

Prisoners and Captives

By H. S. MERRIMAN

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

"Now I remember," interrupted Miss Winter, with her pleasant laugh; "of course. Please don't tell me any more. My stall was number—number two hundred and sixty—"

"Four," suggested Tyars in such a manner that it was in reality no suggestion at all.

"Yes; two hundred and sixty-four. There was an empty seat on my right hand."

"And an old gentleman occupied that on your left."

"My father," she explained, simply; but in the tone of her pleasant voice there was something which made Tyars look gravely at her with a very slight bow as if in apology. Oswin Grace glanced at his sister with raised eyebrows, and she nodded almost imperceptibly. He had not heard of old Mr. Winter's death.

In less skilled hands this incident might have led to an awkward silence; but Agnes Winter had not spent ten years of her life in a whirl of society for nothing. She knew that one's own feelings are of a strictly individual value.

"You," she continued, "took the vacant seat."

There was something very like a question in her glance. Oswin Grace did not look pleased, and his eyes turned from one face to the other searchingly. Then she seemed suddenly to have received an answer to her query, for she turned to Helen and launched into narration gaily.

"I will tell you," she said, "why these details are engraven so indelibly upon such a poor substance as my memory. It was rather a grand night; royalty was present, and the theater was almost full. In front of me were two men who 'did not appear to be taking an absorbing interest in the play, for one was drawing something which I took to be a map upon his program—"

"It was a map," confessed Tyars, lightly.

"While he whispered earnestly at intervals to his companion. I came to the conclusion that he was trying to persuade him to go and look for Livingstone, which suggestion was not well received. At last he turned round. I thought he was admiring, or at least noticing, the new diamond star in my hair, but subsequent events proved that he was looking over my head. I was disappointed," she added aside to Tyars.

"I both noticed and admired," he exclaimed in self-defense. "There were two diamond stars, one much larger than the other."

All except Oswin laughed at this feat of memory.

"Well," continued Miss Winter, "at the first interval this irreproachable young man left his seat, came round, turned back the chair next to me, and shook—hands with the man in the pit!"

The pith of the story lay in its narration, which was perfect. The lady knew her audience as an able actor knows his house. By some subtle trick of voice the incident was made to redound to Tyars' credit, while its tone was distinctly against him. The easy, cheery, honest humor of voice and expression was irresistible. Even the Admiral laughed—as much as he ever laughed at a joke not related by himself.

"He was," explained Tyars in his unsatisfactory way, "a friend of mine."

At this moment the door was opened by Salter, who announced that dinner was ready. As they were moving toward the door Oswin suddenly stopped.

"Where is Muggins?" he asked.

"On the mat," replied Tyars. "He was rather shy, and preferred waiting for a special invitation. He is not quite at home on carpets yet."

"I have heard about Muggins," said Helen to Tyars as they went downstairs together, "and am quite anxious to make his acquaintance."

No Muggins was introduced to his new friends, standing gravely on the dining room hearth with his starchy legs set apart, his stump of a tail jerking nervously at times, and his pink-rimmed eyes upraised appealingly to his master's face. He was endeavoring to the best of his ability to understand who all these well-dressed people were, and why he was forced into such sudden prominence. Moreover, he was desirous of acquitting himself well; and that smell of oxtail soup was somewhat distracting to a seafarer.

He formed the subject of conversation while this same soup was being discussed, and Tyars was almost enthusiastic on the subject, somewhat to the amusement of Miss Agnes Winter, who was not a great lover of dogs.

The dinner passed off very pleasantly, and many subjects were discussed with greater or less edification. Miss Winter seemed to take the lead, in virtue of her seniority over the young hostess, touching upon many things with her light and airy precision, her gay philosophy, her gentle irony.

Admiral Grace was the only person who succeeded in getting a piece of personal information from Tyars, and this by the bluntest direct question.

"I once," said the old gentleman, "was on a committee with a west country baronet of your name—a Sir Wilbert Tyars—is he any relation of yours?"

"Yes," Tyars answered, with just sufficient interest to prove his utter indifference. "Yes; he is my uncle."

"There was a short pause; some further remark was evidently expected.

"I have not seen him for many years," he added, closing the incident.

When Miss Winter's carriage was announced at a quarter to eleven Tyars rose and said good-night with an unemotional ease which might equally have marked the beginning of intimacy or the consummation of a formal social debt.

When Agnes Winter came downstairs arrayed in a soft diaphanous arrangement of Indian silk he was gone, and the three young people as they bid each other good-night in the hall, were conscious of a feeling of insufficiency. None of the three attempted to define this sensation even to themselves, but it was not mere curiosity. It is worth noting that Claud Tyars' name was not mentioned again in the house after the front door had closed behind him. And yet every person who had seen him that evening was thinking of him; upon that all the

impress of his singular individuality had been left.

"Ain't wot I'd call a sailor man, either," muttered old Salter, thoughtfully scratching his stubby chin with a two-shilling piece which happened to be in his hand as he returned to the pantry after closing the front door. "And yet there's grit in him. Sort of 'bad weather' man, I'm thinkin'."

Oswin's reflection as he slowly prepared for sleep were of a mixed character. He was not quite sure that the visit of his late shipmate had been an entire success. His own personal interest in the man had in no way diminished, but the light of feminine eyes cast upon their friendship had brought that difference which always comes to our male acquaintances when we introduce them to our women folk.

CHAPTER IX.

It was not yet 9 o'clock the following morning when Claud Tyars left the door of the quaint, old-fashioned hotel where he was staying. The usually busy streets were still comparatively empty. Washed-out housemaids in washed-out cotton dresses were dusting the front doorsteps of such old world folks as were content to continue living on the eastern precincts of Tottenham Court road.

As the young fellow walked briskly through some quiet streets in his dress there was this morning a slight suggestion of the yachtman—that is to say, he was clad in blue serge, and his brown face suggested the breezes of the ocean.

Beyond that there was nothing to seize upon, no clue as to what this powerful young man's calling or profession, tastes or habits, might be. He stopped occasionally to look into the shop windows with the leisurely interest of a man who has an appointment and plenty of time upon his hands. Any one taking the trouble to follow him would have been struck by the singularity of his choice in the matter of shop windows. He appeared to take an interest in such establishments as a general dealer's warehouse. There was a large grocer's shop on the left-hand side and here he stopped for a considerable time, studying with great attention a brilliant array of American-tinned produce. A tobacconist's was treated with slight heed, while the wares of a large optician appeared to be of absorbing interest.

The doors of St. Katherine's Dock had been open only a few minutes when Tyars passed through the building into the London Dock. On the quay, under an iron-roofed shed at the head of the dock, a red-bearded, clumsy man was walking slowly backward and forward with that idle patience which soon becomes second nature in men accustomed to waiting for weather and tides. When he perceived Tyars he lurches forward to meet him.

Tyars acknowledged his jerky salutation with a pleasant nod, and they walked away together. This burly sort of the north was the man with whom Tyars had exchanged a shake of the hand one evening in a London theater when Miss Winter was seated close by.

They walked the whole length of the block, avoiding with an apparent ease pitfalls in the way—ring-bolts, steam pipes and hawsers. At the lower end of the basin, moored to a buoy in mid-dock, lay a strange looking little steamer. Her chief characteristic was clumsiness—clumsiness of spar and general top-heavy-ness. Her bows were originally very bluff, and being now heavily incased in an outer armor of thick timber, the effect was the reverse of pretty. She was rigged like a brig, and her tall, old-fashioned funnel, rearing its white form between the masts, suggested an enlarged galley chimney.

Although she was the strangest looking craft in the docks, where many quaint old ships are slowly rotting to this day. It was said among the dock laborers and custom officers that the vessel had been built at Trondheim, in Norway, for a steam whaler; that she had been bought by an Englishman, and was now being leisurely fitted out under the supervision of the red-haired Scotchman who lived on board. Her destination was a profound mystery. Some thought that she was to be a whaler, specially fitted for the "north water," others boldly stated that she was destined to open up commerce with China by the northeast passage.

"I think," said Tyars, critically, as he stood examining the little steamer, "that you have got on splendidly, Peters. She looks almost ready for sea."

"Ay," responded the red-faced man, who was not a great conversationalist.

With his great head bent forward he stood beside the tall, straight man, and in his attitude and demeanor there was a marked resemblance to a shaggy, good-natured bear.

"You have got the new foremast up, I see. A good bit of wood?"

"Fine!"

He shook his head sadly from side to side at the mere thought of that piece of wood.

"And the standing rigging is all up?"

"Ay."

"And the running rigging ready?"

"Ay; 'em riggers was fools."

Tyars smiled in an amused way and said nothing.

A boat now put off from the strange steamer and came toward them. A small boy standing in the stern of it propelled it rapidly with half an oar. Presently it came alongside some slimy steps near to them, and the two men stepped into it without speaking. There was something hereditary in the awkward manner in which the boy jerked his hand up to his forehead by way of salutation. They all stood up in the boat, the older man swaying uncomfortably from side to side at each frantic effort of the boy with the half oar.

When they reached the steamer Tyars clambered up the side first, stepping on board with the air of a man well acquainted with every corner of the ship. He looked around him with an unconscious pride of possession at which a yachtman would have laughed, for there was no great merit in being the owner of such a ludicrous and strange craft. Peters, the red-faced sailor, followed, and a minute examination of the vessel began. Below, on deck and up aloft the

two men overhauled together every foot of timber, every bolt and seizing. The taciturn old fellow followed his employer without vouchsafing a word of praise of his own handiwork. He did not even deign to point out what had been done, but followed with his head bent forward, his knotted fingers clasped behind his back. As it happened there was no need to draw attention to such details, for here again Tyars displayed the unerring powers of his singular memory. No tiny alteration escaped him. There seemed to be in his mind a minute inventory of the ship, for without effort he recalled the exact state of everything at an earlier period, vaguely designated as "before I went away."

When the inspection was finished the two men walked slowly aft, and standing there beside the high, old-fashioned wheel, they gazed forward.

"I believe," said Tyars, at length, "that I have found the man I want—my first mate."

"Ay," said the old fellow, in a non-committal voice.

"A royal navy man."

There was the faintest whistle audible in the stillness of the deserted dock. Tyars looked down at his companion, whose gaze was steadily riveted on the foretop-gallant mast. The whistle was not repeated, but the straightforward sailor disdained to alter the form of his twisted lips.

"I had," continued Tyars, calmly, "another very good man—cook and steward—but he died of yellow fever."

Peters turned slowly and contemplated his employer's face before answering, "Ay."

"This fellow was just the sort of chap I want. Plenty of hard work in him, and always cheerful. Sort of man to die laughing, which, in fact, he did. The last sound that passed his lips was a laugh."

As they were standing there, Peters, the younger, emerged from the small galley amidships, bearing a tin filled with potato peelings, which he proceeded to throw overboard. Seeing this, the proud father eyed his employer keenly, and moved from one study leg to the other. He clasped and unclasped his hands. At last he threw up his head boldly.

"And the lad?" he said, with some abruptness.

Tyars looked critically at the youth and made no answer. His face hardened in some indescribable way, and from the movement of mustache and beard, it seemed as if he were biting his lip.

"There's plenty of work in him, an' he's cheerful," almost pleaded the man. Tyars shook his head firmly. Had Miss Winter seen his face then, she would have admitted readily enough that he was a man with a purpose.

"He is too young, Peters."

The carpenter shuffled awkwardly, his lips close pressed.

"Have ye thought on it?" he inquired. Tyars nodded.

"I'd give five years of my life to have the lad w' us," he muttered.

"Can't do it, Peters."

"Then I wanna go without him," said Peters, suddenly. He thrust his hands into his trousers pockets and stood looking down at his own misshapen boots.

The faintest shadow of a smile flickered through Tyars' eyes. He turned and looked at his companion. Without the slightest attempt at overbearance, he said pleasantly:

"Yes, you will, and some day you will thank God that the boy was left behind."

Peters shrugged his shoulders and made no answer. For the first time in his life he had met a will equal to his own in stubbornness, in purpose. And it was perhaps easier to give in to it because in method it differed so entirely from his own. It is possible that in the mere matter of strength Peters was a mental match for his employer, but Tyars had the inestimable advantage of education.

The little boat was urged to the shore in the usual jerky manner, while the clumsy, red-faced sailor stood watching from the deck. He noted how Tyars was talking to the boy, who laughed at times in a cheery way.

"Ay," muttered Peters, with a short, almost bitter laugh, "there's some that is born to command."

As Tyars passed out of one gate of the London and St. Katherine's Dock, a lady entered the premises by another. They passed each other unconsciously within a few yards. Had either been a moment earlier or a moment later they would have met.

The imposing gate-keeper touched his hat respectfully to the lady, who was Miss Agnes Winter.

(To be continued.)

Financially Speaking.

Tom—What would you do if you suddenly came into possession of \$50,000?

Jack—I'd take the first boat for Europe and buy a title.

Tom—Buy a title?

Jack—Sure. Then I'd come back and marry a girl with more money than sense.

His Insignificance.

Miles—What's the matter with Snawley?

Giles—Do you refer to the Snawley that is president of the Ruralville Insurance Company?

Miles—Yes.

Giles—Oh, he's sore because he isn't big enough to be investigated.

Better Still.

He had proposed, but she hesitated. "I will work day and night to make you happy," he said.

"No," she protested, "that would be asking too much. Suppose you work during the day and stay home at night."

Heredity.

Biggs—What a slow-going chap Hix is.

Diggs—Yes; he evidently takes after his great-grandfather.

Biggs—How's that?

Diggs—The old man was a dead one when Hix was born.

Modesty.

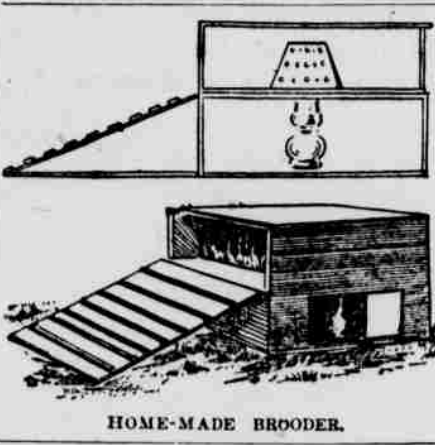
Lieutenant—I have a very pretty compliment for you—one of the young ladies thought I was the author of your latest poem.—Tales.

Tales was cultivated in China 2,700 years before the Christian era.



A Home-Made Brooder.

The brooders sold by manufacturers are usually all that are claimed for them, but when one desires to economize, a home-made affair can be constructed by anyone with a little ingenuity which will work nicely. Take two boxes of convenient size, three feet square by fifteen or eighteen inches high is a good size, and set one on top of the other, cutting a hole through each directly in the middle. The hole in the bottom or floor of the upper box is covered with an inverted tin pail, or can, which is perforated at intervals of two inches, using a wire nail for the work and punching in. Fit this can snugly over the hole and place the regular brooder lamp underneath it, resting on a floor of the lower box. A little door is made in the side of the lower box so that the lamp may be properly attended to. The roof of the upper box is lined with cotton flannel, as are also



HOME-MADE BROODER.

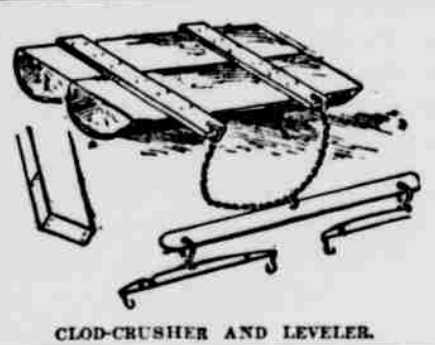
the sides, except the front, which is left open and across it, three inches from the edge, is nailed a strip (doubled) of cotton flannel, which is cut in strips an inch wide. A walkway is built from the ground to this opening through which the chicks pass. Essential ventilation may be had by boring a few tiny holes in the upper box at a point furthest away from the lamp.—Exchange.

Hoed Crops in the Orchard.

The best orchardists are averse to growing anything in the orchards but the trees even when the latter are young. They argue, and properly, that the growing trees need all the virtue there is in the soil and that if the apple crops in future years are to be of any value they must be provided for during the earlier years of the trees. These are fruit growers, on the other hand, who insist that a hoed crop will be of benefit to the trees, and that this may be considered so under certain conditions and up to certain limits. If the soil in the orchard is kept up to the highest state of fertility so that the trees will not suffer the want of the portion of the fertilizer taken by the hoed crop, then the latter can do no harm, indeed, it will be of value because the soil will receive a certain amount of cultivation which, perhaps would not be given if it were not for the hoed crop. Work the hoed crop in the orchard cautiously, and watch the effect on the trees.

A Profitable Implement.

On soil that is inclined to lump up some implement must be used which will level the soil readily, and at the same time crush the clods. Such an implement can readily be made at home and be quite as effective as those which must be bought for the purpose. If one has a leaning toward manufactured articles, this home-made clod crusher and soil leveler can be made of a log of hard wood by splitting it in half. The log should be about two feet in diameter to work to the best advantage. Lay the two halves of the log side by side with the rounding part down and at either end, about a foot from the end, spike a two-by-four strip, letting them project out sufficiently far at one side so that an iron strip or hoop may be set over the ends, into which to hook the whiffletree



CLOD-CRUSHER AND LEVELER.

chains. This implement can be made at small cost, and unless the logs are too heavy a good team of horses can handle it nicely. The illustration shows the idea clearly and how very simple it is.—Indianapolis News.

Preserving Eggs.

If eggs are cheap in the local market preserve them for use in the fall and winter. The water-glass way is the best. Dilute the commercial solution with ten times its bulk of water. A gallon will cover seventy-five dozen eggs. Next winter they will bring only a few cents a dozen less than fresh eggs. Preserve only fresh eggs. No process can improve a stale egg. Pack in wooden or earthen vessels, putting the eggs in from day to day with a wooden spoon to avoid breakage. Keep them covered with the solution and keep the vessels covered and in a cool place.

Caring for Chicks.

When chicks are removed from the incubator to the brooder great care should be taken that they do not become chilled. The floor of the brooder should be covered with fine, clean chaff. Fine sand and clean water should be in the brooder from the beginning. All the fine, dry bread crumbs they will pick up every two hours should constitute the feed for several days, gradually adding rolled oats, hard-boiled eggs, cracked wheat, Johnny cake, millet seed, etc. Milk and water should always be kept in the fountains. When three weeks old make mash of bran, meal, middlings, beef scraps, table refuse, all salted to season and mixed together with skim milk. Alfalfa leaves may also be thrown into the brooder in the place of straw or chaff. The mash in the morning, wheat at noon and cracked corn or kafir corn at night constitute the main feed to keep the chicks growing.

More Oleo Now Being Made.

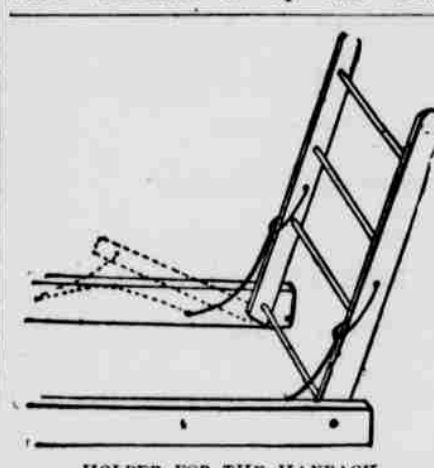
Butter men may well find food for thought in the figures showing the big increase in the oleo output for the last six months of the past year, says the American Cultivator. There was an average gain of more than a million pounds a month as compared with the same period of the preceding year. The figures include both colored and uncolored oleo, and the relative gain in many dairymen that the product finally reaches the consumer in some mysterious manner, having acquired the yellow hue without the payment of the 10-cent tax. Nobody seems to be buying or using uncolored oleo in a retail way, yet the output of the product is increasing to an enormous extent. The present high price of butter is, of course, a stimulus to the bogus butter industry.

Shape of Ideal Dairy Cow.

Whether she be a Holstein, a Jersey or whatever she may be, you will find the typical dairy cow with bony head and strong jaw, long between the eyes and nose, with broad muzzle. She should have a bright, protruding eye, which means strong nerve force and action later on. She should have a thin neck and retreating brisket. The lines above and below must not be straight, or she will steal from you. She should be slightly depressed behind the shoulders with a sharp chine—not too straight a backbone. She must have large organs of reproduction and large heart girth, wide between fore legs and sharp on shoulders, which gives large heart action and strong arterial circulation. And last, but by no means least, she must have a good udder, for one-half the value of a cow is in her udder, which should be long from front to rear.

Holder for Hay Rack.

I used a pair of the jointed braces to a commonplace top buggy, writes a correspondent. The illustration explains the position of braces on rack when standard is up and down.



HOLDER FOR THE HAY RACK.

Fasten braces on outside of standard and on inside of bed piece. By taking brace and trying you can soon tell how far back to fasten it.

Pigs Do Well on Alfalfa.

When your pigs weigh about fifty pounds each, turn about twenty-five head in an acre of alfalfa pasture and they will make a gain of about 100 pounds each during the growing season, says an Indiana farmer. They will need no other feed, but can be given a supplementary feed of grain if you wish the gain to be better. From this you can figure up a fine return for the use of an acre of alfalfa—2,500 pounds of pork, worth at the low figure of \$4 per 100 pounds, \$100. But prices are much higher now and you can get more for your pork. Again your hogs will almost always be free from any disease.

Poultry Pointers.

Never refuse a fair price for a bird that you do not want for breeding purposes. At the same time never sell a good bird that you want yourself. Do not feed the newly hatched chickens too early; wait at least twenty-four hours. There is sufficient amount of feed in the shell for the chick this length of time.

In feeding fowls always keep in view the fact that the excess of food over and above that required for warmth of body and egg production will be converted into fat.—Journal of Agriculture.

Cowpeas for Fertilizer.

In green manure tests made at the Kansas Agricultural College during last fall cowpeas were found excellent to sow both in corn and wheat stubble. The crop also makes good pasture, and is a good winter covering. Since cowpeas take their nitrogen largely from the air by means of the bacteria which grows on their roots, the soil is actually made more fertile by the growing of this crop. It is a hot-weather grower, and quite hardy.



Science and Invention

Commenting on Benjamin Franklin's kite experiment, which proved that lightning and electricity are the same, a scientist says: "It was one of the most brilliant examples of luck yet recorded. To attempt the extraction of lightning flashes from a lowering sky was almost suicidal. Even at this late day timid persons occasionally fly to feather beds, sit on glass-legged chairs, or find refuge in rubber boots during thunderstorms. A repetition of Franklin's experiment cost his immediate imitator his life."

Emil Jung, a professor in the University of Geneva, says that snails perceive the odor of many substances, but only when not far away. In order to prove this it is necessary merely to dip a glass rod in a strongly smelling substance and bring it near the large tentacles of a snail in motion. If it is put close to these horns, the tentacles are violently drawn back. As the animal perceives the odor, it changes its course. Snails also smell by means of their skin. Contact is not necessary, for the mere vicinity of a perfume causes an indentation of the skin.

An Englishman who is a large employer of labor has been investigating the arguments of those who say that a workman under modern conditions becomes at an early age valueless. He has kept a record of all accidents that have incapacitated his men for three days and upward. The people engaged in his employment are from 15 to 65 years of age, and he asserts that more accidents occur to men under 30 than to those over 50. He says: "I would much rather intrust an exceptionally dangerous job to a man over 50 than to one of 30 years of age."

Amateur entomologists will be interested in a suggestion by Dr. F. E. Lutz for the preservation of all kinds of spiders' webs. The webs should be sprayed from an atomizer with artists' shellac, and then, if they are of the ordinary geometric form, pressed carefully against a glass plate, the supporting strands being at the same time severed. After the shellac has dried, the plates carrying the webs can be stored away in a cabinet. Even dome-shaped webs may be preserved, in their original form by spraying them with shellac and then allowing them to dry before removal from their supports. Many spiders' webs are very beautiful, and all are characteristic of the species to which they belong, so that their permanent preservation is very desirable.

Prof. Silvanus P. Thompson, who recently visited the electric plant in Norway, where soil fertilizers are made direct from the atmosphere, describes the apparatus there used as differing from all others in that the flame of electric sparks is caused to move rapidly through the air instead of having the air blown over it. The result is the production of a much greater quantity of nitric acid in a given time. The "flame disk," formed between the electrodes, swiftly expands and contracts, being now only half an inch and now six feet in diameter. To make nitrogen burn with oxygen, electric energy must be pumped in, because, whereas in ordinary combustion, such as occurs when carbon combines with oxygen, heat is given out, the formation of nitric acid is an endothermic reaction; that is to say, heat is absorbed. Prof. Thompson estimates the nitrogen hanging over the city of London alone as considerably greater in quantity than all that is contained in the nitrate beds of Chile.

CHURCH WITH SIXTEEN SIDES.



The curious structure shown in the cut is at Richmond, Vt., and it is one of the most peculiar church edifices in America. It is a sixteen-sided building, planned for union services held by sixteen denominations. It was built as long ago as 1813 on the south side of the Winooski River and is in an excellent state of preservation, having been constructed of hand-hewed timber. The building has not been used for public worship for over thirty years.

"No matter what opinion is offered, you express a contrary view," said the impatient friend.

"Well," answered Mr. Biggins, "that's a way I have of acquiring knowledge. A man is more likely to give up all he knows on a subject if you get him to warm up with a little controversial indignation."—Washington Star.

Good Morning, Judge!

"Who's dat old guy?" "Dat's me old friend Judge Whelan." "Xer old friend! I s'pose you an' him's visitin' acquaintances, eh?" "No, merely speaking acquaintances. I know him well enough to say 'Good mornin' to him every few weeks.'—Cleveland Leader.

There are numerous sure-thing confidence games, but matrimony is the surest.