



THE BROKEN GUITAR.

In the dust of a lone corner lying. Where letters are piled by the wall; Where no sound save of echoes replying Comes ever from garret or hall; And where light through no casement can fall, Not even the gleam of a star, Remote and unheeded by all, Is a ribbonless, broken guitar.

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

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CHAPTER XIX. PLANS FOR ESCAPE.

Mr. Kent was the first to awake. It was noon when he shook off the drowsy god and plunged into a bath. He emerged feeling better, and soon dressed and entered the club room. He found that none of his fellow castaways were awake. After a search in the storeroom he provided himself with a rod, reel and a complete fishing equipment. Armed with a dip net he went to the brook, and as Sidney had predicted found no difficulty in catching a pail full of minnows. A few minutes later he was drifting over the bay on the raft.

It was not long before he located a school of pike and bass, the latter much resembling the northern weakfish. Before the minnow had been lowered ten feet, one of the bass made a rush for it. He struck hard, and for three minutes Mr. Kent was a busy and a happy man. The reel sang a cheery song, for the bass was game and did not tamely surrender. At last he was in the landing net and from thence he went into the willow basket.

In less than an hour Mr. Kent had caught a dozen bass and pike, which averaged four pounds. It was a fine creel of fish, and Mr. Kent paddled back to the stone pier in high satisfaction with his piscatorial prowess. He justly regarded himself as the Nimrod and the Isaac Walton of the colony.

It was not so much fun cleaning these beauties, but Mr. Kent had completed the task when he was joined by Mr. Haven. Together they prepared the late breakfast and at four o'clock all were seated around the table. They pronounced the fish excellent and gave Mr. Kent a vote of thanks, promising him a decoration on their return to civilization.

All adjourned to the veranda and Mr. Carmody brought up the subject of building a boat with which to escape to the mainland. Sidney Hammond said it was useless to continue the exploration of the island. In his opinion it was about ten miles long, running north and south, and probably four or five miles wide. The snow-capped mountain undoubtedly belonged to the range forming the backbone of Mexico and Central America. It was sufficient to know that they were not more than 150 miles from the mainland. Sidney suggested that a man be detailed to watch the ocean each day from the gateway to the bay, and volunteered his services for the morrow. It was decided to erect a flagstaff at this point and float a white flag from it as a signal of distress.

"We will begin the building of a boat or raft to-morrow," said Mr. Carmody, the chairman of the committee of escape. "I have my plans practically completed and I will submit them to you now for approval, rejection or modification. My suggestion is that we build a raft in the form of a houseboat. I doubt if we have the materials with which to construct a lifeboat, with pointed bows and stern. Again, such a boat is not nearly as safe as a raft. From what Hammond has learned, I am of the opinion that any number of ships pass to the east of us at a distance not exceeding 25 miles. While our objective point is the mainland, we must calculate on the possibility of being blown to the east. The Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean sea are thronged with ships of all kinds. It is likely that this island lies a little off the regular course of traffic, but we are certain to sight some vessel in short order. Therefore I favor a craft which will have more of safety than of speed."

"That is my idea exactly," said Mr. Morton. "I believe we will be picked up inside of 48 hours at the most. We must construct a raft or houseboat which can survive any ordinary storm. Even if the waves do beat over it occasionally, our plight will be

much better than if our boat were capsized in the first heavy sea."

"No ordinary wave will beat over the raft I have planned," said Mr. Carmody, producing a rough sketch of the plans. "I propose a craft 40 feet long and 14 feet wide. It will be square at both ends. We will frame the hull out of solid timber. I notice that there are some tall, straight trees back of the bungalow which will serve admirably for our purpose. I have built many ships and barges, and we have the tools and materials to do a good job. The best plan will be to frame the hull on shore, and then take it apart and put it together again in the water. Of course we could build the raft complete and launch it from the stone pier, but it will be safer to build it from the water."

"We will build a house or cabin 8x24 feet. It will be high enough to stand upright in. There will be three staterooms, each with two sleeping bunks. Then there will be a combined kitchen, dining-room and storeroom. This cabin will be braced in every direction, and I have worked out a plan by which no ordinary sea can cause serious trouble. A raft built like this will ride the waves safely."

Mr. Carmody's plans also provided for six oars or sweeps and a rudder. Through the roof of the cabin two masts were stepped, each carrying a boom and a three-cornered sail. He had found a pile of canvas awnings which had not yet been put in place on the windows of the bungalow. These promised to make excellent sails. For two hours the houseboat was discussed, and the plan suggested by Mr. Carmody was adopted. It was decided to begin work on the boat early the following morning.

While Mr. Carmody and others went to select the trees for the frame work of the houseboat, Sidney and Mr. Kent rowed across the bay and took an observation from the rock overlooking the inlet. There was no vessel in sight, though Sidney thought he could trace a line of smoke at the edge of the southeastern horizon. They felled a tall pine tree and trimmed it for a flagstaff. Early the following morning five of the men raised the pole on the rock, having first provided a flag which they nailed to the top.

Sidney and Mr. Kent watched the sun as it dropped behind the west-



"DO YOU THINK THAT IS ONE OF THEM?" ASKED MR. KENT.

ern ridge of hills. The air was remarkably clear, and the snow-capped mountain peak showed plain in the purple distance.

"This island is a great mystery to me," said Hammond. He was looking at the mountain. Its base faded away as the sun declined, but the top glowed like a pearl where the light yet reflected from the dazzling snow.

"There are few peaks like that on the American continent," said Sidney. "I have been looking up the subject of high mountains along the American coast. We surely are more than a thousand miles west of New York and we are in tropical waters. The coast of South America swings away east of New York, so we cannot be there. I can find but two places which coincide with the time indicated by our watches."

"What are they?" asked Mr. Kent. "The Caribbean sea along the east coast of Yucatan and Balize, and the east coast of Mexico along the Gulf of Mexico," said Sidney. "There are no such peaks as that visible from the east coast of Yucatan, to say nothing of from islands yet farther east. Cape Catoche, the east point of Yucatan, is in just the same longitude as Chicago. We are west of that. The only waters west are those of the gulf and the Bay of Campeche, a part of the gulf forming the northern boundary of Yucatan and Tobasco, and the eastern shore of the southern portion of Vera Cruz. From these waters you can see the gigantic peaks of the volcanoes Popocatepetl and Orizaba."

"Do you think that is one of them?" asked Mr. Kent, looking at the mountain, whose very top yet showed white and pink in the last rays of the sun.

"That mountain is Popocatepetl, unless I am much mistaken," said Hammond. "But there is no island on the map east or southeast of it. An island the size of this should show on a good map of Mexico, and there are two modern and excellent ones in our library."

"It is too deep a problem for me," said Mr. Kent. "It is getting dark. Let's be getting back to camp." They reached the bungalow in time to partake of a light repast, including some excellent berries which Mr. Haven had found on the edge of the south jungle. It was a cool and pleasant evening, and after work was done chairs were placed on the veranda, cigars lit, and a general discussion followed.

CHAPTER XX. LIFE IN THE BUNGALOW.

John M. Rockwell never displayed greater skill in the choice of lieutenants than in the selection of L.

Sylvester Vincent as general superintendent of Social Island. Mr. Vincent proved to be a most capable manager. He formulated a set of rules and enforced them with the tact of the born executive. Since the discovery of the golden idols in which Mr. Vincent had an interest worth at least \$175,000, that gentleman advanced himself several points in the social and financial plane; but he was too shrewd to be presumptuous. He became more and more popular with his associates, who discovered that some of his plans possessed merit, though others were beyond the pale of practicability.

On Saturday night, two days after the hurricane, the weather turned very warm. It was fairly cool in the shade of the trees, but unbearable in the open. There being slight reason to anticipate any favorable change, it was agreed to arrange such a division of the hours as should best conduce to comfort and to expediting work on the boat.

At the suggestion of Mr. Rockwell it was decided that all should arise in the morning in time to have breakfast as soon as it was daylight. At half-past two they were out of bed, and by four o'clock were hard at work. It was cool in these early hours, and all worked with a vigor which gave them a ravenous appetite for the substantial meal served at ten o'clock. The sun was then high in the heavens, and it was no longer safe to work. During the hours from 11 o'clock until five, the castaways enjoyed the delights of a siesta.

At five o'clock in the evening all were aroused, and after partaking of fruit or a light luncheon, returned to their labors. Three hours were thus stolen from the angry sun in the cool of the evening, and a total of at least eight hours devoted to work during the day. At eight o'clock in the evening dinner was ready, and at half past ten the toilers retired for the night. Eight hours for work, eight for sleep, and eight for recreation was the diurnal routine at Social Island bungalow.

The supply of bread left by Hector was exhausted in three or four days. There was an abundance of flour, and for a time "baking powder biscuits" enjoyed much popularity, but it was not lasting.

"I would like a slice of good-old-fashioned home-made bread," said Mr. Rockwell one afternoon, and he voiced the common desire.

"I know how to make bread," said Mr. Pence. "I learned when I was a young man, and I could make it yet if we only had some yeast. I used to make mighty fine bread. It cost less than half what the bakers charged for it."

"There is a package of yeast stuff in the storeroom," said Mr. Vincent. "It is the kind of yeast—so the box says—that will keep for years." He brought in the package and Mr. Pence examined it critically.

"I don't know about this stuff," he said. "It is probably some new-fangled thing, and I am always afraid of these new rinktums. I made my own yeast out of hops."

"Go ahead and try it, Simon," said Mr. Kent. "It may be all right. Are there full directions on it?" Mr. Pence found explicit instructions on the package, which was labeled "Yeast Foam." He said he was afraid he would spoil a lot of flour, but finally consented to make the attempt. All adjourned to the kitchen to watch the new baker. Mr. Pence put on a long white apron. Mr. Kent made a white paper cap and placed it on the head of the financier. Mr. Pence poured out a quantity of flour, added small portions of salt and sugar, and mixed the combination thoroughly. In the meantime the cake of "yeast foam" had been dissolved in warm water. Mr. Pence scooped a hole in the center of the flour and poured in a quantity of warm water. To this he added the dissolved yeast. He manipulated the flour so as to form a pasty mixture, which reposed in the center of an amphitheater of flour. Then he washed his hands of the yeast and flour, and took off cap and apron.

"That is the 'sponge,'" said Simon Pence, while the others listened with great admiration. "If that stuff is good, it will ferment and rise in a few hours. If it does, we will have some bread. If not, I have wasted 30 cents worth of flour. Let us hope for the best."

Mr. Pence watched the "sponge" as does a mother a sick babe. From time to time Mr. Vincent carried news bulletins to the ship builders, who were hard at work in the rear of the bungalow, felling trees for the raft or houseboat.

"It has started to come up!" he announced, as a 70-foot tree came crashing down after the well-directed blows of Palmer J. Morton.

"Good!" said Mr. Kent, as he lopped off a limb. "Tell Simon to keep his nerve and not get excited. We are pulling for him to win."

Mr. Pence again donned his apron and cap; rolled up his sleeves, and began to knead the bread. He displayed much deftness in this operation. Starting from the inside of the pile of flour, he worked the white flakes into the "sponge," which grew in size and whiteness. For half an hour he toiled at this work. Then he put the plump mass back in the bread pan. Four hours later he kneaded it again, and it was now a huge light ball, and Mr. Pence was much elated. Two hours later he cut it into small pieces, kneaded it slightly, and put it in the small bread pans and after it had again "raised," he placed the pans in the oven. After an hour's baking, Vincent and Mr. Pence took from the oven eight loaves of bread, of which any housewife might well have been proud. The tops were a perfect yellow-brown, and the texture was

of that firm but light nature which marks the apex of the baker's art.

In the search for suitable timber, Sidney Hammond had chopped down a tree containing a store of honey, and made the further discovery that tropical bees are stingless. Fresh bread and honey were a notable addition to the menu of Social Island, and Mr. Pence was awarded no end of praise. So thoroughly was he reinstated in the good opinion of the colony that it was agreed that all should make a trip to the ruined city, and help bring into camp the gold idols which had been discovered by Vincent and Mr. Pence. In fact, they made two trips, and reduced the supply to such an extent that the owners of the gold were able to recover the remaining idols at their leisure. At Mr. Pence's request these images were placed in his room, and he watched them with a vigilance as if this tropical wilderness were infested with professional burglars.

In accordance with Sidney Hammond's suggestion, a watch was maintained on top of the big rock overlooking the ocean, where the flagstaff had been erected. Mr. Carmody was assigned to this duty on Saturday. He rowed across the lake in the early morning, taking with him a rifle, a book, and luncheon.

After about two hours had elapsed a sail showed on the southeastern sea-rim! It was low down in the waters, but the air was wonderfully clear, and he could see that it was a large three-masted vessel. More than that, it was coming in his direction. Mr. Carmody watched the craft intently and ate his luncheon. The ship was now perceptibly nearer. With the glass he saw that it was a brigantine; square rigged on the fore mast and schooner rigged on the main and mizzen masts. Then the craft took a long tack out to sea and nearly disappeared, but it turned again and rapidly headed in a northwesterly direction. Mile by mile it approached, until with the glass he saw the sailors on her decks. [To Be Continued.]

UNDER THE GUILLOTINE.

Inspiration of a Frenchman in the London Chamber of Horrors That Proved Uncomfortable.

There is a story of a ghastly quarter of an hour once passed by a young Parisian who wandered into the "Chamber of Horrors" at a wax works show in London, says the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. Finding himself alone, he was seized with an inspiration. What a glorious thing to put his neck under the guillotine where had rested the neck of Marie Antoinette! He lay down, touched a spring and closed the collar. But how was he to release himself? If he touched the wrong spring the fatal axe might descend. Unable to speak a word of English, he yelled lustily for help in French, and before long a crowd of visitors led by an attendant came on the scene. The guide was a bit of a linguist and saw an opportunity with himself as master of the situation. He at once began a practical lecture on the guillotine, interrupting his remarks with little asides in French to the indignant victim, asking him to scream louder or writhe more agonizingly. "How well he acts!" exclaimed the gratified on-lookers. Finally the Parisian was released, and, answering the applause with maledictions, fled, leaving his hat behind.

A Change.

Dimpleton's face was radiant as he came in and kissed his wife.

"Now, dear," he exclaimed, "be prepared for something real good."

Mrs. Dimpleton looked up interrogatively, but not enthusiastically. There was perhaps a shade of suspicion in her voice.

"What is it now?" she asked. "We are going away," said Dimpleton. "I've arranged it all. Just what you want! To-morrow we will take an early train for Pine Center. Magnificent view. Fine hotel! Perfect company! High old time! Good milk for baby! Every day just as it should be! I have consulted your wishes throughout. Well, what do you say?"

Mrs. Dimpleton's face dropped. A look of mingled resignation and despair came over it.

"Must we go?" she asked. "Must we go?" exclaimed her husband. "Must we go? Why it was only the other day that you called me an old fogy; said I never took you anywhere. Said you'd like to make just such a trip as this. And now you are backing out. What do you mean, anyway?"

Tears came to Mrs. Dimpleton's eyes. "The other day," she exclaimed, "you didn't want me to go."—N. Y. Herald.

Expensive Virtue.

The report that the American Bankers' association has decided to pay a salary of \$5,000 a year to Charles Becker, the famous forger, if he will simply live the life of a good citizen, brings to mind an old story, said a southerner who was visiting Philadelphia the other day, which is well worth repeating. A southern judge who had a fine lot of hogs one day met a colored man notorious for stealing, and said to him: "Uncle Jack, I'll tell you what I'll do. You pick out two of those hogs you like best, and I'll give them to you, provided you won't steal any of the others." The negro pondered a while and finally said: "Judge, you've always been a good neighbor; an' I likes yuh, an' I wants to do right by yuh, an' so accepts de offer yuh makes, but I wants yuh to know dat I'll lose meat by it."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

MAPPING OUT PLANS.

Secretary Cortelyou Now Is the Busiest Man in Washington.

He Has to Devise the Machinery of the New Department of Commerce and of the Bureau Connected with It.

Since Mr. Cortelyou became secretary of commerce he has been impetuously to make speeches in many sections of the country at banquets given by commercial organizations. He has declined all such invitations. He tells his would-be hosts that his business just at present is to do, not to talk. He has been called to organize a great and important department of government; as yet he has done nothing but work at the task of organization. The greater tasks to be performed by the new department when it is fully constructed have not even been reached. At this time his speeches would necessarily deal with hopes and expectations. He says he prefers to talk about things which have been accomplished.

The big task for the secretary of commerce just at present, says the Chicago Journal, is to organize the administrative machinery which is to take care of the business of all the great bureaus which are to be transferred July 1 to the jurisdiction of the secretary of commerce. All the employes of the census, the immigration service, the geodetic and coast survey, the bureau of standards and measurements, Chinese exclusion, statistics, consular reports, labor, fish commission, steamboat inspection and the lighthouse board—all these will have to be paid and brought into order under the new regime. To do this without confusion or interruption of work is not a simple task. The book-keeping and accounting feature alone is no small undertaking. Many of the departments will move their quarters. The new building opposite the Willard hotel is to be ready for occupancy about that time, and July 1 promises



SECRETARY CORTELYOU. (Now Devising Machinery for New Department of Commerce.)

to be a great moving day in government circles.

The bureau of manufacture, which is one of the two new bureaus created by the law which made the department of commerce, is hardly in a condition yet to be the subject of a prospectus. What it will be depends almost entirely on Secretary Cortelyou's ideas of what it can be made to be. The law is very vague. The act reads that it shall be the province and duty of such bureau, under the direction of the secretary, to "foster, promote and develop the various manufacturing industries of the United States, and markets for the same at home and abroad, domestic and foreign, by gathering, compiling and publishing, and supplying all available and useful information concerning such industries and such markets, and by such other methods and means as may be prescribed by the secretary or prescribed by the law."

Secretary Cortelyou has not committed himself to any plan for working out this bureau of manufactures problem. What is said above indicates what may be done under the law, and what Mr. Cortelyou is turning over in his mind. He is anxious above all things to have the bureau a practical and useful branch of the government. He is determined that it shall not degenerate into a merely scientific department, with a pall of scholasticism upon it; nor does he want it to become a useless machine for grinding out useless figures and equally useless facts. He is feeling his way, soliciting suggestion, and trying to get at the sentiment of the best informed and most progressive thought. He knows that his present work is bound to be most important, for the character which he stamps upon the new department it will in all likelihood carry for many years to come.

Colored Shoes in the Army.

If colored shoes are not generally worn, they are popular in the army, as evidenced by recent contracts given out for the manufacturing of shoes for the members of the United States army, says the Shoe and Leather Reporter. One contract was for 51,000 pairs of shoes, all colored, there being not a single pair of blacks in the order. In another order was included 854 pairs of colored shoes. This gives the impression that for army wear colored shoes are preferred. They look better for a longer period of time with reasonable care than black goods, in the opinion of the army officials. For hot weather colored shoes are viewed by sensible people as a most common-sense proposition.

Flowers in Frozen North.

All the flowers of the arctic regions, of which there are 762 kinds, are either white or yellow.



Miss Gannon, Sec'y Detroit Amateur Art Association, tells young women what to do to avoid pain and suffering caused by female troubles.

"I can conscientiously recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to those of my sisters suffering with female weakness and the troubles which so often befall women. I suffered for months with general weakness and felt so weary that I had hard work to keep up. I had shooting pains and was utterly miserable. In my distress I was advised to use Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it was a red letter day to me when I took the first dose, for at that time my restoration began. In six weeks I was a changed woman, perfectly well in every respect. I felt so elated and happy that I want all women who suffer to get well as I did."—Miss GULA GANNON, 359 Jones St., Detroit, Corresponding Sec'y Mich. Amateur Art Association.—\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

It is clearly shown in this young lady's letter that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will surely cure the sufferings of women; and when one considers that Miss Gannon's letter is only one of hundreds which we have, the great virtue of Mrs. Pinkham's medicine must be admitted by all.

DEPEW'S LATEST:

A Yarn That Has Not Come Down from the Glacial Period.

Senator Depew had a new story when he showed up at the senate one day recently and that in itself is worth recording, for investigators recently have on a number of occasions traced back some of the Depew tales to the glacial period. But this latest Depew story is really good, says the Bald more Herald.

"When I arrived home yesterday evening," said the senator, "I was intercepted by an old Irishman I have employed about the house. His wife, Bridget, is also with us. I beg your pardon, senator, but will you be kind and tell me what's all this talk about closure in th' sint I see in the after noon papers?"

"Closure," I replied, "that's to keep the senators from talking."

"T' kape the senators from talkin'?" mused Mike. Then, after a pause, he said "Sinator?"

"Well, Mike?"

"If I can get Bridget t' run fur th' sint will yez give her yure support?"

It is a great misfortune not to have sense enough to speak well and judgment enough to speak little.—Cato.



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