

Prisoners and Captives

By H. S. MERRIMAN

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

All except Oswin laughed at this feat of memory.

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

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

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

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

"Where is Muggins?" he asked.

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

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

So Muggins was introduced to his new friends, standing gravely on the dining room hearthrug with his sturdy legs set well apart, his stump of a tail jerking nervously at times, and his pink-rimmed eyes upraised appealingly to his master's face. He was endeavoring to the best of his ability to understand who all these well-dressed people were, and why he was forced into such sudden prominence. Moreover, he was desirous of acquitting himself well; and that smell of oxtail soup was somewhat distracting to a seafarer.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

When Miss Winter's carriage was announced at a quarter to eleven Tyars rose and said good-night with an unemotional ease which equally have marked

the beginning of intimacy or the consummation of a formal social debt.

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

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

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

CHAPTER IX.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Ay," responded the red-faced man, slowly.

He was no great conversationalist. With his great head bent forward he stood beside the tall, straight man, and in his attitude and demeanor there was a marked resemblance to a shaggy, good-natured bear.

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

"Fine!"

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

"And the standing rigging is all up?"

"Ay."

"And the running rigging ready?"

"Ay; them riggers was fools."

Tyars smiled in an amused way and said nothing.

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

When they reached the steamer Tyars clambered up the side first, stepping on board with the air of a man well acquainted with every corner of the ship. He looked around him with an unconscious pride of possession at which a yachtman would have laughed, for there was no great merit in being the owner of such a ludicrous and strange craft. Peters, the red-faced sailor, followed, and a minute examination of the vessel began. Below, on deck and up aloft the two men overhauled together every foot of timber, every bolt and seizing. The taciturn old fellow followed his employer without vouchsafing a word of praise of his own handiwork. He did not even deign to point out what had been done, but followed with his head bent forward, his knotted fingers clasped behind his back. As it happened there was no need to draw attention to such details, for here again Tyars displayed the unerring powers of his singular memory. No tiny alteration escaped him. There seemed to be in his mind a minute inventory of the ship, for without effort he recalled the exact state of everything at an earlier period, vaguely designated as "before I went away."

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

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

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

"A royal navy man."

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

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

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

"Ay."

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

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

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

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

"There's plenty o' work in him, an' he's cheerful," almost pleaded the man.

Tyars shook his head firmly. Had Miss Winter seen his face then, she would have admitted readily enough that he was a man with a purpose.

"He is too young, Peters."

The carpenter shuffled awkwardly, his lips close pressed.

"Have ye thowt on it?" he inquired.

Tyars nodded.

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

"Can't do it, Peters."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(To be continued.)

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

CARL SCHURZ.

Had Gained an Honorable Place Among Our Great Men.

After having lingered between life and death with a complication of diseases for more than a week, Carl Schurz, the famous publicist, editor and statesman, passed away at his home in New York City.

From a poor immigrant, landing in this country when he was 23 years old, Carl Schurz worked his way upward to a position in the foremost ranks of public life. The story of this immigrant boy reads more like a volume of juvenile fiction, with the hero always good and true and struggling for high ideals, than a recital of incidents which make up the career of the great publicist. As statesman, soldier, editor and thinker, Mr. Schurz held the respect of the best element of this country, and many of those who fought side by side with him



CARL SCHURZ.

In the many battles for civic righteousness in which he took a leading part believe it impossible for the country to measure the full value of his services to it.

The life of Schurz was full of adventure and interesting details. He was born at Liblar, near Cologne, Prussia, on March 2, 1829. He was educated at the Gymnasium of Cologne and subsequently at the University of Bonn, which he entered in 1846.

Gottfried Kinkel, poet, philosopher and patriot, who had married Carl Schurz's cousin, was professor of rhetorics in the university. After the revolution of 1848 had broken out Kinkel headed an insurrection, was captured and condemned to imprisonment for twenty years. Schurz was engaged in the defense of Rastadt, a town and fortress in Baden, when it was captured. He hid in a shed for three days and finally escaped through a sewer and made his way to Switzerland and thence to Paris. There, disguised as an organ grinder, he effected the rescue of Kinkel, who accompanied him to England. Schurz supported himself in London for a while, teaching German and writing letters to German newspapers, before he came to the United States in 1852.

When Schurz landed in New York he could neither speak nor write the English language, and the political banners of Pierce and Scott which spanned Broadway were a sore puzzle to him. Yet three years afterward he was admitted to the bar in Jefferson, Wis., and immediately entered the struggle against the aggressions of slavery, for which the Republican party was rapidly organizing. Schurz worked mainly through the Germans of the Northwest, and five years after landing in this country the immigrant boy was nominated for Lieutenant Governor of Wisconsin and came within 200 votes of being elected.

In 1858 Schurz took an active part in the Lincoln-Douglas campaign in Illinois, and it was during this that he formed a friendship with Lincoln which was ended only by the death of the President. In 1859 Schurz went to Boston, where he made an address on True Americanism, which was commented on all over the country. One reading the speech would find it hard to believe that it was written by a man who seven years before could not speak English.

A year after making this address Mr. Schurz was elected chairman of the Republican national convention in Chicago, and supported the nomination of Mr. Seward to the last. After the convention he spoke in various States of the Union, and on the accession of Abraham Lincoln to the presidency Mr. Schurz was appointed minister to Spain. He reached Madrid in July, but after he realized how great a struggle the Civil War was to be he was recalled at his own request. In December he was appointed a brigadier general of volunteers. Mr. Schurz commanded a division of the Eleventh Corps under Howard, fought with Fremont and Sigel, and ended his service under Sherman in North Carolina.

After the war Mr. Schurz was appointed a special commissioner to report on the condition of the seaboard and gulf states, and after that he became a special correspondent of the New York Tribune. In 1866 he became

editor of the Detroit Post and a year later he moved to St. Louis, where he purchased an interest in the Westliche Post, of which he took charge. In 1869 Mr. Schurz was elected United States Senator from Missouri.

He found himself very soon forced to oppose the tendencies developed by the strenuous war period in the party to which he had been warmly devoted, and he threw aside the party yoke by opposing the plans of President Grant. The first open difference came with the submission to the Senate of the treaty for the annexation of Santo Domingo, which he fought with all his energy.

In the Liberal Republican movement he took a prominent part and was chairman of the Cincinnati convention which nominated Horace Greeley. He was actively engaged in the Ohio canvass, supporting the election of Hayes as Governor on a hard money platform, and he also took an active part in the presidential campaign which resulted in the election of Hayes. In 1877 he was appointed to a seat in the cabinet.

It was while Secretary of the Interior that Mr. Schurz put into operation the principles and methods of civil service reform, seven years before their adoption by law.

Although Mr. Schurz held no public office after his retirement from the cabinet his influence in public affairs was felt almost to the end of his life. He was a powerful antagonist of machine politics, and because of his strong following his co-operation in all reform movements was welcomed.

Ministerial Courtesy.

When the Rev. Frank Ritchie of St. Ignace's Church in New York was rector of the Church of the Ascension in Chicago, he was most popular with his bishop because of his extremely high church ritualism and was known as the "black sheep of the diocese." At a general gathering of the clergy, Father Ritchie was paired off with the only colored rector in the bishop's jurisdiction. The clerical wits joked about it.

"The two black sheep of the diocese walked together," remarked one of them. The colored brother, a broad churchman, happened to overhear the remark.

"I should like to know what I have done?" he demanded with rancor.

It was not long afterward that Father Ritchie went to preach in this same colored rector's church, and he was introduced in this manner:

"Father Ritchie will preach this evening. Before the sermon we will sing the hymn beginning: 'My soul, be on thy guard.'—Everybody's Magazine.

DOWAGER EMPRESS MAY LEAVE RUSSIA.

The Dowager Empress of Russia is said to have decided to leave that country forever. A few weeks ago she bought the beautiful palace of Hvi-



DOWAGER EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

doere, near Copenhagen, and she has now bought another country seat in England. Her sister, Queen Alexandra, of England, it is said, is responsible for this change and the Dowager Empress expects to spend her summers in Denmark with her brother, King Frederick, and her winters in England.

Method.

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

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

Good Morning, Judge!

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

Unsoiled.

"Don't you think Brown is inclined to dally with the truth?"
"I don't think he ever touches it."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Pay day comes slowly to a man who watches the clock.