

Prisoners and Captives

By H. S. MERRIMAN

CHAPTER XXII.

Matthew Mark Easton was a quick thinker if not a deep one, and it is those who think quickly who give quickly. This man had something to give, something to fear away from his own heart and hold out with generous, smiling eyes, and before Miss Winter's door had closed behind him, the sacrifice was made. He called a hansom cab and drove straight to Tyars' club. He found his friend at work among his ship's papers, folding and making up in packets his receipted bills.

"Morning," said the Englishman. "These papers are almost ready to be handed over to you. All my stores are on board."

"Ah!" Tyars looked up sharply, and as sharply returned to his occupation. Easton was grave, and Tyars knew that he had come with news of some sort. He waited, however, for the American to begin, and continued to fold and arrange his papers. "I have," said Easton, sitting down and tapping the seat of his boot with his cane, "hit quite accidentally upon a discovery—"

"Poor chap!" muttered Tyars, abstractedly. "Which will make a difference in your crew?"

"What?" exclaimed Tyars, pausing in the middle of a knot.

"One rule," continued Easton, his queer little face twisting and twinkling with some emotion, which he was endeavoring to conceal, "was that no sweethearts or wives were to be left behind."

"What are you driving at?" asked Tyars, curiously, in a singularly lifeless voice.

"Well, old man, I have discovered a sweetheart."

Tyars threw the papers in a heap and rose suddenly from his seat. He walked to the mantel piece.

"Of course," he said, "your discovery can only relate to one person."

"Yes; you know whom I mean."

Tyars nodded his head in acquiescence and continued smoking. The little American sat looking in a curious way at this large, impassive, high-bred Englishman, as if gathering enjoyment and edification from the study of him.

"Well," he drawled, at length, "you say nothing?"

"There is nothing to say."

"On the contrary," returned Easton, "there is everything to say. That is one of the greatest mistakes made by your people. I have noticed it since I have been in this country. You take too much for granted. You let things say themselves too much, and you think it very fine to be impassive and apparently indifferent. But it is not a fine thing, it is silly and unbusiness-like. Do you give up Oswin Grace?"

"Certainly; if you can get him to stay behind."

"He will run his head against a wall if he can. That is to say, is there is a thick enough wall around."

Tyars hesitated. "I am not quite sure that it is my business," he said. "I hate meddling in other people's affairs, and, after all, I suppose Grace knows best what he is doing."

"Men rarely know what they are doing under these circumstances," observed Easton.

He waited patiently, hat in hand, to hear what Tyars had to say. While he stood there, Muggins, the bull-terrier, rose from the hearth rug, stretched himself and looked from one to the other in an inquiring and anticipatory manner. He took it to be a question of going for a walk, and apparently imagined that the casting vote was him.

"All right," said Tyars, suddenly, "I will speak to him again."

"To-day?" pursued Easton, following up his advantage, "or to-morrow at the latest?"

"Yes; to-morrow at the latest."

Then the American took his departure, and Muggins curled himself up on the hearth rug again with a yawn of disappointment.

Oswin Grace was seated in the bright little cabin at a table writing out lists of stores. Many of these same stores were piled on the deck around him, and there was a pleasant odor of paraffine in the air. Tyars closed the cabin door with his elbow.

"I do not see," he said, slowly and uncomfortably, "how you can very well go with us."

Grace laid aside his pen and raised his keen, gray eyes. His brow was wrinkled, his lips set, his eyes full of light.

"Because," suggested Grace, in a hard voice, "I am in love with Agnes Winter's?"

Tyars nodded his head and stooped to pick up his gloves, holding them subsequently close to the bars of the stove, where they steamed gaily. There was a silence of some duration, and every second increased the discomfort of Claud Tyars.

"And you," continued Grace, at length, very deliberately, "love Helen?"

Tyars stood upright, so that his head was very near the beams. He thrust his gloves into his pocket and stood for some seconds, grasping his short pointed beard meditatively with the uninjured hand.

"Yes," he said, "I do."

Grace returned to his ship chandler's bills with the air of a barrister who, having established his point, thinks it prudent to allow time for it to sink into the brains of judge and jury.

"I do not mind telling you," he added, carelessly, almost too carelessly, "that Miss Winter is perfectly indifferent on the subject."

"Do you know that for certain?" asked Tyars, sharply.

"She told me so herself," answered Grace, with a peculiar little laugh which was not pleasant to the ear.

He waited obviously for a reciprocal confidence on the part of Tyars; but he waited in vain.

picked up a piece of straw, of which there was a quantity lying on table and floor, and this he was biting meditatively. It was as yet entirely a puzzle to him, and this was only a new complication. He could not understand it, just as better men than Claud Tyars have failed to understand it all through. For no one, I take it, does understand love, and no man can say whether it will lead.

"There need," continued Oswin Grace, perforating a series of small holes in his blotting paper with the point of a cedar-wood pencil, "be no nonsense of that sort. I am going to take it upon myself to watch over Helen's interests; they are much safer in your hands than in mine."

Still Tyars said nothing, and after a little pause, Grace went on, in measured, thoughtful tones, carrying with them the weight of deliberation.

"There is one point," he said, "upon which I think there must be an understanding."

"Yes," said Tyars anxiously.

"Any risks—extra risks, such as boat-work, night-work up aloft—these must be mine. From what you have said, I gather that your intention was to be skipper, and yet do the rough work as well. When anything hazardous is to be done, I shall do it. You must stick to the ship."

"I have no doubt," said Tyars, seating himself at the table and beginning to open his letters, "that we are all constructing a very fine mountain out of materials intended for a molehill. I, for one, have no intention of leaving my bones in the far North. There is no reason why we should not all be back home by this time next year."

"None at all," agreed Oswin somewhat perfunctorily, adding, with a suspicion of doubt the next minute: "Suppose we succeed?"

"Well, what then?"

"Suppose we get there all right, rescue the men and go on safely; we get over the elemental danger, and then we have to face the political, which is worse."

"I do not see it," replied Tyars. "We sell the ship at San Francisco. Half the crew expect to be paid off there, the other half will disperse with their passage money in their pockets, and very few of them will find their way back to England. Our doctor is a German socialist, with several aliases; our second mate a simple-minded Norwegian whaling skipper. The exiles do not know a word of English, or pretend they do not, and none of the crew speaks Russian. There will be absolutely no intercourse on board, and only you, the doctor and myself will ever know who the rescued men really are. The crew will imagine that they are the survivors of a Russian ivory hunting expedition, and if the truth ever comes out, it will be impossible to prove that you and I knew better."

"But it will not be easy to keep the newspapers quiet."

"We shall not attempt to keep them quiet. It will only be a local matter. The San Francisco papers will publish libelous woodcuts of our countenances and a column or two purporting to be biographical, but the world will be little the wiser. In America such matters are interesting only in so much as they are personal, and there is in reality nothing easier than the suppression of one's personality. There is no difficulty in kicking an interviewer out of the room, just as one would kick out any intruder; and we are quite indifferent as to whether the American newspapers abuse us or not after having been kicked. As to the details of the voyage, I shall withhold those with the view of publishing a book, which is quite the correct thing nowadays. The book shall always be in course of preparation, and will never appear."

In this wise the two men continued talking, planning, scheming all the morning, while they worked methodically and prosaically.

The eleventh of March was fixed for the sailing of the Argo, exploring vessel, and Easton's chief thought on the subject was a vague wonder as to what he would do with himself after she had gone.

The Argo was to pass out of the tidal basin into the river at one o'clock, and at half-past twelve Easton drove up to the dock gates. He brought with him the last items of the ship's outfit in the shape of a pile of newspapers, and a bunch of bothose roses for the cabin table, for there was to be a luncheon party on board while steaming down the river.

He found Admiral Grace strolling along the deck with Tyars, conversing in quite a friendly way, and endeavoring honestly to suppress his contempt for seamanship of so young a growth as that of his companion. The ladies were below, inspecting the ship under Oswin's guidance.

"She is," he said, addressing himself to the admiral, with transatlantic courtesy, "a strange mixture of the man-of-war and the yacht—do you not find it so, sir?"

"She is," answered the old gentleman, guardedly, "one of the most complete vessels I have ever boarded—though her outward appearance is, of course, against her."

"One can detect," continued the American, looking round with a musing eye, "the influence of a naval officer."

The old gentleman softened visibly. At this moment the ladies appeared, escorted by Oswin Grace—Miss Winter first, with a searching little smile in her eyes. Easton saw that she was very much on the alert.

"I feel quite at home," she said to him, looking round her, "although there are so many changes."

"So do I; the more so because the changes have been made under my own directions."

They walked aft, leaving the rest of the party standing together. As they walked, Oswin Grace watched them with a singular light in his clear gray eyes; singular because gray eyes rarely glisten, they only darken at times.

Presently the vessel glided smoothly between the slimy gates out into the open river. The tow-line was cast off, and the Argo's engines started. The vessel swung slowly round on the greasy water, pointing her blunt, stubborn prow down the misty river. She settled to her work with a docile readiness, like a farmer's mare on the outward road.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Had an acute but uninitiated observer been introduced into the little cabin of the Argo during the consumption of the coffee, he would have noticed that the coffee was prepared by her officers, he or she could scarcely have failed to notice a certain recklessness among the party assembled. Admiral Grace was the only one who really did justice to the steward's maiden and supreme effort, and he, in consequence, was singular in failing to appreciate the witticisms of Matthew Mark Easton and Oswin Grace. This was, perhaps, owing to the fact that when we have passed the half-way milestone in life, we fail to appreciate the most brilliant conversation. It is just possible that Admiral Grace did not think very much of the wit—taken as wit pure and simple. His position was not unique.

Once or twice Easton's words recurred to Miss Winter: "I intend to be intensely funny, and I guess you will have to laugh." This was her cue, and she acted upon it.

The meal came to an end and a move was made. There was nothing else to do but to go on deck. The moments dwindle on with the slow, dragging monotony which makes us almost impatient to see the last of faces which we shall perhaps never look upon again. Presently, the town of Gravesend hove in sight, and all on the quarterdeck of the Argo gazed at it as they might have gazed on some unknown Eastern city after traversing the desert. And then, after all—the waiting, the preparation, the counting of moments, and the calculating of distances—the bell in the engine room came as a surprise. There was something startling in the clang of gong as the engineer replied.

Helen was the last to rise. She stood holding the shawl which Oswin had spread over her knees, and looked round with a strange, intense gaze. The steamer was now drifting slowly on the tide with resting engines. There were two boats rowing toward her from Gravesend Pier, one a low, green-painted wherry for the pilot, the other a larger boat, with stained and faded red cushions. The scene—the torpid, yellow river, the sordid town and low riverside warehouses—could scarce have been exceeded for pure, unvarnished dismalness.

Already the steps were being lowered. In a few moments the larger boat swung alongside, held by a rope made fast in the forecabin of the Argo. A general move was made toward the rail. Tyars passed out on the gangway, where he stood waiting to hand the ladies into the boat. Helen was near to her brother; she turned to him and kissed him in silence. Then she went to the gangway. There was a little pause, and for a moment Helen and Tyars were left alone at the foot of the brass-bound steps.

"Good-by," said Tyars.

There was a slight prolongation of the last syllable, as if he had something else to say; but he never said it, although she gave him time.

"Good-by," she answered, at length; and she, too, seemed to have something to add which was never added.

Then she stepped lightly into the boat and took her place on the faded red cushions.

The Argo went to sea that night. There was much to do, although everything seemed to be in its place, and every man appeared to know his duty. It thus happened that Tyars and Grace had not a moment to themselves until well on into the night. The watch was set at 8 o'clock. For a moment Tyars passed before leaving his chief officer alone on the little bridge.

"What a clever fellow Easton is!" he said. "I never recognized it until this afternoon."

(To be continued.)

ROUNDUP OF WILD HORSES.

Range in State of Washington to Be Cleared of Grass Consumers.

One of the most exciting phases, if it may be so called, that has taken place since the era of the grand buffalo hunt ended on the great plateau, is the proposed roundup of 18,000 wild horses in Douglas County, Washington. As scheduled, 400 cowboys will take part in the ride after these wild creatures of the range. The purpose is to rid the range of this great band of grass consumers and the effort, presumably, will be to dispatch rather than capture the horses.

These untamed and practically unmanageable animals are the product of nature left to itself on the great range for thirty years. The stock is interbred, and of course, underbred, and has no place in the economy of civilized life. While its extermination will be a gain to the legitimate stock breeding and raising interests of the section over which the horses have so long roamed at will, the instincts of humanity are shocked at the cruelties that will be inflicted through the means by which this purpose is to be accomplished.

Perhaps this is the best that can be done at this stage of affairs to rid a wide section of the country of a veritable pest to the stock industry. Like many other scourges, the remedy for this plague of wild horses lays in prevention. The careless settlers of thirty years ago who allowed their ponies to run uncaired for on the range year after year were culpable in this matter. The result has been a multiplication of unprofitable animals that have eaten out the grass on the range for years to the detriment of the interests of a legitimate stock industry. Now comes the necessity of repairing the consequences of the settlers' carelessness and a "roundup" looking to the extermination of thousands of these wild creatures, with such cruelties as will be necessary to accomplish that end. The chase will be an exciting one, no doubt, and the ultimate result will be beneficial.

Bone and Sinew.

"Do you see that distinguished-looking man over there with blue-colored whiskers? Well, he furnishes the bone and sinew of the nation."

"You don't say. Is he the head of a physical culture college?"

"Nope."

"Recruiting station?"

"Way off."

"Then what is his line?"

"Why, he runs a 3-cent lunchroom."



Protected Milk Pail.

That many of the odors and much of the dirt which gets into milk is during the process of milking, most of us know, hence every precaution to overcome this should be taken. One of the best methods of protecting the milk in the pail is to arrange a cover of tin and cheese cloth. Have a tin cover made to go over the pail loosely so as to allow for the space taken by the cloth strainer. The tin cover should be higher in the center than at the sides (see small cut



THE PROTECTED MILK PAIL.

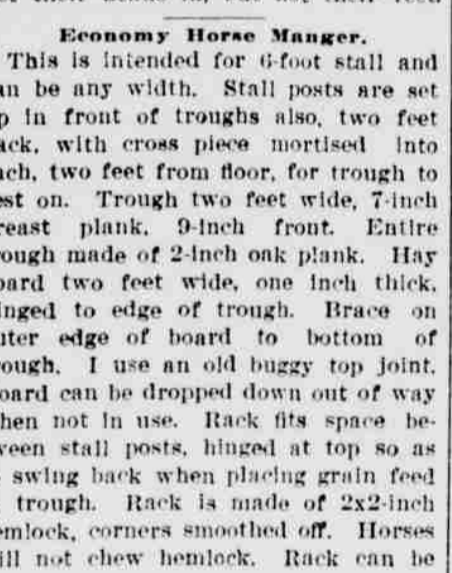
to right) and a hole about four inches in diameter made in the front center through which the milk is directed. Then have plenty of cheese cloth covers large enough to reach five or six inches over the side of the pail, where it may be secured by a tape or by slipping a loop of sheet iron of proper size over it, and pushing it down hard. Put on one of these covers, then the tin cover, and you are ready for milking. The cheese cloth will prevent any filth getting to the milk, and if these covers are washed in boiling water and sun-dried they may be used a number of times. The illustration shows the idea plainly, the cut to the lower left showing the pail complete with the strainer and the larger cut showing how the cloth is slashed at intervals so it will fit around the pail without trouble.—Indianapolis News.

Handling Guinea Fowls.

Young guinea fowls are quite tender and need feeding frequently, say every two hours, for a week or two. They can be raised successfully if fed similar to turkeys or young chicks with a variety of feed, including small seeds, etc. They must have pure water and shade and some animal feed, such as worms, grubs, or green bone. Mrs. Tate wrote to Farm and Home that her chicks are fed equal parts of bran, cornmeal, crushed rice, and a little bone-meal, and some ground raw potatoes each day after the first week. Chicks are fed all dry food in hoppers, so none is wasted or soiled. They are fed all they can eat of the dry corn, meal, bran and crushed rice. Gravel and fresh water are kept before them all times. Water must be in tin and galvanized drinking fountains so chicks can just get their heads in, but not their feet.

Economy Horse Manger.

This is intended for 6-foot stall and can be any width. Stall posts are set up in front of troughs also, two feet back, with cross piece mortised into each, two feet from floor, for trough to rest on. Trough two feet wide, 7-inch breast plank, 9-inch front. Entire trough made of 2-inch oak plank. Hay board two feet wide, one inch thick, hinged to edge of trough. Brace on outer edge of board to bottom of trough. I use an old buggy top joint. Board can be dropped down out of way when not in use. Rack fits space between stall posts, hinged at top so as to swing back when placing grain feed in trough. Rack is made of 2x2-inch hemlock, corners smoothed off. Horses will not chew hemlock. Rack can be



ECONOMICAL HORSE MANGER.

made of iron or any kind of wood. No animal can toss hay from this manger or waste any grain.—C. E. Scroggs, in Farm Progress.

Peaches Peeled with Lye.

The method of the California Fruit Cannery Association at San Jose of using lye for eating off peach skins as a substitute for paring was investigated by a member of the California State Board of Health. By this process the fruit is immersed in the hot lye and quickly passed into pure cold water, which is constantly changing and quickly washes away the alkali. The process is believed to be entirely clean and the fruit healthful, the peaches not being handled as they must be when peeled by hand. Two cans of peaches thus prepared were analyzed with reference to acid content. In both practically the normal amount of acid was found. It is stated that the same process is used with prunes.

Weeds in Corn.

The corn plant is a gross feeder and needs any kind of manure that may be applied, but it will not thrive in partnership with any other plants, for which reason it must be kept free from grass and weeds, in order to have it mature before frost comes in the fall, which necessitates the frequent use of the cultivator. The clean preparation of the land before planting and the stirring of the surface soil after every rain destroys weeds and grass, which permits the farmer to accomplish such task at the least cost, as he benefits the corn crop while preparing the land for another the following season. For this reason, where large fields are cultivated, there can be no substitute for corn, and whether prices rise or fall the corn crop is a necessary adjunct to farming in this country. On the farm its value is not confined to its grain alone, but the entire plant can be utilized for some purpose. It is, therefore, the most inexpensive preparatory crop known. Every farmer aims to secure a crop of corn, and late planting is resorted to rather than incur total failure. Success with a late-planted crop depends upon the condition of the soil, the variety and the mode of cultivation, but the main drawback is the appearance of frost early in the season, which, however, does not frequently occur.

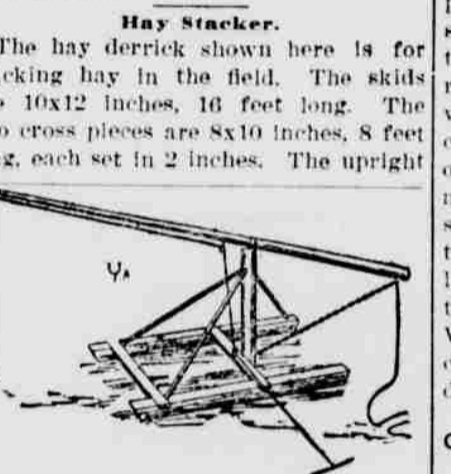
Poultry Instruction.

In response to the urgent demand for instructional and investigation work along poultry lines, the board of trustees of the Iowa Agricultural College, at a recent meeting, created a new position in the animal husbandry department, that of instructor in animal husbandry, in charge of poultry. Howard Pierce, a graduate of Cornell University, has been placed in charge of the work. Mr. Pierce is one of the best-trained men in America along all lines of work pertaining to the poultry industry, and the college authorities consider themselves most fortunate in securing the services of so competent a man to build up this new and important line of college work.

Plans are now being prepared for the erection of the most modern and complete poultry plant to be found at any educational institution in America. The plant will be located on the farm recently purchased for the dairy herd and poultry work. Both instructional and investigation work will be commenced with the opening of the college year. During the first few years special attention will be devoted to the most economical methods of feeding for egg production, and of fattening chickens for market.

Hay Stacker.

The hay derrick shown here is for stacking hay in the field. The skids are 10x12 inches, 16 feet long. The two cross pieces are 8x10 inches, 8 feet long, each set in 2 inches. The upright



FOR STACKING HAY.

post is 8x8, and 9 feet high. The three braces are 4x4, or round poles. The boom pole is 32 feet long, 4 inches at top and 8 or 10 at butt. The chain can be shortened to raise the boom or lengthened to lower. The boom is swung by a swing rope, as can be seen. "A" shows the fork on which boom pole is swung. The hole in the post is lined with a piece of gas pipe with solid plug in bottom. A 6-tine grapple fork can be used.

To Drive Away the Green Fly.

Next to clean water for the destruction of green fly upon the majority of plants, gardeners value soft soap the most; when judiciously used it is an unfailing remedy and attended with no risk. Dissolved in water, at the rate of two ounces of soap to one gallon of water, and the plants dipped in the liquid, or syringed with it, so that it reaches insects in sufficient quantities to thoroughly wet them, it will do its work in the most effectual manner. It is, however, a remedy that requires the exercise of a little forethought. If it is to be used in houses it should be applied in the evening, when the house will be closed for several hours, and when it will not dry up too quickly. When the liquid is to be applied to plants or trees growing in the open air it should be done in the evening of warm and still days. If there is only a little wind blowing the liquid so quickly disappears that it is dried up before it has time to complete its work of destruction.

Thirsty Lands.

According to an expert in the employ of the Interior Department, the enormous basin drained by the Missouri River absorbs no less than 88 per cent of all the rain that falls upon it, whereas the basin of the Ohio River absorbs only 70 per cent. The amount of rainfall in the course of a year is proportionately greater in the Ohio than in the Missouri basin, and so the former river, although much the shorter of the two, contributes more water to the Mississippi than does its gigantic rival from the west.

New System of Cheese Making.

A large cheese factory is projected in the province of Ontario, Canada, by New York produce merchants, reports Consul Van Sant from Kingston. The factory is to be operated on an entirely new system of cheese-making. White cheese is now in great demand at Liverpool, being 48 cents higher than colored.

WEALTH FROM WASTE.

By-Products Often More Valuable than the Original Material.

Science has worked wonders in developing wealth from waste. In the old days the candlemakers who used palm oil had their own troubles with glycerine. If the candle was blown out the smoldering wick used to leave an offensive odor. It was the glycerine that caused this. Naturally, the only thing to do was to take it out of the candle, and the next thing was to get rid of it down the gully into the creek. People complained; but what else was an honest chandler to do? Latterly they have been figuring on the matter, and some of them have come to the conclusion that they used to let as much as \$2,000 worth of glycerine get away from them every week.

In the last five years the soapmakers have learned that they can realize more money out of the glycerine than they can out of the soap they make. Some of this glycerine is refined, but the great part of the crude goes to the manufacturers of dynamite, which is nitroglycerine mixed with infusorial earth, so as to weaken it.

Back of the tin shop there used to be a heap of shingle clippings. The heap of clippings isn't there now. If there are any bits of tin too small to make the backs of buttons, they are pressed together to make window-sash weights.

Nor is that pile of sawdust back of the saw mill any more. The butchers want it for their floors, but isn't the most economical use of it. There are acetic acid, wood alcohol, naphtha, wood tar (and all that that implies) to be had from the distillation of sawdust—to say nothing of sugar from birch sawdust.

Sheep's wool is dirty and greasy when it comes to the mills. Wash it with strong alkali in running water. That is what has always been done. But a man in Massachusetts thought it would be a good idea to dissolve the grease with some solvent as naphtha. He saved the naphtha to use over again; he recovered the grease, which is the most softening and penetrating of all fats and is most valuable for ointments, and he recovered carbonate of potash.

After the wool is once woven into cloth we may dismiss from our minds all thought of effecting any more economies. When the suit of clothes is worn to rags, the rags are still as good as new, for the wool is picked into strands of fiber again and woven anew. It isn't ground into shoddy as it was during the Civil War. The wool is picked apart as long as it has any staple to it at all and forms part of the most expensive and enduring fabrics. It may be mixed with cotton, but when it comes to be a rag again the cotton is burned out either with acid or heat, the dust is taken out and once more behold absolutely pure wool, much safer to wear than the new wool of the tropics or semi-tropics. And when at length there is not enough wool to hold together, still it goes into our clothing. With wood ashes and scrap iron it ceases to be a fabric and becomes a dye—Prussian blue.

CURE FOGOT 'T WAS SUNDAY.

Origin of Saying, "He Has Lost the Count of His Baskets."

There is a very old saying in France, "Il a perdu le compte de ses paniers" (He has lost the count of his baskets), which came about in this way:

The old cure of la Buxette was full of good-natured humor; never troubling himself over that he wished to forget, and remembering the arrival of Sunday only by the number of baskets he had made, at least that is what everyone said, for he was in the habit of making one each day. As soon as he had finished one he hung it on a nail. When he counted six of them he knew the Sabbath was come.

It happened one time, contrary to his custom, that he employed two days in making a secher (a kind of latticed cage or oster basket in which to dry cheese). This unusual work made great havoc in his counting time.

It was good luck the next Sunday morning that his housekeeper was scandalized to see him go to his work of basket-making, and said to him: "Monsieur the cure, to-day is Sunday!"

"Bah!" tranquilly replied the good pastor. "Count the baskets; there are only four."

"That is truth," replied the brave woman, "but, monsieur, remember, you passed the days of Thursday and Wednesday making the cheese cage."

"Ma foi! Thou art right, Marguerite," cried the honest cure, throwing down his dear implements of work, "run quick to Genrant (his sacristan) to ring the first bell for grand mass. I'll be ready in an instant."

From this adventure arose the custom of saying in many cantons in speaking of anyone who has lost his carte, or come out wrong in his calculations, or lost the street or number, "He has lost the count of his baskets."—Toronto Star.

The Beginning.

"Do you think attention to the streets of a city is the first thing in beautifying a municipality?"

"At least, it paves the way."—Baltimore American.

A Breakfast Dialogue.

Mrs. Talkwords—Henry, you were talking in your sleep last night.

Henry—Pardon me for interrupting you.—Smart Set.

The world extends the glad hand to the lucky man, but all it bands the victim of tough luck is a little cold sympathy.