

He never tried to preach or set you right; He thought all others better far than he;
And so he showed by life, instead of words, The wondrous beauty of humility.

He did not worry to reform the world.

He knew God's ways, though slow, w always sure; He only struggled to reform himself By steadfastness and patience to dure.

He would not prate about the want of love, or yet the lack of faith, in human mind; Nor He never spoke about these things at all, Only he never failed in being kind.

One single passion held his heart in sway: An earnest craving for the pure and

And though at times God's face felt far away— His earth-dimmed eyes so deeply yearned to view—

Still, in the dark as in the light, he He said the sun was shining all the

And, for the things he could not under-He hoped and trusted in a Love sub-

-A. M. Orpen, in Chamber's Journal.

The KIDNAPPED MILLIONAIRES A Tale of Wall Street and the Tropics & & By FREDERICK U. ADAMS

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CHAPTER XV.-CONTINUED.

A thorough search revealed none. They then proceeded to make a careful study of the map, but it threw no light on their position on the broad surface of the globe. All that the map showed was the contour of the bay, the course of the brook to the reservoir, and a little to the west of it, also the location of the bungalow and the small island in the bay. There was no scale, and the waters to the east were designated

"For all that this map shows we may be on the moon," said Mr. Kent. "All that we know is that we are alive and well, and somewhere in the tropics. We may be east or west or north or south of Cuba. For all I know we may be off South America."

"Well, we can consider this later," said Mr. Morton. "Let's get down to business. It would not be right for good Americans to do anything without an organization, and I move that Mr John M. Rockwell be made chairman, and that Mr. Sidney Hammond act as secretary. All in favor of the motion say 'aye!'" There was a chorus of "ayes," In

which Mr. Rockwell joined with a

"Gentlemen." said Mr. Rockwell. "I have presided at many meetings, and with varied success, but this is



MAP OF "SOCIAL ISLAND," (or Hestoria.)

the most interesting and perhaps the most important in my experience. I will make a formal speech when we are out of the woods; or more properly perhaps, out of the ocean. What is the pleasure of the meet

"In my opinion, Mr. President." said Mr. Morton, "our first duty is to change the name of the island. Its present name is distasteful to me. I move you sir, that in view of the character of the men who now inhabit it, that we call it 'Social Island.'"

The motion was carried unanimous ly amid applause in which a flock of parrots

parrots and cockatoos joined Now, Mr. President," conti continued Mr. Morton, "it occurs to me that there are three divisions of work that should engage our attention. The sustenance during time we are compelled to remain on the broad head of housekeeping. The second is a thorough exploration of island, and as careful an esti-

pervise and be held responsible for the performance of these duties.'

The motion being carried, Mr. Rockwell pondered a few moments and said:

"I am of the opinion that all mem of the Social Island Colony should serve on the committee on housekeeping. If the work is shared by all, the task will be light, but if by all, the task will be light, but if it devolves on one or two men it will be mere drudgery. I am going to appoint Mr. L. Sylvester Vincent as general superintendent of the Social Island bungalow, and of all the lands and game preserves thereunto appertaining. He will have full authority to call on the services of any member not employed at the time on other duties, and in case of dispute the president will render a decision. The president will also be subject to Mr. Vincent's authority in the matter of household duties. It will be accepted as unwritten law that each member must keep his own room in order. Mr. Vincent, will you accept this commission?"

"Yes, sir-or Mr. President, rather," said Mr. L. Sylvester Vincent. He was delighted with the title of general superintendent and

by the extent of his authority.

"I shall appoint Mr. Hammond chairman of the committee on exploration," said Mr. Rockwell. "He will be assisted by Messrs. Kent and Pence, both of whom are great explorers.

don't want to explore," protested Mr. Pence. "I would prefer to go on some other committee." "The chair will accept no resigna-

tions," said Mr. Rockwell, and he hammered on the table with a ruler to indicate that the question was settled. "Mr. Andrus Carmody will be chairman of the committee on escape; Mr. Morton and Mr. Haven will serve with him on that commit-tee. The president volunteers his services on any and all these committees. Is there any other business before the meeting? If not we stand adjourned, subject to call at

any time. Adjourned."

"That is the way to do business,"
said Mr. Morton. "Each man knows
his duty and can go about it."

Mr. Vincent walked out into the kitchen and in a few minutes re-



"MAKE HIM GO AWAY," PLEADED MR. PENCE.

turned. He stood in the open door and looked over the gentlemen who were variously engaged. "Mr. Pence," he called.

Mr. Pence had sunk back in his hair and was examining a book which Sidney left on the table. He lifted his eyes over his steel-rimmed glasses and gazed languidly at Mr.

"You can come to the kitchen Mr. Pence," said Vincent, "and pare

"What's that?" exclaimed the astounded millionaire. "Pare potatoes! Me pare potatoes? Absurd!" There was a general roar of laugh-

"I am on another committee!" claimed Mr. Pence, "the committee on exploration."

"You now seem to be on the escape committee!" said Mr. Kent.
"Take him along, Vincent."
Mr. Pence looked at Mr. Rockwell

Mr. Pence looked at Mr. Rockwell appealingly.

"I have nothing to do with it," Mr. Rockwell said, "unless Mr. Hammond urgently needs and demands your medium-sized tree about 15 feet in urgently needs and demands yo services on the exploration commit-

tee. If not, you will have to obey Mr. Vincent. He is general superintendent, and you voted for him and Sidney said that he did not need Mr. Pence at present. That gentleman arose, and with a woeful expression followed Vincent to the kitchen. A few minutes later he

donned a white apron and entered on his new duty. He proved an adept, and Mr. Kent looked in at a side door and regarded his work with approval. He is the best man you could select," said Mr. Kent, addressing the general superintendent, who was

critically watching Mr. Simon Pence. "He can cut the thinnest paring you ever saw. The potato will weigh more when he gets through with it than it did when he began. He is a wonder. You ought to see him pare a dividend."

"Make him go 'way," pleaded Mr. But Mr. Kent had disappeared

Mr. Vincent went in search of more help. He found Mr. Haven.

"I shall have to ask you to chop some wood," he said.

"Certainly," said Mr. Haven, with surprising alacrity. "Where is the ax? I was a dandy at chopping wood when a boy. How long do you want it?" In a few minutes the sugar magnate was hard at work, and at the end of three hours he had accumulated a goodly pile of wood and

a ravenous appetite. During the day Vincent went about his duties in a most systematic manner. He took each member of the mate of our whereabouts as possi-ble. The third is to plan and provide the mysteries of the storeroom and

After dinner Mr. Rockwell was detailed to wash dishes and Mr. Kent to wipe them. It was worth a jour-ney around the world to watch the great capitalist scrape a frying pan or a kettle, and to see the deftness with which the famous speculator handled a towel on the knives and forks. He was giving a pan a finish-ing touch when it dropped to the floor with a crash.

"Tin plate seems to be going down," observed Mr. Haven, who was watching Mr. Kent with much interest.

"Yes," drawled Mr. Kent, "what do you suppose sugar is doing in New York while you are away? I'll bet it is not going up.'

it is not going up."

It began to rain during the foremoon, and Sidney was compelled to postpone an expedition he had planned, in which he proposed to follow the brook to its source, which he calculated would be the highest round to the sale of the control on the island. point of land on the island.

CHAPTER XVI.

AN EXPLORATION

Thursday was a perfect day after the storm. The air was fresh and cool from the ocean. Sidney was up at an early hour and took his observation of the time of the sunrise. It was Mr. Kent's turn to get breakfast, and he did himself credit. In the meantime Sidney had been preparing for the exploration of the island. He looked over the stock of guns and selected a rifle and a shot gun. He found these weapons in fairly good order, but oiled and cleaned them carefully, and tested both several times.

It was about eight o'clock when Sidney and Mr. Kent disappeared in the thicket through which the brook took its course. Mr. Pence had been detailed to explore the north shore of the lake, and from the expression of his face he did not relish

He refused to take a gun, and armed with a heavy club set out on what he regarded a most dangerous expedition. It was low tide, and the beach was clear of water to the frowning rocks which formed the gateway to "Morton's Bay."

For the first quarter of an hour Sidney and Mr. Kent found it fairly easy to follow the course of the brook. A trail had been cut along the winding bank the preceding year, but such is the virility of tropical vegetation that already it was well-nigh closed. On both sides was a jungle so dense as to be im-

At the end of an hour's hard work they came to a cleared space and found where the dam had been built across a gorge between two rocks. The dam was about 12 feet in height. Above was the reservoir; a lake covering perhaps 20 acres of ground, from which the timber had been denuded. The character of the forest around this artificial lake was for different from that through which they had passed. It was more open. Instead of the jungle of chaparral, Spanish bayonets, and other forms of thorny plants, brush and tree, the platesu on which they and tree, the plateau on which they now stood was a noble tropical forest—a veritable park with glades, rocks, picturesque ravines and gen-

"This is more like it," said Sidney as they took a seat on a rock beneath the spreading branches of a magnolia tree. "If the rest of the island is like this our task is an easy and pleasant one."

Their view was one to entrance a They were at the edge of a glade covering about 40 acres. Here and there a rock showed above the waving grass and flowers, but otherwise the vista was unbroken.

"This is a superb spot," said Sidand trees? How tame the products of conservatories seem compared with nature's work! There is a height, with broad spreading leaves.
"Why, it's a banana tree," he exclaimed in great delight. "And what

s more, it is loaded with bananas. A huge bunch of yellow and yellow-black bananas hung from the point where the broad leaves spread like a stalk of celery. Sidney took out his knife and cut several from

the bunch. "You are sure these are bananas are you?" asked Mr. Kent. "Don't poison yourself."

"They certainly are," said Sidney, "and they are delicious. These are the first ripe bananas I have ever tasted. The stuff we get in New York is no more like this than potatoes are like pears. They pick them green, months before they are ripe, and ship them north to ripen in basements or in tenement houses Did you ever taste anything so delicious?

"They are fine," said Mr. Kent "Cut some more."

They found scores of banana trees with bunches of fruit in various stages of development. They knew that life can be supported for an in definite period from the banana tree alone, and while they had no intention of remaining on the island, the thought was a comforting one.

They returned to the brook and followed it in a northwesterly direction. For some time they had heard the sound of falling water, and soon circled a ledge of rock and had a full view of a beautiful cascade. The brook leaped 80 feet; not from the top of a precipice, but from a point fully 40 feet below the top. It came welling from a cavern and fell unbroken into a pool below. There could be no mistake means of escape. I move that the resident appoint committees to su-foods and cooking utensils. trailing vines and ivy directly above

the tunnel from which poured the waterfall.

"There is the end of our brook," said Sidney as he studied the view before, him. "I remember now that underground rivers and brooks are common in these southern latitudes. There are lots of them in Mexico and especially in Yucatan. I wonder if I can scale those rocks?"

"I know that I cannot," said Mr. Kent as he sat down on a boulder, "Go ahead and I will stay here and watch you."

It was a hard climb, but Sidney made it. He stood at last directly over the waterfall. Without stop-ping to admire the view spread out before him, he plunged into the for-est which sloped upward. It grew thicker as he advanced. Suddenly he came to a solid mass of trees and brush, woven into a thicket so dense that no animal larger than a rabbit could penetrate it for a yard. Sidney walked along the edge of this jungle for half a mile or more, but his search for an opening was stopped by the fact that the vegetable barrier finally extended to the edge of the cliff. The explorer then selected a tall logwood tree, and after a hard struggle tree, and after a hard struggle "shinned" up to the lower branches and climbed nearly to the top. From this elevation he had a fair view of this part of the jungle, but could only guess at its extent. He found that it continued unbroken to the top of a bill fully a pile away and

or five miles away.
Sidney Hammond was not unfamiliar with such jungles, having encountered them in the mountains of New Mexico, but those northern thickets were not to be compared to the tropical mass which now confronted him. He sat in the branches of the tree for some time. Suddenly he realized it was hot, and at the same moment the sound of two shots came from the valley. He was fearful that his companion was in danger. Mr. Kent had selected the shotgun, hoping to shoot grouse or quail. These birds had been seen in abundance, but it had been decided to bag none until the time came to start for camp. In a few minutes Sidney was at the bottom of the cliff. Mr. Kent was not to be seen. Sidney ran to where he had left the millionaire speculator. He then yelled at the top of his voice.

top of a hill fully a mile away, and beyond he made out the outlines of

other and higher hills, probably four

An answering call came from a ravine to the left. Sidney ran in that direction. Mr. Kent was standing under a tree, with the shotgun half raised. He was looking intently at a jagged pile of rocks a short distance away. At his feet was a dead

"Hurry up!" said Mr. Kent as Sidney approached. "Do you see that fellow on that rock over there? See

[To Be Continued.]

WHO EXECUTED CHARLES I.?

Name of Richard Brandon Is Most Widely Connected With the Deed.

In the burial register of Whitechapel, under the year 1649, is the fol-lowing entry, says Harper's Maga-zine: "June 21st. Richard Brandon, n man out of Rosemary Lane. This Brandon is held to be the man who beheaded Charles the First."

A less distinguished candidate for the infamy was one William How-lett, actually condemned to death after the restoration for a part he never played, and only saved from the gallows by the urgent efforts of a few citizens who swore that Brandon did the deed. Brandon was not available for retribution. He had died in his bed six months after Charles was beheaded and had been hurried ignominiously into his grave in Whitechapel church yard. As public executioner of London, he could hardly escape his destiny; but it is said that remorse and horror shortened his days. In his supposed "con-fession," a tract widely circulated at the time, he claims that he was the time, he claims that he was "fetched out of bed by a troop of norse," and carried against his to the scaffold. Also that he was paid £30, all in half-crowns, for the work, and had "an orange stuck full of cloves, and a handkerchief out of the king's pocket." The orange he sold for ten shillings in Rosemary

Cut Both Ways.

"I want my hair cut, and no talk," said a 16-stone man, with an I-own-the-earth air, as he walked into a Swindon barber's shop and sat down.
"The——" commenced the man in the apron.

"No talk, I tell you!" shouted the heavy man. "Just a plain hair cut. I've read all the papers, and don't want any news. Start right away,

The man in the anron obeyed When he had finished, the man who new everything rose from the chair and surveyed himself in the glass. "Great Scott!" he exclaimed. "It's really true, then? You barbers can't

do your work properly unless you "I don't know," said the man in the

apron quietly. "You must ask the barber. He'll be in presently. I'm the glazier from next door."-London Answers. The Modern Equivalent.

Blueblood-Have you any armor in our hall? Newrich-No; but I have three football suits .- Puck.

Willing to Carry.

"Five pounds for a bonnet! Madam-"Well, the crime will be on my own head."-Glasgow Evening Times.

"What," asked the party with the conundrum habit, "is the difference between an avenue and a street?"

"Oh, about \$39 on a month's rent," replied the man who knew whereof he spoke.

"Chicago Daily News.

Many School Children Are Sickly Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Chil-dren, used by Mother Gray, a nurse in Chil-dren's Home, New York, break up Colds, cure Feverishness, Constipation and destroy Worms. All Druggists, 25c. Sample FREE, Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, New York.

"A crank is something of an expert on a subject in which you are not interested."

John Willis Baer.

The Chicago & North-Western is the only double track railway between Chicago and the Missouri River.

All words are pegs to hang ideas on.-

To Cure a Cold in One Day. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

The milder virtues may be as mast oful as the wilder vices.—Ram's Horn.

Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar re-lieves whooping cough. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

He who follows the guidance of all reaches the goal of none.—Ram's Horn.

Piso's Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—J. W. O'Brien, 322 Third Ave., N., Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1900. The only competition worthy a wise man is with himself.—Jameson.

No muss or failures made with Putnam Fadeless Dyes.

Women wish for long life minus old age.—Chicago Daily News.



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MRS. RATH'S BABY

Tired Mother's Touching Story of Anxiety and Suffering.

Cuticura Brings Blessed Cure to Skin Tortured Baby and Peace and Rest to Its Worn Out Mother.

It is no wonder that Mrs. Helena Rath was taken sick. Single-handed, she did all the housework and washed, cooked and mended for her husband, Hans, and their six children. After a plucky fight to keep on her feet, Mrs. Rath had to yield, and early in 1902 she took to her bed. What followed she told to a visitor, who called at her tidy home, No. 821 Tenth Ave., New York City.

"I hired a girl to mind the children and to do whatever else she could. I couldn't stay in bed long. Sick as I was, it was easier for me to crawl around than to lie and worry about my little ones. So I got up after a few days, and let the girl go. I had noticed that she had sores on her face, hands and arms, but I paid no attention to that until Charlie, my youngest, began to pick and scratch himself. He was then ten months old, and the girl had paid more attention to him than to any of the others. Charlie was fret

then ten months old, and the girl had paid more attention to him than to any of the others. Charlie was fretful and cross, but as he was cutting teeth, I didn't think much of that. Even when a rash broke out on his face I wasn't frightened, because everybody knows that that is quite common with teething babies. Several of my others had it when little, and I thought nothing about it.

"But the rash on Charlie's poor little face spread to his neck, chest, and back. I had never seen anything quite like it before. The skin rose in little lumps, and matter came out. My baby's skin was hot, and how he did suffer! He wouldn't eat, and night after night I walked the floor with him, weak as I was. Often I had to stop because I felt faint and my back throbbed with pain. But the worst pain of all was to see my poor little boy burning with those nasty sores.

"I helieved he had caught some see my poor little boy burning th those nasty sores.
"I believed he had caught some

"I believed he had caught some of the neighbors said he had eczema, and that is not catching, they told me. Yes, I gave him medicine, and put salves and things on him. I don't think they were all useless. Once in a while the itching seemed to let up a bit, but there was not Once in a while the itching seemed to let up a bit, but there was not much change for the better until a lady across the street asked me why I didn't try the Cuticura Remedies. I told her I had no faith in those things you read about in the papers. She said she didn't want me to go on faith nor even to spend any money at first. She gave me some Cuticura Ointment—I think the box was about half full—and a piece of Cuticura Soap. I followed

putting that nice Ointment on the sores.

"I wouldn't have believed that my baby would have been cured by a little thing like that. Not all of a sudden, mind you. Little by little, but so surely. Charlie and I both got more peace by day, and more sleep by night. The sores sort of dried up and went away. I shall never forget one blessed night when I went to bed with Charlie beside me, as soon as I got the supper me, as soon as I got the supper dishes out of the way and the older children undressed; when I woke up the sun was streaming in. For the first time in six months I had slept through the night without a break.



"Yes, that fat little boy by the window is Charlie, and his skin is as white as a snow flake, thanks to the Cuticura Remedies. I think everybody should know about the Soap and also the Ointment, and if it is going to help other mothers with sick babies, go ahead and publish what I have told you."

MRS. HELENA RATH.

The agonizing, itching, and burning of the skin as in eczema; the frightful scaling, as in psoriasis; the loss of hair, and crusting of the scalp, as in scalled head; the facial disfigurements, as in pimples and ringworm; the awful suffering of infants, and anxiety of worn-out parents, as in milk crust, tetter and salt rheum,-all demand a remedy of almost superhuman virtues to successfully cope with them. That Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Resolvent are such stands proven beyond all doubt. No statement is made regarding them that is not justified by the strongest evidence. The purity and sweetness, the power to afford immediate relief, the certainty of speedy and permanent cure, the absolute safety and great economy have made them the standard skin cures, blood purifiers and humour remedies of the civilized world.

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