

HOMESICK.

I was born in Indiana—an' I'm plin' to git back
From these prairie-winds 'at howl, an' snarl, an' moan around my shack;
From this empty, endless wideness, stretchin' fur as ye can see,
An' my heart's a purt' nigh breakin' fer the sight o' jest one tree.

I was raised in Indiana—an' I'm wishin' I was back
Where the shifflin', shifflin', Wabash cuts its twistin' trailin' track,
Flowin' through the rus'lin' corn-fields, loatin' under hangin' boughs,
Where they's pools to hide the fishes, an' they's shade to cool the cows.

My old home's in Indiana—an' I'm heart-sick to git back!
Them cricks an' woods hes got a tongue these lonesome prairies lack;
Fer they's nothin' here but silence—cept the never-endin' cry
O' the winds, 'at moan an' mourn ontill ye think ye'll shorley die.

An' ye hain't no wish fer livin', an' the dearest thing ye crave
Is to die an' hev it over—of they'll only make yer grave
Back there in Indiana where the Wabash twists and turns,
Where the sun hes trees to shine on, an' the autumn color burns;

Where the sycamore's crooked branches show the way the river goes,
An' cross the yallerin' corn-fields ye kin hear the cry o' crows;
While the leaves is drappin' softly—Nathur's tears fer days 'at's dead—
An' 'mongst the hick'ry's trimblin' boughs the squirrel perks his head;

Where the oak an' maple colors make the woods a kind o' hint
O' the land yer lookin' fer at last, an' seem to ketch a glint
O' the glory streamin' down'ards through a break in Heaven's wall
An' in the whisp'r'n silences ye hear the angels call!

Indiana's purt' nigh Heaven! An' I'm wishin' I was home.
If they's them 'at's thinkin' dif'er'nt, they've got license fer to roam;
But Heaven an' Indiana is the jest, two things I lack,
I'm a good ways off from both of 'em—an' prayin' to git back!
—Ezra B. Newcomb, 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 VIII.—CONTINUED.

"This is a new game of cards, Miss Carmody," said Chalmers, glancing at his lovely companion. "The one who finds the right name wins."
"I win!" said Miss Helen, her eyes flashing with excitement. "Here it is!"
She passed a neatly engraved card to Mr. Chalmers. That gentleman took it and read:

L. SYLVESTER VINCENT.
Inventor, Mechanical Expert and Promoter.
CHICAGO.

"Here is another one," said Miss Carmody. They looked at all the cards and found four with the name of L. Sylvester Vincent. She sent for Smith.

"Do you remember the gentleman who presented these cards?" she asked.

Smith looked at the cards a moment and said: "I remember 'im very well, Miss 'Elen. The first time 'e came 'e walked right in and 'ung up 'is 'at before I could stop 'im. 'E said 'e 'ad an' appointment with Mr. Carmody. I told 'im Mr. Carmody was not at 'ome. 'E said 'e would wait. I told 'im that Mr. Carmody saw no one on business at his residence. 'E said 'e knew that, but 'e 'ad to sail for Lannon the next day and must see Mr. Carmody that night. Finally 'e went away."

"Very well, Smith, that is all," said Miss Carmody. She looked at Mr. Chalmers with an expression half of interrogation and half of confidence in his ability to solve the riddle. The chatter of Miss Le Roy sounded musical as it came through the drawn portieres. Two newsboys were "working the street" with a late edition. In the distance their cries sounded like the "honking" of wild geese.

"It is remarkable that so many things should point to this man Vincent," said Mr. Chalmers. "He disappeared the same time your father did. He had been here several times the week before. And, on top of this, our man Seymour wires that Vincent is the man."

"Do you think that he is, Mr. Chalmers?" Miss Carmody looked eagerly into the eyes of the managing editor, and that gentleman was so hyp-

notized that he was lost at the moment for an answer.

"I—I—no, I do not think he is," said Mr. Chalmers. "It is probably nothing more than a coincidence."

"But your Mr. Seymour seems so sure that Vincent is at the bottom of the mystery," said Miss Carmody.

"Seymour is a good reporter, but he is too emotional at times," said Chalmers, smiling. "He is like many of our detectives who first make up their minds, and then make the facts fit to prove their theory. It is better to get the facts first, and form your theory later. Of course Seymour may have some important clues, but he did not send them in his bulletin. I have good reason for suspecting a certain person of complicity in this matter, and I have some facts which seem to fortify my suspicions, but I would not dream of making a charge against him. In a few days I shall know more."

"By the way, there is something you can do, if you will," added Chalmers.

"What is it?" Miss Carmody was much interested.

"It has but an indirect bearing on this case," said Chalmers. "Mr. Van Horne cabled me to-day to have Mr. Walter B. Hestor work on this mystery. Now, Mr. Hestor has gone to Europe with Mr. Sidney Hammond. I forgot to ask him where he would make his first landing. Hestor and Miss Le Roy are friends. Hestor said something to me concerning a dinner party he gave about a week before he went away, and if my memory serves me right, he said Miss Le Roy was present. Will you ask her about this dinner party? It is likely that Hestor may have talked over his plans with Miss Le Roy or Mr. Hammond. We wish to get into communication with Mr. Hestor at once. He is the most brilliant newspaper correspondent of the time. His assistance would be invaluable."

"I will do so before Miss Le Roy leaves to-night," said Miss Carmody. "I am glad there is something I can do. Is it not too bad that Mr. Hestor went away just when he did? He is so fond of big sensations that he would have delighted in this one, and would have done all in his power to solve it."

"Find out who made up the members of this dinner party and I will call you up to-morrow and you can tell me," said Mr. Chalmers. "The Record is to be congratulated on so charming an addition to its reportorial staff."

"My assignment is an easy one," said Miss Helen, as Chalmers rose to go. "Must you go so soon, Mr. Chalmers? Won't you stay and join us in a cup of coffee?"

"I should be more than pleased to do so," said Mr. Chalmers, "but we have an important paper to-morrow, and one difficult to handle. I promised my assistants I would return at a certain hour, and I have just enough time to make the distance in."

Mr. Chalmers made his apologies to Mrs. White, Miss Le Roy and Miss De Neuville. Miss Carmody accompanied him to the door and thanked him earnestly for the interest he was taking in solving the mystery. She extended her hand at parting and shook hands, not with the cold conventional touch, but with the hearty clasp of a good friend.

"That girl is a trump," said Chalmers to himself, as he settled back in the auto and was whirled down the street. "She is a daughter to be proud of. What a wife she would make! How would it read? 'The wedding ceremony of Mr. William Chalmers, the gifted journalist, and Miss Helen Carmody, heiress to the Carmody millions, was the fitting climax to the social season. The church was thronged with—I wonder how in the devil I am going to put four big stories on the first page of to-morrow's paper?'"

When Miss Carmody returned to her guests, Miss Le Roy at once monopolized the conversation.

"Isn't Mr. Chalmers handsome?" she said, clasping her hands. "I think he is perfectly lovely. Such deep brown eyes and such wavy hair. And he is so easy in his manner. Did you see how he disposed of us as if we were children who were in his way? I would resent such a thing in most men, but it comes naturally to Mr. Chalmers. I suppose he is so used to managing a lot of newspaper men that the handling of a few women is a matter of no consequence. But he is just splendid; don't you think so, Helen?"

"He certainly is," said Miss Carmody. "I can talk to him just as if he were my big brother."

"The adopted big brother is always an interesting character," said Mrs. White. "Sometimes he changes his relationship."

Miss Carmody blushed, laughed good-naturadly, and changed the subject.

"By the way," she said, addressing Miss Edith Le Roy. "Mr. Chalmers informs me that Mr. Van Horne has cabled him to ask Walter Hestor to take charge of the search for the missing men. Mr. Hestor sailed for Europe before this happened. Mr. Chalmers thought that possibly

you might know his first destination abroad. He left no word with Mr. Chalmers, and he is anxious to communicate with Mr. Hestor without delay."

"I am sure I have not the remotest idea," said Miss Le Roy. "I have not seen Walter since the night we went to the opera and then had supper at Delmonico's. He said nothing about his European trip at that time. The first I heard about it was on Saturday, when I received a brief letter from Walter saying he had to go abroad on business and would write or cable as soon as he landed. I remember now that I was real angry with him at the supper. He did not talk to us girls at all. He and Sidney Hammond were talking about trusts and all that dreary sort of thing."

"Who were at the supper?" Miss Helen asked.

"Oh, I forget. Who were there, Miss De Neuville?"

Miss De Neuville wrinkled her pretty brows and thought deeply for a few moments.

"We go to so many places it is difficult to remember," she said. "Let me see; there was Sidney Hammond and his sister Olive—that's two—Walter Hestor and Miss Le Roy—that's four—Mr. Blake and Mr. Converse and myself—that's eight."

"You are right, Lillian, I remember now," said Miss Le Roy. "What a splendid memory you have! I can never remember anything."

"Walter and Sidney were talking about a big convention of the leaders of trusts," said Miss De Neuville. "I know Walter was very enthusiastic about it, as he always is about everything. I did not hear either of them say anything about going to Europe."

Soon after this Miss Le Roy and Miss De Neuville rolled away in their carriages, and the big Carmody mansion was dark as it frowned on Fifth Avenue.

CHAPTER IX.

SOME DETECTIVE WORK.

Mr. Chalmers found a telegram awaiting him from Chicago. It read as follows:

"Chicago, May 6.
William Chalmers, Managing Editor New York Record:
L. Sylvester Vincent undoubtedly head of conspiracy. He has been planning it for months. Left Chicago three weeks ago with letters of introduction to Carmody, Rockwell, Morton, Haven and Pence. Has frequently been heard to boast that he would 'do them.' Have just obtained information of Vincent's whereabouts. Will wire all developments. Wire me \$400 to Planter's Hotel, St. Louis.

BERNARD SEYMOUR.

Chalmers expressed the opinion that Seymour was "barking at a knot," but he answered the telegram and sent the money as requested. The managing editor was far from sharing Jack Stevens' high opinion of Mr. Seymour's detective abilities, but was too much of a disciplinarian to interfere with the latter's plans. He knew that Mr. Seymour would prove an expensive luxury, but Chalmers had been trained to ignore money as a factor in newspaper ventures. He dismissed the enterprising Seymour from his thoughts.

The following morning Jack Stevens returned from Provincetown. He had learned nothing, but had assigned his men in such a way that he predicted results would follow. Chalmers explained to Stevens what he had learned from following up the clew offered by the letters found in Hestor's office.

"I will give this my personal attention," said Stevens. "Within two hours I will find where that furniture and stuff went to."

"Be very careful what you say or do, Jack," cautioned Chalmers. "The fact that Hestor bought a lot of furniture proves nothing in itself. Say nothing to make these furniture people suspicious. They are likely to wonder at our sudden interest in Hestor's affairs."

"Don't you worry about that," said Stevens. "I will not see the members of the firm at all. I will trace the stuff from the teamster who hauled it, or get the facts from the shipping clerk. I will make no bad breaks."

Stevens had not been away two hours before he returned. He was excited but happy.

"Well?" said Chalmers.

"That furniture went on board the 'Shark,'" said Jack Stevens. "It not only went aboard the 'Shark,' but it went into the hold of the boat. I found the two teamsters who hauled it. I made them believe I was one of the clerks of the furniture house, and explained that a complaint had been made that two chairs were missing. They told me all about it. The 'Shark' was anchored off Twenty-fourth street. They took the furniture there and help put it in the yacht. I told them the matter was of no consequence, and convinced them that suspicion was not directed against them. I also found out about the billiard table. That also went on board the yacht. So did the piano."

"There is no use bothering about the rest of the stuff," said Chalmers. "It went to the same place. Well, what do you think of it?"

"I do not know your man Hestor," said Stevens. "Were he not worth more millions than I have dollars, I should say he was under suspicion."
"We will so regard him, notwithstanding his money," said Chalmers deliberately. "Pick out two or three good men and trace his actions as best you can up to the time he went away. He keeps bachelor apartments up town. I will get you the address. He has several servants, including a coachman. He is quite modest in his tastes. The servants should not be suspicious if you go at them discreetly."

Stevens had no trouble in interviewing the servants of the Hestor establishment. He learned nothing of any consequence until he located the coachman. That dusky gentleman proved a mine of information.

"Marster Walter tole me nothin' 'bout whar he wuz gwine," said Mr. Napoleon Spencer. "De last time I



"DAT'S A MIGHTY FINE SEEGAR YOU SMOKE, BOSS."

dun see Marster Walter wuz on de pier, an' he shook hans good-by an' left er \$20 gold piece dar." And Napoleon looked at his hand as if to again see that treasure sparkling in his palm.

"Where was that, Mr. Spencer?"

"Down by de pier at der Battery," explained Napoleon. "Deres whar de 'Shark' was a-lyin'."

"Who was with Mr. Hestor? Did any one ride with him in the carriage? Tell me all about it."

"Thar ain't much to tell, boss," said Napoleon. "Marster Walter tole me to drive down town an' meet him in front of de Record office at half-past three. I dun so, an' he tole me to drive over ter Broadway, as he 'lowed ter pick up Mister Hammond and another gemman who was gwine ter see him off on de 'Shark.' I done so and dese gemmen comes down de steps, gets in de carriage and I drives dem away. Dat's all der is to it."

"What building did you go to?"

"De Carmody buildin', on Broadway, sah," said Napoleon.

"Do you know Mr. Hammond when you see him?"

"No, sah."

"What kind of looking men were those who got in the carriage? Will you have a fresh cigar, Mr. Spencer?"

"Thank yer, boss. Dey was moighty fine lookin' gemmen," said Napoleon. "Dey was oldish lookin' gemmen, and dey 'peared mighty impo'tant, sah."

"Did you see anyone else on the yacht?"

"Dar was sev'ral gemmen on de upstairs part of de boat," said Napoleon. "Dat's a mighty fine seegar you smoke, boss. Dat tastes like de kine Marster Walter smokes."

"You don't know how long the yacht remained at the pier, do you?"

"De 'Shark' sailed right erway as I left, sah," said Napoleon. "While I war a-fixin' ther harness of ther off hoss, de cap's gave de orders an' de 'Shark' sailed out inter de bay. Marster Walter didn't say nothin' ter me erbout whar he was a'gwine or when he would come back. Marster Walter's a mighty particular man erbout sich things, sah."

"Much obliged, Mr. Spencer," said Jack Stevens. "We want to send a cablegram to him as soon as possible. Good day."

"Good-bye, boss. Sorry I cawnt tole yer nothin' mo' erbout him. Marster Walter's a mighty hard man to find when he's gwine erway, sah. Good-bye, sah."

[To Be Continued.]

All But.

"Dear Mabel, do you love me?"
"O-h, George!"
"Don't you, Mabel? Just a little tiny bit?"
"W-e-l-l, y-e-s, George."
"And if I married you, would your father furnish us a house?"
"Yes, George."
"And take me into partnership?"
"Yes, George."
"And would your mother keep away from us, except when I invited her?"
"She would, George."
"And your brothers and sisters, too?"
"Why, certainly, George."
"And of course the old gentleman would settle my debts?"
"Of course, George."
"Darling, will you marry me?"
"No, George."—Stray Stories.

DEATH AND RUIN.

Tornado and Flood Scourge Large Area in the West.

At Eureka, Kan., Two Women Were Fatally Injured—At Carmen, Ok., Two People Were Killed and Twenty Injured—Disastrous Floods.

Eureka, Kan., May 24.—A severe tornado dipped down upon this town at 11 o'clock, fatally injuring Mrs. J. H. German and Mrs. Frank Sample and seriously injuring a half dozen others. A score of houses were destroyed while trees were clipped off as though they were straws. The storm struck the southeast portion of the city among the dwelling houses and did not touch the main business streets. It was of short duration and accompanied by a flood of rain.

At 6:30 Friday evening a tornado struck Ford county nine miles southeast of Dodge City, killing a herder, name unknown, and fatally injuring Mrs. Tibb Shane. The house, barn and windmill of John Beelman were blown away and the herd of Warren Brown's brood horses were killed. Tibb Shane, who came to the city after a physician, says that he saw over 200 head of dead cattle en route.

A cyclone passed through Whitehead, Ok., a small station west of Woodward, completely demolishing the general store of N. Filmore & Co., and several dwelling houses. No lives were lost.

At Augusta, Kan., the roof was blown off the school-house and the Methodist church damaged. At Mulvane several small buildings were blown down but damage was not extensive.

Oklahoma Did Not Escape.

Oklahoma City, Ok., May 25.—Oklahoma City was visited Saturday night and Sunday morning by the heaviest rainfall ever known in this region. Some feared a tornado and spent the night in storm caves. All day yesterday and last night more than half the city was under water and in some instances water was three feet deep in houses. It required boats to transport the women and children through the streets to higher and dryer land.

A special to the Oklahoman from Foss, in western Oklahoma, says three people were killed there Saturday night in a tornado. They are F. M. Fagle, wife and daughter; R. P. Hall seriously injured. Thirteen houses were completely destroyed and many light outhouses wrecked.

A report from Aline says: About 7:30 Saturday night a tornado struck Carmen, five miles north, and destroyed the principal business houses and post office. P. F. Brown, of Wichita, representing the Plano Machinery company, was killed by flying timber. Mrs. Wismillier was injured and died yesterday. Twenty persons were more or less injured. Among the buildings destroyed were the Merrill furniture store, Carmen drug store, Halstead meat market, Headlight printing office and Wismillier's hardware store. The M. E. church was set on top of the parsonage, where it can be seen for miles.

Young Baby Drowned.

Arkansas City, Kan., May 24.—Kaw City, Ok., is under water. Many farmers living in bottoms near Ponca City and Newkirk were compelled to leave their homes. Fields and crops are submerged. Numerous bridges are washed away and traffic is blocked.

The five-months-old baby of Ben Cook, of Winfield, was drowned near Atlanta. Mrs. Cook had been visiting near there and was on her way to the station. The buggy was overturned in a swollen creek. Her brother, who was driving, succeeded in saving Mrs. Cook, but the baby was washed down the stream.

A cyclone visited the vicinity of Watonga and Okeene, Ok., doing great damage. The dwellings of Dr. J. P. Atterbury was completely demolished, Mrs. Atterbury being carried 50 feet by wind and the son and daughter received serious injuries; residence of Robert Payne also demolished. Orchards and crops of all kinds greatly damaged.

In Iowa and Minnesota.

Minneapolis, Minn., May 24.—At St. Charles, Minn., a tornado wrecked the race track buildings and killed five horses in training there. Many windmills and barns were blown down.

A heavy wind and rain storm visited Luverne and vicinity. Reports indicate a heavy loss of buildings throughout the county.

A severe wind and rain storm passed over Estherville, Ia., doing much damage to buildings, barns, etc. Mrs. Hensinger, so far as known, was the only person injured.

At Clarinda, Ia., during an electrical storm John Coons was struck by lightning and instantly killed. His 7-year-old son was severely shocked and it is feared will not recover. Several other occupants of the house were rendered unconscious by the shock but soon recovered.