

Prisoners and Captives

By H. S. MERRIMAN

CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

"If," he said presently, "you were my sister, or if I were fortunate enough to possess a right to comment upon your actions, I should be strongly tempted to throw cold water upon your charity."

"Of course you would," she replied. "Nine men out of ten would do the same."

"I hope so."

"I am sure of it, Mr. Tyars, and, moreover, I do not defend myself. It is very difficult to find a channel for charitable motives to run in. At any rate, I do no harm to these old men."

"I have no doubt you do them a great deal of good," he said, rather bluntly: "but you are hardly the person to do it. This is not the place for a lady to wander about in alone. Wait twenty years."

She laughed, and stepped aside to hold out her arms in expostulation.

"I'm not a girl," she said; "and look at me. A thick veil and a clumsy old ulster without a waist to it. I think, indeed, it is foolish of me to ask you to look."

He did look, gravely, from the top of her simple hat to the toes of her small boots peeping out beneath the ulster.

"It is no use," he said, "you cannot disguise yourself. No woman," he added, "with your—advantages can."

He was quite right. Plainness is easier to conceal than beauty. There is nothing more difficult to hide than a pretty face and a graceful figure. They walked on again.

"If," she said, "we waited for men to tell us what we can do and what we cannot, a great deal of good would remain undone."

He would not argue; and his silence softened her humor, for it betrayed a determination to interfere no further.

"It is not," she said, continuing her defense with womanlike persistence, "as if I dragged other people into it. I do not, for instance, bring Helen here."

As she said this she glanced up at him. "No," he answered, calmly, returning her gaze.

They were now at the dock gates, and the constable on duty touched the brim of his helmet in double recognition.

"May I call a hansom?" inquired Tyars.

"Thank you," she said. "There is one coming."

While waiting for the cab she spoke again.

"I feel," she said, lightly, "like a runaway school girl. Will you please tell no tales out of school?"

"You can trust me, Miss Winter," he said, as he helped her into the cab, "to hold my tongue. It is one of the few accomplishments I possess."

CHAPTER XV.

Claud Tyars had taken up his abode in a residential club in London. This change had been dictated by motives of economy. He said that he found chambers in the Albany too expensive for a man who was seldom in London. No one to whom he made this statement was posted as to the extent of his income, and the excuse passed readily enough.

He was certainly freer in his new quarters—free to come and go when the spirit moved him, and to some extent he took advantage of his newly established liberty. His absences were frequent, but he was seldom away from London for more than a night or two. He frequently ran down to Glasgow, and once to Peterhead, where he spent two nights.

One morning in early December he was partaking of a very hearty breakfast at the Wanderers' Club, where he had temporarily taken rooms, when Matthew Mark Easton was shown in. The American was also a member of this club, which was, singularly enough, composed of members of some university or another, duly qualified by the power and means to satisfy the cravings of a roaming spirit.

Without a word he threw down upon the breakfast table a letter, of which the envelope had been torn. Tyars was quite equal to the American in quickness of thought. Preserving the same stolid silence, he tossed across the table another envelope identical in every way, and addressed by the same hand. Then he continued his breakfast. Easton spoke the two words:

"Wednesday week."

"Yes; Wednesday week."

"The night," said Easton, "that we fixed for Guy Fawkes."

"Yes. We must have the meeting on Tuesday night. We must go to this."

Tyars laid his hand on the letter. The American's quick little eyes were dancing over his whole person, even to the tips of the quiescent brown fingers.

"Must we?" he inquired.

"Tyars looked up sharply.

"I do not believe," he said, "that you appreciate the importance of Oswin Grace."

"Good sailor man!" answered the American, "but too many women folk. They will give us trouble."

"Grace is worth it. He is something more than a good sailor. I cannot define it, but he has something which makes him just the man I want."

Easton was silent. He had a great respect for his big, calm Englishman; the sort of respect that one has for anything larger than one's self in the way of an animal.

"Well, then," he said, "we will go. I shall call the meeting on Tuesday week at my rooms as before. It is the last full meeting we shall ever have."

With that he rose and held out his hand. When he was gone, Claud Tyars turned to his breakfast again. He spent the morning at the docks, and in the af-

ternoon returned to his rooms tired and rather dirty. In a few minutes all signs of fatigue and work were removed, and he set off on foot to call at Brook street, one of the best dressed men in Piccadilly.

There was a sailor-like frankness in the way in which Salter, the admiral's butler, opened the door when the visitor was fortunate enough to find any one at home. The formal threshold question was dispensed with by the genial welcome or the heartfelt sorrow expressed by the man's brown and furrowed face.

He welcomed Tyars with a special grin and an ill-concealed desire to grab at a forelock now brushed scrupulously back. Salter had always endeavored through life to adapt himself ungrudgingly to circumstances, and he succeeded fairly well in remembering on most occasions that he was a butler, but his love for all mariners was a thing he never fully managed to conceal. Land-lubbers he tolerated now, and he liked a soldier, but his honest, dog-like heart went out to all who, like himself, loved a breeze of wind and the sweet, keen smell of spray. There was a bond in mutual love, whether it be of dog or horse, of sport or work, of land or sea, and Tyars always felt an inclination to shake honest John Salter by the hand when he saw him.

To these feelings of sympathy must be attributed the fact that Tyars forgot to inquire whether the admiral were at home. That some one was to be found upstairs in the drawing room was obvious enough from Salter's beaming countenance; but the maritime butler omitted to give particulars.

Thus it happened that the surprise was mutual when Tyars and Helen Grace found themselves face to face alone in the drawing room.

She had been seated at a small table near the window and she rose to receive him, without, however, moving toward the door.

He came forward without appearing to notice a slight movement of embarrassment on her part, and shook hands. Most men would have launched into unnecessary explanations respecting his presence, his motive for coming, and his firm resolve to leave again at once. But Claud Tyars occasionally took it upon himself to ignore the usages of his fellows.

"I have much pleasure," he said, with grave jocularity, "in accepting your kind invitation to dine on Wednesday week; and I am yours truly, Claud Tyars."

Helen laughingly expressed her pleasure that he was able to come, and returned to her chair beside the little table. She was quite her gentle, contained self again. The signs of embarrassment, if such they were, had quite disappeared, and she asked him to find a chair for himself with just that modicum of familiarity which one allows one's self toward the intimate friend of a brother or sister. This he did, frankly bringing a seat nearer to the small table.

"If," he continued, "it will be any satisfaction to your hospitable mind, I will disclose the fact that my friend Easton is also able to avail himself of your kindness."

"I am glad," she said, glancing across at him with those gravely questioning eyes of hers, which somehow conjured up thoughts of olden times, of quieter days when there was time to think and live and love. "Mr. Tyars," she continued, "I have an apology to make to you."

He looked at her without speaking for some moments. In another man one would almost have suspected a desire to prolong the contemplation of a very lovely, shamed face.

"For what?" he said at length.

"For disliking you—I mean for beginning to dislike you. I don't—I—that was at first."

"I wonder," he said, with quick mercy, "if you know why you began by disliking me."

"I think I do."

He smiled and turned away his eyes rather suddenly. There was a paper knife lying on the table, and he took it up, subsequently balancing it on his finger, while she watched him with vague and mechanical interest.

"Tell me," he said.

"Jealousy."

"Ah!"

He glanced almost furtively toward her and caught a passing smile. It was now his turn to look ill at ease. She maintained silence in a determined way which somehow threw the onus of the pause on his shoulders. At last he threw the paper knife down on the table with a clatter.

"You are right," he said, almost bluntly. "I have acted like—a—coward."

"And you are not a coward?"

He raised his eyebrows. The glance of her eyes as they rested on his great, stalwart frame canceled the interrogation.

"I have never thought so until now."

She shook her head with rather a wistful smile.

"Then I have reason," she said, "to be jealous. You are drawing Oswin away from me?"

Before replying he rose, and during the rest of their conversation he never took a seat again, but continued moving about the room with a certain strange restlessness which is very uncommon in big men.

"What is your mission?" she asked.

Again he stopped. He stood before her with his strong arms hanging motionless, his great brown hands half closed and quite still, as they always were unless actually at work. He certainly was a picture of strength, a perfect specimen of the human animal, as he had called himself.

"Arctic exploration," he answered. "I

mean to reach the north pole some day." It happened that Helen knew a good deal about Arctic matters. The admiral had been bitten by the strange craze in his younger days. Like many others, he had for a time given way to the spirit of exploration which is hidden somewhere in every Englishman's heart. Every book of Arctic travel yet printed was to be found in his smoke-scented den, and Helen had read most of them.

She knew, therefore, what the end would be. To hear a man say that he intends to reach the north pole is one thing; to know what he is talking about and believe in his intention is quite another. To Helen Grace the fuller knowledge was given, and she sat looking at Claud Tyars with a dull anguish in her eyes.

"And you want Oswin?" she whispered.

He did not answer, but turned away as from something that he could not face, and stood by the window, looking down into the street.

He stood beside the window, not moving a muscle. All this had been thought out. This interview had been foreseen. Oswin had asked that he might break the news to his sister and father, but Tyars had claimed the right himself. His was the onus, and his must be the blame. There was no desire to shirk responsibility; indeed, he seemed to court it. Helen Grace must be deceived—it was a contemptible thing to do—and he would have none other but himself. He stubbornly took it all upon his own shoulders.

"I suppose," said Helen at last, "that he wants to go."

"Of course," was the answer. "What sailor would not? But I persuaded him—the fault is all mine."

She looked up sharply.

"And Mr. Easton?" she inquired, with keen logic.

"Yes, yes; but I chose your brother. The matter rests with me, and—the blame."

"What has Mr. Easton to do with it?" she asked; and he knew that she was already prejudiced against the American.

"He is getting up the expedition—the first one."

"And he goes with you?"

"No," replied Tyars; "I have already told you—he is physically incapacitated."

She gave a little laugh—a very unpleasant laugh for a man to hear from the lips of a woman. Fortunately Matthew Mark Easton was spared the cruelty of hearing it.

"I like you," she said, "for telling me. There were so many other ways of doing it—so many easier ways for you—but you chose to tell me yourself."

To this he said nothing. Despite his capable air, despite an unusual rapidity of thought which took the form of action in emergencies, he was not able to reel off glib phrases at the proper moment.

Suddenly her proud self-restraint seemed to give way.

"I suppose," she said, softly, almost pleadingly, "that nothing will deter you?"

"One word from you would deter me," he said, "but I do not think that you will say it."

"No," she answered, with a smile; "I am not going to ask you to let my brother off."

"I did not know how he was circumstanced when I first met him," said Tyars; "I did not know of your existence."

"Of course," she said, with a little shrug of the shoulders, "I am not going to be silly and stand in my brother's way. Only it would have been so much better could you have found some one—like yourself—without brother or sister, or any one to care much for him. It is not only for myself."

She stopped suddenly. There was a moment of tense silence. Then he slowly approached her until the little table alone separated them.

"Miss Grace," he said, slowly, "what do you mean?"

She was not the kind of woman to resort to subterfuge or useless denial, and she therefore held her tongue. At the same time she began to feel very helpless. With Oswin, with her father, and with all men whom she had hitherto known, she could hold her own, but with Claud Tyars it was different. There was in his presence a force which did not take the form of words. He merely stood still, and his silence was stronger than any words she had yet heard. Then he spoke slowly and quite gently:

"You must tell me," he said, "what you mean."

She glanced up at him appealingly beneath her lashes, at bay and yet almost mastered. He softened a little.

"Unless," he added, "it would be a breach of confidence."

"No," she answered, "it is not that—for no one has confided in me—but I think—"

"You are not sure?" he interrupted, eagerly.

"Yes, Mr. Tyars, I am sure."

He turned away again and went toward the window. She mechanically took up her work, and for some time both were fully occupied with their own thoughts.

The short winter day was drawing in before Claud Tyars left Brook street. As he shook hands with Helen, he said:

"I had the pleasure of meeting Miss Winter the other evening."

"Yes," said Helen, "she told me."

That was all, but they understood each other. A stress upon a single word, a glance, a little hesitation, will say so much that cannot be set down in print. The unfinished conversation was terminated. Claud Tyars knew that there was some one else to watch and wait for Oswin Grace if he went to the Arctic seas.

He had only been in the room an hour—a dismal November afternoon—and yet there was a difference in his life as he left the door. It does not take long to make a friend.

(To be continued.)



Granary with Elevator.

Here's a plan of granary to hold 3,000 bushels of grain; the walls are of stone, and an elevator is arranged to work by horse power. A granary to hold 3,000 bushels will require to be 22 feet by 38 feet inside. This will give six bins, size 15 feet by 7 feet, and 6 feet high. This will also allow for a passage across the middle of the building 8 feet wide, which will give access to all of the bins and can be used for cleaning grain, as well as storing small implements. The floor should be raised four feet from the ground to make it dry and convenient for loading grain, and as well as to provide for the elevator, and being below the floor. The walls being of stone, should be 13 feet high; this will provide for 4 feet below the floor, one foot for floor, then 8 feet to the plates; this will give one foot clear over the bins. There should be a stone center wall lengthwise under the floor to carry the floor joists, which will be 12 feet long and match on middle wall. To give head room over the top joists the roof should be a third pitch.

Following is the required material: 1,250 feet roofing, one inch. 1,670 feet flooring, inch, to be laid double. 50 joists for floor, 2 inches by 12 inches, 12 feet long, 1,000 feet. 19 joists over head, 2 inches by 2 inches, 24 feet long, 610 feet. 650 feet lumber for bins, one inch. 26 studs, 4 inches by 4 inches, 8 feet long. 13 squares shingles. 150 feet inch lumber for doors. 40 rafters, 2 inches by 6 inches, 16 feet long.

To arrange an elevator for horse power, a hopper that will hold at least 50 bushels should be sunk in the floor close to the door and at one side to empty grain for the wagon. The elevator is an ordinary built elevator with buckets standing upright and in the rear corner of center bin. The box at bottom of elevator must be close on the ground to be connected with the delivery hopper by a spout, with sufficient slope that the grain will run freely. The elevator will discharge well above the upper joists into a hopper in the center of the building, to which a funnel-shaped spout is attached, that can be shifted to deliver into any of the bins. The horse power should be placed at the end of the granary, and driven by a belt or shaft, passing through an opening in the wall left for the pur-

pose. The details can be all worked out by a mechanic, one essential is to have plenty of slope for the delivery hopper to box at foot of elevator, even if it should be sunk into the ground a little.—Montreal Star.

For Calloused Shoulders.

A farmer in North Dakota gives his method of treatment and cure of calloused shoulders of work horses in the Dakota Farmer, which he says he has used with uniform success, as follows: "I cut a slit in the front part of the collar opposite the callous, then cut another slit at right angles across the first one. I then take out enough of the filling to allow for callous. After soaking face of collar in warm water I lay the front part, where cuts have been made, on a plank or something solid, and pound face of collar where it presses on callous, with round-faced hammer, till a sufficient hollow has been made. This plan will work whether collar has been used with or without pad. Then when the horse comes in from work I bathe the callous in water as hot as can be borne and paint with iodine. You will find this plan worth trying, and I will guarantee the collar will not be injured."

Alfalfa Seed.

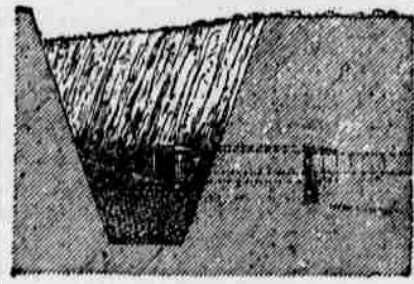
The constantly increasing acreage of alfalfa and the high price of seed make purity and germinability of the latter of the highest importance. Bulletin No. 133, just issued by the agricultural experiment station, Manhattan, Kan., treats of alfalfa seed and the various impurities and defects to which it is liable. The methods of testing available to farmers and seedsmen and more elaborate ones practiced at the station are described in detail. The bulletin is lavishly illustrated and may be obtained free on application.

Watch for Seed Adulterations. The work of different experiment stations has shown that a large number of foreign seeds are contained in clover and alfalfa seed, including the dodders, which are so destructive to alfalfa, and a large number of bad weed pests like the narrow plantain, wild mustard and a host of new weeds.

One impure sample of last year's supply contained thirty-two species of foreign seeds, including both species of dodder, the plantains, many common weeds, three species of Western weeds that are new in Ohio and as many European weeds that have been heretofore unknown in this State. At least a dozen new weeds have been introduced into Ohio in alfalfa seed during half as many years.

While this is unacceptable it is still more so to get only black medick (yellow trefoil) plants as many have done, where supposed alfalfa seed was sown. In these times of high-priced seeds there is temptation to adulterate with cheap seeds like the black medick, etc., which have very slight value as forage plants with us; there is like disposition to offer seeds with many weed seeds, at low prices. Both these dangers are real. Intending purchasers of such seeds will do well to be assured of their quality.

Outlet for Drain. One of the most common as well as most efficient protections for the outlet of a main drain is a plank box with wire bars placed vertically across the



DRAIN OUTLET.

end about two inches apart. Such a box should be made of 2-inch plank, 12 feet long and large enough to admit of the insertion of the tile into the upper end. A protection of this kind serves a double purpose. It prevents small animals from entering the drain and will not be damaged by frost.

Shipping Hay to Dealers.

During the last two years a number of rogues in different sections of the country have been offering a considerable advance on the market price of hay and thousands of tons have been shipped to these people for whom the producer received little or no return. With hay, as with other articles of farm produce, it is usually best to sell it as near home as possible. In every farming center there are reliable dealers who will pay a fair price for such products and pay spot cash for them. True, they sell them at an advance, but it is almost impossible for the grower to reach these outside sources of demand, hence he can better afford to let the local dealer make a dollar or two than he can to take any chances in shipping himself, and especially to people of whom he knows nothing. The writer yearly sells his surplus hay to a local liveryman and gets the cash on delivery. Opportunities offer to bale it and ship to the city at an advance on the local price, but we have figured that our labor, time and element of risk in the latter proposition is not warranted by the higher price, so we "let well enough alone," and it generally pays to do this.—Indianapolis News.

Preventing Cedar Rust.

The disease called cedar rust, which spreads to apple trees from cedar apples, commonly carried on cedar trees, and pasture savins, has been investigated at the Nebraska station with the conclusion that spraying with bordeaux mixture will keep the disease in check, making the application when the cedar apples on cedar trees show the orange color, followed with another spraying ten days or two weeks later. It is also recommended to destroy cedar trees or at least to get out the cedar apples for a considerable distance around the orchards. Where spraying is carried on for apple scab, etc., the same spraying would answer for the rust.

Thunder Storms and Sour Milk.

The primary cause of sour milk is the growth of certain bacteria that are always very numerous in the air and cannot be kept out of the milk. These are most abundant during damp, heavy weather, which usually accompanies thunder storms; as such weather is particularly favorable to their development. Hence, the popular notion that thunder storms make milk sour.

Grubs in cattle are caused by the gaddy depositing its eggs on the backs of cattle, and the young larvae, after issuing from the egg, bores its way through the animal's skin and remains lodged in the cellular tissue until it attains maturity. The grub may be detected by a swelling of the skin of the animal. The swelling should be squeezed, which will cause the larvae to be ejected. If it is not easily removed, a small opening should be made in the skin with a sharp-pointed knife, and the larvae may then be extracted with a curved needle.