

Prisoners and Captives

By H. S. MERRIMAN

CHAPTER XVIII.—(Continued.)

"My Dear Oswin—If you want to carry out this theater party come and see me about it. I shall be at home all the morning. Yours very truly,

"AGNES WINTER."

The young sailor read this letter among others at the breakfast table. His father and sister were engaged on their own affairs—Helen with her letters, the admiral among his newspapers. Oswin Grace read the letter twice, and then slipped it into his pocket together with the envelope that had contained it.

Miss Winter's elderly maid servant expected Lieut. Grace, for she opened the door and stood back invitingly. He was ushered up into the warm, luxurious drawing room, and after the door had been closed, stood for a few moments irresolute in the middle of the deep carpet. Presently he began to wander about the room, taking things up and setting them down again. He inhaled the subtle atmosphere of feminine home refinement and looked curiously around him. There were a hundred little personalities, little inconsidered feminine trifles that are only found where a woman is quite at home. There was a silly little lace handkerchief utterly useless and vain, lying upon a table beside a work basket. He took it up, examined its texture critically, and then instinctively raised it to his face. He threw it down again with a peculiar twisted smile.

"Wonder what scent it is," he muttered. "I have never come across it—anywhere else."

He went toward the mantelpiece; upon it were two portraits—old photographs, somewhat faded. One of Helen, the other of himself. He examined his own likeness for some moments.

"Solemn little beggar," he said, for the photograph was of a little square-bull midshipman with a long, oval face. "Solemn little beggar; wonder what the end will be? Wonder why he is on this mantelpiece? I think that I was rather a fool to come here. Tyars would not like it."

While he was still following out the train of thought suggested by this reflection the door opened and Miss Winter entered. She had evidently just come in, for she was still gloved and furred. "Ah!" she said, gayly, "you have come. I was afraid that your exacting commander would require your services all the morning."

"My exacting commander," he answered, as he took her gloved hand in his, "has a peculiar way of doing everything himself and leaving his subordinates idle."

She was standing before him, slowly unbuttoning her trim little sealskin jacket.

"What," she said, suddenly, "about the expedition?"

He looked back at her over his shoulder, for he had gone toward the window, and there was a sudden gleam of determination in his eyes. It was her influence that had disturbed Tyars' resolution.

"What expedition?" he asked curtly, on his guard.

"This theater expedition," she replied sweetly.

"Oh, well, I suppose it will be carried through. We all want to go. I suppose you are not strongly opposed to it?"

"I?" she laughed lightly; "of course I want to go. You know that I am always ready for amusement, profitless or otherwise—profitless preferred. Why do you look so grave, Oswin? Please don't—I hate solemnity. Do you know you have got terribly grave lately? It is—"

"It is what, Agnes?"

He was looking down at her with his keen, close-set gray eyes, and she met his glance for a moment only.

"Mr. Tyars," she answered, clasping her fingers together and bending them backward as if to restore the circulation after her cold walk.

"There is something," said Grace, after a little pause, during which Miss Winter had continued to rub a remarkably rosy little pair of hands together, "that jars. Tyars annoys you in some way. Why?"

Miss Winter changed color. She looked very girlish with the hot blush fading slowly from her cheeks. She did not, however, make any answer.

"Won't you tell me, Agnes?" he urged; and as she spoke he walked away from her and stood looking out of the window. They were thus at opposite sides of the room, back to back. She glanced over her shoulder, drew a deep breath, and then spoke with an odd little smile which was almost painful.

"His Arctic expedition," she said, deliberately. "If he is going to spend his life in that sort of thing I would rather not—cultivate his friendship."

She leaned forward, warming her hands feverishly, breathing rapidly and unevenly. She felt him approach, for his footsteps were inaudible on the thick carpet, and she only crouched a little lower. At last, after a horrid silence, he spoke, and his voice was deeper and singularly monotonous.

"Why should you not wish to cultivate his friendship under those circumstances?"

"Because," she answered lamely, "I should hate to have a friend of mine—a real friend—running the risk of such a horrible death."

He walked away to the window again and stood there with his hands thrust into his jacket pockets—plucky, self-contained, taking his punishment without a word.

"That," he said, "is the worst of making friends. One is bound to drift away from them. But still it is foolish to hold aloof on that account."

"Our maritime philosopher," she said,

"will now expound a maxim. Ex-pound. Derivation—to pound out."

"Shall I get the tickets?" he asked, in a practical way.

"Please."

"Well, then, I will go off at once and book them."

He shook hands and left her standing in the middle of the room.

"Perhaps," she murmured regretfully, "it was very cruel—or it may be only my own self-conceit. At all events, it was not so cruel as they are to Helen. I do not think that they will both go now."

Scarcely had the front door closed behind Oswin Grace when the bell was rung again.

Miss Winter, standing in the drawing room, heard the tones of a man's voice, and in a few moments the maid knocked and came into the drawing room.

"A gentleman, please, miss; a Mr. Easton," she said.

"Mr. Easton," repeated Agnes Winter. For a moment she forgot who this might be.

"Show him up at once."

Matthew Mark Easton had evidently devoted some care to the question of dress on this occasion. Some extra care, perhaps, for he was a peculiarly neat man. He always wore a narrow silk tie in the form of a bow of which the ends were allowed to stick straight out sideways over the waistcoat. His coat was embellished by an orchid.

"I am afraid," he began at once, with perfect equanimity, "that I have made a mistake—a social blunder. I came to inform you that I have secured a box—the stage box—for Wednesday night, at the Epic Theater. It will be doing me a pleasure if you will form one of my party. I do not know exactly how these things are managed in England, but I want Miss Grace and her brother to come as my guests, too. Miss Grace was kind enough to ask me to be one of a theater party, and mentioned the Epic, so I went right away and got a box."

"Oswin has just gone to procure seats for the same night," said Miss Winter, quickly.

"No," replied the American, "I stopped him. I met in the street."

Miss Winter knew that they must have met actually on her doorstep, and she wondered why he should have deliberately made a misstatement. She felt indefinitely guilty, as if Oswin's visit had been surreptitious. Suddenly she became aware of the quick, flitting glance of her companion's eyes, noting everything—each tiny flicker of the eyelids, each indrawn breath, each slightest movement.

"How am I to do it?" he asked, innocently. "A note to Miss Grace or a verbal invitation to her brother?"

"A note," replied Miss Winter, with a gravity equal to his own, "to Helen, saying that you have secured the stage box for Wednesday evening, and hope that she and her brother will accept seats in it."

He nodded his head, signifying comprehension, and rose to go.

"That," said Miss Winters, skipping away from the subject under discussion with all the inconsequence of her sex and kind, "reminds me of something I heard said of you the other evening. It was, in fact, said to me."

"Then," replied the American, with cheery gallantry, "I should like to hear it. Had it been said to any one else I allow that I should have been indifferent."

He stood with his hands clasped behind his back, looking down at her with a smile upon his wistful little face.

"Do you know Mr. Santow?"

The smile vanished and the dancing eyes at once assumed an expression of alert keenness, which was almost ludicrous in its contrast.

"The Russian attaché—unaccredited?" he replied, giving back question for question. "N-o-o," he said, slowly, "I do not; I think I know him by sight."

"I have met him on several occasions. I rather like him, although I cannot understand him. There is an inward Mr. Santow whom I have not met yet; I only know a creature who smiles and behaves generally like a lamb."

"Santow," said Easton, deliberately, "is altogether too guileless."

Miss Winter countered sharply.

"I thought you did not know him?"

"I do not," answered Easton, imperatorially.

"Except by reputation?"

"Precisely."

"He is reputed," said Miss Winter, "to be a great diplomatist."

"So I believe—hence the lamblike manners."

Easton's face was a study in the art of suppressing curiosity.

"Do you think that he is a wolf in lamb's clothing?" asked the lady with a laugh. "I will tell you what he said about you."

"Thank you."

"We were talking about Russia—it is his favorite topic—and he said that at times he felt like the envoy from some heathen country, so little is Russia known by us. By way of illustration, he asked me to look around the room and tell him if it did not contain all that was most intellectual and learned in England. I admitted that he was right. He said, 'And yet there are but two men in the room who speak Russian.' Then he pointed you out. 'There is one,' he said; 'he knows my country better than any man in England. If he were a diplomatist I should fear him!' 'What is he?' I asked, and he merely shrugged his shoulders in that guileless way to which you object."

Matthew Mark Easton did not appear to be much impressed. He moved from one foot to the other, and took considerable interest in the pattern of the carpet.

"And," he inquired, "did he mention

the name of the second accomplished person?"

"No."

"I wonder what it was?" said Easton. "Mr. Tyars," suggested the lady, calmly. "Possibly. By the way, I thought of asking him to join us on Wednesday at the Epic."

"I hope," said Miss Winter, with a gracious little bow, "that he will be able to come."

"Dear Miss Grace," began Easton, solemnly, as if repeating a lesson, "I have secured the stage box at the Epic for Wednesday evening next, and I hope that you and your brother will do me the pleasure of accepting seats in it. Will that do?"

"Very nicely."

"And may I count on you?"

"Yes, you may count on me."

"Thank you," he said simply, and took his departure.

As he walked rapidly eastward toward the club where he was expecting to meet Tyars his quaint little face was wrinkled up into a thousand interrogations.

"Yes," he said at length, with a knowing nod, "it was a warning; that spry little lady smells a rat. How does she know that Tyars speaks Russian? He is not the sort of fellow to boast of his accomplishments. She must have heard it from Grace, and to hear from him she must have asked, because Grace is more than half inclined to be jealous of Tyars, and would take care not to remove the kushel from his light."

For some time he walked on, whistling a tune softly. Cheerfulness is only a habit. He did not really feel cheerful nor particularly inclined for music. Then he began reflecting in an undertone again.

"Here I am," he said, "in a terrible fright of two women; all my schemes may be upset by either of them, and I do not know which to fear most—that clever little lady with her sharp wits, or that girl's eyes. I almost think Miss Helen's eyes are the most dangerous; I am sure they would be if it was my affair—if it was me whom those quiet eyes followed about. But it is not; it is Tyars. Now, I wonder—I wonder if he knows it?"

CHAPTER XIX.

Had the keen-witted Easton been asked why he felt impelled to disburse ten guineas for the benefit of the lessee of the Epic Theater, he would scarcely have been able to make an immediate reply. In his rapid, airy fashion he had picked up and pieced together certain little bits of evidence tending to prove that the young people with whom he found himself on somewhat sudden terms of intimacy were exceedingly interesting.

Matthew Mark Easton was leisurely surveying the half-empty house when Miss Winter, Helen Grace and Oswin were shown into the box by an official. His quick glance detected a momentary droop of Helen's eyelids. A blundering man would have made some reference to Tyars' lateness of arrival. Easton did no such thing. He proceeded to draw forward chairs for the ladies, and did the honors with a certain calm ease which in no way savored of familiarity.

"I should like," said Miss Winters, untying the ribbon of a jaunty little opera cloak, "the darkest corner."

"Why?" asked Helen, almost sharply. "Because the piece is said to be very touching, and I invariably weep."

"Sorry," said Easton; "sorry it cannot be done. But I can lend you a huge pair of opera glasses."

"But," urged Miss Winter, "my tears drop—audibly on the program."

"We want the dark corners for the men—the background," urged the American, holding a chair invitingly. "We love the shadow—eh, Grace?"

"Speak for yourself," said the sailor, bluntly, pulling forward a second chair and seating himself immediately behind Miss Winter.

One great fault in Matthew Mark Easton was soft-heartedness. He was one of those mistaken men who hesitate to punish a dog.

"It appears," continued Easton as Tyars entered the box, "that the piece is touching. We shall require your moral support; that calm exterior of yours will, I surmise, assist us materially to keep a serene countenance turned toward the stalls."

"Don't be personal," replied the Englishman. "You may rely upon me at the pathetic parts. It is some years since I wept."

"The last time I did it," said the American, thoughtfully, "was when I got my ears boxed because another fellow broke a window."

Helen and Miss Winter laughed. They all felt that there was a hitch somewhere. They were conversationally lame and halt.

"We both told untruths about it," continued Easton, determined to work this mine to its deepest. "But mine failed, while his succeeded. That was why I wept. Mine was not an artistic lie, I admit; but it might have got through with a little good luck. There is nothing so humiliating as an unsuccessful attempt to pervert the truth. Have you not found that so, Miss Winter? But of course you would not know. I apologize; I am sorry. Of course you never tell them."

"Oh, yes," said the lady, candidly, "I do."

At this moment the curtain was drawn up, and Miss Winter broke off suddenly in the midst of her confession, turning toward the stage and settling herself comfortably to watch the play. In so doing she unconsciously drew her chair a little further away from Helen, and thus left her and Claud Tyars more distinctly apart.

(To be continued.)

One of Many.

Young Wife—It's wonderful how well Tom and I manage to get along on his small salary, isn't it?

Her Brother—Oh, I don't know. It is partly owing to your economy, but Tom owes the most of it to his friends.

THE OHIO GOVERNORSHIP.

Death Brings About a Far-Reaching Change.

Death has brought about a change in the Governorship of Ohio, which not alone affects individuals but parties.

In the election last November John M. Pattison, former Congressman, was elected Governor over Myron T. Herrick and was the only Democrat chosen. But his victory was enough to bring large benefits to his party both in the way of appoint-

ments and the veto power by which purely Republican legislation could be thwarted. The strenuous campaign, however, was too much for Mr. Pattison. He broke down and when the time for his inauguration came he had to review the parade in a glass cage specially provided. He gradually recovered and was filling his office when a relapse came.

The Republican Lieutenant Governor, Andrew Lintner Harris, has now become acting Governor and will serve until 1900, enjoying all the emoluments of the office, but being deprived of the full title, Governor. He took the place upon the ticket last year in response to the united call of both Republican factions. He is a civil war veteran and was Lieutenant Governor under Governor McKinley.

Governor Pattison was born on a farm in Claremont County, Ohio, in 1847, where his home was until recently. At the age of 16 years he enlisted and served during the last days of the civil war. He taught school for funds with which to attend the Ohio Wesleyan University and he continued teaching while a student to pay his college expenses. After he was graduated, in 1869, he went west to write insurance for the same company of which he was later elected President. While

writing insurance he studied law and was admitted to the Ohio bar in 1872. At the end of ten years' practice he was invited to enter his old insurance company—the Union Mutual Life—as Vice President and General Manager. He was elected President in 1891, and held the office at the time of his death.

As a young lawyer he was put on the Hamilton County (Ohio) ticket for the State Legislature and he won, although that was a bad year for the Democratic party. In 1890 Judge Ashburn, representing the Clermont-Brown district in the State Senate, died, and Mr. Pattison was elected to fill the vacancy. His work in the Senate sent him to Congress when Cleveland was President. By the time his term was out a Republican Legislature had redistricted Ohio and his new district had a normal Republican plurality of several thousand. He then took up his work in the insurance business.

For many years he lived at Milford, Ohio, a few miles from Cincinnati. He married a Miss Williams, a daughter of Prof. Williams, who held the chair of Greek in the Ohio Wesleyan University for many years. Governor Pattison leaves a wife, a son, who has just been graduated from college, and two daughters.

Altered in Repairing.

A man in Chicago, says a writer in Judge, found himself in the chair of a strange barber, to whom his features, although unfamiliar, seemed to carry some reminiscent suggestion.

"Have you been here before?" asked the hair-cutter.

"Once," said the man.

"Strange I do not recognize your face."

"Not at all," said the man. "It changed a good deal as it healed."

A Great Bargain.

"Gwendolyn Porkpacker certainly got her title cheap. She made that Italian count take only one hundred thousand dollars for marrying her."

"Angelina Oligusher did better even than that. She got an Austrian prince to mark down his coronet to ninety-nine thousand dollars and ninety-eight cents."—Baltimore American.

There is at least one thing to be said to the credit of the men: They do not visit their kin much.

A PRETTY MILKMAID

Thinks Peruna Is a Wonderful Medicine.



MISS ANNIE HENDREN.

Miss Annie Hendren, Rocklyn, Wash., writes:

"I feel better than I have for over four years. I have taken several bottles of Peruna and one bottle of Manalin."

"I can now do all of my work in the house, milk the cows, take care of the milk, and so forth. I think Peruna is a most wonderful medicine."

"I believe I would be in bed today if I had not written to you for advice. I had taken all kinds of medicine, but none did me any good."

"Peruna has made me a well and happy girl. I can never say too much for Peruna."

Not only women of rank and leisure praise Peruna, but the wholesome, useful women engaged in honest toil would not be without Dr. Hartman's world renowned remedy.

The doctor has prescribed it for many thousand women every year and he never fails to receive a multitude of letters like the above, thanking him for his advice, and especially for the wonderful benefits received from Peruna.

Monseur Hyde.

"M. James Hyde," says the Paris Figaro, "the exceedingly rich American who appertains to the high society of New York, comes from commanding at Paris a carriage electric. It is to the French industry that M. James Hyde is addressed himself for to have the most comfortable, the most commodious and the most elegant of the vehicles of the city."—Translated by Harper's Weekly.

Side Lights on History.

The Hessians at Trenton had surrendered. "Ah, well," they said, "think how much more disastrous it might have been if we had had to make a hurried retreat!"

Later, as if to verify their words, came the Hessian fly.

TERRIBLE TO RECALL.

Five Weeks in Bed With Intensely Painful Kidney Trouble.

Mrs. Mary Wagner, of 1367 Kossuth Ave., Bridgeport, Conn., says: "I was so weakened and generally run down with kidney disease that for a long time I could not do my work and was five weeks in bed. There was continual bearing down pain, terrible back-aches, headaches and at times dizzy spells when everything was a blur before me. The passages of the kidney secretions were irregular and painful, and there was considerable sediment and odor. I don't know what I would have done but for Doan's Kidney Pills. I could see an improvement from the first box, and five boxes brought a final cure."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Carl Schurz.

No other man of foreign birth ever showed such fine command of the English language or used it so felicitously. A man who objected strongly to his politics but admired his talents as a writer once said: "I wish Mr. Schurz couldn't write so well; I could hate him better." In 1877 Carl Schurz visited Boston to make a speech against Benjamin F. Butler, who was running for Governor of Massachusetts. While arguing on the question of the resumption of specie payments, an issue that was paramount at that time, Mr. Schurz likened "inflation" to a balloon filled that had carried the American nation off its feet. At that time he made use of the following expression, which brought the immense audience that greeted him to its feet: "We have placed our feet on solid ground again and we propose to keep them there."