

Prisoners and Captives

By H. S. MERRIMAN

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

The idlers in the shipping office at Tower Hill were treated on the following morning to a strange sight. According to formula, the brokers of the Martial had indicated to the shipping authorities their desire to pay off the crew of the vessel. Shortly before the hour named a number of women began to assemble. Some were dressed respectably, others were of the lowest class that London produces; but all made some attempt at mourning; but two wore their crapes weeds with that incomprehensible feminine pride in such habiliments which shows itself in all grades of society, while others were clad in black—rusty, ill-fitting, evidently barrowed. A common sorrow, a mutual interest, served as introduction among these ladies, and they talked eagerly together. Scraps of conversation floated over the black bonnets. One had lost her husband, another her son, a third only her brother. "Ain't he come yet?" they asked one another at intervals. "The survivor—him that brought'er 'ome with his own hands. I wanter ask him about my man—about his end."

At last a hansom cab turned the corner of the Minoris and pulled up noisily on the noisy stones. Claud Tyars threw open the doors and stepped out. He had come to be paid off; he was the crew of the Martial.

In a moment he was surrounded by the women, every one clamoring for news of her dead sailor. The broker's clerk, an observant youth, noticed that during the half hour that followed Tyars never referred to his log-book, but answered each question unerringly from memory. He gave details, dates and particulars without hesitation or doubt. It was perhaps owing to a knowledge of the commercial value of a good memory that the young clerk made note of these details. He was not observant enough to take account of the finer shades of manner, of the infinite tact with which the survivor of the crew treated the women folk of his late comrades. He did not detect the subtle art by which some were sent away rejoicing over the dogged, dauntless courage of their husbands; he was only conscious of a feeling of admiration for this man who, hitherto, had hardly noticed him. But he failed to discern that the difficult task was accomplished unconsciously. He did not realize that Claud Tyars possessed a gift which is only second to genius in worldly value—the gift of unobtrusively ruling his fellow men.

As Tyars drove away from the shipping office he saw the street news vendors displaying their posters with the words, "A Wonderful Story of the Sea" printed in sensational type.

"Hang it!" he muttered, with a vexed laugh. "I never counted on a notoriety of this sort."

Presently he bought an evening paper and read of the exploits of "Captain" Tyars with a singular lack of pride.

When Mr. Lowell, the owner of the Martial, offered him the command of the ship the same afternoon he gravely and politely declined it. With the ship-owner, as with Lieut. Grace, Tyars appeared quite blind to the necessity of an explanation, and none was asked.

So ended the incident of the Martial. Its direct bearing upon the life of Claud Tyars would seem to terminate at the same moment; but indirectly the experience thus acquired influenced his career, formed to some extent his character, and led—as all things great and small lead us—to the end.

CHAPTER VI.

In the meantime Lieut. Grace had received at the hands of his father and sister a warm welcome.

Without announcement of any description he made his way from the Admiralty to Brook street and knocked at his father's door. He found the old gentleman and Miss Helen Grace engaged in the consumption of afternoon tea.

"Oswin!" exclaimed the old admiral. "I thought you were on the African coast."

Helen Grace was a young lady not much given to exclamatory expressions of feeling. She rose from the low chair she habitually occupied and kissed her brother. Then she turned his face toward the light by the collar of his coat. "Have you been invalidated home?" she asked.

"No," he replied. "The foam is out there still," put in the Admiral, eager to show his intimate knowledge of official matters.

"Yes, I came home on a derelict. A fine, big ship without a crew. All dead of yellow fever except one. I am glad that he was picked out by Providence to survive."

"Why?" inquired Helen. "Because I like him."

"What was he, an officer?" asked the Admiral.

"Second mate, holding a captain's certificate. I have asked him to dinner to-morrow night."

"Oh!" murmured Helen, doubtfully. "With his dog—the other survivor?"

"Ah!" said Helen in a more interested tone. "Do they know how to behave themselves?"

"I think so—both of them," was the reply. "Although we did not dress for dinner on board the Martial."

"It seems to me," observed the Admiral, with an easy chuckle, "that you did not devote much time at all to the question of toilet."

"No," replied Grace, frankly. "We were a shady crew. You see, there were only ten of us to navigate a thousand-ton ship full rigged. We had no time for personal adornment. You will see all about it in the evening paper. I brought one with me on purpose. May I have some tea, Helen? It is months since I have seen such an article as bread and butter."

The girl hastened to supply his wants, performing her duties with a deft sureness of touch where maidens are not dolls. While Grace was performing wonders among the dainties supplied to him, his father read aloud the details of his deeds upon the high seas, and Helen listened with a faint smile of pride upon her refined face.

"And this man," she inquired, when the paragraph had been duly digested—

"the man you have asked to dinner—what is he like?"

The naval officer helped himself to a limp slice of bread and butter with great thoughtfulness.

"That is just the difficulty, my dear," he replied. "I cannot tell you what he is like, because I don't know. I do not understand him—that is the long and short of it. He is above me."

"I suppose," suggested the Admiral, who held the keener study of human nature in some contempt, "that he is merely a rough sailor man—a merchant captain?"

"No, he is hardly that. I want you," continued the lieutenant, after a pause, turning to his sister, "to judge for yourself, so will not tell you what I think about him."

"Then he is interesting?"

"Yes, I think you will find him interesting."

Helen was already seeking in her mind how things could be made easy and comfortable for the unpolished hero whom her brother had so unceremoniously introduced into the house.

"Agnes Winter was coming to-morrow to dine, but she can be put off," she observed, carelessly.

"Agnes Winter—why should she be put off? Let her come, by all means."

The little man's manner was perhaps too indifferent to be either natural or polite. He was either unconsciously rude or exaggerating an indifference he did not feel. Helen, however, continued her remarks without appearing to notice anything.

"Would you not," she inquired, while replacing in its vase a flower that had become displaced, "rather have him quite alone—when we are by ourselves, I mean?"

"Oh, no. He is all right. If he is good enough for you, he is good enough for Agnes Winter."

"Has he got a suit of dress clothes?" asked the Admiral, with a blunt laugh.

Lieut. Grace let his hand fall heavily upon his thigh with a gesture of mock regret.

"I quite forgot to ask him," he exclaimed, dramatically.

"There is some mystery attached to this person," laughed Helen. Her laughter was a little prolonged in order that her father, whose duller sense of humor sometimes failed to follow his son's fancy, might comprehend that this was a joke.

"Well," said the old gentleman, thrusting his hands deeply into his pockets, "I like a man to come to my table in a claw-hammer coat."

CHAPTER VII.

Helen's eyes rested for a moment on her brother's face. With an almost imperceptible movement of lid and eyebrow he reassured her.

"What time is dinner? I told him to come at 7 o'clock," said he, holding out his cup for more tea.

"That is right," answered Helen. "You would have done better," said the Admiral, still unrepentant, "to have given the man a dinner at your club."

"Oh!" replied his son, serenely, "I wanted you and Helen to make his acquaintance; besides, I could not have invited Muggins to the club."

"Muggins?" growled the old gentleman, interrogatively.

"The dog."

"Ah! Is he a presentable sort of fellow, then, that you want your sister to meet him?"

"The dog?" inquired Grace, with much innocence.

"No," laughed his father, despite himself; "the man—Tyre, or Sidon, or whatever his name is."

"Tyars. Yes, I think so. Tyars is distinctly presentable, or else I would not have suggested his coming."

Helen had moved away toward the window, and was now leaning against the folded and old-fashioned shutter. She turned and looked at her brother as he spoke, with that gentle, womanly scrutiny.

Like her brother, Helen Grace favored to some extent a gravity of demeanor when in repose, and her face was of that refined type which possesses a great mobility. Some faces there are which seem to have brought from old times a recollection of gay knights, full of poetry and full of fight; of troubadours and patient women. Oswin and Helen Grace were of this mold. In profile the chiseling of either face was perfect, for Helen was but a refined miniature of her brother; and in smiling their gray eyes lighted up with the self-same soft merriment.

As she stood in the soft sunlight looking sideways toward her brother her tenderness was visible. These two were the only children of a dead mother, who if she had never quite understood her husband had at all events possessed the power of loving her children. Oswin Grace had left home early, as all naval men must, and during the short spells allowed to him by a grateful country as recreation he had not learned to know his sister very well—not well enough to forget that he owed to her the respect due to all women.

The two men now started a conversation upon very nautical matters, employing such technical terms and waxing so interested that Helen sought a chair near the window and settled down to listen with respectful silence. When the Admiral had left the room Oswin crossed the floor and stood beside his sister, his scrutinizing glance cast downward.

"How is Agnes Winter?" he asked.

"She is very well. Did those flowers remind you of her?"

"Ye-es," he replied, slowly. "I wonder why?"

"Because she arranged them, I suppose," suggested the girl, looking up suddenly, as if struck at the possibility of her idea being of some weight.

"Perhaps so. She is not engaged yet?"

Helen threaded a needle with some care and stooped over her work.

"No; she is just the same as ever. Always busy, always happy, always a favorite. But—one never hears the slightest rumor of an engagement, or even a flirtation."

"While," added Grace, airily, "her dear friend flirts here and flirts there, but

keeps clear of the serious part of it all with equal skill."

"Which friend?" inquired Helen, innocently.

"Yourself."

"Oh! I have my duties. Papa could not get on without me. Besides, I never flirt. Marriage and love and all that, my brother, have much more to do with convenience than is generally supposed."

"Indeed?" he inquired with fine sarcasm.

"Yes; I have studied the question. You may know more about the slave trade than I do, because you have had superior advantages in that direction; but I also have had advantages, and from personal observation beg to state that in nine cases out of ten convenience is the source of love—in the tenth case it is propinquity."

"Thank you," he said, fervently. "I will make a mental note of your observations, and when I marry a plain and stupid heiress perhaps you will withdraw them."

She ignored his pleasantry.

"I often wonder," he said, thoughtfully, "why somebody or other does not fall in love with Agnes Winter."

After a pause he put forward a suggestion.

"Because she will not let them, perhaps."

"That may be so; but surely a sensible man does not wait to be allowed."

"The question," he answered, with mock gravity, "is rather beyond me. It is hard to say what a sensible man would do, because in such matters no rule can be laid down defining where sense begins and foolishness ends. The man who got Agnes Winter would be sensible, however he did it."

Presently the girl went to dress for dinner, leaving her brother standing at the window, whistling softly beneath his breath.

CHAPTER VIII.

If there had been any doubts entertained or discussed as to the presentability of Claud Tyars in polite circles, these were destined to an instant removal when that individual entered the drawing room of No. 105 Brook street.

His dress, if it erred at all, did so on the side of a too scrupulous adherence to the latest dictates of society. His manners were those of a traveled and experienced gentleman. That is to say, he was polite without eagerness, pleasant without gush, semi-interested, semi-indifferent.

Oswin Grace advanced to meet him with a quick glance of satisfaction at his irreproachable get-up, which Tyars showed no signs of having detected.

The necessary introductions were made, and Tyars displayed the same perfect knowledge of social habits up to date. His bow was pure and simple, and to the Admiral he offered his hand in a calm, decisive way, which somewhat interfered with the old gentleman's dignified coldness.

"I think," said Helen at once, with a characteristic desire to make things pleasant, "that we have met before."

She was looking up at Tyars, who, being very tall, stood a head higher than any one in the room, and in her eyes there was no speculation, no searching into the recesses of her memory. The remark was without interrogative hesitation. It was the assertion of a fact well known to her, and yet her color changed.

"Yes," answered Tyars; "I had the pleasure of dancing with you on several occasions at the Commemoration three years ago."

"But you are not an Oxford man?" put in Lieut. Grace.

"No."

He did not seem to think it worth while mentioning that his name was on the books of the sister university.

"What a good memory you have, Mr. Tyars!" observed Miss Agnes Winter in a smooth, soft voice. "Perhaps you can help mine. Have we met before? I know your face."

He turned to her with a smile in which there was no light of dawning recollection.

"Hardly," he replied. "But you were sitting in the middle of the last row of the stalls at a performance of 'Hamlet' last autumn."

(To be continued.)

Looking Forward.

Leading Lady—Where is my salary?

Theatrical Manager—I'm very sorry, but business has been bad this week, and the ghost is unable to walk.

Leading Lady—Well, I must have my money or I'll quit.

Theatrical Manager—Don't worry; we'll have all kinds of money next week. We play in a section of the country where you are not known.

It All Depends.

Mrs. Callier—Mrs. Gableton is an awful talker and I used to think she always told the truth.

Mrs. Homer—And now you think otherwise?

Mrs. Callier—I certainly do. One can't believe a word she says.

Mrs. Homer—So she has begun to talk about you, has she?

Unprofessional.

"Say," growled the sporting editor, "what do you mean by saying the lightweight boxer weighs 122 pounds?"

"Well, that's what he weighed," protested the new reporter.

"He didn't do anything of the kind," retorted the s. e. "He 'tipped the scales.'"

Six Weeks Later.

She (after elopement)—I received a letter from papa to-day.

He—Well?

She—He writes that he had just finished making his will.

He—Did he remember us?

She—Yes, indeed. He has left all his money to an asylum for hopeless idiots.

Snap for the Hero.

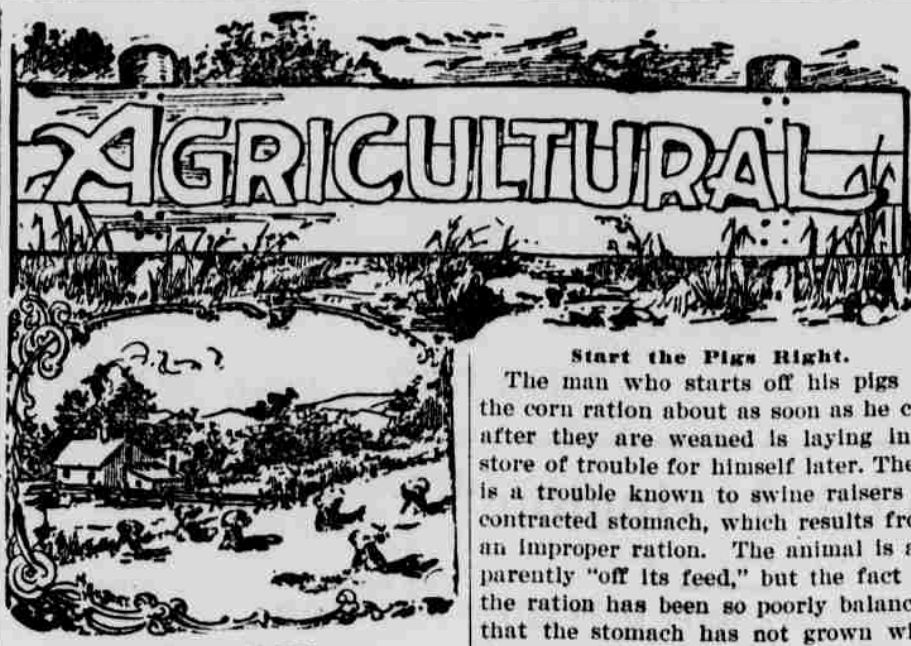
"Your play is too commonplace," said the manager, as he handed back the manuscript. "There is no snap to it."

"No snap?" echoed the author. "Why, the hero marries an orphan girl with a million dollars in the last act."

Handles the Bones.

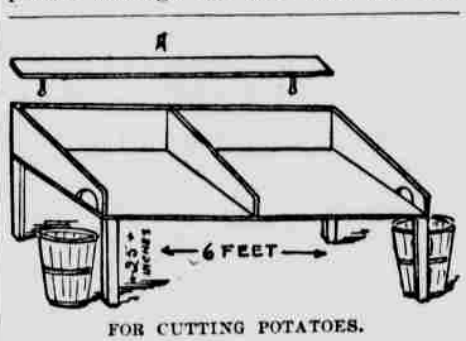
Myer—Black tells me he has a brother who is a rattling good actor.

Gyer—That's a fact. He's one of the end men in a minstrel show.



Potato Cutting Table.

When one has a large area to plant to potatoes the work of cutting the seed tubers in the ordinary way is not inconsiderable. One who is handy can readily make the seed cutter here described and save considerable time in preparing the seed for planting. Build a table about three feet deep and six feet wide, setting on it legs so it will stand about twenty-five inches from the floor, just high enough so the average man can get his knees under it comfortably when sitting down. Have a back to the table a foot high, with sides cut so that at the front end they will be not more than six inches high. A similar board is run down the center, thus making a table at which two can work. In the side pieces, about three inches from the end that is open, the front end, cut a hole eight inches long. A basket is set under this hole, on the floor, and the cut tubers are passed through the hole into the bas-



FOR CUTTING POTATOES.

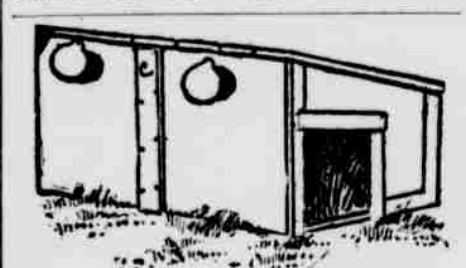
ket. This is done so that by a movement of the hand the cut pieces may be dropped into the basket, rather than have the cutter reach over or around to drop the pieces, which would be necessary if the baskets were behind him or at the sides. Tall baskets are used generally, although the ordinary peach basket will answer the purpose. A shelf is placed at the top of the cutting bench at the back, on which knives and any other tools needed in the work may be kept. The idea is plainly shown in the illustration. — Indianapolis News.

Good Word for Guinea.

The Guinea fowl may yet become a very profitable branch of farm poultry raising. The scarcity of certain kinds of game which resemble in flavor the Guinea, especially the Western prairie chicken and grouse, has led to a substitution of young Guineas on hotel and restaurant bills of fare. Guineaes of about the broiler age, weighing about one pound and a half are of an exceedingly fine, gamey flavor, and seem to satisfy the consumer. In this way the restaurants are able to dodge the game laws in certain States and serve "prairie chicken" on the bill of fare at all seasons. Gamehouses are paying high prices for young Guineas, and it would seem that large farms might be devoted to them profitably wherever turkeys and pheasants succeed.

Colony House for Pigs.

Small houses built after the following description may be readily moved to any desired location on the farm. The house is very inexpensively constructed, consisting of two large dry goods boxes; the ends of the boxes are removed, the tops cut off on a slant and the edges of the ends are fastened together with small cleats of wood or straps of iron; these latter are better from the point of strength. A cleat of hard wood covers the rough ends of the boards of the floor six inches wide. All nails are clinched on the inside and all cracks between boards are battened. The door is cut in the end and



MOVABLE HOUSE FOR PIGS.

holes, eight inches in diameter are cut in the upper front for ventilation. Small covers of wood may be fastened with screws so that they can be closed over the openings when the weather is very cold or stormy.

Blowing Out a Stump.

To remove a stump bore under it a slanting hole twelve or eighteen inches deep and use half a stick of dynamite or a whole one if the stump be large. Adjust the fuse and fill the hole with dry sand. Use a two inch augur for boring the hole. The stick of dynamite under a large bowlder will usually break it up so that it can be moved easily.

Wireworms.

It is claimed by a New York farmer that wireworms will not live in ground where buckwheat is grown for two seasons and that potato land may be cleared of these worms by growing buckwheat.

THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



Start the Pigs Right.

The man who starts off his pigs on the corn ration about as soon as he can after they are weaned is laying in a store of trouble for himself later. There is a trouble known to swine raisers as contracted stomach, which results from an improper ration. The animal is apparently "off its feed," but the fact is, the ration has been so poorly balanced that the stomach has not grown with the growth of the rest of the body. If the young pigs are to be allowed a range they will do more or less rooting, eating of soil and sod; as this is their nature, it will not hurt them, but if they are placed where one does not wish the sod uprooted, then the animals must be ringed. If middlings and oilmeal are introduced with the corn ration there will be considerably less trouble. Some of the stock foods on the market have their greatest value to the swine raiser who does not feed a balanced ration and if these stock foods can be obtained practically free from drugs or condiments, they are very valuable in such cases.

Cold Killed Weevil.

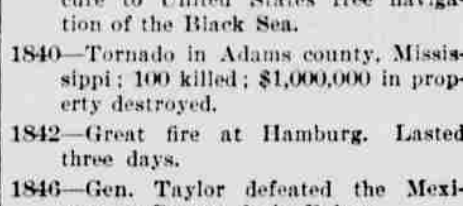
In the cotton-growing season the farmer is prone to forget the many new facts, developed within the past five years, concerning the protection of his primary crop against insects. The leaf worm is easy enough. The boll worm succumbs to poison and machine gathering. The sharpshooter and cotton-square borer can be successfully fought with paris green, according to the best authorities. The boll weevil must be studied further before final results can be announced. Fortunately, the severe winter just past has put so many of these pests out of business that the cotton crop of Texas will be exempt from devastating attacks from that source this season. — Farm and Ranch.

Warm and Cold Winters.

According to the director of the weather bureau at the Missouri State University, the time may not be far distant when the United States weather service can tell us at least six months in advance whether the winter will be warm or cold. It has already been determined, he says, that there are great world eddies of air sweeping around the globe which it is thought cause the difference in our winters, and as soon as stations are established everywhere so that the progress of these may be watched, the bureau will likely be able to give information by the last of September concerning the weather in January, February and March.

Corn Marker.

Runners of this corn marker should be 2x6 inches by 2 feet. The side arm is fastened to sled on a swivel, and is pulled along by attaching a rope to shoe and hooked to singletree as shown. This arm is made 1 1/2 x 1 1/2 inches and



MARKER FOR CORN.

10 1/2 feet long, for rows 3 1/2 feet apart. Of course this arm is reversible.

Winter Chickens.

Chickens can be hatched in the winter months and profitably raised. You can hatch them from Sept. 1 until June 1. Other months are unprofitable. Chicks can endure cold weather better than extreme heat. Disease, lice and mites always come with summer months. The expense of feeding is no greater in winter. Profits can be realized from broods hatched in November, December and January. Of course, winter chicks do not grow quite so fast, but they produce a heavier coat of feathers. They grow more compact and solid if hatched early in the winter, and will be just right for April and May, when the price is at the highest point.

What Lime Does for Land.

Farmers often say that they do not need to use lime, because they use large quantities of it in fertilizer. Ground bone and other forms of phosphate contain lime. We cannot obtain phosphoric acid in ordinary fertilizers without lime. Such farmers mistake the most necessary function of lime in the soil. Air-slaked lime has a chemical action which sweetens the soil, makes it more compact or sets free other forms of plant food. This is quite distinct from its power to provide actual food for the plants. The lime in the bone or phosphate may in time serve as plant food, but the air-slaked lime is needed for the more important service.

Wireworms.

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Labor Notes.

A general advance in wages will be asked by the operatives in the cotton mills in several Massachusetts cities soon.

An iron and steel company at Parryville, Pa., has voluntarily raised the wages of its men 10 and 15 cents a day. Seventy-five men are affected.

A contractor on the Western Pacific railroad in Butte county, Cal., has discharged 700 Japanese laborers and employed whites in their places.

The Carbondale (Pa.) painters' strike has been settled, the contractors agreeing to the men's demands. Wages are now \$2.75 a day, an increase of 25 cents.

Members of the local unions of the United Garment Workers of America have been asked to contribute to the fund for the union label agitation now under way in Chicago.

American Federation of Labor organizers expect to institute several new unions in Allentown, Pa., within the next few weeks. Seven applications for charters are now on the list.

Organized labor of Seattle, Wash., will build and conduct a steam laundry as the result of agitation against the present establishments, which work the help long hours and give poor pay.

The referendum vote of the Boot and Shoe Workers' Union was in favor of holding a general convention this year. Milwaukee, Wis., was selected as the place and June 18 as the date for beginning the session.

The Australian federal Parliament has adopted the union label clause of the trademarks bill, under which trade unions may secure the protection of their labels. The debate on the proposition was the longest in the history of the Parliament.

Contractors and builders in all parts of Lancaster county, Pa., declare that not, for many years, has there been such activity in building operations. Every available carpenter, mason, bricklayer and painter is at work, with the prospects bright for a continuance of steady employment during the entire summer and fall.