

THE STORY TELLER

THE LOST.

Down in the crowded, busy street A little child was lost;

Where hurrying hundreds crossed; From those who stopped he turned aside,

And, filled with sudden fear, He wildly, pitifully cried:

I am but a child that's lost; By dreadful doubts oppressed,

I think of gufts that must be crossed, And blissful trust was in the place

Where fear had been before.

THE KIDNAPPED MILLIONAIRES

A Tale of Wall Street and the Tropics

By FREDERICK U. ADAMS

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CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

"Certainly he proposed a remedy," said Hestor, rallying to the support of the editorial staff.

"You talk like a political platform, Walter," replied Hammond.

"If we could but devise some plan to bring about a national or international congress of such men," said Hestor,

"No, I do not think it possible to bring such a body of men into a conference," continued Hammond,

"I am glad to see you again, Mr. Hestor. Take a chair. You will find that one more comfortable."

"You need not fear. I am. I am going to form a newspaper trust."

"All right, Walter," rejoined Hammond, who was familiar with Hestor's moods.

"Let me see you when you get back. I shall wish to talk with you."

party to disperse. "Just because you have talked all you wish, we must all run along home like good little girls."

CHAPTER III. MR. HECTOR PLANS A NEWSPAPER TRUST.

The morning after the supper Hestor appeared at the Record office at an early hour.

"There was no industry in the country offering so great an opportunity for trust management as that of the newspaper press," said Mr. Hestor.

"You would have a syndicate of papers—one paper in each of the large cities," suggested Mr. Morton.

"I would have a syndicate which would own two papers in all cities having populations in excess of 100,000," replied Mr. Hestor.

"Yes, I see. One republican and one democratic paper in each city. Ah—um—m. That would be quite a

"I did not care to go to the trouble and expense of doing so until I had a conference with you," replied Hestor.

Mr. Morton nodded his head and growled a consent to this injunction, which he evidently regarded as unnecessary.

"I would start this syndicate in a chain of 30 cities, with two papers in each," continued Mr. Hestor.

Mr. Hestor then entered into a detailed and comprehensive explanation of the proposed newspaper trust.

"I am glad to see you again, Mr. Hestor. Take a chair. You will find that one more comfortable."

"I have called on a matter of business," said Mr. Hestor, briskly.

"I have removed his gloves, and leaned slightly forward in his chair. "You are a busy man and I will attempt to state my proposition as concisely as possible."

"I have thought of it, but I did not imagine the first suggestion would come from a representative of The Record," said Mr. Morton.

"I am not responsible for what appears in The Record, and you know

enough about newspapers, and especially metropolitan papers, to understand the exigencies of politics," he said.

"I do not concede that," interrupted Mr. Morton. "That, however, has nothing to do with your proposition. State your plan. I am willing to listen to it."

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could be saved by dealing direct with advertisers without the intervention of the advertising agency, which he characterized as the "most stupid survival of the middle-man system."

"The expense of securing advertising will be practically nothing," concluded Hestor; "the average rates will be doubled, and we will receive all of the enormous fund which now goes to the agencies."

"You make out a strong case," said Mr. Morton, after an interval.

"I propose to leave that matter entirely in your hands," replied Mr. Hestor promptly.

"You have the proper confidence in your plans," said Mr. Morton.

"Four of the gentlemen I have in mind meet here to-morrow afternoon at a director's meeting," said Mr. Morton.

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Pennsylvania RAILROAD

PHILADELPHIA AND ERIE RAILROAD DIVISION.

PHILADELPHIA AND ERIE RAILROAD DIVISION. In effect May 25, 1902.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM EASTWARD 9 15 A. M.—Week days for Sunbury, Williamsport, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations.

WESTWARD. 6 10 A. M.—Emporium Junction—daily for Erie, Ridgway, and week days for DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

RIDGWAY AND CLEARFIELD R. R. CONN. (Week days).

SOUTHWARD. Stations. NORTHWARD.

BUFALO AND ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.

LOW GRADE DIVISION.

EASTBOUND.

WESTBOUND.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY R. R. Taking effect May 27th, 1901.

EASTWARD.

WESTWARD.

STATIONS.

STATIONS.

Carry passengers. Trains 8 and 10 a. m. Trains run on Eastern Standard Time.

BUFFALO & SUSQUEHANNA R. R.

Time Table taking Effect June 23, 1902.



"The Grand Scenic Route."

Table with columns: READ DOWN, A. M., P. M., P. M., P. M., P. M.

Table with columns: READ UP, A. M., P. M., P. M., P. M., P. M.

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Business Cards. B. W. GREEN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

AMERICAN HOUSE, JOHN L. JOHNSON, Prop'r.

F. D. LEET, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW AND INSURANCE AG'T.

CITY HOTEL, Wm. McGEE, PROPRIETOR.

THE NOVELTY RESTAURANT, (Opposite Post Office), Emporium, Pa.

ST. CHARLES HOTEL, THOS. J. LYSETT, PROPRIETOR.



"I HAVE THOUGHT OF IT," SAID MR. MORTON.

plan," said Mr. Morton, drawing his hand slowly over his stubbled chin.

"Certainly."

"Have you made any general estimates of the expense of such a plan, or prepared any synopsis of the way in which it could be executed?" asked Mr. Morton.

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RUINED HIS REPUTATION.

How an African Fetish Man Ousted an English Doctor Who Had Supplanted Him.

A hunter and explorer who has sojourne for years among the African natives tells the following amusing story, says Cassell's Journal.

"One day an English doctor, a young fellow of roving disposition like myself, appeared in the native village, where he stayed as my guest for some months.

"You dead, sure 'nuff!" they insisted. "White doctor say so. White doctor know best. You know nothing!"

"And they would actually have buried the unfortunate wretch alive had not the white doctor got wind of the proceedings and come running up.

A Schoolboy's Logic. Indifferent correspondents will sympathize with the lad, who, after he had been at a boarding-school for a week without writing to his parents,

Little Mabel—Ethel must think you're lots better than any of her other beaux.

STATIONS. A. M., P. M., P. M., P. M., P. M.

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