

Prisoners and Captives

By H. S. MERRIMAN

CHAPTER XIII.

Easton laughed reassuringly. He was not afraid of clever women. Miss Winter must almost have heard the laugh, while there was still a smile on his face as he bowed before her.

"I have never," he said, as he seated himself, "been at an entertainment of this description before. I am only a beginner. In our country we manage things differently; and I cannot yet understand low music and so little action can benefit any cause."

"But," said Miss Winter, "you are not new to England. There is nothing about you to lead one to that conclusion."

"Thank you," he replied, gravely. "My claw-hammer coat was made in Piccadilly, so I suppose it is all right."

He looked down at the garment in question, and dusted the sleeves lightly with a perfectly gloved hand.

"Do you like it?" he inquired simply.

Miss Winter was becoming interested. She therefore quelled a sudden desire to laugh, and answered:

"Yes; it is a very nice coat."

"I am not," he said, after a pause, "new to England, but I have not moved much in London society. I suppose the men do all the moving in your society?—they seem to."

The women sit mostly still and wait till the men come to them. With us it is different."

"The women," replied this womanly lady, "are beginning to move with us, and from what I have seen of the result, I rather incline toward the old policy of sitting still."

He turned and looked at her with a little nod. There was in his queer, restless eyes a distinct glance of approval.

"Yes," he said, "yes. So I should surmise. Our ladies are very fascinating, and very clever, and all that, but—"

The young men do not seem to make such a pretty show of loving them as we read of in olden times. At all events, they do not continue to show them that regard which, I remember, my father showed toward my mother."

"I myself am an humble admirer of the womanly school."

"And I," added Easton. "Now," he continued, after a pause, "do tell me, what do all these good people think they are doing here to-night?"

"They think first," replied Miss Winter, "that they are getting their names into the fashionable society papers. Secondly, that their natural or artificial adornment is creating a distinct impression. Thirdly, and lastly, that they are assisting in some indefinite way toward the solution of a problem of which the rudiments are entirely unknown."

"Then in England, as well as in my own country, charity is a recognized plaything of society," suggested Easton.

"Yes. We take it up in late autumn and winter, when there are no races, no regattas, nor lawn tennis parties."

"Ah! then," said the American, "society is very much the same here as elsewhere."

At this moment Oswin Grace passed within earshot of them. He heard the remark, and recognized the voice. When he turned, his surprise at seeing Miss Winter and Easton together was so marked as to cause a little frown to pass across the queer, wistful face of the American. He returned the young Englishman's comprehensive bow, however, with perfect equanimity.

"You know Oswin Grace?" inquired Miss Winter.

"Oh, yes," was the cool reply; "Tyars brought him to my rooms one evening."

Miss Winter skillfully concealed eagerness.

"They are great friends," she said, lightly.

"Yes. Yes, Tyars constantly talks of him."

"I suppose," continued Miss Winter, in the same indifferently conversational way, "that they have many interests in common; both being sailors. At least, I believe Claud Tyars considers himself a sailor now."

This was clever, and the wary little man paused. He felt convinced that Miss Winter knew less of the past life of Tyars than she would have him believe. Moreover, he suspected that she had never hitherto called him Claud Tyars. The implied familiarity was a trap, womanly, clever and subtle; but Easton avoided it with equal skill. He maintained an easy silence. Immediately afterward, however, he made a blunder.

"Oswin," said Miss Winter, "is a great friend of mine, and I think Helen is my greatest friend."

"A sister?" inquired Easton, rashly.

"Yes. Mr. Tyars has not spoken of her, then?"

"No. Tyars did not tell me that Grace had a sister."

There was a short pause. Perhaps the American heard the little sigh of relief given by his companion, marking, as it were, the relaxation of an effort; such a sigh as an athlete gives when he has scored a success and his weary muscles fall into repose. He became instantly conscious of his blunder. He had been outwitted by this pleasant woman. He—Matthew Mark Easton—a born intriguer, a man with real genius for conspiracy.

"Ah!" reflected Miss Winter, "why has Mr. Tyars omitted to make mention of Helen's existence?" And with feminine intuition she made a hasty mental note of this important item.

"So," mused Easton, during the same pause, "there is a Miss Grace, and Tyars never mentioned her. I must be very careful. Seems to me that there are two men at stake here, not one; and I cannot afford to lose two sailors such as these."

Miss Winter was now drawn into a vortex of light-hearted idlers bent upon a systematic inspection of the pictures, and from their ranks Easton took the first opportunity of dropping away unobserved. They did not speak again during the evening; but the little seed was sown—the little seed of mutual esteem or mutual dislike, as the case may be, which under either circumstance seems to draw some people together here in life—to spread its subtle tendrils, intertwined and knit together, until their united strength is a thing undreamed of.

"I seem," reflected Easton, subsequently, "to have met that little English lady somewhere before. Her ways of speaking, and her method of expressing herself in

a cheery way, as if nothing mattered very much, are familiar to me. I certainly have not seen her before in this vale of sorrow, as the lady writers call it. I wonder where I have met her."

It happened to fall to the lot of Claud Tyars to shut the door of Miss Winter's comfortable brougham; while Grace, who had helped her in, stood back and nodded a good-night.

The lady leaned back against the soft cushions, and drew her cloak more snugly round her. The flashing light of street lamp or carriage showed her face to be grave and thoughtful. She was realizing that Claud Tyars was something more than a mere lover of intrigue, making a mystery out of a very ordinary love affair. She was recognizing now that matters were more serious than she had at first considered them.

CHAPTER XIV.

Miss Winter sometimes felt a victim to a longing for labor. She sometimes felt useless, and looked beyond the work that lay at hand for heavier labor. When she heard of good works done by women, she longed to do something also.

But it was only at times that Miss Winter gave way to this weakness, and she was very quiet about it. When the paroxysm was upon her, she put on a thick veil, her quietest dress, and took the omnibus to Tower Hill.

She was too well acquainted with the world to go empty-handed and to make those trivial mistakes by which many well-meaning women reduce charity to the ludicrous. She had an old bag specially devoted to this secret vice, for one cannot carry half pounds of butter, packets of tea, and pounds of raw sausages in one's best handbag.

The recipients of her charity were a race of men overlooked by charity organizations, ignored by those bland distributors of leaflet literature who call themselves the Sailors' Friend. Very few people find themselves by accident in the London Dock or the St. Katherine's Dock; in fact, both these basins are rather difficult to find.

The shipkeeper is a strange, amphibious creature. His calling is afloat, his business on the waters, and yet he is no sailor. In busier times he rarely spent more than two months on board of one ship; now there are men living week after week, month after month, year after year on the same vessel. Many of them never set foot outside the dock gates; some there are who remain afloat always.

Miss Winter had heard of these ships, and from different sources she gradually learned that there were men living on board of them; men whose lives were almost as solitary as that of a sailor cast upon some desert island. It seems strange that within the roar of city life, almost within stone's throw of the crowded streets, there should be men living day after day without speaking a word to their fellow creatures. For if they do not choose to come ashore, certainly no one will trouble to go on board and see them.

In course of time she evolved the idea of going to the docks to see if it was difficult to get on board these ships, and there she discovered that there was nothing easier. It was merely a matter of paying, as it is in every other part of the world.

At first her advances caused consternation, but, woman like, she gradually made her way, never being guilty of one retrograde step. A few distrustful her motives, some thought she was merely a fool, others concluded she had "got religion."

These latter were the first to welcome her. The explanation was so simple, and it had served to account for stranger conduct than this.

One and all appreciated the butter and the sausages. Some made use of the soap, and a few read the newspapers she brought them.

Soon Miss Winter found that her advent was looked for. The responsibilities of beneficence began to make themselves felt. She commenced to know personally these quaint old hermits, and found that there were sincere and insincere shipkeepers—shipkeepers who were interesting and others who were more nonentities. On the whole, she gave preference to those who took the butter and the sausages and left the soap. These latter were old fellows who had never washed, and did not see the good of changing their habits in old age. This conservatism indicated a character worthy of admiration, and superior to that of such as asked for more soap and hinted at tracts.

She became more and more interested in this work, and lapsed into the habit of going to the docks once a week, at least. As Claud Tyars frequented the same spot with an equal regularity, their meeting was only a question of time.

They had missed each other several times by the merest chance, but at last they came face to face in a most undignified manner. The morning was rather foggy, and in consequence the dock was more silent and sleepier than usual. Miss Winter having just left a boat, was mounting the steep wet steps from the edge of the slimy water, when a tall man, emerging from the fog, came to the top of the stairs and hailed the boat.

"Wait a minute," he said; "I want you."

He came down a step or two and stood to one side to let Miss Winter pass. In doing so, he looked at her, and she, glancing up to thank him, gave a little start.

"Ah!" she exclaimed. "You—here—Mr. Tyars?"

He raised his hat without betraying any surprise.

"Yes," he answered, "of course. The docks have a natural attraction for me—a sailor."

"I forgot," she said, looking calmly at him, "that you were a sailor."

She had been betrayed into surprise, but in a moment her usual alertness returned to her. She passed on, and he followed her.

"Are you alone?" he inquired.

"Oh, yes," she replied, lightly. "I am quite at home here. I come nearly every week and interrupt the meditations of the shipkeepers. I look after their temporal welfare. It is quite my own idea, I assure you, that I have no connection with any philanthropic society."

"Tracts?" he inquired, shortly.

"No; no tracts," she replied. "Sausages, butter and soap—essentially of this world."

He was walking beside her, sulking his step with an implied sense of protection, almost of approbation, which annoyed her.

"There may be," he suggested, half ironically, "a hidden motive in the soap."

"But there is not," she replied, sharply. "I advocate cleanliness only. Personally, I prefer the dirty ones."

"Probably," he said, "you do a great deal of good. These poor fellows lead a very lonely life. You must seem to them like a being from another world."

"So I am, Mr. Tyars," she said, still upholding her work. "Quite another world."

Then she suddenly laid aside her gravity with that strange inconsequence which is one of the many important differences between the male and female mind.

"You speak feelingly," she continued, in thinly veiled mockery. "Perhaps you have been a shipkeeper yourself. You seem to have been a good many things."

"Yes," was the calm reply. "I have. I was once a shipkeeper in the Southern Atlantic."

She was silenced. The details of his terrible experience on board the fever-stricken merchantman had never been vouchsafed, but it was not difficult to imagine them from the official account he had been forced to publish.

Suddenly this cheerful little lady had realized the pettiness of her own existence, the futility of her own small caprice. She glanced up at him, almost meditating an apology. Observant and analytical as she was, she had not yet noticed a fact of which Tyars was fully aware; she had not noticed that in her intercourse with Claud Tyars she invariably began in an antagonistic vein, and that with equal monotony this antagonism melted after a few moments.

In one respect Tyars was a commonplace man. He possessed the genius of command, which is the genius most often encountered in the world. It is merely a genius of adaptation, not of creation. Its chief characteristic is a close but unconscious observation of human nature. He understood all who came in contact with him much better than any one of them understood him. Miss Winter was conscious of a reserve in this man's mind which was irrevocably closed to her. He casually glanced into her character in passing; if there was an inner motive beyond his fathom, he remained indifferent to its presence. When their paths crossed he was pleased to meet her, but he never flattered herself that he would go far out of his way to hear her opinion upon any subject.

"If," she said, "I cared for horrors, I should ask you some day to tell me about—about those days—your ship-keeping days; but I hate horrors."

"I am glad," he said, with evident relief. "I hate horrors, too, and should not make a picturesque story of it."

They walked on in silence, feeling rather more friendly toward each other every moment. It was necessary to pass beneath a crane of which the greasy chain hung loosely right across their path. Tyars stepped forward, and with a quick turn of the wrench-handle, drew the chain taut, and consequently out of her way.

It was a mere incident, trivial in its way; but women note these trivialities and place them together with a skill and sequence which men cannot rival or even imitate. Tyars' action showed an intimate knowledge with the smallest details of the calling he had chosen to follow.

(To be continued.)

POVERTY AND PAUPERISM.

Destitute in America Said to Number Ten Millions.

Poverty and pauperism have been studied by a host of sociologists and there is an immense literature upon the subject. The most recent book, and, in many respects, the most noteworthy, is the one written by Robert Hunter, who for many years has been a practical worker among the submerged tenth, says American Medicine. He defines poverty as the condition in which it is not possible to obtain those necessities which will permit the maintenance of a state of physical efficiency.

He also makes the astounding statement that there are 10,000,000 people in poverty in the United States alone—one in every eight. Charles Booth calculates that 30 per cent of London's population, or 1,300,000 people, are in poverty, and that the rate in smaller towns is nearly the same ("Life and Labor in London"), so that the phenomenon is apparently universal, the lower the civilization the greater the percentage of the poor.

For many reasons the whole matter is of vital interest to the medical profession. In the first place, such a condition of affairs is a serious objection to the new idea that our national dietary is too big—one eighth of us never get enough. The racial deterioration and individual degeneration which must result in such condition of growth of children is a matter for serious thought. In the next place, when any of the poor people become ill, the burden of work falls on the doctor, who, more than any other person in the world, is expected to give assistance without money and without price.

Hunter makes a great distinction between these poor and the paupers, who expect and depend upon more or less assistance even when they are well. He estimates that there are 4,000,000 paupers in the country; 2,000,000 men are unemployed four to six months every year and cannot get work; over 1,700,000 children must work to help support the family, and about 5,000,000 women must work, of whom 2,000,000 are employed in factories. Over one-fourth of New York's people get some kind of public or private relief every year, and yet it is often impossible to get domestics for love or money.

Hard to Locate.

"Being a multimillionaire is too monotonous. If you have too much money you can't enjoy frivolous pastimes."

"Oh, I don't know. Mr. Rockefeller plays the children's game quite often."

"Children's game? What kind is that?"

"Hide and seek."

AGRICULTURAL



Prevents Mud Around Tank.

To prevent a mud hole forming around a watering tank a structure like this can be built. A hole or pit is dug the size of the tank to a depth of six feet and is filled with broken stone. The tank is then mounted on whatever kind of foundation desirable which can be made of brick or stone. The overflow pipe is placed in the center of the tank instead of at the sides which is usually the manner of attaching it. When the wind blows the water instead of slopping out of the sides and



PLAN FOR THE WATER TANK.

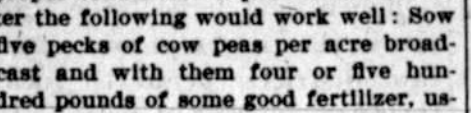
making a mud hole runs over the top of the waste pipe in the center of the tank and runs down to seep away in the broken rock and porous sub-soil. The accompanying illustration will indicate how it is constructed and the manner of disposing of the overflow of water from a stock tank. It will be better to have the water line a few inches lower than the top edge of the tank so as to preclude the possibility of any water escaping and making a mud hole.

Crops Following Cow Peas.

One ought not to get the idea that a worn out piece of ground can be planted to cow peas one year and be sown to seed so as to raise a paying crop the following year. Cow peas renovate the soil and supply nitrogen, but they can not and do not entirely rebuild it in a short period. If one has a worn out strip of soil, he must expect to spend some time and energy on it to get it in proper condition. A plan somewhat after the following would work well: Sow five pecks of cow peas per acre broadcast and with them four or five hundred pounds of some good fertilizer, using a fertilizer more heavily endowed with potash and phosphoric acid than with nitrogen, although it should contain some nitrogen. About the middle of the summer plow the cow peas under, lime the soil heavily, five hundred pounds or more to the acre, harrow in and sow to a mixture of crimson clover and rape. This, plowed under the following spring, would give one a soil fairly good for some cultivated crop upon which a liberal quantity of fertilizer should be used.—Exchange.

Marker for Corn and Beans.

The runners of this marker for corn, beans, etc., are of ash, with pieces of oak 1x4 nailed on top. The crosspieces are of spruce, 1x6. Can mark rows 2 1/2, 3, 3 1/2 or 4 feet, with guide pole to swing either way. What makes this



NEW STYLE OF MARKER.

marker all the more valuable and really a short cut, are the cultivator teeth to the rear of each runner. These teeth are set one inch below the iron shoe of the runner and bolted fast to the 1x4 oak; they make a good, soft seed bed.

Care of Old Orchards.

The man who starts out with a young and vigorous orchard is quite likely to give it reasonable good care, for he believes that, in time, it will bring him good returns. On the other hand, the man with an old orchard, that is an adult orchard, so to speak, generally believes that its days of usefulness are over and gives it little or no care and, as a result, it amounts to but little. Experienced orchardists who have gone into the matter extensively think that the orchard which is not too old is well worth caring for and many of them have made them pay handsomely by the simple process of cultivation of the soil, pruning and spraying the trees.

Horse-Eating in Germany.

Germany ate 96,834 horses in 1906, which was 15,522 more than in 1904. Also 407 more dogs were eaten, not counting the careful statistician adds, those dogs which were slaughtered privately for table use.

Theory Not to Be Scorned.

It is safe to say that in no other profession, for farming is a profession if properly carried on, are there so few practitioners who understand the fundamental principles of their work as among farmers.

We call in a physician, and feel that if he can not tell us pretty nearly what the trouble is with the patient that he does not understand his business. We give a case to a lawyer, and if he makes a mess of it we feel, and rightly, that he is not up in his profession. We of the farm have a poor crop under normal weather conditions, and guess at the cause.

If we plow and sow we hope the soil will bring a certain return. If it does not, how many of us can tell why? The truth of the matter is, we plow and sow without much regard to why we do it, and with even less regard of what our soil needs are and whether we have supplied them.

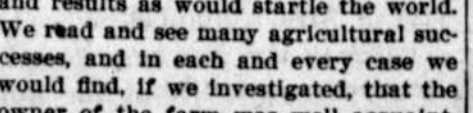
If every soil worker in the country could take a course of one year in practical soil chemistry, there would be such a change in farming operations and results as would startle the world. We read and see many agricultural successes, and in each and every case we would find, if we investigated, that the owner of the farm was well acquainted with it—as well acquainted with the case as the successful lawyer is who wins a case before the bar. Why not begin to study the farm? It surely will pay.—Indianapolis News.

Alfalfa in Connecticut.

I took three and one-half acres of the very highest, driest and poorest section of my field, 100 feet above the water line, and intensely cultivated it to the depth of six inches or more. Then I sowed twenty-five pounds of alfalfa seed to the acre on the 3d of June and 800 pounds of high grade fertilizer to each acre. On July 24, fifty-two days after seeding, I cut and cured 10,706 pounds of dry hay, and on Sept. 13 I cut and cured 10,850 pounds more of dry hay, or 21,556 pounds, almost eleven tons, in 103 days from time of seeding.—It is safe to say three tons to the acre of dry alfalfa hay. I would not advise others to go into the cultivation of alfalfa very extensively at first, yet I think that there are many high and dry fields in New England that could be utilized in the production of alfalfa.—George M. Clark in Farm and Ranch.

Trap for English Sparrows.

In many localities the English sparrow has become a great nuisance. To



ENGLISH SPARROW TRAP.

poison them is dangerous. To make an effective trap, buy wire screening and make a box cage. Cover the top with thin boards; make a large, round hole in center, inserting a wire funnel just small enough for the bird to pass through at lower end. Bait well. The bird lighting on the cage and seeing bait through the funnel will readily pass in.

Curing Hogs of Worms.

According to Doctor Peters, a well-known veterinarian, nothing is better for worms in the lungs of hogs than creosote. It cleans out the intestinal tract. It can be administered in the following manner with the best success: Coal creosote, one ounce; water, ninety-nine ounces. One pint of water weighs sixteen ounces. One ounce of the mixture is the dose for a full-grown animal, and is the dose administered with the morning feed. If it is necessary to drench the animal, use a drenching tube made by taking an ordinary tin funnel and a rubber tube, place the rubber tube into the animal's mouth and allow it to bite on it, and pour the drench into the funnel. It is better to place a piece of metal on the end of the rubber tube so that the animal may bite on it continually without stopping the flow by pinching the rubber tube.

Heavy Draft Animals.

At a recent Missouri Association meeting, Prof. Kennedy spoke as follows about the heavy draft horse:

"The heavy draft horse weighs from 1,600 to 2,000 pounds, and is worth, at a minimum, \$200. Each of the first two additions of a hundred pounds above 1,000 increases the value of the horse \$25, after which every addition in weight means \$50 a hundred pounds. So a draft horse of 2,000 pounds is worth \$500. Light draft horses, weighing from 1,300 to 1,600 pounds, are used for express wagons, fire engines and other heavy but quick work. These bring about \$125 to \$200. The high-acting carriage or coach horse is worth from \$200 to \$2,000. The roadster or gentleman's driving horse, and the gaited saddle horse vary from \$200 to \$300 respectively up to \$1,000. In the last ten years there has been an advance of 25 per cent in the draft horses of Iowa and Missouri.

ASHES OF FUN

Son—Father, why do men get bald sooner than women? Father—Because they don't wear their hair so long.

Him—I see your social rival, Miss Budd, has her picture in to-day's paper. Her—Indeed! What was she cured of?—Scissors.

Rodney—Do you have trouble with "shall" and "will"? Dickey—Nope; my wife says "you shall," and I say "I will"—Puck.

"Is your little brother in the house, Jimmy?" "Sure he is. Don't yer see dat shirt of his hangin' on the line?"—Cleveland Leader.

Mary—They issued a hundred and fifty wedding invitations. Jane—Did they get many valuable presents? Jane—No; they barely made expenses.

Guest (facetiously)—There are two spoons in my tea cup. What is that a sign of? Hostess' Little Son—That's a sign that someone else hasn't got any spoon.

Gramercy—Why not take out of Bridget's wages enough to pay for the things she breaks? Mrs. Gramercy—But, my dear, how could we get her to pay us the balance each month?

"Compulsory education," remarked the moralizer, "is contrary to the laws of nature." "Oh, I don't know," rejoined the demoralizer. "Even the ashes are to be found in schools, you know."

"Why does all the world love a lover?" "Because," answered Miss Cayenne, "it flatters our vanity to observe people who are in love and think how much more sensible we are by comparison."

"No truer words were ever spoken than these: 'A fool and his money are soon parted,'" said the lecturer. "Sure thing," piped a voice from the rear of the hall; "we all gave up fifty cents apiece to get in here!"

"I can't decide," she said, "whether to take the hat or not. But it is just the dearest thing I have seen this season." "The dearest?" asked the husband, with a sardonic laugh. "Then it's certain that you'll take it."

"I am afraid you are one of those people who look down on toil." "Not at all," answered the luxurious youth. "My great-grandfather worked hard and invested his money, and we are quite pleased with him for doing so."—Tit Bits.

Lady (engaging cook)—Why did you leave your last place? Bridget Maloney—Whol, munn, the mistress said she cudn't do widout me, so Oi came to the conclusion that Oi was worth more than she was givin' me, and Oi lift at wanst!—Pick-Me-Up.

"I tell you, man was not meant to live alone. The young man in business who is not married is seriously handicapped." "That's what! Not being able to put his property in his wife's name, he's at the mercy of his creditors."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Teacher—If I gave you 15 cents, and you had spent 8 cents for candy, 2 for marbles, and 1 cent for an apple, what would you have left? Tommy—Fifteen cents. Teacher—Now, how can you give such a silly answer? Tommy—I would. I'd charge the stuff to pa.

"Mr. Buggins," said the attending physician gravely, "I am afraid your wife's mind is gone." "Well, I'm not surprised," replied Mr. B. "She's been giving me a piece of it every day for twenty-three years, and she didn't have a whole lot to start on!"—Washington Life.

"This is the first time you have been to prayer meeting in a long time," said the pastor of a colored congregation. "I had to come," replied Ernest Pinkney. "I needs strength'nin'. I've got a job 'white-washin'—a chicken coop an' bulldin' a fence around a watermelon patch."—Washington Star.

"That barber seems to be doing a rushing business." "Yes. He has invented a hair tonic that smells exactly like gasoline." "But—er—I don't see the point." "It tickles the vanity of his patrons. They go around smelling of gasoline, and this gives the impression that they own automobiles."—Exchange.

Absentminded.—It is reported that Rev. A. C., of Boston, had a new telephone introduced and he became so fascinated with it during the week that on the next Sunday morning he startled his congregation by announcing: "Give us hymn Double—One—O—Six—Three!"

Lives there a man who has not said, "To-morrow I'll get out of bed at 6 o'clock and get things done before the setting of the sun?"

Lives there a man who has not said, "At 6 a. m., 'How good this bed does feel,' and mores till after 8. Then wondered how he slept so late?"

—Grace G. Bostwick, in Woman's Home Companion.

An innkeeper once had the good fortune to entertain his Sovereign, who consumed, among other things, a couple of eggs, for which he was charged a guinea apiece. "Eggs must be very scarce here," remarked his Royal Highness, as he scanned the bill. "No, sire," was the answer, "but Kings are."—Argonaut.

"And you're not married after all these years?" "No," replied the old bachelor friend whom he had not seen for a long time, "I don't seem to have any luck. But I've started on a new plan. I bought an old to courtship yesterday." "You don't mean to tell me you'd follow one of those absurd books—" "Book, nothing. Mine's an automobile."—Milwaukee Journal.