

THE STORY TELLER

THE OTHER POINT OF VIEW.

To be a little girl of ten seems nice enough—to boys and men; I wonder if they ever tried To argue from the other side?

I don't suppose they'd ever guess The stiffness of a starched white dress; I wonder how they'd like the hooks— Let alone the way it looks!

They never sit at home and sew, And watch their brothers come and go; I should not even like to say That they would bear it for a day!

They do not know how hard it seems To be a girl still, in one's dreams, To feel that one can never be A drummer boy, or go to sea.

Our brothers say we're hard to please Because we long for things like these; They think it is a pleasant life To wait until you're someone's wife.

When I'm a wife I'll gladly sit At home, and cook and sew and knit; But there's a lot of waiting when You're but a little girl of ten.

Our brothers do not seem to know That waiting can be very slow; You see, they've never really tried To argue from the other side!

—Evelyn Sharp, in Westminster Gazette.

THE KIDNAPPED MILLIONAIRES

A Tale of Wall Street and the Tropics

By FREDERICK U. ADAMS

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CHAPTER XIV.—CONTINUED.

"It is very beautiful, but there are others I would rather look on just now," said Mr. Rockwell.

"Well, we will give it a housewarming," said Hestor; calmly ignoring the melancholy note in Mr. Rockwell's answer. "Let's see. The keys were to be left in a box under the second tree to the left of the big rock. Get us something we can dig with," he said, addressing one of the crew, who returned in a minute with a shovel from the furnace room of the "Shark." He dug at the base of the tree and soon struck a wooden chest, inside of which was an iron box with the key in its lock. Hestor opened the box and disclosed a lot of keys marked with labels.

"Here they are," he said. "The world is ours!" He led the way to the bungalow. There was an air of newness about the structure which told that it had but recently been completed. Scattered around were pieces of lumber, paint pots and saw-horses, which showed that no tenant had occupied the structure.

The first door was of wire screen opening on the veranda. The entire veranda was enclosed in a fine wire screen, as were all the windows. This was to exclude mosquitos and other insects. The door of the main building was next opened, and the party entered into a circular room about 30 feet in diameter. The floors were covered with matting, and the walls finished in burlaps. There was no furniture in this or in any other room in the bungalow. In the center of the ceiling there was a light and air area extending to the glass roof above, the upper floor being supported from the roof. This area was a circle 12 feet in diameter, the upper floor constituting a nine-foot gallery around the room. The kitchen and storeroom were in a building separated from the main structure. A wire netting passage-way, with a protecting roof, connected the kitchen with the dining-room in such a way that communication was possible despite weather or insects, and at the same time the odors of the kitchen were avoided. A large cooking range was already in position. There also was an oil stove.

"This is the dining-room, parlor and lounging room," explained Hestor, as they returned to the large circular room. "I suppose it is really the dining-room, but we will use it in any way we choose. There are 12 sleeping apartments, all opening directly on the veranda. Here is one of them. You will notice that each has its own bathroom."

"Where does the water come from?" asked Mr. Morton, as he turned a faucet. A clear, cold stream of water rushed out at great pressure.

"We dammed up a brook on the hill back of here and made a reservoir," said Hestor. "The pipes lead directly to the building with a drop of 120 feet."

"All you need now is furniture and provisions," said Mr. Hestor.

"You won't know the place by night," exclaimed Hestor. "You gentlemen make yourselves comfortable as you can. Explore the surroundings, or do what you please. This is my busy day," and Hestor dashed away towards the yacht. It was then about ten o'clock in the morning, and the sun was very warm in the open. Sidney Hammond, Mr. Carmody and Mr. Kent set out to explore the brook which rushed past the bungalow. Mr. Pence went back to the "Shark," and the other gentlemen wandered around or rested under the shade of the trees.

rels of flour and crackers, barrels of oil, lamps and lanterns, and an endless variety of cooking utensils. There was also a barrel which Mr. Vincent handled tenderly, and that gentleman took special care of crates containing bottles of claret, beer and Burgundy, to say nothing of cigars, tobacco, sherries, cordials, brandies and liquors. Mr. Vincent arranged these in order, and then stood and gazed lovingly at the imposing array. And still the sailors brought new treasures from the hold of the "Shark." There were library shelves, pictures, mirrors, bric-a-brac, a piano and the parts of a billiard table. There were guns, revolvers and cases of ammunition, together with rods and an assortment of fishing tackle. A huge chest contained a complete set of carpenter's tools. There were numberless articles of necessity and comfort, including a variety of canned foods, jellies and jams, and smoked and cured meats, of which a grocer or market-man might have been proud. These were placed in the storehouse, which was provided with a huge cave which served as a cellar, through which a branch of the brook had been diverted to keep it cool.

By one o'clock all of these articles had been deposited, either in the various rooms or on the broad verandas. Luncheon was served on the yacht, and the crew returned to their task. Mr. Kent and Mr. Rockwell took a hand in the work; so did Sidney Hammond and Mr. Hestor. Mr. Carmody took charge of the arrangement of the pictures, while Mr. L. Sylvester Vincent devoted his time to the perfection of the storeroom. Mr. Morton remained on board the yacht for awhile, and then rejoined the busy party. It was warm, but he entered into the spirit of the affair and was soon at work.

"You will find in one of the boxes a great assortment of linen clothing and other wear suitable to this climate," said Hestor. "There are cork helmets and all of the devices to protect you from the glare of the sun. There is also a gas engine and a small dynamo sufficient to run electric fans, which my men are now setting up in the powerhouse adjoining the storeroom. We will have it installed before night. Next

"I have always bragged about being a good cook, and here is where I am put to the test," said Sidney, as he sliced several loaves of bread and prepared to make toast. Vincent remembered there was a supply of grape-fruit and oranges.

"Serve both of them," said Sidney. "That means finger bowls. Have we any finger bowls?"

"Sure," answered Vincent, as he made them ready.

In less than half an hour Sidney stood in front of the bungalow and rang a dinner bell which had been found by the inquisitive Mr. Vincent. In the meantime Sidney stepped to the rear of the building and plucked a big bouquet of flowers, which now adorned the table. A massive water service, silver butter dishes, and an imposing array of glass and china were set off by the spotless linen and flowers.

"Be seated, gentlemen," said Sidney.

"This is magic," said Mr. Rockwell. "If your menu is as good as your service, we are indeed fortunate."

All were surprised and delighted. Sidney touched a button and set two electric fans in motion. They found the grape-fruit delicious, and Mr. Kent declared that the oranges were the best he ever had tasted. A few minutes later L. Sylvester Vincent entered with a huge platter of poached eggs, cooked to perfection. Sidney followed with crisp bits of bacon and a generous installment of broiled ham. Mr. Morton clapped his hands and proposed three cheers and a vote of thanks for the cooks. They were given with a will. Then all fell on the viands. But the cooks were not yet through. They served French fried potatoes and Saratoga chips, vast piles of buttered toast, jars of jam, and to crown all, Vincent brought in the steaming coffee pot and made the feast complete.

"We have no cream, but this condensed milk is not bad," said Sidney.

"Make no excuses," said Mr. Kent. "You and Vincent are the kings of chefs. Talk about your Waldorf-Astoria! It isn't in it!"

The cooks joined in the breakfast, and it was a hungry and a merry party. Mr. Morton sat at the head of the table and was in splendid humor.

"You don't seem to be lost now, Brother Pence," said Mr. Kent, as he helped that gentleman to another portion of bacon and eggs. "You certainly have found your appetite."

"You let Pence alone," said Mr. Morton. "We will make you cook the next meal as a punishment."

"Perhaps you think I can't cook?" said Mr. Kent, defiantly. "You don't know what I can do!"

"I do," said Mr. Hestor. "Pass the sugar, please."

Mr. Kent smiled in a sardonic manner at Mr. Hestor, and continued by saying that when a young man had served as cook for six months in a western mining camp.

Breakfast over, they adjourned to the veranda; Vincent volunteered to clear the table and look after the dishes. For an hour he was a busy man. He donned an apron and washed and wiped the dishes, and stored them away in the china closet. During this operation he smoked a large imported cigar. Every once in a while his face would wreath in smiles. When his task was ended he lit a fresh cigar, and joined the rest of the party which was grouped on the west veranda, engaged in conference.

"We must divide our work and assign each member of the party a certain responsibility," Mr. Morton was saying. "In the first place we must ascertain, as near as possible, where we are, and then devise means to return to our homes. We may as well dismiss this man Hestor and his yacht from any further consideration. In either case we have little to hope from him. We must explore this island, and then see what can be done. About where do you suppose this island is located, Mr. Hammond? I have my own idea, and I would like to hear from others."

"We are somewhere in the West Indies, or in the Gulf of Mexico or the Caribbean Sea," said Sidney. "That is rather an indefinite answer, I admit, but we should be able by timing the sunrise by our watches—to tell about how far west we are, and possibly we can make a calculation which will determine our approximate latitude. I am inclined to think we are well to the west of Cuba, and not many hundred miles from the Mexican or Central American coast."

"I entirely agree with you," said Mr. Morton. "I kept as close a watch of the direction taken as possible. Monday was cloudy, but I am sure that on that day and on a part of Sunday we were going in a westerly or southwesterly direction. I figure that we ran about 124 hours on a fairly direct course to this island. The 'Shark's' course was erratic only when Capt. Waters was avoiding other craft. Now, if we averaged 20 miles an hour, that would make a total of 2,480 miles. It may be 100 miles either way from this estimate."

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[To Be Continued.]



"WE ARE LOST!"

year I am going to have electric lights, but this season we must put up with lamps. We will have things in shape so that we can sleep ashore to-night. We will take dinner on the yacht this evening, and this will be your last meal afloat for some time."

After dinner the tide had so far receded that Capt. Waters made ready to drop the "Shark" into deeper water. Hestor and his guests returned to shore, and the yacht glided out into the bay. Its great searchlight, later in the evening, swept around the amphitheater and aroused a chorus from birds and a roar from prowling animals. Mr. Pence declared he saw the flaming eyes of some wild beast through the palm trees, and was not at all reassured when Hestor informed him that it was nothing but a puma or "mountain lion."

"They are as common as rabbits around here," he said. "If you leave them alone they will not bother you. They probably smell the meat in the storeroom."

All were wearied from the day's work, and at a little after nine o'clock it was decided to retire for the night. Hestor shook hands with all and grasped Sidney Hammond's hand with an earnest clasp. He again expressed the hope that they would enjoy their visit, and bidding them good-night retired to his room.

At five o'clock the following morning the captives were aroused by a great outcry, and hammering at the doors of their rooms. They found Mr. Pence rushing up and down the veranda, wringing his hands and moaning in terror.

"The boat is gone!" he cried. "The 'Shark' has gone away and left us! We are lost! We are lost! We are lost!"

"Oh, shut up!" said Mr. Kent and he went back to his couch, and was soon asleep.

Mr. Walter B. Hestor, owner of the "Shark," and special envoy and correspondent of the New York Record, was not in his room. There was no trace of the "Shark" in Morton's Bay. The millionaires were marooned.

CHAPTER XV.

ON SOCIAL ISLAND.

Had a visitor dropped in on the eight occupants of the Hestor bungalow at seven o'clock that Wednesday morning of the tenth day of May, he would not have imagined they were marooned. Even Mr. Pence had recovered his spirits if not his courage. The cooling waters of a bath infused new life into the millionaire castaways, and at six o'clock all of them, except the phlegmatic Mr. Kent, were assembled in the main room of the bungalow; that gentleman making his appearance half an hour later.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Palmer J. Morton, "we will have plenty of time

to discuss our situation and to formulate plans. After consulting my stomach, I am of the opinion that the first problem is that of breakfast."

"Yes, and unlike many castaways of history and of romance, we should not have great difficulty in satisfying our hunger," observed Mr. Rockwell. "Mr. Vincent, you are familiar with our resources in the matter of food," said Mr. Morton. "Suppose you see what can be done in the way of breakfast. I imagine there is plenty of cold stuff which will serve for the present. Later we will organize our forces and perhaps do better."

"I will help Mr. Vincent," said Sidney Hammond. "You gentlemen retire to the veranda and give us the use of the dining room and kitchen for half an hour or so, and we promise you will not starve."

While the others strolled down to the landing where the "Shark" once rested, Sidney and Vincent took possession of the culinary part of the bungalow. They soon found the table linen, and Sidney arranged the plates, knives, forks, spoons and cruet, while Vincent was busy building a fire in the kitchen range. From the cave Vincent produced two dozen eggs, a part of a large stock which had been kept in the refrigerators of the "Shark," and which were so packed that they would remain fresh for weeks. He brought up ham and bacon and potatoes. There was also a dozen loaves of bread from the stores of the yacht, and plenty of sea biscuits. The coffee pot was soon boiling, and its pleasing aroma filled the kitchen. There was an unlimited supply of condensed milk.

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"I entirely agree with you," said Mr. Morton. "I kept as close a watch of the direction taken as possible. Monday was cloudy, but I am sure that on that day and on a part of Sunday we were going in a westerly or southwesterly direction. I figure that we ran about 124 hours on a fairly direct course to this island. The 'Shark's' course was erratic only when Capt. Waters was avoiding other craft. Now, if we averaged 20 miles an hour, that would make a total of 2,480 miles. It may be 100 miles either way from this estimate."

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A VILLAGE BLUCHER.

Resourceful Editor of a Country Paper—Successful Plan for Raising Money.

Just what would have happened at Waterloo if the Prussians had not come up just when they did is still a matter of conjecture. It is less difficult to determine what would have happened at a certain town in Kansas, if a certain editor had not driven up at the right moment.

This editor, as he is described in the Kansas City Journal, is the versatile, resourceful manager of a country paper. He sweeps out his office, kindles fires, sets type, makes up the forms, wets down the paper, inks the roller, pulls the hand-press, kicks the job-press, solicits advertising, gathers news items, writes editorials, and lives the sober life of a private citizen.

Not long ago a violent hail-storm broke the window-panes of all the churches of the village. The pastors were at their wits' ends to know how to raise money to make the necessary repairs. In the course of the morning following the disaster they called in a body on the editor for advice.

"Advise a hail-storm union social for to-night. Gather up the hail-stones and freeze ice cream with them. I'll print handbills for you to circulate."

The scheme was adopted. The novelty of eating ice cream frozen with ice that had dropped from the clouds brought out the whole town, and now the churches in that town have new window-panes.

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"We are somewhere in the West Indies, or in the Gulf of Mexico or the Caribbean Sea," said Sidney. "That is rather an indefinite answer, I admit, but we should be able by timing the sunrise by our watches—to tell about how far west we are, and possibly we can make a calculation which will determine our approximate latitude. I am inclined to think we are well to the west of Cuba, and not many hundred miles from the Mexican or Central American coast."

"I entirely agree with you," said Mr. Morton. "I kept as close a watch of the direction taken as possible. Monday was cloudy, but I am sure that on that day and on a part of Sunday we were going in a westerly or southwesterly direction. I figure that we ran about 124 hours on a fairly direct course to this island. The 'Shark's' course was erratic only when Capt. Waters was avoiding other craft. Now, if we averaged 20 miles an hour, that would make a total of 2,480 miles. It may be 100 miles either way from this estimate."

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"Here is something that may be of service to us," said Mr. Morton, who had been absent for several minutes. "I took a notion to examine the room occupied by Mr. Hestor last night, and I found this on the dressing case."

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