

# Prisoners and Captives

By H. S. MERRIMAN

## CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

The idlers in the shipping office at Tower Hill were treated on the following morning to a strange sight. According to formula, the brokers of the Martial had indicated to the shipping authorities their desire to pay off the crew of the vessel. Shortly before the hour named a number of women began to assemble. Some were dressed respectably, others were of the lowest class that London produces; but all made some attempt at mourning. One or two wore their crape veils with that incomprehensible feminine pride in such habiliment which shows itself in all grades of society, while others were clad in black—rusty, ill-fitting, evidently barrowed. A common sorrow, a mutual interest, served as introduction among these ladies, and they talked eagerly together. Scraps of conversation floated over the black bonnets. One had lost her husband, another her son, a third only her brother. "Ain't he come yet?" they asked one another at intervals. "The survivor—im that brought'er 'ome with his own hands. I want to ask him about my man—about his end."

At last a hansom cab turned the corner of the Minorities and pulled up noisily on the noisy stones. Claud Tyars threw open the doors and stepped out. He had come to be paid off; he was the crew of the Martial.

In a moment he was surrounded by the women, every one clamoring for news of her dead sailor. The broker's clerk, an observant youth, noticed that during the half hour that followed Tyars never referred to his log-book, but answered each question unerringly from memory. He gave details, dates and particulars without hesitation or doubt. It was perhaps owing to a knowledge of the commercial value of a good memory that the young clerk made note of these details. He was not observant enough to take account of the finer shades of manner, of the infinite tact with which the survivor of the crew treated the women folk of his late comrades. He did not detect the subtle art by which some were sent away rejoicing over the dogged, dauntless courage of their husbands; he was only conscious of a feeling of admiration for this man who, hitherto, had hardly noticed him. But he failed to discern that the difficult task was accomplished unconsciously. He did not realize that Claud Tyars possessed a gift which is only second to genius in worldly value—the gift of unobtrusively ruling his fellow men.

As Tyars drove away from the shipping office he saw the street news venders displaying their posters with the words, "A Wonderful Story of the Sea" printed in sensational type. "Hang it!" he muttered, with a vexed laugh, "I never counted on a notoriety of this sort."

Presently he bought an evening paper and read of the exploits of "Captain" Tyars with a singular lack of pride.

When Mr. Lowell, the owner of the Martial, offered him the command of the ship the same afternoon he gravely and politely declined it. With the ship-owner, as with Lieut. Grace, Tyars appeared quite blind to the necessity of an explanation, and none was asked.

So ended the incident of the Martial. Its direct bearing upon the life of Claud Tyars would seem to terminate at the same moment; but indirectly the experience thus acquired influenced his career, formed to some extent his character, and led—as all things great and small lead us—to the end.

## CHAPTER VI.

In the meantime Lieut. Grace had received at the hands of his father and sister a warm welcome.

Without announcement of any description he made his way from the Admiralty to Brook street and knocked at his father's door. He found the old gentleman and Miss Helen Grace engaged in the consumption of afternoon tea.

"Oswin!" exclaimed the old admiral. "I thought you were on the African coast."

Helen Grace was a young lady not much given to exclamatory expressions of feeling. She rose from the low chair she habitually occupied and kissed her brother. Then she turned his face toward the light by the collar of his coat. "Have you been invalided home?" she asked.

"No."

"The Foam is out there still," put in the Admiral, eager to show his intimate knowledge of official matters.

"Yes, I came home on a derelict. A fine, big ship without a crew. All dead of yellow fever except one. I am glad that he was picked out by Providence to survive."

"Why?" inquired Helen.

"Because I like him."

"What was he, an officer?" asked the Admiral.

"Second mate, holding a captain's certificate. I have asked him to dinner to-morrow night."

"Oh!" murmured Helen, doubtfully.

"With his dog—the other survivor."

"Ah!" said Helen in a more interested tone. "Do they know how to behave themselves?"

"I think so—both of them," was the reply. "Although we did not dress for dinner on board the Martial."

"It seems to me," observed the Admiral, with an easy chuckle, "that you did not devote much time at all to the question of toilet."

"No," replied Grace, frankly. "We were a shady crew. You see, there were only ten of us to navigate a thousand-ton ship full rigged. We had no time for personal adornment. You will see all about it in the evening paper. I

brought one with me on purpose. May I have some tea, Helen? It is months since I have seen such an article as bread and butter."

The girl hastened to supply his wants, performing her duties with a deft sureness of touch where maidens are not dolls. While Grace was performing wonders among the dainties supplied to him, his father read aloud the details of his deeds upon the high seas, and Helen listened with a faint smile of pride upon her refined face.

"And this man," she inquired, when the paragraph had been duly digested—"the man you have asked to dinner—what is he like?"

The naval officer helped himself to a limp slice of bread and butter with great thoughtfulness.

"That is just the difficulty, my dear," he replied. "I cannot tell you what he is like, because I don't know. I do not understand him—that is the long and short of it. He is above me."

"I suppose," suggested the Admiral, who held the keener study of human nature in some contempt, "that he is merely a rough sailor man—a merchant captain?"

"No, he is hardly that. I want you," continued the lieutenant, after a pause, turning to his sister, "to judge for yourself, so will not tell you what I think about him."

"Then he is interesting?"

"Yes, I think you will find him interesting."

Helen was already seeking in her mind how things could be made easy and comfortable for the unpolished hero whom her brother had so unceremoniously introduced into the house.

"Agnes Winter was coming to-morrow to dine, but she can be put off," she observed, carelessly.

"Agnes Winter—why should she be put off? Let her come, by all means."

The little man's manner was perhaps too indifferent to be either natural or polite. He was either unconsciously rude or exaggerating an indifference he did not feel. Helen, however, continued her remarks without appearing to notice anything.

"Would you not," she inquired, while replacing in its vase a flower that had become displaced, "rather have him quite alone—when we are by ourselves, I mean?"

"Oh, no. He is all right. If he is good enough for you, he is good enough for Agnes Winter."

"Has he got a suit of dress clothes?" asked the Admiral, with a blunt laugh.

Lieut. Grace let his hand fall heavily upon his thigh with a gesture of mock regret.

"I quite forgot to ask him," he exclaimed, dramatically.

"There is some mystery attached to this person," laughed Helen. Her laughter was a little prolonged in order that her father, whose duller sense of humor sometimes failed to follow his son's fancy, might comprehend that this was a joke.

"Well," said the old gentleman, thrusting his hands deeply into his pockets, "I like a man to come to my table in a claw-hammer coat."

## CHAPTER VII.

Helen's eyes rested for a moment on her brother's face. With an almost imperceptible movement of lid and eyebrow he reassured her.

"What time is dinner? I told him to come at 7 o'clock," said he, holding out his cup for more tea.

"That is right," answered Helen.

"You would have done better," said the Admiral, still unpacified, "to have given the man a dinner at your club."

"Oh!" replied his son, serenely, "I wanted you and Helen to make his acquaintance; besides, I could not have invited Muggins to the club."

"Muggins!" growled the old gentleman, interrogatively.

"The dog."

"Ah! Is he a presentable sort of fellow, then, that you want your sister to meet him?"

"The dog?" inquired Grace, with much innocence.

"No," laughed his father, despite himself; "the man—Tyre, or Sidon, or whatever his name is."

"Tyars. Yes; I think so. Tyars is distinctly presentable, or else I would not have suggested his coming to dine with Helen—and Agnes Winter."

Helen had moved away toward the window, and was now leaning against the folded and old-fashioned shutter. She turned and looked at her brother as he spoke, with that gentle, womanly scrutiny.

Like her brother, Helen Grace favored to some extent a gravity of demeanor when in repose, and her face was of that refined type which possesses a great mobility. Some faces there are which seem to have brought from old times a recollection of gay knights, full of poetry and full of fight; of troubadours and patient women. Oswin and Helen Grace were of this mold. In profile the chiseling of either face was perfect, for Helen was but a refined miniature of her brother; and in smiling their gray eyes lighted up with the self-same soft merriment.

As she stood in the soft sunlight looking sideways toward her brother her tenderness was visible. These two were the only children of a dead mother, who if she had never quite understood her husband had at all events possessed the power of loving her children. Oswin Grace had left home early, as all naval men must, and during the short spells allowed to him by a grateful country as recreation he had not learned to know his sis-

ter very well—not well enough to forget that he owed to her the respect due to all women.

The two men now started a conversation upon very nautical matters, employing such technical terms and waxing so interested that Helen sought a chair near the window and settled down to listen with respectful silence. When the Admiral had left the room Oswin crossed the floor and stood beside his sister, his scrutinizing glance cast downward.

"How is Agnes Winter?" he asked.

"She is very well. Did those flowers remind you of her?"

"Ye-es," he replied, slowly. "I wonder why?"

"Because she arranged them, I suppose," suggested the girl, looking up suddenly, as if struck at the possibility of her idea being of some weight.

"Perhaps so. She is not engaged yet?" Helen threaded a needle with some care and stooped over her work.

"No; she is just the same as ever. Always busy, always happy, always a favorite. But—she never hears the slightest rumor of an engagement, or even a flirtation."

"While," added Grace, airily, "her dear friend flirts here and flirts there, but keeps clear of the serious part of it all with equal skill."

"Which friend?" inquired Helen, innocently.

"Yourself."

"Oh! I have my duties. Papa could not get on without me. Besides, I never flirt. Marriage and love and all that, my brother, have much more to do with convenience than is generally supposed."

"Indeed?" he inquired with fine sarcasm.

"Yes; I have studied the question. You may know more about the slave trade than I do, because you have had superior advantages in that direction; but I also have had advantages, and from personal observation beg to state that in nine cases out of ten convenience is the source of love—in the tenth case it is propinquity."

"Thank you," he said, fervently. "I will make a mental note of your observations, and when I marry a plain and stupid heiress perhaps you will withdraw them."

She ignored his pleasantry.

"I often wonder," he said, thoughtfully, "why somebody or other does not fall in love with Agnes Winter."

After a pause he put forward a suggestion.

"Because she will not let them, perhaps."

"That may be so; but surely a sensible man does not wait to be allowed."

"The question," he answered, with mock gravity, "is rather beyond me. It is hard to say what a sensible man would do, because in such matters no rule can be laid down defining where sense begins and foolishness ends. The man who got Agnes Winter would be sensible, however he did it."

Presently the girl went to dressing for dinner, leaving her brother standing at the window, whistling softly beneath his breath.

## CHAPTER VIII.

If there had been any doubts entertained or discussed as to the presentability of Claud Tyars in polite circles, these were destined to an instant removal when that individual entered the drawing room of No. 105 Brook street.

His dress, if it erred at all, did so on the side of a too scrupulous adherence to the latest dictates of society. His manners were those of a traveled and experienced gentleman. That is to say, he was polite without eagerness, pleasant without gush, semi-interested, semi-indifferent.

Oswin Grace advanced to meet him with a quick glance of satisfaction at his irreproachable get-up, which Tyars showed no signs of having detected.

The necessary introductions were made, and Tyars displayed the same perfect knowledge of social habits up to date. His bow was pure and simple, and to the Admiral he offered his hand in a calm, decisive way, which somewhat interfered with the old gentleman's dignified coldness.

"I think," said Helen at once, with a characteristic desire to make things pleasant, "that we have met before."

She was looking up at Tyars, who, being very tall, stood a head higher than any one in the room, and in her eyes there was no speculation, no searching into the recesses of her memory. The remark was without interrogative hesitation. It was the assertion of a fact well known to her, and yet her color changed.

"Yes," answered Tyars; "I had the pleasure of dancing with you on several occasions at the Commemoration three years ago."

"But you are not an Oxford man?" put in Lieut. Grace.

"No."

He did not seem to think it worth while mentioning that his name was on the books of the sister university.

"What a good memory you have, Mr. Tyars!" observed Miss Agnes Winter in a smooth, soft voice. "Perhaps you can help mine. Have we met before? I know your face."

He turned to her with a smile in which there was no light of dawning recollection.

"Hardly," he replied. "But you were sitting in the middle of the last row of the stalls at a performance of 'Hamlet' last autumn."

## (To be continued.)

### Snap for the Hero.

"Your play is too commonplace," said the manager, as he handed back the manuscript. "There is no snap to it."

"No snap!" echoed the author. "Why, the hero marries an orphan girl with a million dollars in the last act."

### Handles the Bones.

Myer—Black tells me he has a brother who is a rattling good actor.

Gyer—That's a fact. He's one of the end men in a minstrel show.

# OREGON STATE ITEMS OF INTEREST

## VALLEY GRAIN LOOKS WELL.

## Hops Give Promise of Yielding an Immense Crop.

Salem—Crop prospects in the country surrounding Salem are very encouraging. The reports of aphid and Hessian fly are heard only from the Howell prairie neighborhood and are not coming from any other section. An extensive travel as far south as Stayton, eastward to Scott's Mills and north to Hubbard reveals a splendid stand of grain and grass everywhere, with a promise of the greatest yield in many years.

Fruit is looking well. In many places close to streams, where brush is plentiful, there is a plague of caterpillars, which are bothering the trees and form a source of troublesome annoyance.

Hops are fine; rank growth in all yards that are taken care of. A prominent grower says that Oregon will gather the heaviest crop of hops in its history.

Spring work has been well done throughout this county and there has been much substantial improvement made on the farms. There is a noticeable tone of prosperity everywhere. New dwellings, new barns, new fences greet the eye in all directions, while paint has added its beautifying influence quite generally.

A great deal of permanent road work has been done and along the highways a marked change for the better has been wrought by the tearing out of old rail fences, the substitution of neat wire fences and the clearing away of the unsightly, wasteful fence rows of brush, weeds and wild roses. The entire farming country breathes a spirit of progress and prosperity.

## Oil in Vicinity of Lacombe.

Albany—Representatives of Eastern capitalists have recently been investigating the discovery of oil in the vicinity of Lacombe, Linn county, and it is generally believed here that development of the property on a big scale will be begun soon. The operations have been conducted with secrecy, however, and for that reason, very little definite information can be obtained. For years past indications of oil have been found at different points between Lacombe and Lebanon, and though there were no guishers, it is believed the oil was there in paying quantities.

## New Assistant Matron.

Chemawa—Miss Marie Johnson, of San Jose, Cal., has been appointed assistant matron at the Chemawa Indian school. Miss Johnson was in California during the earthquake, and was among those to have their homes shaken and destroyed. Miss Alice B. Preuss, of Lapwai, Idaho, has been appointed clerk at the Indian training school. Miss Preuss has had several years' experience as teacher in Idaho and elsewhere in the Indian service before coming to Chemawa.

## Edward D. Jasper Wins Prize.

University of Oregon, Eugene—The Bennett prize, from the income of a gift of \$400 made to the university by Philo Sherman Bennett, of New Haven, Conn., for the best student paper on the principles of free government, was won by Edward D. Jasper, '06. Jasper is a senior of the department of economics. He registers from La Grande. The subject of his paper was "The Basic Principles of Lawmaking." This year is the first time the Bennett prize has been offered.

## Lessons in Making Roads.

Salem—Work has commenced upon the mile of "government object lesson road," being constructed under the supervision of the government. A. E. Loder, assistant engineer, office of public roads, Washington, D. C., is in the city. D. G. Haire and Andrew Wilbert, government experts on roadbuilding, are also here. Great interest is manifested in the road, as the government will build only two stretches as an object lesson roads in the state, one being constructed here and the other at Pendleton.

## Pool of Timber Claims Sold.

Albany—A pool of 123 timber claims in Crook and Klamath counties was sold in this city last week to the Deachutes Lumber company for \$196,800, or \$1,600 a claim. About 100 of the claims were owned by Albany people and were taken up in the great rush for timber land about four years ago. The sale was affected by means of a pool of the claims and was handled by the holders of the claims themselves.

## Lost Mountain of Gold Found.

Medford—A messenger just in from Elliott creek, in the Siskiyou mountains, reports the discovery of a mountain of free milling ore six miles from Joe Bar and three miles from the Blue Ledge copper mine, assaying \$30 to \$100 per ton, which appears to be the long sought mother lode of the Applegate section. Dr. Reddy, who is now on the ground, pronounces it the most marvelous ledge he ever saw.

## GIFTS FOR BAY CITY SCHOOLS.

Salem—J. H. Ackerman, superintendent of public instruction, has issued a circular suggesting that the respective public schools of the state devise ways and means for the raising of money to be turned into the San Francisco reconstruction fund for the rebuilding of schools destroyed by the fire. In all, 34 school buildings were destroyed by the fire at San Francisco, to replace which will cost \$6,000,000.

The school authorities of the Bay City have been led to receive donations, as the finances of the city are strained to the utmost, and it would be a considerable time before the city, unaided, could replace the schools. It is their purpose, whenever the contributions from a given state shall reach a sufficient amount to erect a building, to name that building after the state giving the money. All the school officers and the public schools of Oregon have been mailed circulars by Superintendent Ackerman.

## Wages Raised at Oregon City.

Oregon City—The Willamette Pulp & Paper company has announced an advance of 25 cents per day per man for every man employed at their mills in this city who is now receiving \$1.75 and \$2 per day. This advance affects the wages of about 500 men and means an increase in the monthly payroll of about \$3,750 per month, or about \$45,000 per annum. This increase in the wage schedule at the Oregon City mills, it is alleged by a representative of the Willamette Pulp & Paper company, has been contemplated by the management for the last three months.

## Will Increase Business.

Medford—The Butte Falls Lumber company announces that it now has its sawmill plant at Butte Falls in condition to put out at least 140,000 feet of lumber a day, just as soon as the Medford & Crater Lake railroad is extended to its timber belt. The large acreage of timber sold during the last few weeks, and the fact that the larger tracts are under bond in that great timber section at the head of Rogue river and the two Butte creeks, is significant of an intention to rush this railroad through to completion shortly.

## New Brewery Ice Plant.

The Dalles—The Eastern Oregon Brewing company of this city has just put into operation its ice plant and cold storage cellar. The Eastern Oregon Brewing company was incorporated a year ago by Dalles people, and bought the Columbia brewery of August Buchler for \$35,000. Since then the company has rebuilt the brewery at an expense of about \$50,000.

## Fire Warnings Sent Out.

Salem—For the protection of the forests of Oregon fire notice warnings are being sent out by the secretary of state to all fire rangers. The notices are printed on cloth and contain the principal provisions of an act passed by the legislature.

## PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Club, 72@73c; bluestem, 74@75c; red, 70@71c; valley, 72c.

Oats—No. 1 white feed, \$31.50; gray, \$31.50 per ton.

Barley—Feed, \$24.50 per ton; brewing, nominal; rolled, \$25@26.

Hay—Valley timothy, No. 1, \$12@13 per ton; clover, \$7.50@8; cheat, \$6@7; grain hay, \$7@8; alfalfa, \$13.

Fruits—Apples, \$2.50@3.50 per box; apricots, \$1.50@1.75 crate; cherries, 75c@1 per box; strawberries, 7@9c per pound; gooseberries, 5@6c per pound.

Vegetables—Beans, 3@5c; cabbage, \$1@1.25 per 100; green corn, 40@50c doz.; onions, 8@10c per dozen; peas, 5c; radishes, 10c per dozen; rhubarb, 3c per pound; spinach, 90c per box; parsley, 25c; squash, \$1 per crate; turnips, \$1@1.25 per sack; carrots, .65@75c per sack; beets, 85c@1 per sack.

Onions—New, 1 1/2@2c per pound.

Potatoes—Fancy graded Burbanks, 50@60c per hundred; ordinary, nominal; new California, 2c per pound.

Butter—Fancy creamery, 17 1/2@20c per pound.

Eggs—Oregon ranch, 19@20c per dozen.

Poultry—Average old hens, 12@13c per pound; mixed chickens, 11 1/2@12c; broilers, 15@16c; roosters, 10c; dressed chickens, 13@14c; turkeys, live, 15@18c; turkeys, dressed, choice, 20@22c; geese, live, 9@10c; geese, dressed, old, 10c; young, 12c; ducks, old, 14@15c; young, 15@16c.

Hops—Oregon, 1905, 10@12 1/2c.

Wool—Eastern Oregon average best, 18@21 1/2c; valley, coarse, 23@23 1/2c; fine, 24@25c; mohair, choice, 28@30c, per pound.

Veal—Dressed, 3 1/2@6c per pound.

Beef—Dressed bulls, 3c per pound; cows, 4 1/2@5 1/2c; country steers, 5@6c.

Mutton—Dressed fancy, 7@8c per pound; ordinary, 5@6c; lambs, with pelt on, 8c.

Pork—Dressed, 7@9c.