

THE STORY TELLER

ONE I KNEW.

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.

The KIDNAPPED MILLIONAIRES

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.



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.

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 members of the Social Island Colony should serve on the committee on housekeeping."

"Yes, sir—Mr. President, rather," said Mr. L. Sylvester Vincent, general superintendent of the Social Island bungalow.

"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."

"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 returned. 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 chair and was examining a book which Sidney left on the table.

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

"What's that?" exclaimed the astounded millionaire. "Pare potatoes! Me pare potatoes? Absurd!"

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

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

"I have nothing to do with it," Mr. Rockwell said, "unless Mr. Hammond urgently needs and demands your services on the exploration committee."

"He is the best man you could select," said Mr. Kent, addressing the general superintendent, who was critically watching Mr. Simon Pence.

"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?"

"I shall have to ask you to chop some wood," he said. "Certainly," said Mr. Haven, with surprising alacrity.

After dinner Mr. Rockwell was detailed to wash dishes and Mr. Kent to wipe them. It was worth a journey 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.

"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 began to rain during the forenoon, 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 point of land on the island.

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 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.

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.

"This is more like it," said Sidney as they took a seat on a rock beneath the spreading branches of a magnolia tree.

Their view was one to entrance a poet. 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 Sidney. "Did you ever see such flowers and trees? How tame the products of conservatories seem compared with nature's work!"

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 are fine," said Mr. Kent. "Cut some more." "They found scores of banana trees with bunches of fruit in various stages of development.

"The man in the apron obeyed. When he had finished, the man who knew everything rose from the chair and surveyed himself in the glass.

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

the tunnel from which poured the waterfall. "There is the end of our brook," said Sidney as he studied the view before him.

"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 stopping to admire the view spread out before him, he plunged into the forest which sloped upward.

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.

These birds had been seen in abundance, but it had been decided to start for camp. In a few minutes Sidney was at the bottom of the cliff.

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.

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

The Name of Richard Brandon is Most Widely Connected With the Deed. In the burial register of Whitechapel, under the year 1649, is the following entry, says Harper's Magazine:

A less distinguished candidate for the infamy was one William Howlett, 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.

"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.

"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."

Blueblood—Have you any armor in your hall? Newrick—No; but I have three football suits.—Puck.

Blueblood—Have you any armor in your hall? Newrick—No; but I have three football suits.—Puck.

Blueblood—Have you any armor in your hall? Newrick—No; but I have three football suits.—Puck.

Blueblood—Have you any armor in your hall? Newrick—No; but I have three football suits.—Puck.

Blueblood—Have you any armor in your hall? Newrick—No; but I have three football suits.—Puck.

Blueblood—Have you any armor in your hall? Newrick—No; but I have three football suits.—Puck.

Blueblood—Have you any armor in your hall? Newrick—No; but I have three football suits.—Puck.

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

Many School Children Are Sickly. Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, used by Mother Gray, a nurse in Children's Home, New York, break up Colds, cure Feverishness, Constipation and destroy Worms.

The Chicago & North-Western is the only double track railway between Chicago and the Missouri River. All words are pegs to hang ideas on.—Beecher.

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 mas...ful as the wilder virtues.—Raim's Horn.

Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar relieves whooping cough. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute. He who follows the guidance of all reaches the goal of none.—Raim'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.

FREE TO WOMEN. To prove the healing and cleansing power of Paxtine Toilet Antiseptic we will mail a large trial package with book of instructions absolutely free.

FREE TO WOMEN. To prove the healing and cleansing power of Paxtine Toilet Antiseptic we will mail a large trial package with book of instructions absolutely free.

FREE TO WOMEN. To prove the healing and cleansing power of Paxtine Toilet Antiseptic we will mail a large trial package with book of instructions absolutely free.

FREE TO WOMEN. To prove the healing and cleansing power of Paxtine Toilet Antiseptic we will mail a large trial package with book of instructions absolutely free.

FREE TO WOMEN. To prove the healing and cleansing power of Paxtine Toilet Antiseptic we will mail a large trial package with book of instructions absolutely free.

FREE TO WOMEN. To prove the healing and cleansing power of Paxtine Toilet Antiseptic we will mail a large trial package with book of instructions absolutely free.

FREE TO WOMEN. To prove the healing and cleansing power of Paxtine Toilet Antiseptic we will mail a large trial package with book of instructions absolutely free.

FREE TO WOMEN. To prove the healing and cleansing power of Paxtine Toilet Antiseptic we will mail a large trial package with book of instructions absolutely free.

FREE TO WOMEN. To prove the healing and cleansing power of Paxtine Toilet Antiseptic we will mail a large trial package with book of instructions absolutely free.

FREE TO WOMEN. To prove the healing and cleansing power of Paxtine Toilet Antiseptic we will mail a large trial package with book of instructions absolutely free.

FREE TO WOMEN. To prove the healing and cleansing power of Paxtine Toilet Antiseptic we will mail a large trial package with book of instructions absolutely free.

ST. JACOBS OIL POSITIVELY CURES Rheumatism Neuralgia Lumbago Backache Sciatica Sprains Bruises Soreness Stiffness CONQUERS PAIN.

"ALL SIGNS FAIL IN A DRY TIME" THE SIGN OF THE FISH NEVER FAILS IN A WET TIME. Remember this when you buy Wet Weather Clothing and look for the name TOWER on the buttons.

ANKESIS gives relief and positive cures PILES. For free sample address "ANKESIS," Tribune building, New York.

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.