

THE BROTHERHOOD OF DEATH

(IN A VELDT CEMETERY.) Peace to the quiet dead!
Trooper and burgher here,
True to the men who led,
True to their lights fell near;
Question not right nor wrong,
Question not gain nor loss,
Brothers in death they lie
Under the starry cross.

Brave men and true alike— Matters not creed nor race— Ail are of one great kin Here in the resting place. Nation 'gainst nation strives Endlessly 'neath the sun; When the 'great silence' falls All are in rest as one.

Tears for the wrongs that keep Fars for the wrongs that keep
Far from us peace and good!
Tears that in life there is
No happy brotherhood!
Peace to the quiet dead!
Life's errors cleared away—
Brothers in hope they wait
The breaking of the day.
—B. M. Bromley, in Westminster Gazette.

The KIDNAPPED **MILLIONAIRES** A Tale of Wall Street

and the Tropics A By FREDERICK U. ADAMS

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CHAPTER XIII .- CONTINUED.

Mr. Morton slowly paced the saloon with his hands behind his back and his head bent forward, as in deep contemplation. In a short time Mr. Rockwell returned. He gave Mr. Morton a questioning look. In response Mr. Morton shook his head gloom-ily but said not a word. His companion showed no surprise nor did he evince much disappointment. Like Mr. Kent, he saw no hope for imme diate relief, and had resigned himself to await results. He selected a book from the shelves and read quietly until dinner was announced Dinner was served at six o'clock.

The weight of entertaining fell on Hestor and Vincent. While the latto attract the attention of Mr. Carmody he was satisfied that he would have an abundance of time in which to explain his plans. Mr. Morton had acquainted his associates with the failure which thus far had at tended his negotiations. He yet held out hope, but it was faint. When coffee had been served, Hestor arose

"Gentlemen, we are now not far from Cape Cod. During the evening I am going to send a man ashore with letters. You will find stationery in your staterooms. I suppose that all of you wish to send word assuring your families and friends that you are alive and well. You can do so, but you must not enter into any particulars about this outing. You can inform those in whom you are concerned that you are safe; that you will return to them after a reasonable Hength of time, or you may make any other statement not connected with business or with your present whereabouts. Hand me the letters un-scaled, and I will examine them and have them mailed during the night I should have all of them in my possession before nine o'clock.'

"How about me?" asked Mr. Vin-

"You are included," said Mr. Hes

There was no hesitancy in accepting this invitation. The thought that they could speedily communicate with their loved ones lifted a great load from their minds. For an hour Hestor acted as censor on these let ters. He made but few changes, and these of course rendered it necessary to rewrite the rejected letters. In the meantime the yacht had rounded Cape Cod and dropped into the quiet waters of the bay.

Shortly after nine o'clock the dinghy was swung out on her davits and lowered into the water. A young for everyday service, by the average citizen, acted as mail carrier. Pro pelled by the sturdy arms of a sail-or, the little craft disappeared in the darkness. Two miles away the lights of Provincetown flickered in

At about one o'clock in the morning, when most of the passengers were asleep, the dinghy made anothwere asieep, the dingly made anoth-er trip ashore, and returned without the mail messenger. He was landed near Boston, and on the following morning made a rapid journey to Springfield, Mass., and Albany, N. Y., thence to New York city and Brook-lyn, reaching Philadelphia late that night. In these cities he posted the letters which, as has been told were received with so much joy. The next day he left Philadelphia for Cape May; late that night a boat came in from the ocean, and an hour later

out from behind the clouds the shade from the awnings was found grateful. On Friday the signs that the tropics had been entered were tropics had been entered were unmistakable.

When Mr. Pence awoke about three o'clock Tuesday morning he was much alarmed. He was certain that something serious had happened. An unearthly silence prevailed. The engines had stopped, and save for the faint buzz of the electrical machinthere was no sound on the ark." The boat had lost all moery ther "Shark." tion. It no longer rose and fell to the heaving of the seas.

Mr. Pence hurriedly dressed and went on deck. A seaman was pac-ing back and forth on the afterdeck. Mr. Pence looked out over the port side of the yacht. A huge wall of rock towered almost over his head. In the light of the nascent moon, the "Shark" seemed to rest in the center of a vast amphitheater of beetling rocks and crags. Here and there he could make out the form of a palm, and to his ears came the distinct sound of falling water, as of a cascade. To the east the cliffs threw a long shadow over the lake in which the yacht was an-chored. The moon had just scaled the highest peak, and the effect was of indescribable beauty. But the si-lence was oppressive. The heavy breathing of Mr. Vincent, as it pentrated from the deck below, was a relief, and after one reassuring glance at the placid scene Mr. Pence went below and soon was sleeping the sleep of the just.

CHAPTER XIV. MAROONED.

"There's one! See him, captain? Right beyond those weeds, on the bank of that little island, almost under the big rock! Don't you see

Hestor danced around the forecas le in the most excited manner, Capt. Waters looked in the direction which he was pointing.

"Don't you see him? Take my glass and you can see him as plainly as the nose on your face! He's



under that rock with the cocoa tree over it." Hestor handed the powerful marine glasses to Capt. Waters, who took a long look in the direction indicated by the excited owner of the "Shark."

"You're right," he said, "I see him. He's a big 'un," observed the cap-tain as he handed back the glasses. "If you want to watch some fun, come up forward, gentlemen!" he almost shouted. "Hurry up; the bombardment is about to begin! Come along, Mr. Morton, I will show you some sport for your lives!"

Hestor's excitement was contagious "Look over on the bank, there." said Hestor. "Do you see something that looks like a log?"

"I do," said Mr. Kent. Mr. Morton also made it out, as did most

of the party.
"It's a 'gator; an alligator, and a whopper!" said Hestor. "I won't do a thing to him!"

Hestor sprang to a polished piece of machinery, and dropped behind a slanting steel guard, a marine stood by the side of this bit of mechanism, which was recognized at a glance as a rapid-fire Hotchkiss gun. Mr. Pence gave it one look and retreated behind the deckhouse. Mr. Morton and the others looked on with keen interest.

"Bing-r-r-bing-r-r-zing-zip-r-r-bingbing-rip-rip-r-bing-r-r-zip-zip-ring-bing!!"

The first shot struck the water to the right about 100 feet from the loglike object. Hestor swung the gun with a quick movement to the left, and a marine raised the muzzle with the turn of an adjusting device. For a second the water at the edge of the bank was churned into foam. The next instant the "log" was alive. A long tail waved in the air; the great jaws opened and bellowed in a hoarse roar of rage and agony. It rushed for the bank, but as the head sank in the water the squat legs relaxed and the hulk lay

otionless. Hestor jumped back from the gun. He took one look through the gase-ous vapor from the weapon; threw his cap in the air and danced for

"What do you think of that?" he shouted. "The books say you have to shoot 'em in the eye in order to fetch 'em. I know a trick worth he was on board the "Shark.

From the time the sand dunes of Cape Cod faded away in the night until six days had passed, the passengers and crew of the "Shark" only a starter. You can have more saught no sight of land. Many ships have in New York in a year. Come caught no sight of land. Many ships were sighted, but Capt. Waters so the vacht that cruel war is over. Lower the launch, where is plenty of the vacht that the cruel war is over. Lower the launch, and single content of the cruel war is over. There is plenty of the vacht that the cruel war is over. There is plenty of the vacht that the cruel war is over. In the warmth of the cruel war is over. In the warmth of the cruel war is over. In the warmth of the cruel war is over. In the warmth of the cruel war is over. In the warmth of the cruel war is over. In the warmth of the cruel war is over. In the warmth of the cruel war is over. In the warmth of the cruel war is over. In the warmth of the cruel war is over. In the warmth of the cruel war is over. In the warmth of the cruel war is over. In the warmth of the cruel war is over.

It was cloudy most of the time, and by the temperature alone was it surely known that a southerly course was being taken. Thursday night was uncomfortably warm, and the following day view ith surely and course was being taken. Thursday and landing on this spot was the following day view ith surely and landing on this spot was the following day view ith surely warm, and the following day view ith surely with each other to outlive imagination of the artist and blunt the pen of the writer. "It looks like a big aquarium, don't it," said L. Sylvester Vincent, as he gazed into the water. "Look at the better question pop.—Princeton pop.—Princeton propriets and princeton propri

Hestor, who acted as the eager host moroseness—evinced in actions and not in words—such had been Hestor's attitude towards his captives since the "Shark" rounded Cape Cod. On the morning which opened with the death of the crocodile-Sidney Hammond discovered the saurian was a crocodile, and not an alliga-tor—Hestor was in jubilant spirits. During the day he seemed surprised at certain hints dropped by his un-willing guests. His expression was that of the willing host who finds his best efforts not fully appreciated, and who therefore redoubles his at-tempts to please. He was glad that the voyage had so happily ended; glad that all had been favored with good health, and earnest in his pre-dictions that his guests would enjoy themselves.

"It may seem like egotism to call this 'Hestoria,'" he said, as they were seated at the breakfast table, "but I practically discovered the place, and in common with many other explorers gave it my name. If you gentlemen do not like the name you can call it 'Haven's Haven,' or 'Rockwell's Reef,' or Vincent's Land,' or anything you choose. Its various topographical features are as yet not fully explored, and are unnamed. I am going to suggest that we honor Mr. Morton by ing his name to this beautiful body of water we are now on. We will call it 'Morton's Bay.'"

"Thank you," said Mr. Morton. "I appreciate and accept the honor."

"I have some surprises in store for you." said Hestor, when the meal was finished. "We will go ashore directly, and look on something more attractive than dead alligators or crocodiles—as Sidney insists on calling them. Ah, Capt. Waters, has the tide turned sufficiently to make a land-

ing?"
"There is now 14 foot of water at the landing," was Capt. Waters' answer. "We will have the gang plank on shore in ten minutes.'

The panorama unrolled before the gaze of the voyagers on board the "Shark," as she slowly headed for a shelving rock was one of surpassing beauty. Imagine a pear-shaped lake about a mile at its greatest width and a mile and a half in length, walled in by rocks and crags whose rugged slopes were softened by the splendid foliage of the tropics. Na ture, in some fantastic mood, had created this spot, and then as if appalled at her work, had wreathed it with flowers, and chastened its outlines with the harmony of fern, vine palm. The narrow inlet leading to the ocean was guarded by two hang and threaten the intrepid sailor who dared explore and ravish the beauties which nestled within. These rocks were fully 400 feet in height, and unlike those surrounding the lake, were free from tree or verdure. Through the portal thus formed, the ocean with its deep and glorious blue, showed in contrast to the dark background of these crags. The surge of the sea came welling through this gate, but soon lost its power, and on the further shores of the lake its ripples came as but

The shores were lined with boulders which had tumbled down from crag and peak. At intervals there were grassy stretches of meadow, deep enough to form a foreground to the darker beauties of cliff or ra vine. Here and there a brook trickled from the heights, or found its tortrous way through unknown dells.

And everywhere a lavish profusion of flowers. The base of one cliff was aflame with the red of some flower, the name of which was un known to any of the party. To add to this riot of color there were gocks of parrots of many and brilliant hues, while of humming and mocking birds there seemed to be millions. Overhead an eagle circled on heavy pinions, and the waters of men followed the glowing tail withthe lake were dotted with flocks of out trouble.-Washington Post. water fowl.

the flutter of the deep breathing of

About a thousand feet from the southern shore of this sheet of wa ter-which Hestor had named "Morton's Bay"-was a small island It was a gem of an island. Basaltic rocks reached up from the liquid depths of the bay, and its northern end was a crag, probably 100 feet above the surface of the lake. To the west it sloped gradually down, and at low tide there was a sand bar. It was on the inner edge of this bar that Hestor had sighted the crocodile. Tall, slender cocoa palms, with their crowns of graceful leaves, nodded in the morning breeze. Caucho, camphor and dragon trees added their beauty to this tropical bou-quet. The base of the rocks was hidden in giant pond lilies, ivy and other climbing plants, which festooned the sides of the cliffs, as if struggling to join the masses of flowers which overhung the rocks

But the water had treasures not beautiful. At a depth of 50 or 60 feet the bottom of the lake was clearly visible. Looking over the sides of the yacht, the voyagers

none came within signalling distance and generally remained hull down on the horizon.

Capt. Waters. There is plenty of water over there, and we'll go and take a look at him."

following day when the sun came pleasantly authorated by all on the fish under those rocks! I'll bet

"Shark." The past was forgotten by those are angel fish-I saw some just Hestor, who acted as the eager host of a party of gentlemen who should be delighted with their entertainment. Except for a brief period of moroseness—evinced in actions and the more than the process of the control of the moroseness of the control of them. The rocks are covered with the control of the moroseness of the control of them. moss, and there is a tunnel just like I saw in the aquarium. I thought at the time that the fish in New York had a pretty soft snap, but these fellows here have them beat in a walk. I wonder if they're good

to eat?" The reflections of Mr. Vincent were cut short. By good seamanship Capt. Waters brought the yacht alongside a jutting rock, which nature must have designed as a pier. Four sailors sprang ashore, and in a few minutes the lines were taut; the stumps of two trees acted as posts. Fenders were lowered to keep the sides of the "Shark" from rubbing against the rock, and it was possible to step from the gangway directly to the

natural stone pier.
"Welcome to 'Hestoria!'" exclaimed Hestor as he leaped ashore. 'Come on, gentlemen, and explore the mysteries of the tropics. I want to show you something that will surprise you

Back of the pier there arose a rock which cut off the inland view. Hestor rounded this rock, stood in the open space, and waited for the others to join him. Mr. Pence was the last to quit the yacht and showed an inclination to remain on board. He left only when he found himself desert-

ed. "What do you think of that?" Hestor pointed towards a grove of cocoa palms, in the center of which stood a large bungalow. It was an artistic blending of Moorish and Indian architecture. This build-ing was an ell-shaped structure, the corner of which was two stories in height and rounded in a curve, forming at the front half a circle. From this as a base, there were two long wings one story in height, with sloping roofs, supported at the front by pillars, within which were deep verandas. These verandas were each about 60 feet long and opened into the central part of the structure, which on its interior, as well as in its second story, was a perfect cir-

Sidney Hammond looked at Hestor in amazement.
"When did you build this?" he de-

manded. 'Never mind when I built it," responded Hestor, with a good-natured laugh. "It's built all right, as you can see. As a matter of fact, old man," he said, addressing Sidney and looking carefully around as if in search of something, "this is the first time I ever saw it myself. I had it built for my tropical residence. What do you think of it, Mr. Rockwell? You are a judge of villas. Is there anything in New York that can ouch it for the natural beauty of its surroundings?"

[To Be Continued.]

An Ingenious Yarn. Bob Grom was the best known pioneer in Central Arizona. The old man was more than 80 years old when he died, a few years ago, and he had been in the territory so long that nobody knew when he came. He spent a fortune in locating mining claims in the central part of the territory, but never realized anything from them. A short time after his death the value of his claims was discovered. Grom was a ranchman as well as a mining man, and he was so eccentric that people who knew him never tire of telling about their experience with him. Once he was caught out in a blinding rainstorm. Darkness overtook him and his companion in the desert. They were able to find their way, and their matches were so wet that they could not light firebrands. Finally Grom pulled a handful of wet sulphur matches from his pocket and called

A Change Had Come Over Him. There are some things in this world for which not even the most profound rural philosopher can account to his own satisfaction.

never saw an animal move so slowly before in all my life!" cried an exasperated traveler in a New Hampshire stage, behind which the clouds of a rapidly rising storm were growing blacker every moment. the horse go any faster? You had an excellent one ten years ago, when I used to spend the summer here."

That's the cur'ous thing about it," said the driver, gazing first at his steed and then at the uneasy passenger in a mildly speculative way. "This hoss is the very same identical hoss that I drove that summer. I don't know what in tunket's got into him! He seems to have lost his animation."-Youth's Companion.

Appreciated His Mercies.

Bishop Wilberforce used to tell a story of a greedy clergyman who, when asked to say grace, looked anxiously to see if there were chamanxiously to see if there were cham-pagne glasses on the table. If there were he began: "Bountiful Jeho-vah!" But if he saw only claret glasses he said: "We are not worthy of the least of thy mercies."-Chicago

She (in the park)—I wonder what ind of a tree that is?

He—Why, that's a dog-wood tree.
"But how can you tell?"
"By its bark, of course,"—Chicago

Dennsylvania

PHILADELPHIA AND ERIE RAIL BOAD DIVISION.

PHILADELPHIA AND ERIE RAIL BOAD DIVISION.

In effect May 25, 1992.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM EASTWARD 9 15 A. M.—Week days for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelp in 6.23 P. M., New York 9.30 P. M., Pallimore 00 P. M., Washington 7.15 P. M. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia and Massengercoaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Washington.

12:25 P. M. (Emporium Junction) daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia, 7:32 p. m.; New York, 10:23 p. m.; Baltimore, 7:30 p. m.; Washington, 8:35, p. m. Vestibuled Parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

3 20 P. M.—daily for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia, 4:25 A. M., New York 7:13 A. M. Baltimore, 2:30 A. M. Washington, 4:55 A. M. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburgto Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passenger can remainin sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 A. M.—Daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia and Sendence of the Send

and Washington.

WESTWARD.

5.10 A. M.—Emporium Junction—daily for Erie, Ridgway, and week days for Du-Bols, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10 30 A. M.—Daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

6 23 P. M.—Week days for Kane and intermediate stations.

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Note—Train 167 on Sundays will make all stop.
between Red Bank and DuBois.
Dally. †Daily except Sunday. †Sunday only.
Flag Stop.
For Time Tables and further information, apply to Ticket Agent.
J. B. HUTCHINSON,
General Manager.

TIME TABLE No. 27.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY R. R

Taking effect Ma y 27th, 1901.

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carry passengers. Tains 8 and 10 do.
Trains run on Eastern Standard Time.
Connections—At Ulysses with Fall Brook R'y
for points north and south. At B. & S. Junetion with Buffalo & Susquehanna R. R. north for
Wellsville, south for Galeton and Ansonia. At
Fort Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. R. R., north
for Buffalo, Olean, Bradford and Smethport;
south for Keating Summit, Austin, Emporium
and Penni-R. R., points. south for Keating Sunnay, and Penn'a R. R., points.

B. A. McCLURE Gen'l Supt.
Coudersport, Pa.

BUFFALO & SUSQUEHANNA R. R



"The Grand Scenic Route."

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	9	11					hat			9	54	8	35	
	9	07			.So	uth	ı Ga	ine	S	9	57	8	39	
P. M.	8	59	6	37	Gs	in	es Ju	inc		9	59	8	42	
	8	45	6	25	ar)	0	aleto	_)	lv			8	55	
	6	30	1	05	lv /	G	neto	n	ar	10	10	4	45	
	6	47	1	24		W	altor	2		9	51	4	39	
	7	13	1	50	.Ne	wf	eld .	Jct		9	27	4	15	
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		-				ST	TIO	NR.	-	1		1		

All trains run daily to pt Sunday.

All trains run dails — pt Sunday.

Sundays only.

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	RNEY	S-AT-LAW!
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