

Prisoners and Captives

By H. S. MERRIMAN

CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

Lieut. Grace was present and certain entries were made in the log book. The two servants of her majesty were prompt and business-like in their questions. Tyars had taken the precaution of bringing the log-book of the whole crew excepting himself were faithfully recorded. The proceedings were ship-shape and business-like, but as the story progressed the old commander became more and more interested, to the detriment of his official punctilio. When at last Tyars finished his narrative with the words:

"And this afternoon Lieut. Grace found me asleep on the wheel," the old sailor leaned forward across the little cabin table and extended an unsteady, curved hand.

"Your hand, sir; I should like to take by the hand a man with such a record as yours. You have done a wonderful thing in navigating the ship almost single-handed as far as this. In nursing the poor fellows you have acted with the tenderness of a woman; in the management of your ship you have proved yourself a good sailor, and in your marvelous pluck you have shown yourself a gentleman—for such I think you must be, though you shipped as second mate of a merchant-man."

Tyars took the proffered hand, smiling his slow, unconsciously mournful smile.

"But," he said, calmly ignoring the interrogation of the old man's glance, "you must not give me the whole credit. There are other records as good as mine, but they are finished, and so the interest suffers. Some of the men behaved splendidly. One poor fellow actually dropped dead at the wheel, refusing to go below until it was too late. He knew it was hopeless, but he took a peculiar sort of pride in dying with his fingers around the spokes."

Then the young surgeon of the Foam appeared and took charge of his second patient—for the terrier Muggins had, by Tyars' request, been attended to first.

In the quiet days that followed the rescued man and his dog recovered from the effects of their hardship with wonderful rapidity. Muggins had a decided disadvantage of his master. He was older as a dog than Tyars as a man; moreover, his hardships had been greater, for thirst is a terrible enemy and leaves his mark deep sunken. Tyars had passed through a most trying period, but Providence had chosen to place within his broad chest a hard semi-indifferent, semi-stubborn—the heart beat of a fearless man. In his place nine out of ten would have lost their reason; Grace found him as nearly hysterical as a strong will could well be.

Claud Tyars soon regained his energy, and with the return of it came that restlessness which characterized his daily way of life. He wished to be up and doing, holding idleness as an abomination. A few men had been put on board the merchantman with instructions to keep near their own ship under all circumstances, and in consort the vessels were creeping slowly through the placid waters toward the north.

It happened that Lieut. Grace was soon to leave the slaver on a long leave of absence, and he was therefore selected to go on board the Martial, with Tyars as joint commander, and a few men—with a view to sailing for Madeira, where the crew would be strengthened.

At last the doctor announced that the rescued man was perfectly strong again, and that the fever-stricken ship was purified and disinfected.

"But," he added gravely, looking at Tyars, "the dog is in a critical condition. I do not consider myself justified in allowing him to go out of my hands. He requires constant medical attendance."

"Bosh!" replied Tyars, with much solemnity.

"I will give you five pounds for him," said the doctor, innocently.

"I have n^o come on board this vessel to sell my dog."

The offer was increased, but to no purpose. Tyars was as faithful to his dog as Muggins to his master. And so the two returned to their vessel early one morning, when a fair breeze was blowing. For the third time since her departure from South America the Martial's sails were all shaken out, and beneath a cloud of snowy canvas she moved away on her stately progress northward, while the little slave-catcher returned to the cursed coast which required so close a watch.

Tyars held a master's certificate, and by right of seniority succeeded to the command of the Martial, vice captain and first mate, dead and buried. In Lieut. Grace he found a coadjutor of sympathetic mettle. Energetic, alert and bold, he ruled the deck with cheery despotism, and went below for rest with the comforting conviction that Grace would never shorten sail from nervousness.

The question before this little band of men was the safe conduct of a valuable ship and precious cargo home to England, and this they one and all came to look upon in time with that breadth of view which the circumstances required. Man-of-war trimness was out of the question—carpenter there was none, so paints could not be mixed, nor decks caulked, nor woodwork repaired. There was no sailmaker, so things must perforce be allowed to go a little ragged.

After a long consultation with Grace, Tyars had called together his little crew round the wheel, and there delivered to them a short harangue in his best "Union" style. The result of this and a few words from the lieutenant was that the island of Madeira was enthusiastically shelved. There were to be no half measures on board the Martial. They would take the ship home if there was no watch below for any of them.

This program was ultimately carried out to the letter. With the aid of good fortune, a safe and rapid passage was performed, though, indeed, there was not too much sleep for any on board. No mean energy was displayed by Muggins among others. He gravely superintended every alteration of sail, every bit of work requiring all hands, and was never missing from his post by night or day. When at last the Channel pilot came on board, gazing curiously up aloft, where things were anything but taut, Muggins was

among the first to greet him with that self-possessed gentleness which he wielded so unconsciously.

And during the voyage home Lieut. Grace had studied his companion with a slow, comprehensive scrutiny. The two commanders had not been thrown much together, by reason of their duties being separate, but it was not to this fact alone that the naval officer attributed his failure to make anything of Claud Tyars. He had found this ex-wrangler calmly installed in the humble post of second mate to a merchant sailing ship. Moreover, there was no attempt to conceal an identity which was, to say the least of it, strange. Tyars appeared in no way conscious of an unanswered question existing in his intercourse with the naval officer, and there was no suspicion of embarrassment such as might arise from anomaly.

CHAPTER IV.

Things were in this state between the two young men when, one morning in June, the Martial dropped anchor at Gravesend to await the tide. The news of her tardy arrival had been telegraphed from the coast, and the Channel pilot had thought fit to communicate to a friend in the journalistic interest a somewhat sensational account of the wonderful voyage.

It thus happened that before the anchor was well home in its native mud a stout gentleman came alongside in a wherry and climbed on deck with some alacrity. His lips were a trifle white and unsteady as he recognized Tyars, and came toward him with a fat gloved hand outstretched.

"Mr. Tyars," he said, breathlessly, "you don't remember me, perhaps. I am George Lowell, the owner. I have ten riggers coming on board to start unbending sail at once. I have to thank you in the name of the merchants and of myself for your plucky conduct, and you, too, sir, as well as these men."

So the voyage was accomplished, and Grace recognized the fact that the time had arrived for him to withdraw his eight bluejackets. Their strange duties were at an end, and one more little tale of bravery had been added to the great roll. He gave the word to his men and went below to get together his few belongings. As first officer he had navigated the ship, and for some minutes he leaned over the plain deal table in his diminutive state-room, with his elbows upon the outstretched chart.

Across the great spread of ocean was a dotted line, but in the marks there was a difference, for three navigators had worked out the one voyage. As his eyes followed the line, day by day, hour by hour, in vivid retrospection back to the still, hot regions near the equator, the young fellow realized that the voyage had been something more than a mere incident in his life. The restless days and sleepless nights had been very pleasant in their sense of satisfactory toil; the very contrast of having too much to do instead of too little was pleasurable. But above all, there was the companionship and friendship of a man who interested him more than any he had yet come in contact with.

Looking back over the days and nights they had passed together, he realized how little leisure there had been for mere conversation. In the working of the ship, in the attempt to enable ten men to do the work of twenty, there had been sufficient to keep them fully engaged without leaving time for personal matters. But it is in such a life as this, lived together, that men really learn to know each other, and not in mere interchange of thought, or give and take of question and answer.

Lieut. Grace was in his small way a student of human nature. Men who watch the sea and sky, to gather from their changes the deeper secrets of wind and weather, acquire a habit of watching lips and eyes, gathering therefrom little hints, small revelations, tiny evidences which, when pieced together, make that strange incongruous muddle called Man. Of the human being Claud Tyars he knew a good deal—of the gentleman, the university athlete, the traveled sportsman, he knew absolutely nothing. Beyond the bare fact that Trinity College had left its ineffaceable mark upon him, the past history of this sailor was a blank to Grace.

When he went on deck a little later, leaving his baggage to be brought up by one of the bluejackets, this thought was still uppermost in his mind. He found Tyars and Mr. Lowell walking together on the after deck; the former talking earnestly, while the owner of the ship listened with pained eyes. They came toward Grace together, and he told them of his intention to take his men up to London by train at once in order to report themselves at the Admiralty.

There were boats alongside—the riggers were on board, indeed, they were already at work aloft, and there was no cause for further delay. He turned away with visible reluctance, and went forward to call his men together. Mr. Lowell followed and shook hands gratefully, after which he went aft to speak to the pilot. Thus Grace and Tyars were left alone amidships, for the men were busy throwing their effects into the attendant boats.

"I hope," said Tyars, "that you will not get into a row for coming straight home without calling at Madeira on the chance of picking up more men."

"I don't anticipate any difficulty," was the reply; "my uncle has the pulling of a few of the strings, you know."

Tyars nodded his head. There was nothing more to be said. The two men were already clambering down the ship's side, eager to get ashore.

"Good-by," said Grace, holding out his hand. "I—eh—I'm glad we got her home."

"Good-by."

They shook hands, and Tyars stood still upon the deck he had trodden so bravely, while the little officer moved away toward the gangway. Somehow there was a sense of insufficiency on both sides. There was something left unsaid, and yet neither could think of anything to say. Grace had not gone many yards when he stopped, hesitated, and finally returned.

"I say, Tyars," he said, hurriedly, "is this going to be the end of it all? I mean, are we going to lose sight of each other now? We have been tarred together

er in rather a singular way, and under peculiar circumstances, we have got on very well together—haven't we?"

Tyars changed color beneath his sunburn.

"Yes," he replied, with the awkward geniality of a man accustomed to the exercise of an iron reserve over any emotion. "Yes, we have got on very well."

"I don't think we ought to lose sight of each other," suggested Grace.

"No; I don't think we ought."

"Then will you come up and see us in town? The gov'nor would like to make your acquaintance. Come and dine to-morrow evening. No. 105 Brook street, Grosvenor Square. You won't forget the address?"

"Thanks; I shall be most happy. What time do you dine?"

"Well, I don't know. I have been away from home four years; but come at seven."

"Seven o'clock; No. 105 Brook street. Thanks."

They had reached the gangway, and Grace now turned with a little nod of acknowledgment, and began making his way down the unsteady steps into the boat awaiting him. Tyars stood on the grating, with one hand resting on the rail of the ship, the other in his jacket pocket.

"By the way," called out Grace, as the boatman shoved off, "bring Muggins."

That sage dog, standing between his master's legs, wagged the white stump that served him for a tail and dropped his pointed ears in quick acknowledgment of the mention of his name in a way which he knew to be friendly.

"He is not accustomed to the habits of polite society," remarked Tyars in a shout, because the stream had carried the boat astern already. "He has got out of the way of it."

"Muggins is a gentleman," shouted Grace, "who knows how to behave himself in all societies and all circumstances. You must bring him!"

"All right!" laughed Tyars; and he smiled down at the upturned eager face, the quivering ears and twitching tail of the dog—for Muggins knew well enough that he was under discussion, and waited the verdict from his master's lips.

CHAPTER V.

At 7 o'clock that night the Martial found rest at last, moored safely alongside the quay in the East India dock. There was a little crowd of idlers on the pier and on the gates of the tidal basin, for the fame of the ship had spread. But more eyes were directed toward the man who had done this deed of prowess, for the human interest lay, after all, paramount in things in which we busy our minds. For one who looked at the ship there were ten of those mariners, dock laborers and pilots who sought Tyars.

"He ain't one of us at all," muttered a sturdy lighterman to his mate. "A gentleman, if yer please."

But gentleman or no gentleman, these tollers of the sea welcomed the plucky sailor with a hoarse cheer. The stately ship glided smoothly forward in all the deep-seated glory of her moss-grown decks, her tarnished brass, her slack ropes. There seemed to be a living spirit of calm, silent pride in the tapering spars and weather-beaten hull, as if the vessel held high her head amid her spruce competitors. She seemed to be conscious that her name was far above mere questions of paint and holystones. Her pride lay in her deeds and not in her appearance.

Her sphere was not in moorings, but upon the great seas. She came like a soldier into camp, disdainful to wipe the blood from off his face.

Tyars stood near the wheel, hardly noticing the crowd upon the quay. The pilot and the dockmaster had to some extent relieved him of his command, but he still had certain duties to perform, and he was still captain of the Martial, the only man who sailed from London in her to return again.

When at last she was moored and his command had ceased, he went below and changed his clothes. When he came on deck a little later Claud Tyars was transformed. The keen, resourceful sailor was merely a gentleman of the world. Self-possessed and somewhat cold in manner, he was the sort of man one would expect to meet on the shady side of Piccadilly, while his brown face would be accounted for by military service in a tropical climate.

(To be continued.)

Spilled a Jewel.

"Mrs. de Peyster, excuse me, but is it true that your son married a girl you didn't like?"

"No—on the contrary, we did like her. She was the best girl we ever had in the house."—Cleveland Leader.

The Right Note.

"You can't let that minor chord stay in that march."

"Why not?"

"Because this is military music and must all be in a major key."—Baltimore American.

The More Blessed.

"That young groom," said the minister after the ceremony, "gave me a \$50 fee. What a blessing!"

"Yes," said his wife, with her hand out, "it is more blessed to give than to receive."—Philadelphia Press.

Severely Practical.

"Do you believe in this reform business?" asked Soured Sam.

"When there is no other graft to be worked," replied Practical Pete.—Baltimore American.

Regrets.

Jocko—I shouldn't have played that ace.

Clear.

He—You think you see through me, do you?

She—Certainly; I have something of a sense of humor and you're such a joke.—Detroit Free Press.

His Reason.

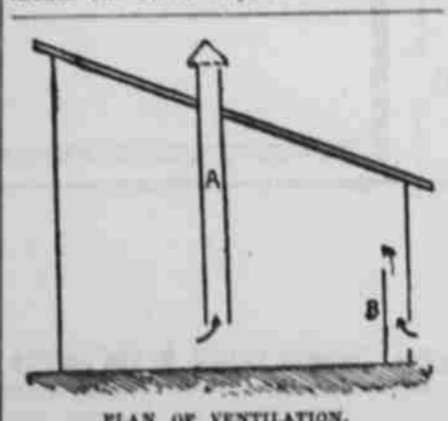
"Bowly calls his wife's dog 'Simple Life.'"

FARMS AND FARMERS



Ventilation of Farm Buildings.

There are no small buildings on the farm that cannot be amply ventilated by the simple plan here described. Generally such buildings are of the single or sloping-roof sort so that the plan can be carried out at small expense. In the rear of the house, near one corner, build an air shaft, made by joining at the edges four boards about eight inches wide. Set this into the ground or fasten to the floor if of boards so that it will be firm. Have it open at the top, of course, and make it three or four feet high. In the side of it, next to the wall of the building and about a foot up from the floor cut out a piece so as to have an opening the width of the board and about six inches the other way, and in the side



PLAN OF VENTILATION.

of the building opposite this hole in the shaft cut a hole of corresponding size. Cover those two holes as well as the hole in the top of the shaft with wire netting so that no bird or small animal can get in.

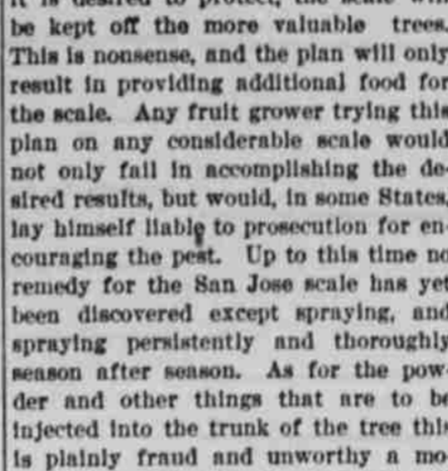
This is the shaft by which the air enters the building. Then build another shaft long enough to reach the floor up through the roof so that it will come out through the roof a foot or fifteen inches. The top of this shaft must be capped so that the opening will be protected from rain. The lower end is to be covered with wire netting. Fasten this firmly at the roof end and with corner supports to the floor at the bottom. The plan is simple, easy to construct and works splendidly. It is particularly good for ventilating poultry houses. In the plain illustration A represents the shaft through which the foul air passes and B the shaft through which the fresh air enters.

No Remedy But Spraying.

Several nice-sounding schemes for getting the better of the San Jose scale have been suggested, some of them sincerely and some of them by frauds who had a powder of some kind for injection into the trunk of the tree. One writer suggests that if inexpensive trees are planted around the orchard it is desired to protect, the scale will be kept off the more valuable trees. This is nonsense, and the plan will only result in providing additional food for the scale. Any fruit grower trying this plan on any considerable scale would not only fail in accomplishing the desired results, but would, in some States, lay himself liable to prosecution for encouraging the pest. Up to this time no remedy for the San Jose scale has yet been discovered except spraying, and spraying persistently and thoroughly season after season. As for the powder and other things that are to be injected into the trunk of the tree this is plainly fraud and unworthy a moment's consideration by any man of sense.—Indianapolis News.

Combined Roller and Marker.

A neat attachment to a garden roller is the following: Bore holes eight inches apart lengthwise and put in pins. To mark the garden make these



ROLLER AND MARKER COMBINED.

pins each hold a small rope, encircling the roller by driving them into the holes beside the ends of the rope. More than one row of holes can be used to change distances. Tack strips lengthwise of the roller to mark places in row for setting plants.

Gang Plowing.

Recent improvement in traction engines and gang plows is making a great difference in the manner of breaking the soil on the larger level farms of the west. Some of the newer arrangements do the plowing and harrowing at one operation. Under certain conditions of soil and season a drill is hitched behind the harrow and a barren field in the morning is seeded to grain crop at night. Those of us who have carefully prepared a large acreage ready for seeding and got caught before drilling with a three-day rain storm will appreciate the advantages of this manner of doing business. It has been frequently predicted that steam power for working the land could never be applied successfully to medium sized farms, but the problem is being simplified each year.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

Growing Black Raspberries.

The amateur who wishes to try berry growing will find the black raspberry a good plant to begin with. The raspberry is in all probability the most honest of berry growing plants. There is no waste, the berries are uniform in size, and as soon as gathered they are ready for the table, or for preserving. A plantation of this fruit, once established, should last six or eight years. It will grow in almost any soil except a very stiff clay, or one that is so poorly drained that the water stands on the soil for some time before being drained away. It is a heavy feeder, so its soil must be fertilized every year or two to keep up its maximum productiveness.

A northern exposure is best for the plant, for it suffers from extreme heat, and the direct rays of the sun, more than from extreme cold weather. A sloping ground is preferred to either the summit or base of a hill. The black raspberry is propagated by burying the tips of the canes about August. Simply dig a little hole with a spade, and bend the cane so that the tip will lay in the hole, then cover it with soil and press it down. The weight of the soil will usually hold the cane; if not a small peg may be used. In the fall a young plant with a mass of roots will have been formed. The old cane may be cut away and the young plants will be ready for setting out. In most cases it is well to let the young plants remain until spring before transplanting. Proper attention should be given to pruning raspberries. Canes of the first season produce fruit the following season, but after bearing they may be cut away.

Hold Cross-Cut Saw to File.

Take two pieces of one-inch board (hard wood is best), wide as saw in widest place, and as long as the saw between the handles. Shape the boards with a "billy" like the cutting edge of a saw. Lay your saw on one of these boards with the teeth above the board enough to file nicely, and straddle the saw with a pair of six-inch strap hinges, near the ends of the boards. Now open the hinges and remove the saw, and mark around the hinges to show where to let them in the board the thickness of the hinge. Fasten hinges to this board, and then to the other board in the same manner. Now you have a pair of jaws in which your saw will rest on its back, permitting the teeth to come above the edge of the jaw to file. Bevel edge of boards. Now get two legs for each board, of 2x4, or sticks from the woods, as I did, and



FOR FILING THE CROSS-CUT SAW.

bevel to stand like legs of a sawhorse, and long enough to stand up to file easily. Fasten your jaw boards to these legs, from inside of jaws, with screws or wire nails. Fasten a strip across two of the legs at the bottom to put your foot on while filing to help to keep the horse steady. Put in your saw and pull out on the legs to tighten the jaws on the saw.—Farm Progress.

Preparing Potato Ground.

All potato growers admit that a soil that is mellow and well-drained is absolutely essential for the best success in potato-growing; this is more than half the battle, and in this age of insects and bacterial diseases one cannot afford to grow potatoes for market unless he can supply the soil and the soil condition mentioned. The thorough preparation of the seedbed is also important, and the best growers prepare the soil as thoroughly as they would for wheat. First grade tubers for seed and then constant cultivation to keep the weeds down are the rest of the essentials in successful potato culture. In almost all sections, near large markets, potato-growing is exceedingly profitable, and the man with the soil should raise the tubers.

Notes for the Bee Keeper.

Bees should have some pure drinking water within easy reach. Bees, like men, are good-natured when they are making headway in providing for the future. This accounts for the different receptions given to an intruder at different times. Beekeeping is an interesting scientific study aside from the pecuniary profit. There is no more entrancing pursuit when one becomes really interested in it, aside from his financial side.

Beehives are now so constructed that they may be opened and their contents removed or changed about and examined without materially interfering with the action of the bees. They frequently continue their labors even when the comb is held in the hand of the beekeeper.

Honey is always a ready seller and the price per pound averages anywhere from 12 to 20 cents, depending upon the locality and quality. A good hive of bees in the average locality will produce about seventy-five pounds of honey per year and pay 60 per cent on the investment of the first season. Get posted on beekeeping if you seek a pleasant and profitable occupation.



The Appendicitis Fad.

Not one patient in ten who is operated on for appendicitis is a sufferer from the disease. An occasional case of appendicitis requires operation, but the appendix crase is in full swing among the people, as well as among many doctors. Many good physicians are inclined to regard any pain or ache situated below the diaphragm as due to a fulfledged case of appendicitis, requiring immediate operation for a fat fee. The leading men in the profession are to blame, for they refuse to raise their voices against an abuse which they know exists and the insistence of patients themselves for the frequency of these unnecessary operations.

Gallstones.—These result from the accumulation within the system of retained mineral matters and are particularly serious where alkali water is used. The treatment depends to some extent upon the peculiar conditions present. As a rule, however, fasting or light diet with free drinking of distilled or lithia water, enemas, sweet baths, the use of absorbents and abundant exercise to induce perspiration will do much toward giving relief. The hot sitz bath, hot applications and avoidance of mental strain are important. In a large number of cases the only cure is a radical operation and this when performed by a competent surgeon is not especially difficult, painful or dangerous.

Brain Disorders.—Congestion of the brain most frequently results from worry and anxiety of the mind, producing sleeplessness, followed by engorgement of the small blood vessels of the brain, sudden loss of vital power and almost instant death. Apoplexy may be an inherited disease, or it may be induced by too free living or its opposite, too great abstinence. Paralysis may affect only a small part of the body, from a finger or a toe to an entire limb, or it may disable half the body or the whole body, when death soon follows. When half the body is affected with paralysis, we may be certain that the seat of the disease is in the opposite side of the brain, because the nerve fibres cross.

WEDDING WAS INTERRUPTED.

Halt Ceremony While Bally "Jagged" the Chickens.

Bishop Candler of Georgia recently told one of the national lawmakers from that State an experience he had when he first began to preach the gospel and the nuptial knots, says the Washington Times.

"One day I was called on and engaged to marry a couple in one of the out-of-the-way districts. I found the house a rudely constructed log affair, with but one room and a loft above, which was entered by a ladder and a trap door. A big table was in the center of the room, and it was loaded with good things to eat, everything having been cooked on an open fireplace which took up nearly all of one side of the room. The bride and groom lined up and I was proceeding with the ceremony, and while in the most impressive part of it, the old lady poked her head out of the trap door in the loft and called:

"Bally, turn them chickens and jag 'em with a fork."

"The command was obeyed by the daughter, she leaving the trembling bridegroom while she jagged 'em with a fork. I could not help laughing at the ludicrousness of the whole affair, and I have never witnessed a marriage ceremony since without remembering this experience."

Stevenson in Samoa.

Stevenson's life in Samoa is, in some ways, the most interesting story of all, and here again you can find that story in his own writing. This time, however, it is in his letters more than in his books. These letters are so vivid, moreover, that you feel as if you were right in Samoa with him. You are living in his spotless little box of a house, called Vallina, which means "five rivers," and so reminds you that it is within sound of flowing streams. There, from the broad veranda—and the house is almost half veranda—you can look straight up on one side at the wooded Vaea Mountain; and on the other side down 600 feet before you gleams the sea, "filling the end of two valleys of forest." The house is built in a clearing in the jungle. The trees about it are twice as tall as the house; the birds about it are always talking or singing; and here and there among the trees echoes "the ringing sleighbells of the tree toad."—St. Nicholas.

Sure Thing.

Teacher—A miracle is going against the natural order of things. Are miracles performed to-day?

Bright Boy—Yes'm.

"Name one."

"Well, mamma says that papa is always turning night into day."—Life.

In Doubt.

The Tragedian—Yes; we opened in Oshkosh.

The Comedian—And what did your audience think of your Hamlet?

The Tragedian—Why—er—he went out before I had a chance to ask him.—Philadelphia Ledger.