



SOMETHING GOLD CANNOT BUY

There is something far better than wealth. Which men strive for and hoard till they die; For the life that is blessed with good health. Wears a crown that no riches can buy; And the mind of contentment and ease, Neither harassed by trouble nor care, Has a rest in its haven of peace, All unknown to the proud millionaire. There is that which the world with its gold, With its grandeur, and glory and might, Is unable to give or withhold. For its pains do its pleasures all blight. The good heart that is filled with pure love, And that feels for another's deep woe, Has the source of its joy from above, A fount that never ceases to flow. Better than wealth is the mind that soars, And delights in its search for truth; That all the wide range of knowledge explores, As a help and example to youth. The mines that yield us jewels most rare Are devoid of a gem the most pure; And virtue set in her graces all fair, Is a jewel alone to endure. There is something far better than gold, That will rival the most precious stone, A conscience correct is of value untold, A compass that will guide to the throne, If we list to its dictates of right, We can face the unknown without fear; And the angel of death, in his might, Will cause not a sigh nor a tear. —A. Van Derwerken, in N. Y. Observer.

The KIDNAPPED MILLIONAIRES

A Tale of Wall Street and the Tropics By FREDERICK U. ADAMS

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CHAPTER XVII.—CONTINUED.

They approached the gateway connecting the ocean with the bay. This they found to be a passage not more than 100 yards in width, the cliffs rising perpendicularly or beetling over the water. Outside was a bar over which the long swell of the ocean rolled in curling breakers, as they reached the upheave of the shore. Inside was deeper water, where the waves regained a part of their strength as they glided smoothly into the gateway.

"Let's see if we can get outside," said Mr. Kent. "If we can pass those breakers we can paddle out a mile or so and perhaps size up this island. Let's try it. You can swim, I suppose?"

"Yes, I can swim, and I guess we will have to before we can pass those breakers," said Sidney, as he watched the great surges sweep over the bar. "We will try it if you wish to take the risk."

"I am not afraid," said Mr. Kent, stoutly.

"All right. We will leave our guns and shoes ashore," suggested Sidney. "Our shirts and trousers are no more incumbrance than a bathing suit."

They stripped and paddled the raft boldly out to the bar. The nearer they approached the higher did the combers appear. A mass of green water would rise from the sea; its upper edge frayed with a line of light; the top-heavy mass would poise for an instant and then fall in a graceful curve, breaking into spouting masses of foam. The roar of these falling tons of water was in their ears, but they pushed steadily on. A giant wave dashed its strength out in a watery roar so near them that the spindrift was in their eyes and the salt on their lips.

"Now is the chance!" shouted Sidney. "Hard! Row hard!"

They pushed on their crude paddles with all their strength. One hundred yards away the sea was an undulating plain of smooth rollers. Could they reach it? The next wave rose before them. The forward end of the raft tilted back until it was nearly upright. Five feet in their rear the swell broke and churned the water in fury.

"Hurrah!" shouted Sidney. "Once more and we are all right!" As he spoke a mountain of water welled up from the ocean. Sidney gave it one glance. He knew the moods of the sea too well to make any mistake about that wave. Fifty feet away it reared its crest. Dark blue and blending green above it rose until it towered above their heads.

"Dive into it!" cried Sidney, as the edge of the comber broke into dazzling white.

Mr. Kent hesitated for a moment, but Sidney dived straight into the breaker. For a few seconds, which seemed minutes, his ears were filled with the crash of waters. The undertow pulled him down as if he were a straw. It seemed as if the weight of tons was holding him down; but, with a lusty stroke he came to the surface. He shook the water out of his eyes and looked for Mr. Kent. He was not in sight!

Sidney raised himself out of the water as high as possible and searched the foam-flecked water. The succeeding wave swept over him. Like all good swimmers, he kept his eyes open when under water. To the right he saw the dark outlines of some dark object, and struck out for it.

As Sidney came to the surface the second time, he saw Mr. Kent only a few yards away. He was conscious and was struggling desperately but wildly to keep afloat. In a moment Sidney was by his side. The next

wave did not break and both had a breathing spell. "Throw your left arm across my back and hang to my shirt," said Sidney, as he passed his arm under Mr. Kent's chest. "Keep cool; we are all right."

Mr. Kent did not for a moment lose his nerve or his self-control. He did as Sidney directed, grasping his shirt with a firm hold and using his right hand to aid in swimming. Three times they went below in the boiling surf, but they



HE WAS STRUGGLING DESPERATELY.

made slow yet steady progress towards the inlet. Mr. Kent did not reply in answer to Sidney's reassuring words, but devoted all his energies to keeping above water.

At last they passed the danger point, and reached the quiet waters, where the shattered surges rolled with a gentle swell. Mr. Kent glanced back and released his hold. "I'm all right," he said. "Much obliged."

Mr. Kent struck out for the raft, which was bobbing up and down in the water a few rods away. Sidney swam at his side and soon climbed aboard the raft. He helped Mr. Kent to his feet, and then swam for the paddles, which were floating toward the rocks. He recovered them and was again safe on the raft.

"Are you all right, Mr. Kent?" asked Sidney, as he grasped the hand of his companion and shook it earnestly.

"I am all right, except that I have a quart or more of salt water in my stomach," said Mr. Kent, who seemed more chagrined than hurt. "It is a lucky thing for me that you are a strong swimmer. I could not have kept up. You saved my life, Hammond. I don't know how to thank you for a little thing like that."

"Don't try," said Sidney, laughing heartily. "I am glad you are not injured. How did it happen?"

"Like a fool, I did not take your advice and dive in time," said Mr. Kent. "I thought the raft would ride that wave, and so I took a chance. It tipped squarely over and when I tried to jump my foot slipped. The raft came over right on top of me, and for a moment I was stunned. I don't know how long I was under water. The first thing I remember was when you yelled in my ear. I knew enough to do as I was told. In my time, I have helped persons out of the water, and have not forgotten the rules. The next wave would have fixed me. I could not get my breath, and was losing my strength."

They soon were on shore; removed their garments, wrung them out, and remained in the shade of a tree until their clothing was dried sufficiently to wear. Mr. Kent would listen to no proposition involving an immediate return to the bungalow, and stoutly declared he was as well as ever. After an hour's rest they proceeded to climb the slope of the rock which formed the north portal of the gateway. It was a long, hard struggle over the rocks and through brush and briars. But they kept on and at last stood on the summit of the crag, 400 feet above the ocean.

"Look at that!" exclaimed Sidney. He pointed in the direction where there was a cleft in the ridge of hills to the northwest. There showed the faint outlines of a distant giant mountain peak; a pyramid whose top was white with eternal snow.

"See that mountain peak!" he exclaimed. Mr. Kent's eyes were not so good as Sidney's, but he soon made out the outlines of a mountain.

"That peak is about 150 miles from here," said Sidney in great joy. "It must be on the mainland of Mexico or Central America. There are no ranges on any islands with peaks like that. We are within sight of shore. That mountain is a long way off, but I do not believe that it can be more than 150 miles. It looks like a volcano. I imagine I can see a column of smoke above it. With a favoring wind we can make the mainland in a day. This is great. We can build a boat and get away from this island in less than two weeks at the most."

"It certainly looks as if you are right," said Mr. Kent. "I wonder how big this island is?"

They studied the shape of the coast, but it gave no answer to Mr. Kent's question. From where they stood it was apparent no exploration of the shore from below was possible. Even at low tide the ocean beat at the foot of the rocks, casting its spray far up their sides. In places, the never-resting waves had worn caverns into the cliffs. They determined to make an attempt to reach the northern ridge of hills by skirting the brow of the cliffs, but postponed this until after luncheon. This they ate with good appetite, and luckily found a spring of clear, cool water bubbling from the crevice of a rock.

"Simon Pence is a queer character," observed Sidney, tossing a banana skin over the cliff. "I suppose he means well, but he is what some people call a little 'bear.'"

"Did you ever hear of the time the committee waited on him to get a contribution for some charity?" asked Mr. Kent.

Sidney had not. "It was decided to raise a sum of money for some deserving charity," continued Mr. Kent. "I have forgotten what it was—there are so many of them. At any rate, the paper went the rounds, and they called on me among others. I signed for a sum, and glanced over the list. Morton was down for \$2,000, Rockwell had signed for \$2,500, Carmody had pledged \$3,000—he is very liberal and charitable, as he can afford to be—Haven was down for something, and there was a lot of others. I noticed that Mrs. Simon Pence was on the paper for \$50. Well, the committee called on Pence. They were admitted and explained their mission. He sighed and looked at the list. He read it up and down, and suddenly came upon the name Mrs. Simon Pence. He picked up his pen and wrote something. The committee was all expectation. He handed it back to them. What do you suppose they saw?"

"I am sure I cannot guess?" "He had written 'Mr. and Mrs. Simon Pence.' That was his contribution. There is no way to beat him. Let's be moving."

They made their way along the edge of the cliffs for perhaps half a mile, but could go no further. Retracing their steps, they again stood on the rock overlooking "Morton's Bay" and the ocean.

At the same moment both gave an exclamation and pointed out to sea. The upper rigging of a ship showed clear on the eastern horizon, but she was hull down on the waste of waters. For half an hour they gazed at the dim outlines of masts and sails.

"She is fully 25 miles away," said Sidney, as he gazed longingly at the disappearing vessel. "We must erect a signal from some point like this, and keep a man on watch during the day. If one ship passes more are likely to, and some may come near enough to see and understand our signal."

"Look at those clouds," said Mr. Kent. "There comes your storm. What time is it?" "Half past two. Those are remarkable looking clouds. I never saw anything like them before. Let us get our raft across the bay. If Vincent and Pence are wise they will come back at once. We are going to have some wind."

In the southeast a murky rainbow of clouds extended over a quarter of the horizon. The crown of this arch reached about 30 degrees above the sea line. Its upper edges were gray, with flecks of white. Then it shaded into a blue, and lower into a band of darker gray. Below it was saffron blending into a murky red at the horizon. Before Sidney and Mr. Kent had reached the raft, the breeze had died away. Slowly the dun arch climbed the heavens.

It was three o'clock when the raft reached the place which had been agreed upon. Sidney fired his rifle twice as a signal; and both yelled at the top of their voices. There was no response, and they both fired, and again shouted. Sidney climbed up the rocks. He called repeatedly, but there was no reply.

There was a moaning sound in the air which seemed to come from the sea. Everything was bathed in an unearthly reddish-yellow light. The trees were motionless as if cast in bronze.

"See how fast the tide is rising!" exclaimed Mr. Kent. "You can see it rise. Look at that!"

He pointed towards the inlet. A dark ridge rose out of the lake. On the opposite shores was a moving line of white.

"Jump ashore. It's a tidal bore!" cried Sidney. The wave came rolling towards them like the smooth billows in the wake of a steamship. It lost its force as the lake widened, but it was strong enough to hammer the raft against the rocks. They pulled the raft as high on the beach as they could. The water rose at the rate of a foot a minute. The roar of the surf beyond the cliffs was like the sullen thunder. And as yet not a breath of air.

Across the bay they saw men on the stone deck beckoning them to return. It was half-past three o'clock. They had promised to have the raft on the south shore at five. Both agreed that they must wait for Vincent and Pence. It seemed strange they did not appear.

The arch was overhead. It looked like a mass of writhing snakes. The moan in the air took a higher key. The lake was shrouded in a darkening pall.

Sidney felt a puff of hot air on his face. The moan from the sea became a roar. Three hundred feet above, the crown of a palm tree bowed to the west.

"This way, Mr. Kent!" shouted Sidney. He grabbed the older man by the arm and they dashed to the shelter of an overhanging rock. And not a moment too soon.

The hurricane broke on the island with a fury which seemed incarnate. A tree which had withstood the storm blasts of generations was torn from the heights above and went whirling across the lake. In a moment it was dark as night.

From where the two men were sheltered they could judge of the storm only by the tumult. It came from the southeast and passed over their heads. From above there came a torrent of water and a shower of rocks, stones and logs. It did not seem possible a human being could survive such a storm for a minute. There were occasional flashes of light. The sky became tremulous

with its sickening flicker. Gradually this became more intense. Then there was a glare as if the universe had burst into flame. The hills seemed to rock in the explosion which followed. Those who grow frightened at the puny manifestations of nature in a northern thunderstorm, cannot afford to cavil at an apparent extravagance of language essential to a word picture of a tropical hurricane.

As night came on the storm increased in fury. They gave Vincent and Pence up as lost, and never expected to see them alive again. All night long they crouched under the ledge of rock; wet and hungry and sad at heart. The crash of falling timber, the rumble of tumbling rocks, the incessant reverberation of thunder, the lashing of the rain, and the spectacle of a sky aflame with writhing skein of lightning made an impression on their minds never to be effaced.

But at five o'clock there was a lull in the storm. There was a faint gleam of the dawn of day. Nature mustered her forces for one more terrific blast. When exhausted, the light broke through the clouds. As by magic the hurricane was over. The wind died to a refreshing breeze. Of a sudden, the foliage on the ridges across the bay was radiant with sunshine.

Sidney and Mr. Kent came from behind the sheltering rock. They presented a sorry sight. Their duck suits were streaked with mud and their faces tense and drawn by excitement and lack of sleep. They washed their hands and faces in the lake, and then climbed the ridge, where they obtained an unbroken view of the bay. To their delight they saw the figures of four men on the stone pier. Sidney waved his hat and was greeted by an answering signal. The people of the bungalow shouted across the water, and Sidney and Mr. Kent yelled in return. Mr. Morton, Mr. Carmody and his companions speedily built and launched a new raft and were soon rowing to the relief of the missing ones.

"Where are Pence and Vincent?" shouted Mr. Morton, as the raft neared the shore.

"They did not return," said Sidney. "I am afraid they were lost in the storm."

Sidney would not listen to the proposition that he return with Mr. Kent to the bungalow. Though wet and hungry, he joined Mr. Morton and plunged into the forest to find the missing men, dead or alive. He was glad to learn that the bungalow had survived the hurricane with small damage, and that none of the occupants were injured.

[To Be Continued.]

Straw That Broke His Back.

"Is it true that you have sold your country seat?" "Wrong—my country seat sold me. Made an assignment this morning. Been a city dweller all my life, but became a chump and an idiot, a spitball on a windowpane, when I went daffy on country home and rural felicity madness. Imported Cochinchina hens to hatch egg plants. Hens didn't do a thing but rip up a bed of ginseng next door, cost \$75,000, for the root comes high. Jersey cows by the drove, and Berkshire pigs by the swarm. No good; Jersey cows broke into a greenhouse and ate \$150 worth of rare orchids; killed the cows, too. Berkshire pigs ploughed up \$25 worth of mushroom space, and when I get my hair trimmed I'll not have enough to buy an anthracite stickpin. Some men can own country seats full of springs and well padded, also with patent rockers. Here is a victim who can't own a hand-whittled milk stool from this out—and don't want to.—N. Y. Herald.

His Blessing.

A young man, at the risk of his life, saved a beautiful young girl from drowning. Her grateful father seized the rescuer of his daughter by the hand and with a voice tremulous with emotion, said: "Noble youth, to you I am indebted for everything that makes life dear to me. Which reward will you take—\$40,000 or the hand of my daughter?"

"I'll take the daughter," replied the heroic rescuer, thinking thereby to get both the girl and the money.

"You have well chosen," replied the grateful father. "I could not have given you the \$40,000 just yet, anyhow, as I am a poor editor, but my daughter is yours for life. Take her and be happy. Heaven bless you, my children.—N. Y. Times.

A Scotch Agreement.

A tourist lately while up shooting in Scotland came upon an old couple on a country road who evidently were having high words. Thinking he might pacify them he asked them why they had not sense enough to agree.

"We're no' disagreein' at a'," said the old man. "The fact is we're bathin' o' the same mind."

"And how's that?" said the visitor, a little surprised.

"Weel," was the answer, "I've got a half-crown in ma pooch, and she thinks she's no' gaun to get it, an' I think the same."—London Tatler.

The Information Bureau.

Late one evening a very much flustered man, with a grip-sack in one hand and an overcoat in the other, dashed up to the ticket window of a suburban railroad station and excitedly asked:

"Will you kindly tell me what time the last train will leave this place?" The ticket agent looked inquisitively out at his questioner for a minute, smiled, and replied:

"My dear sir, you will never live to see the last train leave this place."—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

How It Really Happens.

"Johnny," cautiously inquired Mr. Six-awake of her little brother, when he called the other evening—"she" was putting the finishing touches to her toilet upstairs—"have you ever, does you ever do you ever hear your sister speak of me?"

"You can't pump me," promptly replied Johnny. "I don't butt into my sister's business."

Then Johnny picked up a shiny stick out of the hall rack and went out. "This is the way it happens in 999 cases out of 1,000, but the funnyists could never be clubbed into believing it.—Washington Post.

"Did you give that woman two good eggs for her five cents?" asked the corner grocer of the new boy. "I did, sir." "You're discharged. You should have sold her two bum eggs, so that she'd come back to kick and give me a chance to sell her a porter-house steak."—Baltimore News.

A Convert.—"He believes in the doctrine of nonresistance." "Does he?" "Well, at any rate, he lets his wife run things."—Detroit Free Press.

One Answer for All.

Lancaster, N. Y., Mar. 30th.—Postmaster Remers is still in receipt of many letters asking if his cure has held good.

It will be remembered that some time ago the particulars of Mr. Remers' case were published in these columns. He had been very low with Diabetes. Physicians could do nothing to save him, and he grew worse and worse till some one recommended Dodd's Kidney Pills. A treatment of this remedy was begun and when eight boxes had been taken Mr. Remers began to see an improvement, which continued as the treatment proceeded till he was completely restored.

He has since enjoyed perfect health and is as robust and able a man as any in Lancaster. Interviewed the other day he said: "Many people wrote to me when the story of my case was first printed and some write to me yet asking if the cure was only temporary and if the diabetes has returned. I have only one answer to everybody. Three years ago I was very low with Diabetes. The best physicians failed to help me and Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me. I am well and strong and have not had the slightest return of the old trouble."

Advertisement for St. Jacobs Oil, Rheumatism and Neuralgia. Price, 25c. and 50c.

Advertisement for Cuticura, treating Eczema, Psoriasis, Scalded Head, Milk Crust, Tetter, Ringworm, etc. Speedily, Permanently and Economically Cured, when All Else Fails, by Cuticura.

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 scalded 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.

Complete External and Internal Treatment

Bathe the affected parts with hot water and Cuticura Soap, to cleanse the surface of crusts and scales, and soften the thickened itching. Dry, without hard rubbing, and apply Cuticura Ointment freely, to allay itching, irritation, and inflammation, and soothe and heal, and, lastly, take Cuticura Resolvent to cool and cleanse the blood. This complete treatment affords instant relief, permits rest and sleep in the severest forms of eczema and other itching, burning, and scaly humours of the skin, scalp and blood, and points to a speedy, permanent and economical cure when all other remedies and the best physicians fail. As evidence of the wonderful curative properties of Cuticura Remedies and of their world-wide sale, we quote from

The Hon. Mr. Justice Finnemore's Letter.

"I desire to give my voluntary testimony to the beneficial effects of your Cuticura Remedies. I have suffered for some time from an excess of uric acid in the blood; and since the middle of last year, from a severe attack of Eczema, chiefly on the scalp, face, ears and neck, and on one limb. I was for several months under professional treatment, but the remedies prescribed were of no avail, and I was gradually becoming worse, my face was dreadfully disfigured, and I lost nearly all my hair. At last, my wife prevailed upon me to try the Cuticura Remedies, and I gave them a thorough trial with the most satisfactory results. The disease soon began to disappear, and my hair commenced to grow again. A fresh growth of hair is covering my head, and my limb (although not yet quite cured) is gradually improving. My wife thinks so highly of your remedies that she has been purchasing them in order to make presents to other persons suffering from similar complaints, and, as President of the Bible Women's Society, has told the Bible women to report if any case should come under her notice when a poor person is so afflicted, so that your remedies may be resorted to."

ROBERT ISAAC FINNEMORE, (Judge of the Natal Supreme Court.) Pietermaritzburg, Natal, Oct. 29, 1901. CUTICURA REMEDIES are sold throughout the civilized world. PRICES: Cuticura Resolvent, 50c. per bottle (in the form of Chocolate Coated Pills, 25c. per vial of 50); Cuticura Ointment, 50c. per box, and Cuticura Soap, 25c. per tablet. Send for the great work, "Humours of the Blood, Skin, and Scalp, and How to Cure Them," 64 pages, 500 Diseases, with Illustrations, Testimonials and Directions in all languages, including Japanese and Chinese. British Depot, 27-28 Charterhouse Sq., London, E.C. French Depot, 6 Rue de la Paix, Paris. Australian Depot, R. Towns & Co., Sydney. POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Sole Proprietors, Boston, U. S. A.

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