

OUR SERIAL

YEARS AGO—A BOY'S PLAINT.

I reckon years and years ago To be a boy was bully fun; You just was born, and then you'd grow...

The pies and things they used to make! (I've often heard my father tell) The pies and dumplings and the cake...

'Twas nutting-time the whole year through. And fourth July would last a week; Old Santa Claus was really true...

And then the people who were grown, They gave a boy a little rest; A fellow then was left alone...

'Twould be more fun I really know (A mother's club is my ma's forte) If I'd been born some years ago...

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

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CHAPTER XVII.

MR. PENCE DISCOVERS GOLD.

With much difficulty Mr. Simon Pence scaled the heights overlooking the bay, and, aided by Vincent, finally reached the top. He cast one lingering look behind, and followed his young and sturdy companion into the half-jungle which lay before them...

Vincent, standing the idol to Mr. Pence. "What a singularly ugly thing," remarked the capitalist as he handled it gingerly. "It's awful heavy. What's it made of?"

Vincent pulled himself out of the hole and brushed the mold from his clothes. Mr. Pence looked intently at the image. He "hefted" it judiciously. It was of a rusty brown color, but smooth and well preserved.

"Remarkably heavy!" said Mr. Pence. His eyes glittered and he was much excited. "Let me take your knife," he said. Vincent produced a knife and opened the big blade. Mr. Pence dug into the flat nose of the idol. He gave the knife a circular motion, and on the end of the blade lay a shining yellow chip.

"Gold!" he shouted. "Gold! Solid gold! Solid gold, and it weighs more than ten pounds!" The face of the millionaire was a study. For a moment it shone with the splendor of the gold shavings which rested in the palm of his hand.

"Where did you find this?" he almost shrieked in a voice harsh and trembling with excitement. "Back in there," said Vincent, waving his hand away from the mouth of the cavern. "There's lots of them back there."

"Take me there! Take me there!" He dropped his voice almost to a whisper. He glanced around as if expecting some one might see or hear him. "They belong to us," he said, laying his hand affectionately on Vincent's shoulder. "To us; do you understand, to us. We found them—you and I. They are ours, Vincent, all ours. We will divide them between us two—just you and I. Help me down there. Let me see them. Are you sure there is a lot of them? Bigger, did you say? Which way is it? How awful dark it is! Take hold of my hand!"

Before the magic of the touch of gold the natural cowardice of the elderly millionaire disappeared. Twice he fell and bruised his hands, but

"I was not afraid of them," Vincent explained later. "The storm was so much more frightful than they that I did not mind them. I knew that both of them were harmless, though that snake was big enough to swallow a deer or a man. But he was as scared at the storm as I was, and I tell you any company was welcome that night. I went asleep finally, and when I woke up the storm was over and the snake and lizard were gone."

Simon Pence was venturing out of his dungeon when the storm swept in from the sea. He heard the roar and dropped back in time to miss a palm tree, torn up by the roots and hurled over his head. An instant later one of the huge monoliths fell from its pedestal and crashed through the floor to the south of where he stood. He ran back and forth shouting and waving his hands in terror. From a hundred crevices the rain poured in streams upon the floor. At first it ran down the black corridor, but as the storm increased it began to rise. Inch by inch it rose. The millionaire splashed through the muddy flood and took refuge on a slab of stone which had fallen from the floor above. Here he remained all night, the waters steadily creeping toward him until at last it seemed to find an outlet to the west and remained stationary. The idols and images in the far corner were half buried in debris and water. The larger one lifted its head above the flood, and his wicked eyes gleamed in their sockets in the flashes of lightning. Blue flames of electricity ran along the walls of the cavern; balls of fire and tongues of phosphorescent flame glowed in its depths. Above the roar and turmoil of the storm, Mr. Pence could hear wailing cries as of some soul in torment. It was probably his imagination, but there were sounds as if giants were struggling on the shattered floors above his head.

Through the long night Mr. Pence remained in this cavern and heard the storm lashing above his head. No sleep came to his eyelids. When day came and the last rumble of the thunder died away in the north, he was so cramped he could hardly move. He succeeded in wading through the water, and after much effort crawled up into the open air bringing one of the idols with him. In the warmth of the sun his clothes soon dried. He sat down beneath a tree where he could watch the opening of the cave. He closed his eyes for a moment and fell asleep.

When Vincent awoke and found himself alive and not much injured, except for a contusion on the back of his head, he hunted for the idols and soon found them. He was just starting to return to the ruined city when he heard a shout to the north, and the next instant the report of a gun. Vincent shouted in return, and in a few minutes saw Sidney Hammond and Palmer J. Morton coming towards him. Briefly he explained what had happened, and the three set forth for the temple where Mr. Pence was guarding the treasure. The indignation of Sidney and Mr. Morton was tempered by a fear that the millionaire had not survived the fate which his avarice had tempted.

They soon reached the temple. At first they did not observe Mr. Pence. Vincent had crawled down into the cavern and announced that no one was there before Sidney discovered the slumbering guardian under a calabash tree. It was a pathetic figure which these three men approached. His hat had fallen to the ground, and the matted gray hair covered the eyes of the sleeping financier. One hand was firmly clutched to the idol. In the relaxed fingers of the other hand were bedraggled in mud and slime. The right foot was in a pool of water. Were it not for the slight but regular heaving of the soiled shirt bosom they would have thought him dead.

Mr. Morton pushed the idol with his foot. The hand of the sleeper instinctively tightened its grip. He awoke with a start, and with surprising agility sprang to his feet. "Back! back!" he shouted. "You shall not have it! I will die first!" He brandished the club defiantly and swung a blow at Mr. Morton, who stepped back, and narrowly evaded it. "Wake up, Mr. Pence," said Sidney Hammond. "You are all right! Come out of your trance; it is time to go home."

Simon Pence blinked his eyes, ran his hand over his forehead and came to his senses. He threw himself into Sidney's arms and gave way to his emotions. When he recovered there was no difficulty in persuading him to go back to the bungalow. In fact, he was eager to go. The experiences of the night had overmastered his rapacity. Each of the four carried one of the images, and an hour later were on the raft and soon after all the members of the Social Island Colony once more were beneath the roof of the bungalow.

After a meal they repaired to their rooms and enjoyed several hours of refreshing sleep. It was late in the afternoon before the castaways recovered from the effects of the hurricane. [To Be Continued.]

Two Stories by a Preacher. Rev. Dr. Parkin, in his address before the Ministerial union at Wither- spoon hall one Monday, told two good stories. The first was of a young minister in the coal regions who had an impediment in his speech. He tried many remedies without avail, till at last, after saving a goodly proportion of his salary by denying himself the comforts of life, he came to Philadelphia to be cured, because he had heard there were so many "speakeasies" here. The other was a minister whose education in business matters had been sadly neglected. He had a small charge also, and eked out a living by writing for the papers. One day he received a check for \$15, made payable to his order. He took it to the local bank, and, handing it in, was told to endorse it. He hesitated a moment, and then, taking up the precious document, wrote on the back: "I heartily indorse this check."

Overmatched. An amusing incident was witnessed in a cigar store the other afternoon. A newsboy, having picked up a cigar stump, walked in, and addressing the man behind the counter, said: "Say, boss, give us a match." The man behind the counter, looking down, said: "My young friend, we are not here for the purpose of giving away matches; we sell them." "How much are dey?" was the question. "One cent a box," the clerk announced. The urchin stuck his hand into his pocket and produced, after a great deal of hunting, a penny and handed it to the man. He received his box of matches, and, taking one out, lit the "butt." Returning the box to the man back of the case, he said: "Say, put dis box on de shelf, and when a gentleman comes along and asks you for a match, why, give him one out of my box."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Old-Time Voting in Baltimore. Andrew Simpson, one of the oldest voters in Baltimore, recalls with much amusement an incident at an election in the city in know-nothing times. A visitor to Baltimore was walking near one of the polls with his wife when he was approached by some of the know-nothings and asked to vote. He replied that he did not live in Baltimore, but they said that did not make any difference and hustled him up to the polls and made him vote. Then they threw him into the street. Another party came along, brushed the mud off him, declared it was a shame to treat him so, and asked him to vote again. He protested that he had just voted, but that made no difference, and he voted and was again thrown into the street. In that way he voted three times.—Baltimore Sun.

A Miracle. An English contemporary tells the following good story of muscular Christianity: In a smoking room of a hotel in Dublin, where sat a huge priest, some men were scoffing stupidly about miracles. Up rose the priest and offered to perform a miracle. He seized the most blatant of the scoffers, carried him to the door, and kicked him into the street. When the unhappy victim returned the priest asked, "An' did ye break your back?" "I did not," was the answer. "Well, it's a miracle ye didn't," answered the priest.—N. Y. Tribune.

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THE IMPRESSIONS OF A WOMAN

What a Woman Says About Western Canada.

Although many men have written to this paper regarding the prospects of Western Canada, and its great possibilities, it may not be uninteresting to give the experience of a woman settler, written to Mr. M. V. McInnes, the agent of the Government at Detroit, Mich. If the reader wishes to get further information regarding Western Canada it may be obtained by writing any of the agents of the Government whose name is attached to the advertisement appearing elsewhere in this paper.

The following is the letter referred to: Hilldown, Alberta, Feb'y. 5, 1903.

Dear Sir: I have been here now nearly five years, and thought I would write you a woman's impression of Western Canada—in Alberta. There are several ranchers in this district who, in addition to taking care of their cattle, carry on farming as well. Their herds of cattle number from 100 to 200 or 300 heads, and live out all winter without any shelter than the poplar bluffs and they come in in the spring in good order. Most of the ranchers feed their cattle part of the time, about this time of the year, but I have seen the finest fat cattle I ever saw that never got a peck of grain—only fattened on the grass. You see I have learned to talk farm since I came here—farming is the great business here. I know several in this district who never worked a day on the farm, till they came here, and have done well and are getting well off.

I think this will be the garden of the Northwest some day, and that day not very far distant. There has been a great change since we came here, and there will be a greater change in the next five years. The winters are all anyone could wish for. We have very little snow, and the climate is fine and healthy. Last summer was wet, but not to an extent to damage crops, which were a large average yield, and the hay was immense—and farmers wore a broad smile accordingly.

We have good schools, the Government pays 70 per cent. of the expense of education, which is a great boon in a new country. Of course, churches of different denominations follow the settlements. Summer picnics and winter concerts are all well attended, and as much, or more, enjoyed as in the East. Who would not prefer the pure air of this climate with its broad acres of fine farms, its rippling streams, its beautiful lakes, its millions of wild flowers, its groves of wild fruit of exquisite flavor, its streams and lakes teeming with fish and its prairies and bluffs with game, to the crowded and stiff state of society in the East. I would like to go home for a visit sometime, but not to go there to live, even if presented with the best farm in Michigan. Beautiful Alberta, I will never leave it. And my verdict is only a repetition of all who have settled in this country. This year, I believe, will add many thousands to our population. And if the young men, and old men also, knew how easy they could make a home free of all incumbrance in this country, thousands more would have settled here. I would sooner have 100 acres here than any farm where I came from in Michigan; but the people in the East are coming to a knowledge of this country, and as they do, they will come West in thousands. All winter, people have been arriving in Alberta, and I suppose in other parts as well, which is unusual, so we expect a great rush when the weather gets warmer.

We have no coal famine here; coal can be bought in the towns for \$2 to \$3, according to distance from the mines, and many haul their own coal from the mines—getting it there for 50 cents to a dollar a ton.

Very truly yours, (Signed) Mrs. John McLachlan.

Rough Talk Not So Expensive. A Kansas City telephone girl has been awarded \$12,500 damages because the manager shook her, not figuratively, but literally, says the Chicago Record-Herald. Moral: It is better just to talk to a telephone girl.

Time to Reform. It is claimed by a St. Louis lady that she knows 500 women in that city who gamble. She ought to break away, says the Chicago Record-Herald, and try to get into a moral "set."

CURTICE, O.—I had such severe pain in my back that I could not walk. I used the sample of Doan's Kidney Pills with such good results I sent to Toledo for another box, and they cured me.—SARAH E. COTTRELL, Curtice, O.

FALMOUTH, VA.—I suffered over twelve months with pain in the small of my back. Medicines and plasters gave only temporary relief. Doan's Kidney Pills cured me.—F. S. BROWN, Falmouth, Va.

WEST HAVEN, CONN.—Eight months ago I took a severe pain in my back. The sample box of Doan's Kidney Pills helped me so much I purchased two boxes; am on my second box. My heart does not bother me as it used to and I feel well.—SARAH E. BRADLEY, No. 377 Elm Street, West Haven, Conn.

HOUSTON, TEX.—I took the sample of Doan's Kidney Pills with such great benefit I bought a box at our druggist's. Used over half and stopped, because my urine which before had only come dribbling, now became so free. I had medicine enough. I had lumbago and the pills rid me of it. I should have written sooner, but you know how soon a well person forgets about being sick.—MR. C. H. HORNACK, No. 2319 McKenny Ave., Houston, Tex.

BACKACHE.



Backache is a forerunner and one of the most common symptoms of kidney trouble and womb displacement.

READ MISS BOLLMAN'S EXPERIENCE. "Some time ago I was in a very weak condition, my work made me nervous and my back ached frightfully all the time, and I had terrible headaches."

"My mother got a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for me, and it seemed to strengthen my back and help me at once, and I did not get so tired as before. I continued to take it, and it brought health and strength to me, and I want to thank you for the good it has done me."—Miss KATE BOLLMAN, 142nd St. & Wales Ave., New York City.—\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cures because it is the greatest known remedy for kidney and womb troubles. Every woman who is puzzled about her condition should write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., and tell her all.



THE NEXT MORNING I FEEL BRIGHT AND NEW AND MY COMPLEXION IS BETTER. My doctor says it acts gently on the stomach, liver and kidneys and is a pleasant laxative. This drink is made from herbs, and is prepared for use as easily as tea. It is called "Lane's Tea" or "LANE'S FAMILY MEDICINE."



ALABASTINE The Only Durable Wall Coating. Wall Paper is unsatisfactory. Alabastine is temporary, rub off and scale. ALABASTINE is a pure, permanent and artistic wall coating, ready for the brush by mixing in cold water. For sale by paint dealers everywhere. BUY IN PACKAGES AND BEWARE OF WOODS' Imitations. ALABASTINE CO., Grand Rapids, Mich.



WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS please state that you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

CLOSE TO THE PEOPLE.

Doan's Kidney Pills have leaped into Public favor because the people can write direct to the makers and secure a trial free, and largest sale known to any Kidney medicine in the world.

Advertisement for Doan's Kidney Pills, including text about kidney ailments and a form for requesting a free trial. Text includes: "Aching backs are eased. Hip, back, and loin pains overcome. Swelling of the limbs and dropsy signs vanish. They correct urine which brings dust sediment, high colored, pain in passing, dribbling, frequency, bed wetting. Doan's Kidney Pills remove calculi and gravel. Relieve heart palpitation, sleeplessness, headache, nervousness, dizziness. FREE—GRAND FOR SPRING KIDNEY ILLS."