



THE JESTERS.

The jester mounted to the throne,
The while did sleep the king.
'A monarch now am I,' he said,
And lightly did he sing:
'Now bring to me my ermine robes
And bring my crown to me,
And take this cap and take these bells
To his great majesty.'

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

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CHAPTER XX.—CONTINUED.

'They must see the white flag on this cliff!' he said to himself.
They were not three miles away.
Mr. Carmody stood on the highest point
and waved his handkerchief.

mortised and pinned it together that it could withstand any ordinary strain.
Every five feet it was braced with cross timbers.
This framework was constructed on logs which served as rollers.

L. Sylvester Vincent solicited the honor of naming the boat.
He argued that he was the youngest member of the party and the most innocent.
His request was granted, and he took his position at the forward end of the craft.

The bow went 15 feet under water and L. Sylvester Vincent went with it.
In the yeast of wave and foam Mr. Vincent rose to the surface near the center of the raft.

'Talk about your toboggan slides!' shouted Vincent, as he raised the broken bottle in the air.
'That beats Coney Island. I name thee 'Helen Carmody!'



MR. VINCENT AROSE TO THE SURFACE.

just as well. There is a yacht named after Helen.
So we will stick to the name which Mr. Vincent first selected.
It is an euphonious title, and I hope it will bring us good luck.

Day by day 'The Jumping Jupiter' grew in size, if not in beauty.
Her hull was divided into eight compartments, and these were sheathed and made as air-tight as possible.
On top of them they built a 24-foot cabin with a storeroom and some rude bunks.

The indignation of Mr. Carmody was shared by his companions, but they regarded it as a hopeful sign that two ships already had been seen from the rocks.
This proved beyond doubt that these waters were frequented by traffic, and there was a chance that some generous skipper might recognize their flag of distress.

Sunday was observed as a day of rest.
No work, other than the routine of housekeeping was performed.
In the afternoon Sidney and Mr. Kent visited the park and brought back a fresh stock of bananas.
On the preceding day Mr. Kent had shot a fine deer, and the Sunday dinner was excellent.

Work on the boat proceeded with great rapidity.
Under the supervision of Mr. Carmody the foundation timbers of the raft were felled and rolled to the flat rock which served as a pier.

plumaged birds, who were disputing possession with a troop of jabbering monkeys.
These were driven away, but they returned as soon as the laundrymen were out of sight.
A gray-bearded monkey grabbed a napkin and made for the tallest tree.

Those who have followed these chronicles of the abducted millionaires, may have noted an absence of complaint or remonstrance at their fate.
It is a matter of record that from the time Mr. Morton failed to swerve Walter B. Hestor and Capt. Waters from their purpose, the subject of the kidnapping or the incidents connected with it, never were made the subject of discussion.

This air of indifference was not assumed.
It was second nature to these men.
For more than a generation they had been on the firing line of humanity's most merciless battlefield.

An incident occurred on Thursday, the 18th of May, which disturbed the even course of events on Social Island.
In the bluish-gray of dawn, six of the colony renewed work on 'The Jumping Jupiter.'

Mr. Rockwell was working on the bow of the boat, laying the flooring which served as a deck.
He paused a moment to rest, and looked out toward the black gateway to the bay:
Something invited his gaze.
He shaded his eyes with his hand.

'What is that?' he exclaimed, pointing in the direction of the rock, where Mr. Pence had so narrow an escape.
All eyes were turned to the point indicated by Mr. Rockwell.
In the freshening morning breeze, a triangular white flag fluttered from the ledge of rocks.

'Let's investigate this,' said Sidney.
'It is well to be cautious.'
He went to the bungalow and brought back four rifles.
Mr. Kent, Mr. Morton and Mr. Vincent were selected to accompany him and they were soon on the raft and down the bay.

On board the Shark, May 18th.
To Messrs. Palmer J. Morton, Andrew Carmody, John M. Rockwell, Simon Pence, R. J. Kent, Hiram Haven, Sidney Hammond and L. Sylvester Vincent, guests of Hestoria Island and Bungalow, with the compliments of
WALTER B. HESTOR.

Two of the boxes were heavy, and water was dripping from them.
An examination showed that they were packed with ice.
There were 15 boxes.

The yawl was pushed into the water and loaded with as much of the freight as could safely be carried.
The remaining boxes were placed on the raft.
The beach being clear—the tide was at its ebb—Mr. Haven and Mr. Morton walked along the cliffs and back to camp.
Sidney rowed the yawl and Vincent took charge of the raft.

'A sirloin steak will taste good again,' said Mr. Kent as he hammered the top from the last box.
He displayed to view a top layer of the latest magazines.
Then he found a number of new books and a varied assortment of May publications.
In the bottom of the box were copies of newspapers.
There was a rush for these papers.

There were copies of the New York papers dated from May 2d to May 12th, also copies of New Orleans papers as late as May 14th.
In addition to these were copies of Chicago and Philadelphia papers from the time of their departure from New York up to dates comparatively recent.

'Gentlemen,' said Mr. Rockwell, after ten minutes had elapsed, 'we have read enough to indicate that none of our families has suffered from death or serious illness up to the time these papers were printed.
We can postpone a study of less important matters until our morning's work is done.
Let us proceed to our task and do our reading later.'

This suggestion was agreed to, and Vincent carried the precious box to the bungalow.
The news from the great outside world from which they were separated acted as a stimulus to their energies.
It was nearly 11 o'clock before Mr. Carmody gave the signal to cease, and they returned to the big dining room, where a tempting dinner awaited them.

DIDN'T SEEM HOMELIKE.
Irishman Appreciated the Kindness, But Could Not Stand for the Cleanliness.

The name of 'Shaftesbury,' given to the projected series of lectures on the housing question, reminds a correspondent of the London News that many years ago he heard the great-hearted Earl speak upon the subject of the slums.
Lord Shaftesbury said that until the habits of the people could be altered there would always be slums; and he supposed a state of things in which all the slums had, as by the wave of the magician's wand, been removed, while the drink traffic and drinking habits remained.
In a year or less, he continued, there would be the slums again, as bad as ever.

Lord Shaftesbury used to tell a true story in this connection.
He had looked in at a poor dwelling, and had been shocked to see it so very dirty.
If, he thought, the place were once made clean, perhaps the occupants would try to keep it so.
He, therefore, asked permission of the tenant to have the room nicely done up.
Leave was given, and the work was executed, ceiling and walls being left a spotless white.
About a week afterwards Lord Shaftesbury was passing, and was amazed to see the walls blacker than they had been before.
He expressed his surprise that so much dirt could have come upon them in the time, and the tenant, a good-humored Irishman, explained the matter thus: 'Shure, we're very much obliged for your lordship's kindness, but the place had such a cold look, we thought we'd just ask the sweep to come in and give it a few warrum touches.'

The Rally for Liberty.

'Gentlemen,' said the speaker, rising to his full height and almost carrying his hearers off their feet with his matchless eloquence, 'the time has come for us to assert our independence.
We are free-born citizens.
God has given us as a birth-right the privilege of governing ourselves as we see fit.
We bow our knee to no kings and no princes.
We have only ourselves to blame if we permit others to deny the liberty that our fathers have bequeathed to us—the liberty made sacred by their hallowed blood.
I appeal to you, my fellow-citizens, to arise in your might.
Let us exhibit our manhood; let us teach the world the great lesson of independence.
Let us—'

'Say, gents,' yelled the janitor, as he suddenly stepped out upon the platform, 'I'm goin' to shut this hall up now.
Clear out o' here.
I've been up three nights with the toothache, and I'm goin' to bed early.
Git, before I turn out the lights on you!'

NEVER SAW SUCH LARGE YIELDS.
The Climate is Healthy—The Winters Are Pleasant in Western Canada.

Writing from Stirling, Alberta, to one of the agents representing the Canadian Government Free Homestead Lands, Mr. M. Pickrell, formerly of Beechwood, Kentucky, says of Western Canada:

'In the first place we will say that the summer season is just lovely indeed.
As to the winter, well we never experienced finer weather than we are now enjoying.
We have just returned from Northern Alberta and will say that we found the weather to be very mild, the air dry, fresh and invigorating.
Considering everything we can say that the winters here are most pleasant, healthy and enjoyable to what they are in the States.
Here it gets cold and continues so till Spring—there are no disagreeable winds.
In South Alberta it is some warmer—two to four inches of snow may fall and in a few hours a Chinook wind come along, evaporating the entire snow, leaving terra-firma perfectly dry, in fact, we did not believe this part until we came and saw for ourselves and we now know what we herein write to be just as we write it.
There has not been a day this winter that I could not work out doors.
Farmers here are calculating on starting the plough the first of March.

'As to farm wages, we would not advise a man to come here with the expectation of living by his days' work, but all who do want a home I advise to have nerve enough to get up and come for there never has been, and may never be again, such a grand opportunity for a man to get a home almost free.

'As to the crops, I have been in the fields before harvest, saw the grass put up and the grain harvested, and I never saw such large yields.
I saw oats near Edmonton over six feet tall that yielded 80 bushels per acre, and I talked to a farmer near St. Albert who had a field year before last that averaged 110 bushels per acre, and weighed 43 pounds to the bushel.
All other crops would run in proportion—as to potatoes and vegetables, the turnout was enormous.
I have such reports as the above from all sections that I have visited, and that has been every community between the Edmonton district and Raymond in the Lethbridge district.

'As to stock raising, I would advise a man to locate in this place, or any place, in South Alberta, but for mixed farming, I would say go up farther north, say near Lacombe, Wetaskiwin or Edmonton, where it is not quite so dry and where there is some timber to be had.
I will say that nowhere have I ever seen a better opportunity for a man, whether he has money or not, to obtain a home.
Nowhere can be found a more productive soil, better water and a better governed country than Western Canada affords.
Inducements to the homeseeker are unexcelled.
I met two men near Ponoka on the G. & E. R., who borrowed the money to pay for their homestead and in four years those two men sold their farms—one for \$2,500, the other for \$3,000.
I met a man near Wetaskiwin who landed here with 25 cents six years ago.
He is now worth \$8,000.
The advantages for ranching are excellent, in fact I do not believe this section can be beat.
Markets are good; as to living, a family can live as cheap here as they can in the States.
The average yield of oats in this neighborhood, last year, was 70 bushels, per acre; wheat averaged 35, barley 40, and the beet crop was good.
In consequence of the successful cultivation of the beet, a large beet sugar factory is being erected at Raymond, seven miles from here.
In conclusion, I will say that N. W. T. from Manitoba to a long distance north of Edmonton produces most wonderful crops.
Lakes and rivers abound with fish, and game is plentiful.
And that this is unquestionably the country for a man to come to if he desires to better his condition in life.
I would advise the prospective settler to look over the Lethbridge, Lacombe, Wetaskiwin and Edmonton districts before locating.

'I will locate in the Edmonton district next Fall and several families from the States will locate with me.
In the meantime, I will receive my mail here and will be pleased to give the interested all the information desired.'

For information as to Railway Rates, etc., apply to any agent of the Canadian Government whose names appear elsewhere in this paper.

The Longest Sentence.

A schoolmaster was giving his class a lesson in grammar when he asked the boys to tell him the longest sentence they had ever read.
There was silence for a minute or two, but at last a small boy stood up and said he could remember the longest sentence he had ever read.
'Well, Tommy,' said the teacher, 'what is it?'
'Imprisonment for life,' replied the boy.—N. Y. Tribune.
Three solid through trains daily Chicago to California.
Chicago, Union Pacific & North-Western Line.
Experience is a keen knife that hurts, while it extracts the cataract that blinds.—De Lincol.
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Indolence never tires of doing nothing.—Chicago Daily News.
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Chicago, Union Pacific & North-Western Line.
Every man is the architect of his own character.—Ben-dman.

DYSPEPSIA OF WOMEN.



Mrs. E. B. Bradshaw, of Guthrie, Okla., cured of a severe case by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

A great many women suffer with a form of indigestion or dyspepsia which does not seem to yield to ordinary medical treatment.
While the symptoms seem to be similar to those of ordinary indigestion, yet the medicines universally prescribed do not seem to restore the patient's normal condition.

Mrs. Pinkham claims that there is a kind of dyspepsia that is caused by derangement of the female organism, and which, while it causes disturbance similar to ordinary indigestion, cannot be relieved without a medicine which not only acts as a stomach tonic, but has peculiar uterine-tonic effects as well.

Thousands of testimonial letters prove beyond question that nothing will relieve this distressing condition so surely as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.
It always works in harmony with the female system.

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Must Bear Signature of
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