

UNCLE MICK

Or, The Result of Diplomacy and Tact.

For nearly a week—before land
afternoon—Miss Mivvins walked
to each day. She had selected
account of freedom from
old winds, there was a seat on
which to sit and read. At the same
time, her hands could be kept
at her feet on the sands charge.
Masters had always used it. Nei-
ther now gave it up because of the
scandal. Each would have scornful-
ly repudiated a suggestion that the
regular seeking of it arose from any
other reason. For instance, that it
was a means of relieving the
aimless, or a device to break
the monotony of the day. He
had been honestly grounded? Cupid
alone knows. The love god is a
deity enshrined in mystery. He
never reveals the secrets of the
wonder, the pediments were it
that little of the hand which lets
the arrow probably there
would be many a stepping aside to
avoid it. The sudden striking of the
heart makes it so deadly—wounds
to the heart. I am a
Gracie and the children became
fast friends. She was a winsome
little soul, and children have their
own methods of creating friend-
ships. Masters met her advances
more than half-way: was as fond of
children as she was of flowers.
Gracie—she had friends who
privately said nasty things
to her because of her fondness,
professed to see in it a chance of his
redemption. They admitted a pos-
sibility of his becoming humanized
some day; but there was at least
hope for him.
Beyond a good morning, and occa-
sionally a remark on one of the
tenses of the weather—past, pres-
ent or future—the meetings were
a series of conversations so far as the
adults were concerned.
Masters would have been more
than glad to talk. Perhaps natural
nervousness prevented his setting
the conversational ball rolling. For
he admitted his companion of the
boat with a fervent admiration—
unable to label the feeling, as yet,
by any other name.
Her presence did not disturb him
now in his seclusion. She seemed
to be in keeping with his thoughts.
His thoughts, of her harmonized
with the surroundings—she belonged
to them.
A vague sort of wonder took pos-
session of him; how it was that he
had never missed her—never known
what was lacking. The more he
knew of her, the more his admiration
grew.
Admiration is the kind of thing
which develops rapidly, once it ger-
minates. In this instance the seed
had thrown deep roots. Master's
heart seemed likely to prove fruit-
ful soil.
With Gracie he stood well. That
she felt, was a making of headway;
for the governess unquestionably
covered her charge. On the principle
of the fox, me, love my dog, he was
acting wisely—apart from the plea-
sure it gave him—in cultivating the
little one's affection.
When the child discovered his
ability to manufacture stories she
instantly—the exacting nature of
her sex in its dealings with man
manifested itself at an early age—
demanded to be told one.
That was the introduction of the
wedgie's thin end; brought about a
little change in the current of the
old conversation. The lady in black
came out of the ice-bound sil-
ence, fringed by a frigid Good-
morning and Good-afternoon; say-
ing—
"You must not let Gracie worry
you."
The lashes went up as she spoke
and he got a good view of those
lovely eyes of hers. They held him
spellbound. The evident admi-
ration in his glance caused the lashes
to fall, and he, released from the
momentary thrall, exclaimed—
"Worry! How could she?"
"She is a perfect little glutton for
stories. Once you indulge her, she
will do her best to make your life
unbearable with her clamor for
more. With food of that sort with-
in reach she is a regular Oliver
Twist."
A gratified little laugh—he
thought he saw the door open a lit-
tle wider—accompanied his answer.
"Oh, story-telling is in my partic-
ular line; I am full of fiction to
the brim." He looked at her, and
she retorted with a laugh and as
she stepped up, to resume her book
again, said—
"Well, I have read you. The
consequences be on your own
head."
"I am moved to disregard your
warning. Gracie is so excellent a
listener. That is so flattering, you
know. The story is to the child,
he continued. Now, run on to the
sands and finish your castle, little

self. Was saying, in her unwonted
nervousness, all the things she
would rather have left unsaid. An-
gry with herself, she blurted out—
"This is not a matter of degree, any
earthly degree. It was purely my
utter stupidity."
He looked at the dust on her
cheek; a smile conjured up by his
admiration of it, said merrily—
"Here have I been peacocking
around, with a sort of metaphorical
feather in my cap. Pardoning my
vanity, applying the flattering un-
ction to my soul—rubbing it in sev-
eral times per diem—that no au-
thor of my age has turned out so
many volumes. I go! with one
breath, you blow that feather clean
away."
She could not resist laughing at
his mock despair. Became at her
ease once more; said—
"Indeed not! I don't know what
prompted me to say what I did. As
to this book—"
"No! Don't! Please don't give
my opinion of it!"
His interruption was a continua-
tion of his burlesque melodramatic
style. She did not quite know how
to take him; said—
"You mean you would not value
my opinion?"
That was disconcerting. Sobered
him in a minute. He knew quite
well the kind of value he would be
likely to put on any opinion of hers
—concerning himself.
"Oh, no!" His answer was spok-
en earnestly. "I do not mea-"
But she interrupted him. In her
nervousness felt that whilst her
tongue was in action it would help
to keep the helm the right way;
said—
"Why should you? A stranger's
opinion would necessarily be value-
less. You know nothing of me."
The deafness of those who will
not hear is proverbial. The under-
lying earnestness in the tone of his
reply should have warned her.
"Aren't you going just a trifle too
far?" he asked. "We are not quite
strangers. True, I know nothing of
you—except that you are Miss
Mivvins."
An irresistible smile accompanied
his words. His smile—and his laugh
too—were capable of creating many
friends. But he did not allow them
to. His views on the subject were
cynical in the extreme.
His smile was infectious. Once
more those alluring dimples which
he had noticed at their first meet-
ing deepened in her face.
"It is distinctly more my misfor-
tune than my fault," he continued,
"that I know so little of you. May
I say—with an absence of fear of
you thinking me impertinent—that
I should like, much like, to know
more of you?"
The flush, that becoming flush, on
her cheek again. The eyes were
fringed over by those long lashes of
hers as she cast them groundward.
Just a blend of trouble in her look
as she queried—
"Really?"
He liked the pink showing on the
white. Colors inspire some men.
Perhaps the combination in her face
inspired him. Anyway there was
more vigor and determination in
his voice as he answered—
"Yes."
She, dallying, as a woman will,
quite well knew that there was a
spark. That it would burst into
flame, chose she to fan it; gained
time by asking—
"Why?"
He vaulted on to his hobby horse.
The question was a stirrup helping
him to the saddle.
"Because I—may I say it?—haha—
you in a measure as a kindred
soul."
She lifted her eyes; he could not
fail to read the astonishment in
them; continued—
"You are here in October, and
you don't look bored. Don't look
as if life held no further charm for
you. You do not follow the fash-
ionable decreeing of the place sim-
ply because it is out of fashion—be-
cause it is October."
She smiled. Encouraged by it, he
continued, in the same strain—
"You are always alone, yet you
create the impression that you are
happy. You don't seem to sigh for
bands of music, to hanker after a
crowded promenade. You find ex-
istence possible without a shoal of
people to help you pass your time."
Her smile broadened into a laugh.
This time at herself—at his de-
scription of her; she asked—
"And those—shall I call them un-
usual?—characteristics in a woman
interest you?"
"Amazingly!"
"Why?"
She put the question with a little
nervousness, bred of that eagerness
of his.
"Because—well, let me say by
sheer force of contrast. In those
respects, Heaven be thanked you
are not as other women."
The amused look had not left her
face. It lingered in the upward
curve of the corners of her eyes.
"So, you prefer eccentric women,
then?"
She could not resist just a trace
of mischief in the tone of her query.
He answered—
"Heaven forbid! I see nothing
eccentric in the attributes I have
stated to you. They are refresh-
ingly good to a thirsty soul."
(To be Continued.)

The Farm

FARM BUTTER-MAKING.

While the creamery is essential to
the development of butter-making,
as a national industry, it will never
altogether displace the private
dairy. Where there are a sufficient
number of farmers in a section to
support a successful creamery, one
should be established. There is less
labor in sending the cream to the
creamery and having it made into
butter on the co-operative plan
than in making the butter at home,
and the returns are usually bet-
ter.

There are many individual farm-
ers, however, who are not adjacent
to a creamery, or who are in a
cheese district, but prefer to make
butter, that will find a private dairy
a paying investment, if operated in
the right way. The old-fashioned
way of making butter will not do.
It must be made after the modern
plan, and be of a quality that will
command a ready market. There
is nothing to prevent as good but-
ter being made on a farm as in a
creamery, providing the same sys-
tem of separating the cream and in
churning and working the butter is
followed. There are private dairy-
men to-day making butter who get
as good a price for their product
as any creamery does. But they un-
derstand their business and conduct
it along approved lines.

In a private dairy the conditions
should be most favorable for mak-
ing good butter. The maker not
only has control of the cream, but
he has control of the cows, their
feed, and the milking and separat-
ing of the cream. From the begin-
ning to the end of the process, he
can keep an oversight over things,
and if he understands his business,
should turn out a quality of prod-
uct second to none. Many private
dairy-men are doing this and others
desiring to or compelled to make
their own butter, should follow
their example. The butter must
not only be of good quality, but
must be put on the market in first-
class shape. Many good butter
makers fail in this regard. They
neglect those little things connected
with the marketing of the product
that are essential in obtaining the
highest price and in retaining their
customers.

The cream separator is a great
help to the private butter-maker.
It enables him to obtain a superior
grade of cream, and to care for the
cream in the best way. A striking
example of this came to the writer's
notice a few weeks ago. A farmer
out of reach of a creamery or cheese
factory was compelled to make his
own butter. He purchased a separ-
ator, and began operations after
the approved plan, putting the but-
ter in pound prints. The butter
made at the time of our visit was
of very fine quality, and as good as
any creamery. It commanded ready
sale at the village store. In fact,
the storekeeper supplied the wrap-
pers, free of cost, with his own
name and brand printed on them,
and made a special feature of sell-
ing the butter. On the adjoining
farm, where the conditions were
more favorable for caring for the
cream, there being a cold spring
near the house, no separator was
used. The butter was a very low
grade as compared with the other;
the flavor was bad, and the quality
inferior. It may not be fair to as-
cribe the better quality of the but-
ter made in the former case to the
use of the separator. But so far as
we could see in the different meth-
ods followed, it had a great deal
to do with it. There is this about
it a farmer with a few cows, who
invests in a cream separator will
give more attention to the business.
The care necessary in operating a
separator successfully, becomes a
habit, and is carried through the en-
tire process. The separator must
be made to pay for itself and this
it will do, if the cream is not cared
for properly, and the butter made
and handled in a slovenly way.

As to the market for dairy but-
ter, there should be no trouble on
that score, so long as the quality is
good. First-class butter will com-
mand a good price, no matter where
it is made in a creamery or not.
The farmer with the separator
mentioned above, found a market
for his butter among some of the
patrons of a cheese factory a few
miles away. The buyers came to
the farm for it and willingly paid
the same price that the storekeeper
paid when delivered at his store.
In other cheese centres, where pat-
rons prefer to send all the milk to
the factory, and buy butter for
their own use, a private dairy can
obtain a good market for its butter
during the summer months.

The help problem has to be reck-
oned with in private butter-making.
Unless the farmer is so situated as
to have plenty of help, and has the
facilities for making good butter, it
is better to patronize a creamery,
if there is one handy. Even under
favorable conditions, both as to
help and facilities, it may pay to
do so. A well managed creamery
will always give a good return, and
the farmer has not the worry of
sending to market for his product,

GOLDEN CRESCENT BADGE

ADOPTED BY RICHARD COEUR
DE LION.

After Crusades He Gave Turkish
Symbol to Portsmouth as
Coat of Arms.

It is related in the book of Judges
that Gideon took from Bebah and
Zalmunah, kings of Midian, orna-
ments like the moon that were on
their camels' necks. The Midian-
ites were Ishmaelites and thus an-
cestors of the Turks, so it is not im-
probable that the symbol was derived
from them and in use long be-
fore the taking of Constantinople in
1453. What lends some confirmation
to this theory is the fact that
Richard Coeur de Lion adopted this
badge after he returned from the
crusades, having assumed it in
commemoration of the victory which
he with his gallies, gained over the
great Turkish dromon off Beirut in
the year 1191. This, practically the
first English naval victory, was ce-
lebrated both in song and history by
the chroniclers of the period.

The Englishmen seem to have been
greatly impressed with the enorm-
ous size of the Turkish ship, which
must have been a very Dreadnought
of her day. She was bigger, they
say, than anything ever seen at sea,
gaudily painted in yellow and green
and carried no fewer than 1,500
men, among whom were seven em-
irs, and eighty chosen Turks, for
the defence of Acre, and was laden
with bows, arrows, Greek fire in
jars and "200 most deadly serpents
prepared for the destruction of
Christians." Possibly these "serp-
ents" were a species of firework
or rocket.

SUNK HER AT LAST.

King Richard's galleys attacked
her in vain for a long time, as their
crews could not climb up her lofty
sides despite the encouragement
held out to them by their royal
leader, who promised to crucify the
last man to board her. Eventually
several galleys drew off and, put-
ting on full speed, rammed the big
vessel together in the same spot
with such effect that she began to
sink. The English were now able
to get possession of her and to
throw overboard and drown the re-
mainder of her crew, according to
the pleasant custom of the days of
chivalry.

ROYAL CRESCENT BADGE.

Portsmouth at this time was, as
now, one of the principal naval
ports, and when in 1194 King Rich-
ard set sail from thence at the head
of a fleet of 100 ships, he as a special
honor bestowed the royal cres-
cent badge upon the town as its coat
of arms. "A crescent of gold in a
shield azure with a blazing star or
eight points or rays of silver be-
tween its horns" is the exact de-
scription of the device which to
this day meets the eye everywhere
in the municipality. Thereafter-
ward, too, the crescent and star be-
came the official badge of the admir-
alty and was used as such up to the
year 1545, when it was superseded
by the anchor.

A GRATEFUL PEOPLE
Incident Which Show the Chinese
in a New Light.

The Chinese are a highly appre-
ciative people, who show their ap-
preciation by the lavish bestowal of
gifts. An American merchant tells,
in the New York Sun, of his experi-
ences with these generous givers.
It is not only the wealthy merchant
class, he says, who send presents
to their white-skinned friends. The
most lowly Chinese send gifts to the
American and European friends
whom they cherish. The merchant
cites a little incident in support of
his statement.

Some nineteen years ago, at the
house of a Chinese friend in Shang-
hai, a very sumptuous house, a
bright Chinese lad was delegated to
wait on me, and a top-notch valet
he was. I took a genuine liking to
him, and praised him often. He
received my praises in smiling sil-
ence, but he never forgot them.

On the Christmas following my re-
turn to America, among the many
rich gifts which reached me from
China was this boy's present—some
tea, some joss-sticks, a jar of con-
served ginger, a few little, inexpen-
sive Chinese images.

Little boxes of this sort reached
me every Christmas, although I did
not see the boy again for ten years.
Then the gifts began to grow rich-
er, and I found that he had gone
into business. Nine years ago I
prospered remarkably.

I've seen him every year since.
He has fifty servants in his house
—or I should say palace. He is a
millionaire. He treats me as if I
were a prince. The honors he heaps
on me are overwhelming. I dare
not protest; that would be tacit
height of discourtesy. He never
tells me why he does all these things
for me. The Chinese are not out-
wardly emotional.

His Christmas gift for 1907 was a
piece of the highest class of art in
jade. It represents perhaps several
years of work of a first-rate Chi-
nese jade-carver.

Grateful, the Chinese? Why,
once my wife befriended a Chinese
dock coolie in Hongkong, who was
being ill treated by a British sold-
ier. Shortly afterward my wife was
taken ill. Just one hour after she
was taken to the hospital there
came to her the most magnificent
box of flowers I ever saw, sent to
her by that dock laborer. The flow-
ers represented, probably, all his
own savings, besides a collection
he had taken up among other dock
coolies. How he knew my wife was
taken to the hospital I never found
out.

Oh, yes, the Chinese are grateful
—grateful and kind, and fine, and
big-hearted, if the world only knew
it; but it doesn't.

MUSIC WITH A RIVER IN IT.

Music of Bagpipes Has Great In-
fluence Upon Scottish Folk.

It is a strangely powerful influ-
ence that the bagpipes have upon
Scottish folk. Now-a-days that in-
fluence may largely be ascribed to
association. The tunes were com-
posed at the time of epoch-making
events, at the time of the setting
of landmarks in Scottish history.
Numerous pibrochs, for example,
were outpourings in music during
seasons of joy or sorrow, and when
played again, recall old memories.
But apart from that there is some-
thing in the very sound of the pipes
which stirs the Highland blood, and
even a Saxon with a touch of im-
agination and with a little in him
of that poetic strain which forms
part of the Celtic character, finds
it easy, once he overcomes his prej-
udice, to allow that there is music
in the pipes, and to let that music
move him.

It is an old idea, no doubt aris-
ing from this peculiarly strong in-
fluence of the pipes on the Scots,
that that music is a language itself.
There is also the wonderful descrip-
tive power of the sound of the bag-
pipes to account for that idea. As
Neil Munro so finely puts it in that
splendid little story "The Lost Pi-
broch"—"The tune with the river
in it, the fast river and the courage-
ous, that kens not stop nor tarry,
that runs round rock and over fall
with a good humor, yet no mood for
anything but the way before it."

NATURAL ADVANTAGES.

At an evening party there were
playing a game in which everybody
in the room makes a face, and the
one who makes the worst face is
awarded a prize. They all did their
best, and then the judge went up
to one of the women and said:
"Well, madam, I think you have
won the prize."
"Oh," she said, "I wasn't play-
ing!"

The life of a North Atlantic ice-
berg is sometimes 200 years.

Teacher—"Johnny Jeffs, what is
a dromedary?" Johnny Jeffs—
"Please, teacher, a dromedary is a
two-masted camel."