

# Prisoners and Captives

By H. S. MERRIMAN

## CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

Lieut. Grace was present and certain entries were made in the log book. The two servants of her majesty were prompt and business-like in their questions. Tyars had taken the precaution of bringing the log-book of the *Martial*, in which the deaths of the whole crew excepting himself were faithfully recorded. The proceedings were ship-shape and business-like, but as the story progressed the old commander became more and more interested, to the detriment of his official punctilio. When at last Tyars finished his narrative with the words:

"And this afternoon Lieut. Grace found me asleep on the wheel," the old sailor leaned forward across the little cabin table and extended an unsteady, curved hand.

"Your hand, sir; I should like to take by the hand a man with such a record as yours. You have done a wonderful thing in navigating the ship almost single-handed as far as this. In nursing the poor fellows you have acted with the tenderness of a woman; in the management of your ship you have proved yourself a good sailor, and in your marvelous pluck you have shown yourself a gentleman—for such I think you must be, though you shipped as second mate of a merchant-man."

Tyars took the proffered hand, smiling his slow, unconsciously mournful smile.

"But," he said, calmly ignoring the interrogation of the old man's glance, "you must not give me the whole credit. There are other records as good as mine, but they are finished, and so the interest suffers. Some of the men behaved splendidly. One poor fellow actually dropped dead at the wheel, refusing to go below until it was too late. He knew it was hopeless, but he took a peculiar sort of pride in dying with his fingers around the spokes."

Then the young surgeon of the *Foam* appeared and took charge of his second patient—for the *terrier* Muggins had, by Tyars' request, been attended to first.

In the quiet days that followed the rescued man and his dog recovered from the effects of their hardship with wonderful rapidity. Muggins had a decided disadvantage of his master. He was older as a dog than Tyars as a man; moreover, his hardships had been greater, for thirst is a terrible enemy and leaves his mark deep and sure. Tyars had passed through a most trying period, but Providence had chosen to place within his broad chest a heart semi-indifferent, semi-stubborn—the hard heart of a fearless man. In his place nine out of ten would have lost their reason; Grace found him as nearly hysterical as a strong will could well be.

Claud Tyars soon regained his energy, and with the return of it came that restlessness which characterized his daily way of life. He wished to be up and doing, holding idleness as an abomination. A few men had been put on board the merchantman with instructions to keep near their own ship under all circumstances, and in consort the vessels were creeping slowly through the placid waters toward the north.

It happened that Lieut. Grace was soon to leave the *slaver* on a long leave of absence, and he was therefore selected to go on board the *Martial*, with Tyars as joint commander, and a few men—with a view to sailing for *Madeira*, where the crew would be strengthened.

At last the doctor announced that the rescued man was perfectly strong again, and that the fever-stricken ship was purified and disinfected.

"But," he added gravely, looking at Tyars, "the dog is in a critical condition. I do not consider myself justified in allowing him to go out of my hands. He requires constant medical attendance."

"Bosh!" replied Tyars, with much solemnity.

"I will give you five pounds for him," said the doctor, innocently.

"I have not come on board this vessel to sell my dog."

The offer was increased, but to no purpose. Tyars was as faithful to his dog as Muggins to his master. And so the two returned to their vessel early one morning, when a fair breeze was blowing. For the third time since her departure from South America the *Martial's* sails were all shaken out, and beneath a cloud of snowy canvas she moved away on her stately progress northward, while the little slave-catcher returned to the cursed coast which required so close a watch.

Tyars held a master's certificate, and by right of seniority succeeded to the command of the *Martial*, vice captain and first mate, dead and buried. In Lieut. Grace he found a conditor of sympathetic mettle. Energetic, alert and bold, he ruled the deck with cheery despotism, and went below for rest with the comforting conviction that Grace would never shorten sail from nervousness.

The question before this little band of men was the safe conduct of a valuable ship and precious cargo home to England, and this they one and all came to look upon in time with that breadth of view which the circumstances required. Man-of-war trimness was out of the question—carpenter there was none, so paints could not be mixed, nor decks caulked, nor woodwork repaired. There was no sailmaker, so things must perforce be allowed to go a little ragged.

After a long consultation with Grace, Tyars had called together his little crew round the wheel, and there delivered to them a short harangue in his best "Union" style. The result of this and a few words from the lieutenant was that the island of *Madeira* was enthusiastically shelved. There were to be no half measures on board the *Martial*. They

would take the ship home if there was no watch below for any of them.

This program was ultimately carried out to the letter. With the aid of good fortune, a safe and rapid passage was performed, though, indeed, there was not too much sleep for any on board. No mean energy was displayed by Muggins among others. He gravely superintended every alteration of sail, every bit of work requiring all hands, and was never missing from his post by night or day. When at last the Channel pilot came on board, gazing curiously up aloft, where things were anything but taut, Muggins was among the first to greet him with that self-possessed gentlemanliness which he wielded so unconsciously.

And during the voyage home Lieut. Grace had studied his companion with a slow, comprehensive scrutiny. The two commanders had not been thrown much together, by reason of their duties being separate, but it was not to this fact alone that the naval officer attributed his failure to make anything of Claud Tyars. He had found this ex-wrangler calmly installed in the humble post of second mate to a merchant sailing ship. Moreover, there was no attempt to conceal an identity which was, to say the least of it, strange. Tyars appeared in no way conscious of an unanswered question existing in his intercourse with the naval officer, and there was no suspicion of embarrassment such as might arise from anomaly.

## CHAPTER IV.

Things were in this state between the two young men when, one morning in June, the *Martial* dropped anchor at *Gravesend* to await the tide. The news of her tardy arrival had been telegraphed from the coast, and the Channel pilot had thought fit to communicate to a friend in the journalistic interest a somewhat sensational account of the wonderful voyage.

It thus happened that before the anchor was well home in its native mud a stout gentleman came alongside in a wherry and climbed on deck with some alacrity. His lips were a trifle white and unsteady as he recognized Tyars, and came toward him with a fat gloved hand outstretched.

"Mr. Tyars," he said, breathlessly, "you don't remember me, perhaps. I am George Lowell, the owner. I have ten riggers coming on board to start unbending sail at once. I have to thank you in the name of the merchants and of myself for your plucky conduct, and you, too, sir, as well as these men."

So the voyage was accomplished, and Grace recognized the fact that the time had arrived for him to withdraw his eight bluejackets. Their strange duties were at an end, and one more little tale of bravery had been added to the great roll.

He gave the word to his men and went below to get together his few belongings. As first officer he had navigated the ship, and for some minutes he leaned over the plain deal table in his diminutive stateroom, with his elbows upon the outstretched chart.

Across the great spread of ocean was a dotted line, but in the marks there was a difference, for three navigators had worked out the one voyage. As his eyes followed the line, day by day, hour by hour, in vivid retrospection back to the still, hot regions near the equator, the young fellow realized that the voyage had been something more than a mere incident in his life. The restless days and sleepless nights had been very pleasant in their sense of satisfactory toil; the very contrast of having too much to do instead of too little was pleasurable. But above all, there was the companionship and friendship of a man who interested him more than any he had yet come in contact with.

Looking back over the days and nights they had passed through together, he realized how little leisure there had been for mere conversation. In the working of the ship, in the attempt to enable ten men to do the work of twenty, there had been sufficient to keep them fully engaged without leaving time for personal matters. But it is in such a life as this, lived together, that men really learn to know each other, and not in mere interchange of thought, or give and take of question and answer.

Lieut. Grace was in his small way a student of human nature. Men who watch the sea and sky, to gather from their changes the deeper secrets of wind and weather, acquire a habit of watching lips and eyes, gathering therefrom little hints, small revelations, tiny evidences which, when pieced together, make that strange incongruous muddle called *Man*. Of the human being Claud Tyars he knew a good deal—of the gentleman, the university athlete, the traveled sportsman, he knew absolutely nothing. Beyond the bare fact that Trinity College had left its ineffaceable mark upon him, the past history of this sailor was a blank to Grace.

When he went on deck a little later, leaving his baggage to be brought up by one of the bluejackets, this thought was still uppermost in his mind. He found Tyars and Mr. Lowell walking together on the after deck; the former talking earnestly, while the owner of the ship listened with pained eyes. They came toward Grace together, and he told them of his intention to take his men up to London by train at once in order to report themselves at the Admiralty.

There were boats alongside—the riggers were on board, indeed, they were already at work aloft, and there was no cause for further delay. He turned away with visible reluctance, and went forward to call his men together. Mr. Lowell followed and shook hands gratefully, after which he went aft to speak to the pilot. Thus

Grace and Tyars were left alone amidships, for the men were busy throwing their effects into the attendant boats.

"I hope," said Tyars, "that you will not get into a row for coming straight home without calling at *Madeira* on the chance of picking up more men."

"I don't anticipate any difficulty," was the reply; "my uncle has the pulling of a few of the strings, you know."

Tyars nodded his head. There was nothing more to be said. The two men were already clambering down the ship's side, eager to get ashore.

"Good-by," said Grace, holding out his hand. "I—eh—I'm glad we got her home."

"Good-by."

They shook hands, and Tyars stood still upon the deck he had trodden so bravely, while the little officer moved away toward the gangway. Somehow there was a sense of insufficiency on both sides. There was something left unsaid, and yet neither could think of anything to say. Grace had not gone many yards when he stopped, hesitated, and finally returned.

"I say, Tyars," he said, hurriedly, "is this going to be the end of it all? I mean, are we going to lose sight of each other now? We have been thrown together in rather a singular way, and under peculiar circumstances, we have got on very well together—haven't we?"

Tyars changed color beneath his sunburn.

"Yes," he replied, with the awkward gentility of a man accustomed to the exercise of an iron reserve over any emotion. "Yes, we have got on very well."

"I don't think we ought to lose sight of each other," suggested Grace.

"No; I don't think we ought."

"Then will you come up and see us in town? The gov'nor would like to make your acquaintance. Come and dine to-morrow evening. No. 105 Brook street, Grosvenor Square. You won't forget the address?"

"Thanks; I shall be most happy. What time do you dine?"

"Well, I don't know. I have been away from home four years; but come at seven."

"Seven o'clock; No. 105 Brook street. Thanks."

They had reached the gangway, and Grace now turned with a little nod of acknowledgment, and began making his way down the unsteady steps into the boat awaiting him. Tyars stood on the grating, with one hand resting on the rail of the ship, the other in his jacket pocket.

"By the way," called out Grace, as the boatman shoved off, "bring Muggins."

That sage dog, standing between his master's legs, wagged the white stump that served him for a tail and dropped his pointed ears in quick acknowledgment of the mention of his name in a way which he knew to be friendly.

"He is not accustomed to the habits of polite society," remarked Tyars in a shout, because the stream had carried the boat astern already. "He has got out of the way of it."

"Muggins is a gentleman," shouted Grace, "who knows how to behave himself in all societies and all circumstances. You must bring him!"

"All right!" laughed Tyars; and he smiled down at the upturned eager face, the quivering ears and twitching tail of the dog—for Muggins knew well enough that he was under discussion, and waited the verdict from his master's lips.

## CHAPTER V.

At 7 o'clock that night the *Martial* found rest at last, moored safely alongside the quay in the East India dock. There was a little crowd of idlers on the pier and on the gates of the tidal basin, for the fame of the ship had spread. But more eyes were directed toward the man who had done this deed of prowess, for the human interest is, after all, paramount in things in which we busy our minds. For one who looked at the ship there were ten of those mariners, dock laborers and pilots who sought Tyars.

"He ain't one of us at all," muttered a sturdy lighterman to his mate. "A gentleman, if yer please."

But gentleman or no gentleman, these toilers of the sea welcomed the plucky sailor with a hoarse cheer. The stately ship glided smoothly forward in all the deep-seated glory of her moss-grown decks, her tarnished brass, her slack ropes. There seemed to be a living spirit of calm, silent pride in the tapering spars and weather-beaten hull, as if the vessel held high her head amid her spruce companions. She seemed to be conscious that her name was far above mere questions of paint and holystone. Her pride lay in her deeds and not in her appearance. Her sphere was not in moorings, but upon the great seas. She came like a soldier into camp, disdaining to wipe the blood from off his face.

Tyars stood near the wheel, hardly noticing the crowd upon the quay. The pilot and the dockmaster had to some extent relieved him of his command, but he still had certain duties to perform, and he was still captain of the *Martial*, the only man who sailed from London in her to return again.

When at last she was moored and his command had ceased, he went below and changed his clothes. When he came on deck a little later Claud Tyars was transformed. The keen, resourceful sailor was merely a gentleman of the world. Self-possessed and somewhat cold in manner, he was the sort of man one would expect to meet on the shady side of Piccadilly, while his brown face would be accounted for by military service in a tropical climate.

(To be continued.)

## His Reason.

"Bowly calls his wife's dog 'Simple Life.'"

"Gracious! Why?"

"Because she leads it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Of all Americans those of French extraction spend the smallest proportion of their income on food.

# FARMS AND FARMERS



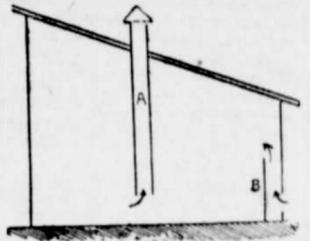
## Growing Black Raspberries.

The amateur who wishes to try berry growing will find the black raspberry a good plant to begin with. The raspberry is in all probability the most honest of berry growing plants. There is no waste, the berries are uniform in size, and as soon as gathered they are ready for the table, or for preserving. A plantation of this fruit, once established, should last six or eight years. It will grow in almost any soil except a very stiff clay, or one that is so poorly drained that the water stands on the soil for some time before being drained away. It is a heavy feeder, so its soil must be fertilized every year or two to keep up its maximum productivity.

A northern exposure is best for the plant, for it suffers from extreme heat, and the direct rays of the sun, more than from extreme cold weather. A sloping ground is preferred to either the summit or base of a hill. The black raspberry is propagated by burying the tips of the canes about August. Simply dig a little hole with a spade, and bend the cane so that the tip will lay in the hole, then cover it with soil and press it down. The weight of the soil will usually hold the cane; if not a small peg may be used. In the fall a young plant with a mass of roots will have been formed. The old cane may be cut away and the young plants will be ready for setting out. In most cases it is well to let the young plants remain until spring before transplanting. Proper attention should be given to pruning raspberries. Canes of the first season produce fruit the following season, but after bearing they may be cut away.

## Ventilation of Farm Buildings.

There are no small buildings on the farm that cannot be amply ventilated by the simple plan here described. Generally such buildings are of the single or sloping-roof sort so that the plan can be carried out at small expense. In the rear of the house, near one corner, build an air shaft, made by joining at the edges four boards about eight inches wide. Set this into the ground or fasten to the floor if of boards so that it will be firm. Have it open at the top, of course, and make it three or four feet high. In the side of it, next to the wall of the building and about a foot up from the floor cut out a piece so as to have an opening the width of the board and about six inches the other way, and in the side



PLAN OF VENTILATION.

of the building opposite this hole in the shaft cut a hole of corresponding size. Cover those two holes as well as the hole in the top of the shaft with wire netting so that no bird or small animal can get in.

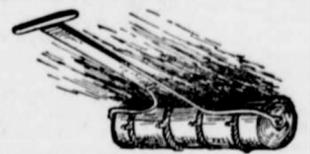
This is the shaft by which the air enters the building. Then build another shaft long enough to reach the floor up through the roof so that it will come out through the roof a foot or fifteen inches. The top of this shaft must be capped so that the opening will be protected from rain. The lower end is to be covered with wire netting. Fasten this firmly at the roof end and with corner supports to the floor at the bottom. The plan is simple, easy to construct and works splendidly. It is particularly good for ventilating poultry houses. In the plain illustration A represents the shaft through which the foul air passes and B the shaft through which the fresh air enters.

## A Barrel Cucumber Garden.

An interesting form of backyard gardening is raising cucumbers in barrels. An old sugar barrel without heads will answer. Get several of them and saw them in two, setting the halves according to the space available, about twelve feet apart. Drive a stake through the center of the barrel to hold firm during storms and fill the half barrel with manure. Plant four hills of cucumbers around the inside of each barrel and make a kind of trellis in the shape of the letter H out of laths, one trellis for each hill, one end to rest on the top of the barrel. The vines may be readily made to run over the barrels and trellis, making a very attractive and luxuriant appearance, and producing immense quantities of cucumbers. The crop will be greatly increased if the vines are thoroughly soaked during the dry weather.

## Combined Roller and Marker.

A neat attachment to a garden roller is the following: Bore holes eight inches apart lengthwise and put in



ROLLER AND MARKER COMBINED.

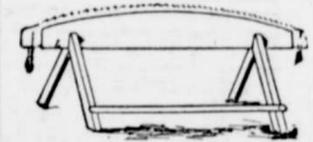
pins. To mark the garden make these pins each hold a small rope, encircling the roller by driving them into the holes beside the ends of the rope. More than one row of holes can be used to change distances. Tack strips lengthwise of the roller to mark places in row for setting plants.

## Seed Testing.

The bureau of plant industry is doing a good deal of seed testing this spring owing to the reports published in regard to widespread adulteration. Special attention is given to testing samples of alfalfa seed for fodder. Many other seeds come in for careful examination as to purity but testing for germination does not receive so much attention. This is a branch of seed testing that can be better attended to by the farmer himself and it is something that every farmer should be intensely interested in.

## Hold Cross-Cut Saw to File.

Take two pieces of one-inch board (hard wood is best), wide as saw in widest place, and as long as the saw between the handles. Shape the boards with a "billy" like the cutting edge of saw. Lay your saw on one of these boards with the teeth above the board enough to file nicely, and straddle the saw with a pair of six-inch strap hinges, near the ends of the boards. Now open the hinges and remove the saw, and mark around the hinges to show where to let them in the board the thickness of the hinge. Fasten hinges to this board, and then to the other board in the same manner. Now you have a pair of jaws in which your saw will rest on its back, permitting the teeth to come above the edge of the jaw to file. Bevel edge of boards. Now



FOR FILING THE CROSS-CUT SAW.

get two legs for each board, of 2x4, or sticks from the woods, as I did, and bevel to stand like legs of a sawhorse, and long enough to stand up to file easily. Fasten your jaw boards to these legs, from inside of jaws, with screws or wire nails. Fasten a strip across two of the legs at the bottom to put your foot on while filing to help to keep the horse steady. Put in your saw and pull out on the legs to tighten the jaws on the saw.—Farm Progress.

## Notes for the Bee Keepers.

Bees, like men, are good-natured when they are making headway in providing for the future. This accounts for the different receptacles given to an intruder at different times.

Beehives are now so constructed that they may be opened and their contents removed or changed about and examined without materially interfering with the action of the bees. They frequently continue their labors even when the comb is held in the hand of the beekeeper.

Honey is always a ready seller and the price per pound averages anywhere from 12 to 20 cents, depending upon the locality and quality. A good hive of bees in the average locality will produce about seventy-five pounds of honey per year and pay 50 per cent on the investment of the first season. Get posted on beekeeping if you seek a pleasant and profitable occupation.

It is claimed that a strong colony of bees is the best preventive against moths.

Any one who doubts that there is money in beekeeping need only look up statistics on the honey crop of the United States to find out what a great marketable article honey is. In the year 1900 the total amount of capital invested in bees in the United States was \$10,180,000. The returns from the national honey crop that same year were \$0,665,000, a dividend of 65 per cent on the amount invested. What other crop pays this rate of interest?