

OUR SERIAL

THE FOOL'S PRAYER.

The royal feast was done; the king sought some new sport to banish care...

THE KIDNAPPED MILLIONAIRES

A Tale of Wall Street and the Tropics

By FREDERICK A. ADAMS

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CHAPTER XXIII.—CONTINUED.

Mr. Carmody informed Capt. Baldwin that there was a quantity of valuable stores on board "The Jumping Jupiter."

When Sidney Hammond came on board the yacht he was given a reception which brought a blush of pleasure to his bronzed and handsome face.

"The Jumping Jupiter" was abandoned to "his" fate.

CHAPTER XXIV.

HOME AGAIN.

"How far are we from Vera Cruz, Capt. Baldwin?"

"About 25 miles, Mr. Carmody." "You may proceed to that harbor, at once," directed Mr. Carmody.

Mr. Carmody then called a conference in the social hall of the "Helen Carmody."

"We will be in Vera Cruz in an hour," said Mr. Carmody, when all were seated around the center table.

"I am only too happy to grant that request," he said. "Through no fault of the Record, or of its editor, Robert Van Horne, we are implicated in this affair through the unaccountable acts of a man who has been one of our correspondents."

York. Our paper will take its chance with the others. After that hour I shall expect the thorough co-operation of you gentlemen, so that we may be able to place on the wires the complete history of this case...

"That is the way I like to hear a man talk, Mr. Chalmers," said Mr. Morton. "That is business. I will say to you that I will break my rule and write a statement which you can use if it has any value."

The same promise was made by the other magnates. "Mr. Seymour and Mr. Stevens are experienced and discreet newspaper men," said Mr. Chalmers.

"They shall have every opportunity," said Mr. Carmody. "We will turn this room into a newspaper office right now. Send for Mr. Seymour and Mr. Stevens and we will get to work."

"You can draft me as a reporter," said Sidney Hammond. "I can help out on some of the incidents on the island."

"You see me about Hammond," said Mr. Kent. "He is too modest to tell you the truth about himself."

Seymour and Jack Stevens were sent for and they proceeded to their task with the tact, rapidity and system of experienced newspaper men. They speedily obtained the framework of the story. Upon this they built, incident by incident, the tissue and body of a well-rounded narrative.

After a conference with Mr. Chalmers it was agreed not to leave Vera Cruz until late in the evening. It was planned to steam direct to New Orleans, go from there by special train to New York.

It may be mentioned in passing that the receipt in New York of private telegrams from the missing millionaires was followed on the exchange by enormous buying of stocks. There were no rumors to account for the consequent rise in prices and for some time the market stoutly resisted the advance.

The news of the Wall street boom came over the telephone to the newspaper office. Mr. Sharp, the acting editor of the Evening Record, was on the alert. In a fever of excitement he awaited the expected word from Mr. Chalmers or one of his assistants.

THE EVENING RECORD. New York, May 24. RESCUED BY THE RECORD!!! The New York Record Accomplishes the Greatest Achievement in the History of Journalism!!!

The brief article which followed contained no information not stated in the headlines, and there was no date line at the head of it. Mr. Sharp was busy preparing a second and more circumstantial announcement when a telegram was received from Mr. Chalmers.

of Palmer J. Morton, John M. Rockwell, Andrus Carmody, R. J. Kent, Simon Pence, Hiram Haven, Sidney Hammond and L. Sylvester Vincent. The kidnapping of these distinguished financiers is the most sensational crime in history.

"By indefatigable effort, the New York Record traced this crime to Walter B. Hestor. Its detective force, under the charge of John Stevens, located the bungalow. Special credit is due to Bernard Seymour, the famous detective reporter of Chicago, who, by skill and strategy, which will be explained later, found the contractor who built the bungalow—Col. John McIntyre, of Havana.

"To All Whom It May Concern: We desire to announce our safe return to civilization, in good health and spirits. We are mindful of the mercies of an all-wise Providence, who has watched over and brought us through many perils and difficulties.

ANDRUS CARMODY, PALMER J. MORTON, JOHN M. ROCKWELL, HIRAM HAVEN, SIMON PENCE, R. J. KENT, SIDNEY HAMMOND, L. SYLVESTER VINCENT. Vera Cruz, May 24.

Late that memorable Wednesday night, the staunch steam yacht "Helen Carmody" left the lights of Vera Cruz twinkling in the distance, and started on her 900 mile journey to New Orleans.

Simon Pence came in for much raillery about his gold idols and images. There were many inquiries about "Socks," the monkey. "There is no chance for you and Vincent to escape that freight bill now," said Mr. Kent.

"No, I will be liberal," said Mr. Carmody. "When we get to New York we will appraise their value, and Mr. Pence can draw his check for one-third of it. Then he and Vincent can make an equitable division and I will do the same."

The stories told in "the profession" of Mr. Brookfield's scathing repartee are endless. On one occasion a young actor who had lately made a bit of a hit in a small part, was regaling a few friends at great length upon the "splendid notices" he had received.

Mrs. Jackson—Mah son Jim sin a tonsorial artist. Mrs. Johnson—And am he wedded to his art? "Oh, yeah! He makes it support him,"—Fuch!

she cross our bows, or will she go to the stern, assuming she keeps straight ahead? What do you say, Mr. Carmody?"

"She is a bit faster than this boat, I think," said Mr. Carmody. "In my judgment, she will pass at least half a mile ahead of us."

"I do not think so," said Miss Helen. "I am loyal to our yacht. We will beat her. Don't you think so, Mr. Chalmers?"

"I think one of us will have to change our course," replied Chalmers. At this moment Capt. Baldwin approached and called Chalmers aside.

"That boat to windward is the 'Shark,'" he said in a low tone. Chalmers took a quick look at the steadily approaching craft. "She is going to cut us off," continued Capt. Baldwin. "You had better pass the wind among the men folks, and send the ladies below. I don't know what the intentions of that fellow Hestor are, but he is not going to interfere with the 'Helen Carmody' without a fight."

Chalmers returned to Mr. Carmody and Miss Helen.

"That yacht is the 'Shark,'" he said, quietly. "Capt. Baldwin has recognized her. He does not anticipate any trouble, but he suggests that Miss Carmody and Mrs. White go below for awhile."

"I do not wish to go below," said Miss Carmody, her eyes dancing with excitement. "I am not afraid. Let me stay on deck. I want to see that awful Mr. Hestor and his captain."

"That will not do, Helen," said Mr. Carmody. "Capt. Baldwin is right. You join Mrs. White and remain in the saloon until I call you."

Miss Helen glanced appealingly at Mr. Chalmers, but received no encouragement in her meditated rebellion; so she obeyed and went to the lower deck.

Sidney Hammond came rushing forward.

"That is the 'Shark!'" he exclaimed. "Let us prepare for trouble. That maniac means mischief. Where are the rifles?"

[To Be Continued.] Fellow Countrymen.

An English actor tells a story of an Irishman named Flanagan, who had been out of work for some time, and at length applied to a circus proprietor for a position.

There were no regular places open, but the manager looked Flanagan over and said:

"Our largest lion died last week, but we kept his skin, and if you like to get into it and be shown as a lion, you can have the job."

Flanagan agreed. At the first show the proprietor stepped into the cage and said, "Ladies and gentlemen. To prove the docility of this roaring lion, I shall order him into the cage with a ferocious tiger."

Flanagan hung back, but the circus proprietor prodded him with a sword and threatened to run him through, and the "lion" was driven into the same cage with the tiger. There he backed into a corner and cried: "Shpare me!"

Then the ferocious tiger jumped to his feet and answered, "Ye needn't be afraid of me! I'm an Irishman meself!"—London M. A. P.

Two Views.

A learned Oxford don was commissioned to write a Latin epitaph to be inscribed on a monument to some person of note. He composed the lines, and was so proud of his performance that he not only sent several copies abroad, but began to put out feelers as to the comments made.

But inquirers, like listeners, seldom hear any good of themselves, and the replies he received were about what might have been expected—guarded, lukewarm in praise and imperfect in critical acumen. The most unsatisfactory of all came through the verger of his own college, of whom the scholar inquired as to any remarks his pupils had made. Said he:

"Do the young gentlemen ever translate that little epitaph of mine, eh?"

"Why, yes, sir, they does," returned the verger.

"Well, very good, and what do they say?" urged the don.

"Why, sir, they say it is bad Latin." "Bad Latin!" echoed the horrified don. "Tell the young blockheads it is sepulchral Latin!"—Youth's Companion.

A Pardonable Error.

The stories told in "the profession" of Mr. Brookfield's scathing repartee are endless. On one occasion a young actor who had lately made a bit of a hit in a small part, was regaling a few friends at great length upon the "splendid notices" he had received and the various merits of his performance.

"Indeed," said the young man, bridling up. "I suppose so distinguished a critic as yourself would deny my being an actor at all."

"I certainly should," said Mr. Brookfield.

"Then what would you call me?" asked the young man, a little recklessly.

"Well," said Brookfield, with a sweet smile, "I think I should describe you as a pardonable error."—Fall Mail Gazette.

A Matrimonial Alliance.

Mrs. Jackson—Mah son Jim sin a tonsorial artist.

Mrs. Johnson—And am he wedded to his art?

"Oh, yeah! He makes it support him."—Fuch!



Miss Rose Peterson, Secretary Parkdale Tennis Club, Chicago, from experience advises all young girls who have pains and sickness peculiar to their sex, to rely on Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

How many beautiful young girls develop into worn, listless and hopeless women, simply because sufficient attention has not been paid to their physical development.

If you know of any young lady who is sick, and needs motherly advice, ask her to write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., who will give her advice free, from a source of knowledge which is unequalled in the country.

Miss Hannah E. Mershon, Collingswood, N. J., says:

"I thought I would write and tell you that, by following your kind advice, I feel like a new person. I was always thin and delicate, and so weak that I could hardly do anything. Menstruation was irregular."

"I tried a bottle of your Vegetable Compound and began to feel better right away. I continued its use, and am now well and strong, and menstruate regularly. I cannot say enough for what your medicine did for me."

How Mrs. Pinkham Helped Fannie Kumpe.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I feel it is my duty to write and tell you of the benefit I have derived from your advice and the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

—LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND WILL CURE ANY WOMAN IN THE LAND WHO SUFFERS FROM WOMB TROUBLES, INFLAMMATION OF THE OVARIES, KIDNEY TROUBLES, NERVOUS EXCITABILITY, NERVOUS PROSTRATION, AND ALL FORMS OF WOMAN'S SPECIAL ILLS.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY. Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills. Must Bear Signature of Brewster.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar. FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SALLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION.

AT BED TIME I TAKE A PLEASANT HERB DRINK. THE NEXT MORNING I FEEL BRIGHT AND NEW AND MY COMPLEXION IS BETTER.

LANE'S FAMILY MEDICINE. All druggists carry this medicine, and it is sold in bottles of 25 cents and 50 cents.