

Prisoners and Captives

By H. S. MERRIMAN

CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)
"If," he said presently, "you were my sister, or if I were fortunate enough to possess a right to comment upon your actions, I should be strongly tempted to throw cold water upon your charity."
"Of course you would," she replied. "Nine men out of ten would do the same."

"I hope so."
"I am sure of it, Mr. Tyars, and, moreover, I do not defend myself. It is very difficult to find a channel for charitable motives to run in. At any rate, I do no harm to these old men."

"I have no doubt you do them a great deal of good," he said, rather bluntly; "but you are hardly the person to do it. This is not the place for a lady to wander about in alone. Wait twenty years."

She laughed, and stepped aside to hold out her arms in expostulation.
"You're not a girl," she said; "and look at me. A chick veil and a clumsy old ulster without a waist to it. I think, indeed, it is foolish of me to ask you to look."

He did look, gravely, from the top of her simple hat to the toes of her small boots peeping out beneath the ulster.
"It is no use," he said, "you cannot disguise yourself. No woman," he added, "with your—advantages can."

He was quite right. Plainness is easier to conceal than beauty. There is nothing more difficult to hide than a pretty face and a graceful figure. They walked on again.

"If," she said, "we waited for men to tell us what we can do and what we cannot, a great deal of good would remain undone."

He would not argue; and his silence softened her humor, for it betrayed a determination to interfere no further.
"It is not," she said, continuing her defense with womanlike persistence, "as if I dragged other people into it. I do not, for instance, bring Helen here."

As she said this she glanced up at him.
"No," he answered, calmly, returning her gaze.

They were now at the dock gates, and the constable on duty touched the brim of his helmet in double recognition.
"May I call a hansom?" inquired Tyars.

"Thank you," she said. "There is one coming."
While waiting for the cab she spoke again.

"I feel," she said, lightly, "like a runaway school girl. Will you please tell me tales out of school?"

"You can trust me, Miss Winter," he said, as he helped her into the cab, "to hold my tongue. It is one of the few accomplishments I possess."

CHAPTER XV.

Claud Tyars had taken up his abode in a residential club in London. This change had been dictated by motives of economy. He said that he found chambers in the Albany too expensive for a man who was seldom in London. No one to whom he made this statement was posted as to the extent of his income, and the excuse passed readily enough.

He was certainly freer in his new quarters—free to come and go when the spirit moved him, and to some extent he took advantage of his newly established liberty. His absences were frequent, but he was seldom away from London for more than a night or two. He frequently ran down to Glasgow, and once to Peterhead, where he spent two nights.

One morning in early December he was partaking of a very hearty breakfast at the Wanderers' Club, where he had temporarily taken rooms, when Matthew Mark Easton was shown in. The American was also a member of this club, which was, singularly enough, composed of members of some university or another, duly qualified by the power and means to satisfy the cravings of a roaming spirit.

Without a word he threw down upon the breakfast table a letter, of which the envelope had been torn. Tyars was quite equal to the American in quickness of thought. Preserving the same stolid silence, he tossed across the table another envelope identical in every way, and addressed by the same hand. Then he continued his breakfast. Easton spoke the two words:

"Wednesday week."
"Yes; Wednesday week."
"The night," said Easton, "that we fixed for Guy Fawkes."

"Yes. We must have the meeting on Tuesday night. We must go to this." Tyars laid his hand on the letter. The American's quick little eyes were dancing over his whole person, even to the tips of the quiescent brown fingers.

"Must we?" he inquired.
Tyars looked up sharply.
"I do not believe," he said, "that you appreciate the importance of Oswin Grace."

"Good sailor man," answered the American, "but too many women folk. They will give us trouble."
"Grace is worth it. He is something more than a good sailor. I cannot define it, but he has something which makes him just the man I want."

Easton was silent. He had a great respect for his big, calm Englishman; the sort of respect that one has for anything larger than one's self in the way of an animal.

"Well, then," he said, "we will go. I shall call the meeting on Tuesday week at my rooms as before. It is the last full meeting we shall ever have."
With that he rose and held out his hand. When he was gone, Claud Tyars turned to his breakfast again. He spent the morning at the docks, and in the afternoon returned to his rooms tired and rather dirty. In a few minutes all signs of fatigue and work were removed, and he set off on foot to call at Brook street, one of the best dressed men in Piccadilly.

There was a sailor-like frankness in the way in which Salter, the admiral's butler, opened the door when the visitor was fortunate enough to find any one at home. The formal threshold question was dispensed with by the genial welcome or the heartfelt sorrow expressed by the man's brown and furrowed face.

He welcomed Tyars with a special grin and an ill-concealed desire to grab at a forelock now brushed scrupulously back.

Salter had always endeavored through life to adapt himself ungrudgingly to circumstances, and he succeeded fairly well in remembering on most occasions that he was a butler, but his love for all mariners concealed a soldier, but his honest, dog-like heart went out to all who, like himself, loved a breeze of wind and the sweet, keen smell of spray. There was a bond in mutual love, whether it be of dog or horse, of sport or work, of land or sea, and Tyars always felt an inclination to shake honest John Salter by the hand when he saw him.

To these feelings of sympathy must be attributed the fact that Tyars forgot to inquire whether the admiral were at home. That some one was to be found upstairs in the drawing room was obvious enough from Salter's beaming countenance; but the maritime builder omitted to give particulars.

Thus it happened that the surprise was mutual when Tyars and Helen Grace found themselves face to face alone in the drawing room.

She had been seated at a small table near the window and she rose to receive him, without, however, moving toward the door.

He came forward without appearing to notice a slight movement of embarrassment on her part, and shook hands. Most men would have launched into unnecessary explanations respecting his presence, his motive for coming, and his firm resolve to leave again at once. But Claud Tyars occasionally took it upon himself to ignore the usages of his fellows.

"I have much pleasure," he said, with grave jocularity, "in accepting your kind invitation to dine on Wednesday week; and I am yours truly, Claud Tyars."

Helen laughingly expressed her pleasure that he was able to come, and returned to her chair beside the little table. She was quite her gentle, contained self again. The signs of embarrassment, if such they were, had quite disappeared, and she asked him to find a chair for himself which one allows one's self toward the intimate friend of a brother or sister.

This he did, frankly bringing a seat near to the small table.

"If," he continued, "it will be any satisfaction to your hospitable mind, I will disclose the fact that my friend Easton is also able to avail himself of your kindness."

"I am glad," she said, glancing across at him with those gravely questioning eyes of hers, which somehow conjured up thoughts of olden times, of quieter days when there was time to think and live and love. "Mr. Tyars," she continued, "I have an apology to make to you."

He looked at her without speaking for some moments. In another man one would almost have suspected a desire to prolong the contemplation of a very lovely, shamed face.

"For what?" he said at length.
"For disliking you—I mean for beginning to dislike you. I don't—I—that was at first."

"I wonder," he said, with quick mercy, "if you know why you began by disliking me?"

"I think I do."
He smiled and turned away his eyes rather suddenly. There was a paper knife lying on the table, and he took it up, subsequently balancing it on his finger, while she watched him with vague and mechanical interest.

"Tell me," he said.
"Jealousy."
"Ah!"

He glanced almost furtively toward her and caught a passing smile. It was now his turn to look ill at ease. She maintained silence in a determined way which somehow threw the onus of the pause on his shoulders. At last he threw the paper knife down on the table with a clatter.

"You are right," he said, almost bluntly. "I have acted like a—coward."
"And you are not a coward?"

He raised his eyebrows. The glance of her eyes as they rested on his great, stalwart frame canceled the interrogation.

"I have never thought so until now."
She shook her head with rather a wistful smile.

"Then I have reason," she said, "to be jealous. You are drawing Oswin away from me?"

Before replying he rose, and during the rest of her conversation he never took a seat again, but continued moving about the room with a certain strange restlessness which is very uncommon in big men.

"What is your mission?" she asked.
Again he stopped. He stood before her with his strong arms hanging motionless, his great brown hands half closed and quite still, as they always were unless actually at work. He certainly was a picture of strength, a perfect specimen of the human animal, as he had called himself.

"Arctic exploration," he answered. "I mean to reach the north pole some day."
It happened that Helen knew a good deal about Arctic matters. The admiral had been bitten by the strange craze in his younger days. Like many others, he had for a time given way to the spirit of exploration which is hidden somewhere in every Englishman's heart. Every book of Arctic travel yet printed was to be found in his smoke-scented den, and Helen had read most of them.

She knew, therefore, what the end would be. To hear a man say that he intends to reach the north pole is one thing; to know what he is talking about and believe in his intention is quite another. To Helen Grace the fuller knowledge was given, and she sat looking at Claud Tyars with a dull anguish in her eyes.

"And you want Oswin?" she whispered.
He did not answer, but turned away as from something that he could not face, and stood by the window, looking down into the street.

He stood beside the window, not moving a muscle. All this had been thought out. This interview had been foreseen. Oswin had asked that he might break the news to his sister and father, but Tyars had claimed the right himself. His

was the onus, and his must be the blame. There was no desire to shirk responsibility; indeed, he seemed to court it. Helen Grace must be deceived—it was a contemptible thing to do—and he would have none other but himself. He stubbornly took it all upon his own shoulders.

"I suppose," said Helen at last, "that he wants to go."
"Of course," was the answer. "What sailor would not? But I persuaded him—the fault is all mine."
She looked up sharply.

"And Mr. Easton?" she inquired, with keen logic.
"Yes, yes; but I chose your brother. The matter rests with me, and—the blame."
"What has Mr. Easton to do with it?" she asked; and he knew that she was already prejudiced against the American.

"He is getting up the expedition—the first one."
"And he goes with you?"

"No," replied Tyars; "I have already told you—he is physically incapacitated."
She gave a little laugh—a very unpleasant laugh for a man to hear from the lips of a woman. Fortunately Matthew Mark Easton was spared the cruelty of hearing it.

"I like you," she said, "for telling me. There were so many other ways of doing it—so many easier ways for you—but you chose to tell me yourself."
To this he said nothing. Despite his capable air, despite an unusual rapidity of thought which took the form of action in emergencies, he was not able to reel off gibberish at the proper moment.

Suddenly her proud self-restraint seemed to give way.
"I suppose," she said, softly, almost pleadingly, "that nothing will deter you?"
"One word from you would deter me," he said, "but I do not think that you will say it."

"No," she answered, with a smile; "I am not going to ask you to let my brother off."
"I did not know how he was circumstanced when I first met him," said Tyars; "I did not know of your existence."

"Of course," she said, with a little shrug of the shoulders; "I am not going to be silly and stand in my brother's way. Only it would have been so much better could you have found some one—like yourself—without brother or sister, or any one to care much for him. It is not only for myself—"

She stopped suddenly. There was a moment of tense silence. Then he slowly approached her until the little table alone separated them.

"Miss Grace," he said, slowly, "what do you mean?"

She was not the kind of woman to resort to subterfuge or useless denial, and she therefore held her tongue. At the same time she began to feel very helpless. With Oswin, with her father, and with all men whom she had hitherto known, she could hold her own, but with Claud Tyars it was different. There was in his presence a force which did not take the form of words. He merely stood still, and his silence was stronger than any words she had yet heard. Then he spoke slowly and quite gently:

"You must tell me," he said, "what you mean?"

She glanced up at him appealingly beneath her lashes, at bay and yet almost mastered. He softened a little.

"Unless," he added, "it would be a breach of confidence."
"No," she answered, "it is not that—for no one has confided in me—but I think—"

"You are not sure?" he interrupted, eagerly.
"Yes, Mr. Tyars, I am sure."

He turned away again and went toward the window. She mechanically took up her work, and for some time both were fully occupied with their own thoughts.

The short winter day was drawing in before Claud Tyars left Brook street. As he shook hands with Helen, he said:

"I had the pleasure of meeting Miss Winter the other evening."
"Yes," said Helen, "she told me."
That was all, but they understood each other. A stress upon a single word, a glance, a little hesitation, will say so much that cannot be set down in print. The unfinished conversation was terminated. Claud Tyars knew that there was some one else to watch and wait for Oswin Grace if he went to the Arctic seas.

He had only been in the room an hour—a dismal November afternoon—and yet there was a difference in his life as he left the door. It does not take long to make a friend.

(To be continued.)

Friendly Tip.

"There are many things you should avoid, young man," said the bachelor philosopher, "but there is one in particular that I would warn you against."

"What is that?" queried the unsophisticated youth.
"The widow who firmly believes that she is an example of the survival of the fittest," replied the old man, with a long-drawn-out sigh.

Feminine Attractions.

Dolly—Yes, the prettiest girl in our Sunday school sold kisses at 99 cents each to help along the church fair. Somehow, the young men were shy about taking them at that price.

Dick—No wonder. You must have been trying to attract girls. Young men are not looking for 99-cent bargains.

A Life Study.

Tess—Belle graduated from your cooking school last year, didn't she?
Jess—Yes, but she's going to take a post-graduate course this spring.

Tess—Going back to school, eh?
Jess—No; she's going to marry a poor young man at Easter.—Philadelphia Press.

Lucky for Him.

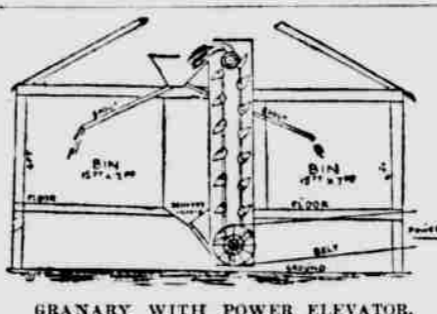
"What do you think of the man who stole that immense sum of money?"
"Well," answered Broncho Bob, "I 'spose we'll have to go ahead and spend the time an' money on a trial. It's lucky for him it wasn't a boss."—Washington Star.

It is not wealth, nor ancestry, but honorable conduct and noble disposition that make men great.—Ovid.



Granary with Elevator.

Here's a plan of granary to hold 3,000 bushels of grain; the walls are of stone, and an elevator is arranged to work by horse power. A granary to hold 3,000 bushels will require to be 22 feet by 38 feet inside. This will give six bins, size 15 feet by 7 feet, and 6 feet high. This will also allow for a passage across the middle of the building 8 feet wide, which will give access to all of the bins and can be used for cleaning grain, as well as storing small implements. The floor should be raised four feet from the ground to make it dry and convenient for loading grain, as well as to provide for the elevator, and belting below the floor. The walls being of stone, should be 13 feet high; this will provide for 4 feet below the floor, one foot for floor, then 8 feet to the plates; this will give one foot clear over the bins. There should be a stone center wall lengthwise under the floor to carry the floor joists, which will be 12 feet long and match on middle wall.



GRANARY WITH POWER ELEVATOR.

To give head room over the top joists the roof should be a third pitch.

Following is the required material: 1,250 feet roofing, one inch. 1,670 feet flooring, inch, to be laid double.

50 joists for floor, 2 inches by 12 inches, 12 feet long, 1,000 feet.

19 joists over head, 2 inches by 2 inches, 24 feet long, 610 feet.

650 feet lumber for bins, one inch. 26 studs, 4 inches by 4 inches, 8 feet long.

13 squares shingles. 350 feet inch lumber for doors. 40 rafters, 2 inches by 6 inches, 16 feet long.

To arrange an elevator for horse power, a hopper that will hold at least 50 bushels should be sunk in the floor close to the door and at one side to empty grain for the wagon. The elevator is an ordinary built elevator with buckets standing upright and in the rear corner of center bin. The box at bottom of elevator must be close on the ground to be connected with the delivery hopper by a spout, with sufficient slope that the grain will run freely. The elevator will discharge well above the upper joists into a hopper in the center of the building, to which a funnel-shaped spout is attached, that can be shifted to deliver into any of the bins. The horse power should be placed at the end of the granary, and driven by a belt or shaft, passing through an opening in the wall left for the purpose. The details can be all worked out by a mechanic, one essential is to have plenty of slope for the delivery hopper to box at foot of elevator, even if it should be sunk into the ground a little.—Montreal Star.

Feet of the Horse.

To get the most from a horse its feet must be kept in proper condition; not only well and properly shod, but cared for by the owner in the matter of cleanliness. The beginning of such care should be the clean stable; that is, the stable clean of manure, than which nothing is worse for the horse to stand in for any considerable time. When the horse comes in from a day of work in the fields, which are soft, or from a hard drive on muddy roads, look after his feet and legs. Each hoof should be looked over carefully and cleaned, and the legs should be groomed as carefully as the sides. Then there are the portions of the coat which are covered by the harness which ought to have good care each time the horse is brought into the barn. First of all, see that the harness fits well, then, after unharnessing wipe off the places touched by the harness, using a moist rag or sponge. If there is any suspicion of a rubbing, look to the cause at once and remove it. There is no time in the work days of the horse when good care and watchfulness will do so much to keep him in good condition as during the period of hard spring work.

For Calloused Shoulders.

A farmer in North Dakota gives his method of treatment and cure of calloused shoulders of work horses in the Dakota Farmer, which he says he has used with uniform success, as follows:

"I cut a slit in the front part of the collar opposite the callous, then cut another slit at right angles across the first one. I then take out enough of the filling to allow for callous. After soaking face of collar in warm water I lay the front part, where cuts have been made, on a plank or something solid, and pound face of collar where it presses on callous, with round faced hammer, till a sufficient hollow has been made. This plan will work whether collar has been used with or without pad. Then when the horse comes in from work I bathe the callous in water as hot as can be borne and paint with Iodine. You will find this plan worth trying, and I will guarantee the collar will not be injured."

Watch for Seed Adulterations.

The work of different experiment stations has shown that a large number of foreign seeds are contained in clover and alfalfa seed, including the dodders, which are so destructive to alfalfa, and a large number of bad weed pests like the narrow plantain, wild mustard and a host of new weeds.

One impure sample of last year's supply contained thirty-two species of foreign seeds, including both species of dodder, the plantains, many common weeds, three species of Western weeds that are new in Ohio, and as many European weeds that have been heretofore unknown in this State. At least a dozen new weeds have been introduced into Ohio in alfalfa seed during half as many years.

While this is unacceptable it is still more so to get only black medick (yellow trefoil) plants as many have done, where supposed alfalfa seed was sown. In these times of high-priced seeds there is temptation to adulterate with cheap seeds like the black medick, etc., which have very slight value as forage plants with us; there is like disposition to offer seeds with many weed seeds, at low prices. Both these dangers are real. Intending purchasers of such seeds will do well to be assured of their quality.

Shipping Hay to Dealers.

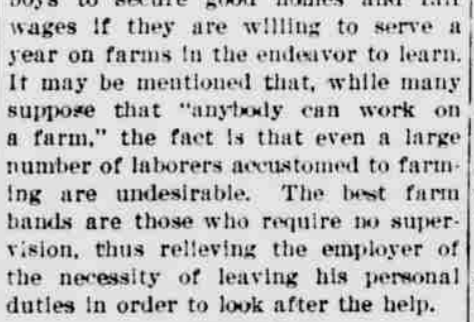
During the last two years a number of rogues in different sections of the country have been offering a considerable advance on the market price of hay and thousands of tons have been shipped to these people for which the producer received little or no return. With hay, as with other articles of farm produce, it is usually best to sell it as near home as possible. In every farming center there are reliable dealers who will pay a fair price for such products and pay spot cash for them. True, they sell them at an advance, but it is almost impossible for the grower to reach these outside sources of demand, hence he can better afford to let the local dealer make a dollar or two than he can to take any chances in shipping himself, and especially to people of whom he knows nothing. The writer yearly sells his surplus hay to a local liveryman and gets the cash on delivery. Opportunities offer to bale it and ship to the city at an advance on the local price, but we have figured that our labor, time and element of risk in the latter proposition is not warranted by the higher price, so we "let well enough alone," and it generally pays to do this.—Indianapolis News.

Best Farm Hands.

Labor on farms is nearly always pressing after spring opens, but it is difficult to secure capable help. There are many excellent opportunities for boys to secure good homes and fair wages if they are willing to serve a year on farms in the endeavor to learn. It may be mentioned that, while many suppose that "anybody can work on a farm," the fact is that even a large number of laborers accustomed to farming are undesirable. The best farm hands are those who require no supervision, thus relieving the employer of the necessity of leaving his personal duties in order to look after the help.

Outlet for Drain.

One of the most common as well as most efficient protections for the outlet of a main drain is a plank box with wire bars placed vertically across the



DRAIN OUTLET.

end about two inches apart. Such a box should be made of 2-inch plank, 12 feet long and large enough to admit of the insertion of the tile into the upper end. A protection of this kind serves a double purpose. It prevents small animals from entering the drain and will not be damaged by frost.

Smoking Meat.

The best fuel for smoking meats is green hickory or maple wood, smothered with sawdust of the same material. Hardwood of any kind is preferable to soft wood. Resinous woods should never be used, as they are likely to impart bad flavors to the products. Corncocks are the best substitutes for hardwood and may be used if desired. Soft woods and corncocks give off large amounts of carbon in burning, and this is deposited on the meat, making it dark in color and of rank flavor. Juniper berries and fragrant woods are sometimes added to the fire to flavor the meat.

Growing Nuts.

Nut growing is profitable, but it requires years to bring a nut tree to a stage of growth where it will pay well; hence only young farmers are induced to devote land in that direction. Walnuts, chestnuts and butternuts will improve with cultivation. In a few years walnut trees will be so scarce that the farmer who has a grove will secure his own price therefor, the timber being exceedingly valuable.

Thunder Storms and Sour Milk.

The primary cause of sour milk is the growth of certain bacteria that are always very numerous in the air and cannot be kept out of the milk. These are most abundant during damp, heavy weather, which usually accompanies thunder storms; as such weather is particularly favorable to their development. Hence, the popular notion that thunder storms make milk sour.



Uncle Pete—Sambo, did you ever see the Catskill Mountains? Sambo—No, sah; I've seen 'em kill mice.

"Do you think his words have any weight?" "Well, he makes some pretty heavy speeches."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Tickerly—Why do they say "dabble in stocks?" Tapeson—It must be on account of the water that is in most of them.—Smart Set.

Customer—Is this horse radish purely vegetable? "Rastus (the waiter)—Yes, sah, an' it's guaranteed ter be absolutely horseless!

Mrs. Glen Viller—How do you like my new spring hat? Mrs. Wade Parker—Lovely! Who made it over for you?—Cleveland Leader.

A Breakfast Dialogue. Mrs. Talkworts—Henry, you were talking in your sleep last night. Henry—Pardon me for interrupting you.

A Sure Way. "What was it Franklin said? 'If you'd have a thing well done—'" "Tell your cook you like it rare," interrupted Subbuss.

A Carnegie Proposal. Father—Can you support her in the manner to which she is accustomed? Suitor—Yes, sir; if you will raise an equal amount.

Tess—Did he actually kiss you? Jess—Yes. Tess—Gracious! Jess—The idea! He was not. I think it was I who was gracious to let him.—Philadelphia Press.

"They say that Austria-Hungary has only one doctor to every twenty-six hundred inhabitants, and still the death-rate is low." "That's the reason."—Indianapolis Star.

Him—Darling, you don't know how beautiful you are! Her—George, I have a very good mirror and am not blind. What I don't know is how rich you are.—Cleveland Leader.

Fond Father—Heaven bless you, sir, for rescuing my daughter from a water-gate. Think of the risk you ran! Life Saver—No risk at all, sir; I'm married.—Milwaukee News.

The Sick Poet. "Are you feeling very ill?" asked the physician. "Let me see your tongue, please." "It's no use, doctor," replied the patient; "no tongue can tell how bad I feel."

"Here is an article about our corrupt police," said the reporter. "How should I head it?" "Oh, just say the city has a bad case of the blues," replied the great editor.—Chicago News.

Fair Warning. Woman—Now, if you don't leave at once I'll call my husband—and he's an old Harvard football player. Tramp—Lady, if yer love him, don't call him out. I used to play wid Yale.

Very Simple. Mrs. Chugwater—Josiah, what is a pronunciation? Mr. Chugwater—"Pronouncing amen to" anything you want indorsed. I should think you could tell that by looking at the word itself.

Mrs. Upsome—The people that have moved into the house next door to ours spend about half their time peeping at us through their lace curtains. Mrs. Chillicothe-Kearney—How did you find it out?—Chicago Tribune.

He Gave It Up. Speaker—I defy any one in this audience to mention a single action that I can perform with my right hand that I cannot do equally well with my left. Voice from the gallery—Put yer left hand in yer right-hand trousers pocket.

"Well, I'll tell you the trouble with Sterling. I admit that he's a fairly good business man, but there's a pretty big element of luck in his success. He's insufferably conceited, too, and then it's merely his hypocrisy that—"

"You seem to know him pretty well." "Oh, yes, we're great friends."—Ex.

Proud Mother. A poor woman, in all the pride and glory of her maternal heart, declared to a kind-hearted listener that— "Since the world was a world, there never was such a clever boy as my Micky, for he's just made 'wo chairs and a fiddle out of his own head, and has got plenty of wood left for another."

Usurious—Ikestain and Aaronburg, two money-lenders, met. "Goot bitness yesterday, Ike," said Aaron. "Young Shoftely come to me to borrow \$500. I gift it him at 50 per cent, an' deduct a year's interest and pay him for \$250." "Well, you was a fool, Aaron. Vy, you should have lent it him for two years and paid him notings."

Composition on a Horse. A father going into his stable found his little son astride one of the horses, with a slate and pencil in his hand. "Why, Harry," he exclaimed, "what are you doing?" "Writing a composition," was the reply. "Well, why don't you write it in the house?" asked the father. "Because," answered the little fellow, "the teacher told me to write a composition on a horse."

An Eastern newspaper says that Jack London was introduced in a cafe to a musician. "I, too, am a musician in a small way," London said. "My musical talent was once the means of saving my life." "How was that?" the musician asked. "There was a great flood in our town in my boyhood," replied London. "When the water struck our house my father got on a bed and floated with the stream until he was rescued." "And you?" said the musician. "Well," said London, "I accompanied him on the piano."—Wasp.