heats most seriously and the most valuable parts are lost.

When you whitewash the interior of the poultry-house mix a liberal amount of disinfectant, or crude carbolic acid, with the whitewash just before applying it. This will insure that the whitewash will destroy all the lice and mites with which it comes in contact.

If the cellar has not been cleaned out this spring, attend to it the first rainy half day, and give a good coat of whitewash. If this is not done, and some member of the family is stricken down with typhoid fever, don't complain of it as a bitter dispensation of Providence; but rather charge it to your own carelessness and neglect. A good cellar well kept is a most useful thing; but a poor one neglected is a nuisance and a death trap.

Generally speaking, the feed value of foodstuffs is not well understood by the average poultry raiser and farmer. We have found that low-priced foodstuffs, as a rule, are the most costly feed in the end. Foodstuffs to have a practical value must be sweet and clean, and be of a variety that will furnish the poultry just the nutriment required to develop whatever particular product may be desired, without the poultry having to digest a lot of waste material that they have no immediate use for. As the old saying goes, "It's just what you put into a thing that you take out."

Show us a knocker and we'll show you a man who failed to make good.