

Tinley chuckled to himself as Frank went off, and his thoughts ran somewhat after this fashion, "Well if he can't quite manage it, it won't hurt them to wait a bit, and then maybe I'll make it up."

He was glad to think that Davie Bolden's chance was most likely gone, for though Davie was a steady fellow, and had once been rather a favourite with him, he had somehow or other lately taken a dislike to him.

"He was full of new fangled notions—so the farmer said—about agriculture, and machines, and irrigation, and such like, just as if he knew anything at all about farming."

And more than that, he had "taken to hold his head high, and look down upon his neighbours." His tastes and pursuits were different to the farmer's own, and his occupation entirely removing him from any likelihood of his ever becoming a farmer himself and inheriting, and carrying on, (should he have become his son-in-law) Holme Moss Farm, ploughing the old lands, reaping the same fields, and handing down to his children after him the old traditions with a prosperous heritage, had caused Tinley to regard him with less favour than he had once done.

It is never a pleasing thought to a man that after death his possessions shall go to a stranger; but if he has one near and dear to him, bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh, who in all probability as far as the eye can gaze into futurity will, when he shall be no more, live in the old home, sheltered by the same roof, warm himself at the old hearth-place, eat and drink of the same fruits of toil, and in his turn hand down his lands and possessions to the fruit of his loins, the thought of death comes more easily to him. There is a kind of seeming, if not real continuance of his own life, in this vision, and so he builds, and plants, and garners up, and increases for his children, and his children's children, and himself in them, and does not count his labour waste.

When Tinley had once offered to take Davie and bring him up as a farmer, Davie although but a lad at the time, had rebelled against this notion. His strong mechanical tastes had induced him to prefer the saw pit and the hammer, to the plough and the harrow, and the farmer had never quite forgiven him this perverted choice. Besides Davie was not frank, jolly and sociable like himself, but grave, and given more to study than to smoking a pipe. But worse than all Davie's faults and misdemeanours in other respects, was that he was connected with the new railway in course of construction to the next market-town, and which would run through the middle of one of farmer Tinley's favourite pastures.

It was in vain that Davie pointed out to him that he would receive double the value of the field, in vain that he protested his innocence of