

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."

"Tosh!" 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 conductor of sympathies, keener, 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* no mean 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 gentleness 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-vranger 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 were the sea and sky, to gather to their chests 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 amidstships, 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

er 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 gentleness 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 governor 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's shout, "being 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 upon 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 you please."

But gentleman or no gentleman, these tollers of the sea welcomed the stately sailor with a hoarse cheer. The stately ship glided smoothly forward in all the deep-seated glory of her moss-grown rigging, 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 her 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.

Spilled a Jewel.

"Mrs. de Peyster, excuse me, but is it true that your son married a girl you didn't like?"

"No—on the contrary, we did like her. She was the best girl we ever had in the house."—Cleveland Leader.

The Right Note.

"You can't let that minor chord stay in that march."

"Why not?"

"Because this is military music and must all be in a major key."—Baltimore American.

The More Blessed.

"That young groom," said the minister after the ceremony, "gave me a \$50 fee. What a blessing!"

"Yes," said his wife, with her hand out, "it is more blessed to give than to receive."—Philadelphia Press.

Severely Practical.

"Do you believe in this reform business?" asked Soured Sam.

"When there is no other graft to be worked," replied Practical Pete.—Baltimore American.

Regrets.

Jocko—I shouldn't have played that ace.

Jumbo—Of course not. You ought to have known I could trumpet.—New York Telegram.

Clear.

He—You think you see through me, do you?

She—Certainly; I have something of a sense of humor and you're such a joke.—Detroit Free Press.

His Reason.

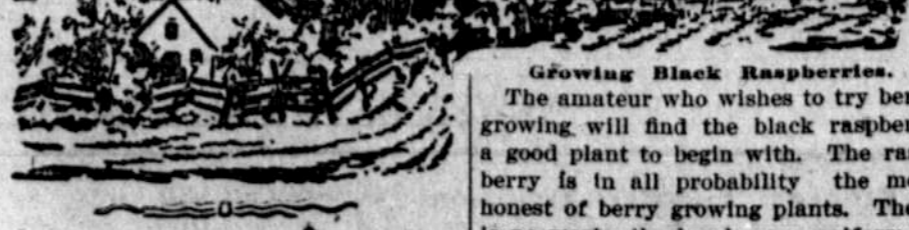
"Bowly calls his wife's dog 'Simple Life.'"

"Gracious! Why?"

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

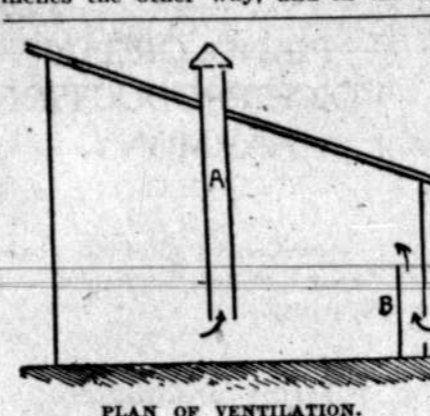
Of all Americans those of French extraction spend the smallest proportion of their income on food.

FARMS AND FARMERS



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.

No Remedy But Spraying.

Several nice-sounding schemes for getting the better of the San Jose scale have been suggested, some of them sincerely and some of them by frauds who had a powder of some kind for injection into the trunk of the tree. One writer suggests that if inexpensive trees are planted around the orchard it is desired to protect, the scale will be kept off the more valuable trees. This is nonsense, and the plan will only result in providing additional food for the scale. Any fruit grower trying this plan on any considerable scale would not only fail in accomplishing the desired results, but would, in some States, lay himself liable to prosecution for encouraging the pest. Up to this time no remedy for the San Jose scale has yet been discovered except spraying, and spraying persistently and thoroughly season after season. As for the powder and other things that are to be injected into the trunk of the tree this is plainly fraud and unworthy a moment's consideration by any man of sense.—Indianapolis News.

Combined Roller and Marker.

A neat attachment to a garden roller is the following: Bore holes eight inches apart lengthwise and put in pins. To mark the garden make these



ROLLER AND MARKER COMBINED.

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.

Gang Plowing.

Recent improvement in traction engines and gang plows is making a great difference in the manner of breaking the soil on the larger level farms of the west. Some of the newer arrangements do the plowing and harrowing at one operation. Under certain conditions of soil and season a drill is hitched behind the harrow and a barren field in the morning is seeded to grain crop at night. Those of us who have carefully prepared a large acreage ready for seeding and got caught before drilling with a three-day rain storm will appreciate the advantages of this manner of doing business. It has been frequently predicted that steam power for working the land could never be applied successfully to medium sized farms, but the problem is being simplified each year.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

WORLD'S GREATEST SHOWMAN.

James A. Bailey, Who Has Passed Away.

James A. Bailey, who died of erysipelas at Mount Vernon, N. Y., was undoubtedly the greatest showman of the present day. Since the close of the Civil War he had been continuously in the business, in which he amassed a fortune, conservatively estimated at \$8,000,000. His extensive travels in Europe had made his name a household one in the old world as well as in the new and to his enterprise millions of people owe many joyous moments in their lives.

Mr. Bailey, whose real name was McGinnis, came up from the ranks of poor boys and early experienced the hardships of life. Born in Detroit, Mich., fifty-nine years ago, he set out at the age of 11 to make his way in the world. He worked at first on a farm for \$3.50 a month and then became a "bell boy" in a Pontiac hotel. There Frederick Bailey, general agent for the Lane & Robinson circus, became interested in him and gave him a place on the advance staff of the circus. Out of gratitude the young man changed his name to Bailey. Many years later when Frederick Bailey was old and needy, his wants were tenderly cared for by his former protege.

In 1864 young Bailey quit the show business and became clerk to a sutler in the army. At the close of the war he rejoined the circus, then managed by Lake, as an agent. In 1872 he became equal owner with J. E. Cooper of the Great London Show and traveled with it all over the world, visiting the Sandwich Islands, Australia, India and South America. Bailey at this time had no serious rival besides Barnum and the competition between them was for several years keen. In 1881 they united their shows and after Barnum's death Bailey purchased the interests of the latter's heirs, becoming sole proprietor. Other shows were at different times bought and added to the Bailey aggregation. Bailey had almost the whole responsibility and management of the Barnum & Bailey combination and it was his ideas that entered so deeply into its success, although Barnum reaped the credit.

Therein is seen the difference between the two. Barnum courted notoriety; Bailey shunned it. The latter was unassuming and retiring—qualities one does not usually associate with the business.

By those who know Mr. Bailey intimately, will be best remembered for his benefactions. These, while numerous, were secretly performed and this phase of his life will appear new to many. By his employes he was beloved. He was one of the most generous employers in the country. He educated the children of those who worked for him, and those who had become aged in his service he never let pass therefrom. There are men to-day about the circus who have no possible work to do but to draw their salaries.

He never forgot a former friend. Once from Vienna, amid a multiplicity of duties, he sent a check for \$2,000 to a former acquaintance, whom he had not seen in five years, but whom he had learned was in need. Often at Christmas he would distribute as much as \$10,000 among his employes.

In private life Mr. Bailey was blameless. His chief interest centered in his home, his show and his quiet philanthropies.

Cheered Him Up.
When John Sharp Williams was fighting to get the quarantine bill through the House the other day the Texas delegation fought it tooth and nail. They denounced it as a violation of the constitution and to a man predicted the downfall of that venerable document if the bill passed. The House, however, passed it. An hour or so later Mr. Williams bumped up against Mr. Slayden of Texas in the cloakroom. Slayden looked at Williams with sad reproach, but spoke not. Williams looked back at Slayden apologetically. Then he placed his hand on the Texan's shoulder. "Slayden," he said, comfortingly, "cheer up. To-morrow I am going to introduce a bill to re-enact the constitution."

Underground Telegraphic Lines.
There is now underground telegraphic communication between London and Scotland. Germany's underground system dates from 1870. France followed suit in 1879, as the result of a great storm that isolated Paris in 1875. Up to date her system has cost \$38,000,000, but is believed to have more than paid for itself. Lines constructed in 1880 are still in excellent condition.

Observation.
To behold is not necessarily to observe, and the power of comparing and combining is only to be obtained by education. It is much to be regretted that habits of exact observation are not cultivated in our schools. To this deficiency may be traced much of the fallacious reasoning and the false philosophy which prevail.—W. Humboldt.

Speaking of hard tasks, how would you like to be a widower and have to break the news to the children when they are to have a new mother?

The man who travels over the path behind you looks wisely at your footprints, and sees where you could have avoided many a pit-fall.

Bees should have some pure drinking water within easy reach.
Bees, like men, are good-natured when they are making headway in providing for the future. This accounts for the different receptions given to an intruder at different times.

Beekkeeping is an interesting scientific study aside from the pecuniary profit. There is no more entrancing pursuit when one becomes really interested in it, aside from its financial side.

Beehives are now so constructed that they may be opened and their contents removed 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 beekkeeping if you seek a pleasant and profitable occupation.

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