exclaimed

"Who is going to find it or steal

it?" demanded Vincent. "The chances are that no one has been

here before is a thousand years. If they had been, the gold would not be here. It is as safe as in a vault

ing to be an awful storm. It looks

"Go back, and let me alone," said

never

Mr. Pence. "I will never, never leave here alive with this gold un-

guarded. I have a gun. I am not afraid. Go on back to the camp.

Tell them the gold is ours-all ours

If I stay here and take care of it,

I ought to have more than half of

It was useless to argue with him

He had not gone a quarter of a

mile before the storm struck the is

land. The first blast swept him from his feet. A falling tree half buried him in its branches, and his face was scratched and bleeding. A

few rods away was a gully. Strug-gling to his feet he ran and crawled

in that direction. He remembered reaching the edge of the gully.

cent saw a flash of light and lost

consciousness. How long this lasted

he did not know. He awoke with the rain beating on his face. There

was a dull pain in his head. The rage of the storm was demoniacal.

Crawling along the ground, guided by the incessant flashes of light-ning, he reached the shelter of a

rock, which he shared with an igu

ana and a huge rock python, whose

shiny scales glistened in the flame from the heavens.

The two reptiles cuddled up to the

explorer. The big snake ran his flat head between Vincent's coat

and his back, and lay motionless

The lizard was more nervous, and ran back and forth along the nar-row ledge, but lay most of the time

with his crested back resting against

"I was not afraid of them," Vin-

cent explained later. "The storm was so much more frightful than

they that I did not mind them. I

knew that both of them were harm-

less, 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 com-

pany was welcome that night. I went asleep finally, and when I woke

up the storm was over and the snake and lizard were gone."

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

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

at last it seemed to find an outlet

to the west and remained station-

ary. The idols and images in the far corner were half buried in de-

bris 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

on the shattered floors above his

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 out 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

When Vincent awoke and found

giants were struggling

Simon Pence was venturing out of

Vincent's right arm.

There was a crash and a roar:

Simon

man?"



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
And keep on growing till you'd done
You went to school awhile, I know,
But mostly you'd just grow and grow,

The pies and things they used to make!
(I've often heard my father tell)
The pies and dumplings and the cake,
The cookies, tarts and jam as well!
Of course, corn-bread they'd also bake,
But mostly it was pies and cake.

You went in swimming every day-The other beys would come to play;
You had a gun; you'd coast and skate
ome work there was, of course—but

It mostly was just play and play.

'Twas nutting-time the whole year

through,
And Fourth July would last a week;
Old Santa Claus was really true,
And drove his reindeers like a streak.
Of course, there were the chores to do
But who would care with Santa true?

And then the people who were grown,
They gave a boy a little rest;
A fellow then was let alone,
And went to bed when he thought best.
Sometimes your father'd scold, I own,
But mostly you were let alone.

'Twould been more fun I really know
(A mother's club is my ma's forte)
If I'd been born some years ago.
(My pa he reads my school report!)
Some things, of course, were pretty slow—
But I'd'a' chanced it years ago!
—Hayden Carruth, in Woman's Home
Companion

The KIDNAPPED MILLIONAIRES

A Tale of Wall Street and the Tropics & &

By FREDERICK U. ADAMS

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CHAPTER XVIII.

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. They found it possible, by following the cliffs along the ocean, to make fairly rapid progress. Their march was hindered by frequent gorges, but they proceeded laborious-ly but steadily in a southern but steadily in a southern direc-

Shortly after noon they ate their luncheon. They rested on a ledge fronting the sea. Two miles to the south a huge crag reached out into the blue water, and beyond no land was visible. They decided to make an attempt to climb the promontory, believing that it would afford a view of the south shore, and perhaps a general survey of the island.

The brush thickened. They slowly

forced their way through a thicket; Mr. Pence in advance. Suddenly he gave a cry of terror, and fell over Vincent in his wild retreat.

Before them stood a monster-the grotesque figure of a human being, with outstretched arms, hideous face and protruding teeth. At a glance Vincent recognized it as a stone image, and shouted reassuringly to the

eeing explorer.
In the open space before them were the massive ruins of temples and palaces; the tomb of a city which had flourished and decayed long before the dawn of recorded history. On mound and terrace crumbling relics of a former grandeur.

The ruins covered many acres, and lay back from the cliffs a distance not exceeding 100 syards. There were traces of ancient fountains, with figures half-buried in the mud in a corner of the outer room. It steadily creeping toward him until ing pools.

In the center of the ruined city was a pyramidal mound, surmounted by the wreck of what once must been an imposing structure. Vincent climbed up this mound and gazed with awe on the grewsome gazed with awe on the grewsome figures which were scattered in odd postures around the stone floor of the temple. In one corner the floor had caved in and revealed a subter ranean vault or chamber of un-known extent. Vincent lowered himo the floor below. At first it was so dark he could not survey his surroundings, but his eyes became accustomed to the gloom. He stumbled over the uneven surface and entered a passageway leading to the left. Mr. Pence called to him from over head, and Vincent answered; his voice sounding sepulchral as it echoed through the corridors. A fallen stone block half closed the opening into a smaller room. Vincent lit a match and entered. The walls were covered with a growth of fungus, but his eyes were riveted to a collection of carved figures of various size which lined three sides of the wall.

They evidently were images idols, and were ugly enough to have scared the worshippers into any con-fession or belief. They rested on a stone shelf formed by the top of mosaic wainscoting which projected from the walls. Vincent picked up one of the smaller images and started back to examine it more back to examine it more carefully in the daylight. It seemed emarkably heavy, but he imagined it to be bronze or copper, tarnished by the rust of ages. Vincent found

Vincent, uanding the fdol to Mr.

"What a singularly ugly thing," remarked the capitalist as he handled it gingerly. "I What's it made of?" "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 y. For a moment it shone with splendor of the gold shaving study. which rested in the palm of his hand. At that instant he was oblivious to his surroundings. He clenched the image tightly and regarded it with a rapt expression such as a mother lavishes on her babe. Suddenly his attitude changed. He recovered himself with a start. His face darkened. He glared at Vincent and drew back from him as in aversion.

it. Go ahead, before the storm breaks!" "Where did you find this?" he almost shrieked in a voice harsh and trembling with excitement. Vincent bade him good-bye and started on a run for Morton's Bay

"Back in there," said Vincent, way ing 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? Perhaps they are not like this one. 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



THEY WERE UGLY ENOUGH.

he did not care. They came to the vault. Vincent went in first and lit a match. Mr. Pence gave an exclamation of delight. He rushed to one of the images, lifted it, ran his fingers lovingly over the sur-face and laughed with joy. The match burned out and the room was dark as midnight.

dark as midnight.
"Light another, quick!" shouted
Simon Pence. "I'll tell you what you
do," he exclaimed, as the match
lightened up the gloom. "I will
stand outside and you hand them to me, and I will carry them where we can see them."

Vincent did as he was told. He started at one end of the shelf and felt his way around, and handed the images to the outstretched hands images to the outstretched hands of Mr. Pence, who carried them fallen from the floor above. Here long t took an hour or more to do this, at the end of which timeVincent declared that all figures were removed. Mr. Pence began testing the images. As he dug into each idol and found it gold his joy knew no bounds. Vincent also was delighted. He owned a half interest in more property than he ever had hoped to obtain, unless by chance some of his cherished plans should find a financier. Both forgot the flight of time. They counted the idols and images and found there were 63. They then attempted to estimate the weight of their treasures. They calculated the smallest one at ten pounds and the others ranged all the way up to one estimated at not less than 70 pounds As nearly as they could judge, after carefully estimating the weight of each image, the total was about 1,575 pounds.

"How much is gold worth a pound?" asked Vincent, as he held an idol out at arm's length. He re membered that he could "hold out" a weight of 30 pounds, and this one required all of his muscular effort.

"Gold is worth about \$224 a pound," said Mr. Pence. "That is based on the amount of gold in coins. This looks like pure gold to me. It is awful soft. Don't rub that image like that; you will wear it out. What time is it?"

Vincent had no watch; neither had Mr. Pence, but they thought it was about three o'clock in the afternoon. "We must be going back at once," of his head, he bunted for the idols said Vincent. "What are we going and seen found them. He was just to do with those things? We can't starting to return to the ruined city carry them with us. Let's each take two of the smaller ones and start

himself alive and not much injured. except for a contusion on the back when he heard a shout to the north,

asleep.

sounds as if

talking about, plained what had happened, and the Pence. three set forth for the temple where "Go and leave this gold here? Never! Never, sir, never! Go away Mr. Pence was guarding the treas-Go away ure. The indignation of Sidney and and leave \$350,000 in gold unguarded? I cannot think of it. You go Mr. Morton was tempered by a fear that the millionaire had not surback to camp and get help. I will remain." vived 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.

in New York. Come along, Mr. Pence. How dark it is getting! It was a pathetic figure which these What is that moaning sound? We must go back. It is going to storm." three men approached. His hat had fallen to the ground, and the matted "I will never leave this gold here!" said Mr. Pence. "It is not safe. You go back and I will remain. I gray hair half covered the eyes of the sleeping financier. One hand was firmly clutched to the idol. In am not afraid. I will stay all night if necessary. Come back in the the relaxed fingers of the other hand was a stout club. The linen clothes morning and bring help and food."
"That is foolish, Mr. Pence," said were bedraggled in mud and slime The right foot was in a pool of wa-Vincent. He had climbed out of ter. Were it not for the slight but the cavern and stood facing the sea.
"Come on," he said. "There is goregular heaving of the soiled shirt bosom they would have thought him like a hurricane. Come on; you must not remain here."

Mr. Morton pushed the idol with his foot. The hand of the sleeper instinctively tightened its grip. He awoke with a start, and with sur-

prising agility sprang to his feet "Back! back!" he shouted. "Ye 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 fammond. "You are all right! Come Hammond. 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 efreshing 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 Witherspoon hall one Monday, told two good stories. The first was of a young min-ister 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 indorse it. He hesitated a moment, and then, taking up the precious document, wrote on the eack: "I heartily indorse this check."
-Philadelphia Telegraph.

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 The man behind the counter, looking 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 proclet and produced after a 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 differ ence 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.

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 miracies. Up rose the priest and offered to perform a miracle. He eized the most blatant of the scoffers, carried him to the door, and ticked him into the street. When the unhappy youth returned the priest asked, "An' did ye break your back?" "I did not," was the answer, "Well, it's a miracle ye didn't," anto be bronze or copper, tarnished by the rust of ages. Vincent found Mr. Pence looking down into the hole, but making no move to quit terra firma.

"See what I have found," said arry them with us. Let's each take when he heart a shouted in report of a gun. Vincent shouted in return, and carry the rest of them to the bungalow. In the meanwhile we will put them back in that wault."

"See what I have found," said two of the smaller ones and start 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 exwered the priest.—N. Y. Tribune.

THE IMPRESSIONS OF A WOMAN

What a Weman Says About Wester

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 wom-an settler, written to Mr. M. V. Mc Innes, the agent of the Government at Detroit, Mich. If the reader wishes to get further information re-garding 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

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 Westwrite ern 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 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. 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 Govern-

ment pays 70 per cent. of the exof education, which is a great pense 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 I would sooner have 160 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; 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

Time to Reform.

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

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 head-

aches.

"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 forfelt if original of above letter proping 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 nade from herbs, and is prepared for use as easily as ea. It is called "Lune"s Ten?" or

LANE'S FAMILY MEDICINE All druggists or by mail 25 cts, and 50 cts. Buyit to day. Lane's Family Medicine moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Address, Box 295, Le Roy, N. Y.





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

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.—Sarau 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. HOENCKE, No. 2319 McKenny Ave., Houston, Tex.

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 felicf. Doan's Kidney Pills cured me.—F.S.

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