

# Prisoners and Captives

By H. S. MERRIMAN

## CHAPTER X.

Cland Tyars walked through the narrow streets, westward, without noticeable haste. His gait was neither that of the busy city merchant nor the easy lounge of the sailor out of work. Presently he seemed to recognize some familiar landmark. He turned suddenly upon a narrow passage and, pushing open a swinging glass door, climbed a flight of lead-covered steps. On the second floor he stopped before a door bearing on a small brass plate the name, "M. M. Easton." Without knocking he opened the door, and on his entrance an elderly man rose from his seat at a low table, and, after a quick glance, lowered his colorless eyes, bowing gravely. Tyars returned the salutation with a short nod.

The elderly man then turned to go into a room beyond the small, bare office. When he turned his back, this city clerk was no longer elderly. His back was that of a young man. Addressing himself to some unseen person in the inner room, he uttered two words only—the name of the visitor waiting in the outer office—without prefix or comment.

"Come in, Tyars!" called out a cheerful tenor voice, immediately; and the clerk, turning into an old man again, stepped aside to let the visitor pass through the doorway.

The man who rose to greet Tyars, holding out a thin hand across the table at which he had been seated, was singularly slight. His narrow shoulders sloped at a larger angle from the lines of his sinewy neck than is usually to be found in men of the Anglo-Saxon race. The hand held out was unsteady, very white and long. The face was narrow and extremely small; at school Matthew Mark Easton had been nicknamed "Monkey" Easton. Despite his youthful appearance it was some years since he had left school, and indeed men of his year at Harvard were mostly married and elderly, while Easton still retained his youth. In addition to this remarkable possession there was still noticeable in his appearance that slight resemblance to a monkey by which he had acquired a nickname singularly appropriate. It was not only in the small, intelligent face, the keen, anxious eyes and thin lips, that this resemblance made itself discernible, but in quickness of glance and movement, in that refined and nervous tension of habit, which is only found in monkeys and all the lower animals.

By way of greeting this man whistled two or three bars of "See the Conquering Hero Comes" softly through his teeth, and pointed to a chair.

"Smith," he said, raising his voice, "you may as well go to the bank now with those checks."

There came no answer to this suggestion, but presently the door of the outer office closed quietly.

"I call him Smith," continued Easton in a thin and pleasant voice spiced by a distinct American accent, "because his name is Pavloski. That unfortunately luxuriant crop of gray hair standing straight up gives him a foreign appearance, which the name of Pavloski would seem to confirm. Besides, it takes such a long time to say Pavloski."

While he was speaking Easton's face had remained quite grave, and, consequently, very sad. There was a short silence. Both had much to say, and they appeared to be thinking and searching for a suitable beginning. Easton spoke first.

"I see," he said, "that you are trim and neat, and ready as usual. The executive keeps up to the mark."

"Yes," replied Tyars, "my department is in working order. The ship is getting on well, and I have found my first officer."

The slight, delicate man looked at his companion's large limbs and half suppressed a sigh. His watchful little face contracted into a grave smile, and he nodded his head.

"I dislike you," he said, in his peculiarly humorous way, "when you talk like that. It seems to imply an evil sense of exultation in your physical superiority, which, after all, is fleeting. You are only dust, you know. But—but it is rather poor fun staying at home and pulling strings feebly."

"It has its advantages," said Tyars, in an unconsciously thoughtful tone, which brought the restless eyes to his face at once. "Besides," he added, more lightly, "you do not pull feebly. The tugs are pretty strong, and the strings, you must remember, reach a good distance."

"Ye-es!" Mathew Mark Easton had a singular habit of elongating the little word into several syllables, as if in order to gain time for thought. "Ye-es! I suppose it has. But," he said, rousing himself, "I have not been idle. That is to say, Smith—Pavloski Smith, you know. He has been working terribly hard. Poor fellow! His wife is out there—at Kara."

"Yes, I know. You told me," interrupted Tyars, and his manner unconsciously implied that a fact once imparted to him was never forgotten. "Has he heard from—or of—her yet?"

"No, not for two years. He believes she is alive still, and a report came from Higa that she had been sent to Kara."

The Englishman listened without comment. His strong, bearded face was not pleasant to look upon just then, for the massive jaw was thrust forward, and there was a peculiar dull glow in his placid eyes.

"There was a child, you know," continued the American, watching the effect of his words, "to be born in prison—in a Siberian prison, where the attendants are the riffraff of the Russian army—more brutes than men. That would probably be a year ago."

He paused, his thin voice lowering toward the end of the sentence in a way that rendered his American accent singularly impressive in its simple narrative.

"I wonder," he continued, "what has become of that refined lady and that helpless infant—now. It brings the things before me, Tyars, in rather a bright light, to think that that man—Pavloski, who comes here at half-past nine every morning, goes out to lunch in a small eating house next door, and goes some to his lodging at five o'clock; that that man has a wife in a Siberian prison. A wife—a woman whom he has lived with very day—day after day; whose every one, every little gesture, every thought,

is familiar to him. I surmise that it must be worse than being in a Siberian prison one's self!"

It is easy to set down the words, but to render the slight twang, the wonderful power of expressing pathos that lay hidden in this man's tongue, is a task beyond any pen. Tyars stopped him with a quick gesture of the head, as if to intimate that all this was no news to him.

"Why," he asked, curtly, "are you showering all this upon me? Do you think that I am the sort of fellow to turn back?"

"Oh, no!" answered Easton in an altered tone. Then he turned in his chair and, unlocking a drawer in the pedestal of his writing table, he drew forth several leather-bound books, which he set upon the table in front of him. "Oh, no!" he said, turning the pages. "Only you seemed to be of opinion just now that the pastime of staying at home and pulling strings had its advantages."

"So it has," was the cool reply; "but that in no way alters the case as far as I am concerned."

"Then I apologize," said Easton, raising his eyes without moving his head. "I thought, perhaps—well, never mind!"

"What do you think?"

"I had a sort of notion that some other interest had sprung up—that you were getting sick of all this long preparation."

"And wished to back out?" suggested Tyars in his high-bred indifference.

As he spoke he looked up and their eyes met. A strong contrast—these two pairs of eyes. The one, large, placid; the other quick, keen and restless. Although Easton's gaze did not lower or flinch, his eyes were not still; they seemed to search for corner to corner of the large glance that met his own.

"I am afraid," he said, ignoring the question, "that I am getting a trifle skeptical. I have had more than one disappointment. Our doctor—Phillips, you know—has been appointed sanitary inspector of the town of Lille, or something equally exciting. He has intimated that while fully sympathizing with our noble scheme, he can only help us now with his purse and his prayers. I do not imagine that his purse will assist you materially to steer through the ice on a dark night in the Sea of Kara."

"It comes, no doubt," said Tyars, half apologizing, for the French doctor's treachery, "from his failure to realize the whole thing. The nation took up the question of the slave trade without a moment's hesitation, and that was one upon which there were undoubtedly arguments upon both sides of equal weight. We are not sure now that the comparatively small proportion of the human race victimized by the slave trade has really benefited. The state of Russia and her system of government is a disgrace to the whole world—yet the whole world closes its eyes to the fact. The Siberian exiles, in my estimation, call for more sympathy than those thick-skinned, dense-brained negroes."

Easton said nothing. His father had been a slave owner, but he fact was unknown to Tyars, and he did not think it necessary to mention it. Had the slave trade never been suppressed, Matthew Mark Easton would have been one of the richest men in America. As it was, he sat daily in this little office in the city of London conducting to all outward appearances—a small and struggling commission agent's business. It was somewhat characteristic of the man and his country that Claud Tyars should be allowed to remain in ignorance of these matters.

Easton now turned to the leather-bound books, and the two men sat far into the day discussing questions strictly technical and strictly confined to the fitting out of the small vessel lying in the London dock for an expedition to the Arctic seas. Even in the discussion of these details each man retained his characteristic manner of treating outward things. Easton was irresponsible, gay and light, while beneath the airy touch there lurked a truer, firmer grasp of detail than is possessed by the majority of men. His queer little face was never quite grave, even while speaking of the most serious matters. His manner was, throughout, suggestive of the forced attention of a schoolboy, ready to be led aside at the slightest interruption, while the relation of hard facts and the detailing of long statistics ran from his lips tongue without the least sign of effort.

## CHAPTER XI.

More conspiracies have failed from impetuosity than from treachery. If a man has money in sufficient quantity, secrecy is easily purchased. Even if he has enough money to buy a respectable coat, he is already on the high road to success. If the conspirators assemble in swallow tail coats and white ties, they are almost free from danger. Suspicion fixes herself upon the impetuous, the unfortunate, the low in station. She haunts the area steps, and flies at the luxurious sound of carriage wheels. She never enters the front door, but if she wishes to reach the upper floor, creeps up the back stairs. Under the respectable shade of a silk hat, gloved and washed, any of us may trespass where he with but a shabby coat and forlorn boots will call down ignominy on his head. Well dressed, we may steal horses; shabbily clad, we must not even look over walls.

There was in the temperament of Matthew Mark Easton that small seed of aggressive courage which makes conspirators, agitators and rebels of sensible men.

Under the influence of such men as Claud Tyars and Pavloski, he was capable of developing great energy, and there is little doubt that these two, unconsciously working together, forced the American to assume a gradually increasing weight of responsibility, to the dimensions of which he remained partially ignorant.

In persuading Tyars to espouse a cause of which the particulars will be hereafter narrated, Easton had, some years previously, unwittingly cast his own lot with that cause to a greater and fuller extent than his easy going nature would ever knowingly have allowed. He had set the torch to a brand of which the flames soon enveloped him. Meeting Tyars at an international aquatic competition, a friendship had sprung up be-

tween them, both being lonely men with no sisters or cousins to admire their prowess.

These slight retrogressive explanations will serve, perhaps, to make clear the position of Matthew Mark Easton with regard to Claud Tyars in the events that follow. To some extent the outcome of these past incidents was a dinner party given by the American one November evening. Of those assembled some are living to this day, but others, though young, are now dead, leaving to the survivors the memory of a brave example, the unanswered question of a useless life, lived and lost.

There was nothing singular or remarkable about the fare provided. It was, in fact, supplied "all hot" by a neighboring confectioner, but the guests formed as unique a collection of feasters as could well be found even in the metropolises of England.

Among the first to arrive was Smith—"P. Smith," as Easton playfully called him. The old young clerk of the little office in the city, Pavloski Smith, was dressed in impeccable swallow tail coat and white tie. He shook hands with Easton, bowing his gray head in a peculiar jerky manner, as if he had not parted at the office two hours before.

After him came at intervals three men; the first elderly and stout, the other two younger, but all alike had that peculiar repose of manner which was especially noticeable in the man called Pavloski. They spoke English remarkably well, and made few mistakes in grammar. Easton received them with a few words of welcome.

"Tyars," he said to each in turn, "has found a gentleman who will serve as first officer. He brings him to-night."

"Is," inquired the stout man, who was of a somewhat ceremonious habit, "is Mr. Tyars well?"

"Quite well, thanks; at least, I surmise so," was the answer.

The two younger men heard the news without comment. Without awaiting an invitation Pavloski drew a chair forward to the hearth rug and sat directly in front of the fire, holding his two hands out toward the warmth. In this position it became evident that he was a contemporary of the two younger men, who presently moved toward the fire and stood talking together in their peculiar English, while Easton and the stout gentleman exchanged meaningless platitudes.

The three younger men had thus grouped themselves together, and when placed in proximity there was some subtle point of resemblance between them which could not at first sight be defined. It lay only in the eyes, for in build and complexion there was no striking likeness. Each of these three men had a singularly slow glance. They raised their eyes to one's face rather after the manner of a whipped dog, and when looking up there was noticeable a droop of the lower lid which left a space of white below the pupil of the eye. It may be seen in men and women who have passed through great hardship or an unappealing sorrow. Such eyes as these speak for themselves. One can tell at once that they have at one time or other looked upon something very unpleasant. Finally Tyars entered the room, closely followed by Oswald Grace.

There were thus seven partakers of the good things provided by a neighboring confectioner—four Russians, two Englishmen and an American. There had been no secrecy about their coming; no mystery taps at the door, no strange sounding passwords. Moreover, the conversation was of a simple, straightforward nature, without dramatic relief in the way of ambiguous and irrelevant remarks respecting the length of some allegorical night and the approach of a symbolic dawn.

(To be continued.)

## THE CACTUS CHEESE.

Can Any Good Come Out of the Thorny Plant of the Desert?

A new table delicacy has come out of Mexico, and a correspondent of the New York Evening Post says that it can be produced with equal facility and in unlimited quantities on the hitherto practically barren plains of the Southwest. The Mexicans call it "queso de tuna," which, being interpreted, means cactus cheese. The cactus plant is covered with sharp spines, which protect it from cattle and other animals which would devour and exterminate it if it were not so guarded by nature. It grows so abundantly on the plains of Mexico and our own Southwest that for two or three years scientific experts have been trying to discover some use for it, being convinced that nature would not have made so much of anything that was good for nothing. Their efforts have been rewarded. From the cactus, despoiled and rejected of men and beasts, to the cactus cheese, guaranteed to delight epicures who have learned to like it, is but a step. The correspondent intimates that fondness for this cheese, like that for some other brands, must be acquired, but once acquired its indulgence will be a joy forever.

One learns that the fruit of the cactus "looks for all the world like a fine grade of chocolate." It is put up in packages about the size of a pound of butter, and, when wrapped in tinfoil, is safe from deterioration. Another use to which the plant is put is the manufacture of syrup, and a sort of jelly can be produced which is said to resemble Scotch marmalade in the ease with which it lends itself to pleasing combination with bread or crackers.

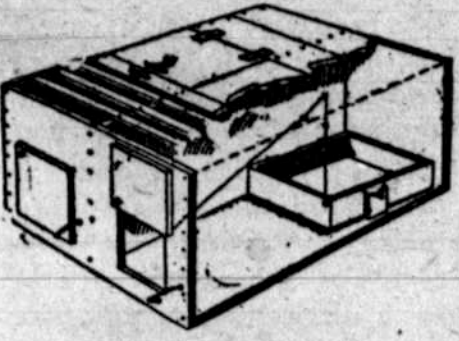
Since the discovery that the cactus could be made to minister to human needs, the Department of Agriculture has been experimenting with a view to learning whether it might be treated so as to provide fodder for cattle. It is found that if the plants are cut and left to "soak in their own juice" for half a day, the spines become harmless, and cattle are very fond of the cactus in this state. An attempt is being made to develop a smooth type of cactus, and while it is possible that, without care, a harmless plant so related by several animals besides cattle might become extinct, it is believed that a variety without spines might be cultivated with profit.



## FARM AND GARDEN

### Effective Trap Nest.

A very simple trap nest is thus described by Orange Judd Farmer: One side and part of the top on one compartment is removed to show the interior construction. Each compartment should be 18 inches wide, 15 inches high and 30 inches deep, while the nest box is 12 inches square and 3 inches deep. Every poultry raiser knows the value of a trap nest, so it is not necessary to enter into its utility. Any number of them may be constructed side by side, and all equipped in the same manner. The doorway at the front is 10 inches wide and 12 inches high, the door is 12 inches square and is caught at one corner with a screw. When it is set the doorway is open, but



SERVICEABLE TRAP NEST.

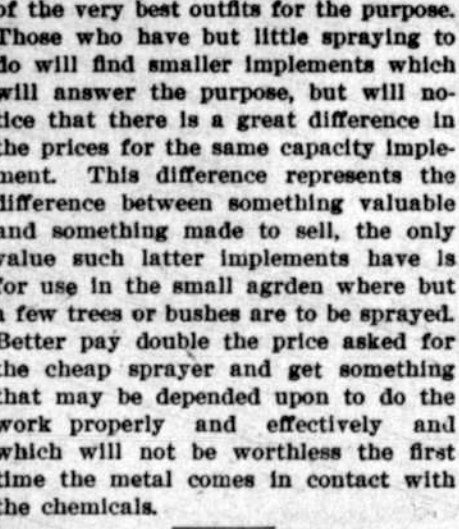
when the hen has sprung it the door falls and the opposite end of the screw catches in an iron staple which prevents it from being moved by the captive hen.

The top of the nests are provided with a few slats at the forward end for light and ventilation, and each compartment has a trapdoor hinged at the top so the hen can be removed from the nest. The nest box is provided with two screws at each side just forward from the middle. These rest on blocks with a V-shaped top.

The nest is balanced so the weight of a hen when she steps on the front edge will tip it down, thereby releasing the wire end that holds the door and allows it to fall. Two pieces of wire are used. One is made fast to a screw eye driven in the front edge of the box and extends up nearly to the under side of the top, where a piece of cord is tied to it. The cord passes through a screw eye and toward the front of the box, where, four inches from the eye, it is tied to the longer piece of wire that extends to the door. The wire and string are adjusted so the front end of the wire passing through a hole in the board will project a quarter of an inch and support the door. When the hen steps on the box and drags the wire down that pulls the long wire in and the door drops. By opening the trap door at the top it is easy to set the door again.

Use Good Tools in Spraying. Those who do spraying on a considerable scale fully realize the importance of the very best outfits for the purpose. Those who have but little spraying to do will find smaller implements which will answer the purpose, but will notice that there is a great difference in the prices for the same capacity implement. This difference represents the difference between something valuable and something made to sell, the one value such latter implements have is for use in the small garden where but a few trees or bushes are to be sprayed. Better pay double the price asked for the cheap sprayer and get something that may be depended upon to do the work properly and effectively and which will not be worthless the first time the metal comes in contact with the chemicals.

How to Throw a Steer. Here is a very simple but sure way to throw a large or small steer. Use rope, three-quarter inch, about 25 feet



FOR THROWING THE STEER.

long, is best passing one end of the rope around the steer, and tying in a hard knot; pass the rope back and around the body again in front of the hips, passing the end of the rope under the rope, so as to form a draw, extending the end of the rope straight behind the steer. By pulling 100 pounds on the end of the rope, a 1,000-pound steer can be thrown with ease.

Farm Notes. Be slow to condemn an old sow that does good work. More money is lost by feeding hogs too long than by selling too early. For making good grafting wax melt together four parts resin (by weight); two parts beeswax; one part tallow. If you desire to hit the bull's eye aim high and in doing so load so as to obtain more bushels from fewer acres. In the spring the muscles of a horse are soft and they tire easily. Let them take it easy until they become accustomed to work and then you can "push on the lines."

When clover fields are infected with the root borer, allowing them to stand but two years will help to subjugate the pest in any locality.

Every farmer should have his seed corn testing patch, on which competing selections from his own fields and varieties secured elsewhere may be subjected to a careful field test under his own eye.

Breaking a Stall Kicker. The chronic stable kicker, aside from being a nuisance, causes much damage and often injures other animals. To break him of the habit, fill a grain sack half full of sand and swing from ceiling with rope, so sack will hang where heels or horse will have good play upon it. Tie him firmly in the stall with a heavy, stout rope. At the first kick the bag will swing away, often as high as the ceiling, if kicked squarely. It will then return and give him as good as he sent. This will lead to a general mixup between the horse and sandbag, and the sack of sand will hold its own, returning all he sends, with considerable interest. He will soon find that he is up against a losing proposition, and, learning this, will be thoroughly cowed. Leave the sack behind him for a week or more and then remove. If he should at any time show any tendency to return to his old habit of kicking, arrange the sack as before and the cure will be final.—Successful Farming.

Don't Neglect the Stables. Many dairymen who are inclined to be exceedingly cleanly about the stables during the winter give them little care during the summer when the cows are largely milked in the pasture, a plan of milking many follow. There are days and nights during the summer when the cows must be housed and the milking done in the stables, hence if they have been neglected the milk is surely to absorb any undesirable odor that may exist.

We find it an excellent plan to clean the stables thoroughly just as soon as the cows are turned out to grass, and this thoroughness consists in washing the walls with a strong solution of carbolic acid, then going over them thoroughly with whitewash. In this manner all germs and odors are destroyed. This is by no means all, for each week the stables are thoroughly purified, so that there will be no possible odor to spoil the milk.—Exchange.

Buggy Steps for Harness Hooks. Old buggy steps make good harness hooks one gets at the stores, writes sooks one gets at the stores, writes

an Indiana farmer. Cut off the step at the dotted line A, and nail the hook part up as shown in B.

Rank of Sheep Industry. Sheep and wool are the seventh largest industry in the United States. The number of sheep in the world is estimated at 600,000,000; of this number one-third are classed merinos. The Leicester breed of sheep was founded in 1802 by Lord Polwarth, of Mercton. The Spanish merinos were first imported into England by George III in 1791. It is said that woolen goods were manufactured in Asia 2,000 years before the Christian era. The domesticated sheep were first introduced into America by the Spaniards about the year 1500. The Robert Taylor clip of Montana, 500,000 pounds, is the largest clip in the United States raised by one grower.

Summer Use of Grains. The feeding problem, in some sections, is quite as formidable in the summer as in the winter, and this is particularly the case where the feeding is largely done in the barn, which, by the way, is becoming more popular every year among dairymen. What grains one shall use depends largely upon the methods which individual feeders have found most profitable in the past, but corn, in the summer ration, must be sparingly used. The stock foods or the concentrated grains, purchased already mixed, ought also to be handled carefully and particularly so when little or no pasture is given the animals.

The Farm Garden. Do not plow the garden when the soil is so wet as to be lumpy or it will bother all the first part of the season. Harrow very thoroughly and lay off the space in as long rows as possible, planting in these all vegetables except lettuce, radishes, etc. Rows should not be less than three feet apart so that the horse cultivator can be used. If the space is limited it is, of course, better to use the hand-wheel hoe and garden-drill machine and plant more closely, but on the farm there is usually plenty of space that could be used to advantage in the labor saving plan of wide rows.

Manure and Guano. Never apply unadulterated hen droppings, or any other pure guano, directly on seeds or plants; applied pure it will destroy the germ on most plants. Properly prepared fowl manure may be applied with benefit to any crop, field or garden, broadcast or harrowed in, but is more economically employed in the hill or drill. As good a plan as any, probably, is to gather the droppings as often as twice a week, and mix with about twice their bulk of dry earth.



Knicker—Few girls keep up their music after they are married. Bocker—And yet some persons say that marriage is a failure.—New York Sun.

His Wife—Have you had a bad day, dear? The Financier—Yes, I lost over \$250,000. And the worst of it is that nearly \$100 of that was my own money.—Life.

Uncle—How do you like your employer? Tommy—I think he's bigoted. Uncle—In what way? Tommy—Well, he thinks dat words oughter be spelt his way all de time.

Molly—He is a student at one of the big colleges. Polly—Nonsense! He talked with us for an hour when he was here yesterday and never used a bit of slang.—Somerville Journal.

"This flower is strictly up-to-date," said the florist. "What do you mean by that?" asked the prospective customer. "Why," he explained, "it was obtained by grafting."—Detroit Free Press.

"Is she pretty?" they asked of the young man who was speaking of his fiancée. "Well, I don't want to boast," he replied, "but she always gets a seat in a crowded street car."—Stray Stories.

If the sweet girl graduate of last June hasn't got a school or an engagement ring yet, it is high time for her to study shorthand and hustle around to get a job at typewriting.—Somerville Journal.

Ferdie—Really, Patrick, I'd rather ride Stagers than take a spin in the touring car. The Groom—Sure, 'tis strange ye fule that way, sor, considerin' that Stagers is ownly a wan-hoss-power boss.—Puck.

"He claims that he built the first passenger elevator used in this country." "Nonsense! The Mississippi steamboats were running and blowing up regularly long before he was born."—Philadelphia Press.

"No, my little girl, I can't lend your mother any flour or oil or butter or fatrons or lamps or potatoes or anything else that she sent you over for, but go back and tell her I have a lot of trouble she can borrow."—Baltimore American.

Mother—Come now, Will, if you'll only be good I'll give you a penny. Willie—No'm; I won't be good for less'n five cents. Mother—Why, you were good yesterday for a penny. Willie—I know, but yesterday was bargain day.—Philadelphia Press.

First Girl—What are you waiting for? Why don't you finish your letter to Ella? Second Girl—I don't know whether to say "Ever yours, with trust love," or simply "Yours affectionately." You see, I can't endure Ella—I think she's detestable!—Tit-Bits.

"See here!" snapped the landlord, who had responded to the tenant's hurry call for a plumber. "I thought you said the water in your cellar was two feet deep. 'It's only a few inches.'" "Well, that's as deep as my two feet," retorted the tenant, "and that's too much."

Clara—Did the papers notice your father at the great banquet? Johnny—Yes, Clara—Well, mamma said she could not see his name on the list. Johnny—No; but the list ends up with "and others." That means papa. They always mention him that way.—Illustrated Bits.

Magistrate and M. P.—After mature and careful consideration of your case, I have come to the conclusion that you are a lazy, good-for-nothing rogue. May I ask if you ever earned a shilling in your life? Prisoner—Oh, yes, I have, yer 'onor. I voted fer yer 'onor once.—The Sketch.

Tom—Look at that crowd of women trying to get in that department store. Dick—Yes, it's a regular crush. Tom—But it's so early. Why, the doors aren't open yet. Dick—Yes, they're the women who followed the line of advice in the advertisement: "Come early and avoid the rush."—Catholic Standard and Times.

The desperate man, weary of life, opened an upper window in the skyscraper and threw himself out. He landed on top of a load of mattresses with which a teamster happened to be driving along at the moment. "Hang the luck!" he exclaimed, as he rose to him feet, shook himself, and found that he was practically unharmed. "I might have known this would be the result of jumping from the thirteenth floor!"

Mrs. Jenner Lee Onego had just returned from her summer vacation. "My goodness!" she exclaimed, as she inspected the alterations that had been made in the house during her absence. "This isn't the kind of wall paper I wanted. It won't harmonize with my complexion at all!" "Well," irritably answered her husband, "you can change your complexion a good deal easier than we can repaper the whole house."—Chicago Tribune.

A clergyman who had accepted an invitation to officiate at Sunday services in a neighboring town—entrusted his new curate with the performance of his own duties. On returning home he asked his wife what she thought of the curate's sermon. "It was the poorest one I ever heard," she replied, promptly—"nothing in it at all." Later in the day the clergyman, meeting his curate, asked him how he had got on. "Oh, very well," was the reply. "I didn't have time to prepare anything, so I preached one of your unused sermons."