

GEOGRAPHICAL ROMANCE.

Young Phil Adolphia fell in love  
With pretty Mary Land,  
He schemed and thought till almost ill,  
How he might win her hand.  
"I'd better be about it now,  
Soon as I can," said he,  
"Or else my rival, Louis Ville,  
May get ahead of me."  
He went at once to see his Miss,  
An ardent call to Pa.  
As he approached he saw her as  
She in a hammock lay.  
Said he: "Come, take a walk." Said she:  
"All right, but wait a mite  
Till my New Jersey I can get,  
It may turn cool to-night."

They had not wandered very far  
When Phil, with might and Maine,  
Began to urge her to accept  
Him as her loving swain.  
"I'm not religiously inclined,  
Nor do I go to Mass."  
Said he: "But sure as truth is truth,  
There is no other lass  
For whom I care a Ten-cent piece.  
Not even Ida Ho,  
Whose father owns the biggest farm  
This side of Buffalo."  
"Alas!" said she, "What shall I say?  
I never learned to wash,  
Nor clean the house, nor Mo. the lawn,  
Nor even cook a squash.  
The China I'd be sure to break,  
The Turkey I should burn,  
And Greece I'd spill, or some mishap  
Occur at every turn;  
And all the things I'd try to cook  
From daylight until dark  
Would be so tough you'd think that they  
Had come out of the Ark."

Phil, laughed a laugh most blithe and  
Ga,  
Pacific was his mood,  
And said: "You are Superior  
To all girls ever wooed.  
Come a New Haven let us seek,  
Where we may dwell for aye  
In peace and Concord all our lives,  
Forever and a day."  
She gave consent, and they were wed,  
For a New Port set sail.  
When they arrived, when safely they  
Had weathered every gale,  
The joy was great in that most blest  
Of all United States,  
The state of matrimony. Who  
Could find such loving mates?  
—Ralph Hewett Dumont, in What-to-Eat.

THE KIDNAPPED MILLIONAIRES

A Tale of Wall Street and the Tropics

By FREDERICK U. ADAMS

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CHAPTER X.—CONTINUED.

"Naow that I think on it," he said, "yer friend Mister Hestor was er mighty fine singer. He uster sing er song erbout an ole geezer that had er wooden leg and was always hard up for terbaccor. I don't rightly remember the words, but they was thrillin', and Mister Hestor uster sing em and dance at ther same time. He was singen em one time in N'Orleans, an' he fell out through ther passage way an' went kerplunk inter the Mississipp'. Haw, haw, haw, ha! I thought I would die a-laughin'. He didn't care a gash ding. He swum round er while and then we pulled him out. Mighty lively feller; that Hestor. He just didn't care nothin' at all erbout money. When we was a loadin' the lumber for that air house of his'n, he would stan' araound erbout ther schooner and raise Cain with ther dock wallopers, and he gin each one on 'em ten dollars apiece ter drink his good health. They didn't show up ergain fer er week. Uster hire all ther niggers ter sing an' dance fer him, an' thar war so many of them cavorting along the levee, that it looked like a nigger minstrel convention. Mister Hestor would sit on the bridge of the 'Shark' and throw money at 'em. He sent one nigger over to a place with a \$20 bill to get broke, so he could hev more coins ter throw, an' the blamed darkey never did come back. Mister Hestor thought that a big joke. Mighty easy man ter get along with, that Mister Hestor. But he was peculiar—mighty peculiar."

The drowsy Bender was aroused, and bidding Capt. Parker good night they retired. In spite of the fact that they had slept all day, it was six o'clock the following morning before they tumbled out of their bunks and appeared on deck. The sky was overcast and the wind had whipped into the southeast and was blowing half a gale. Capt. Parker was roaring orders to the sailors, who were clawing at the canvas and half reefing the sails. The big topsails had vanished. The foam-capped waves dashed spitefully against the port side of the schooner, and scattered spray across the piles of lumber. There was the feel of rain in the air. To the north, the smoke of a liner was just discernible through the thickening mist.

"Nasty weather," said Mr. Seymour as the captain approached.  
"It's going to blow cats and dogs," said that gentleman.  
He was a good weather prophet.

CHAPTER XI.

SPRINGING THE TRAP.

Walter B. Hestor explained the details of the proposed newspaper trust to Mr. Palmer J. Morton on Monday, April 24, as has been narrated. He awaited word from the great financier with some impatience, and was delighted, the following Friday, to receive a note from Mr. Morton, stating that he would be glad to see him at four o'clock that afternoon. Hestor was there punctually.

"I have briefly explained your project to Andrus Carmody, John M. Rockwell, Simon Pence and R. J. Kent," said Mr. Morton, without any preliminary conversation. "Mr. Kent has agreed to broach the subject to Mr. Haven. I find that none of us have pressing engagements for next Monday afternoon after banking hours. They expressed a willingness to listen to your plans at that time, if such will suit your convenience."

Hestor was cool as ice. He thought a moment, calmly consulted a memorandum book, and stated that he had only an unimportant engagement which readily could be postponed.

"We will meet at this office, then," said Mr. Morton as he rose to signify that the interview was at an end.

"I have a suggestion to make," said Hestor. "You never have been on board my new yacht. All last season she was in commission in Indian and Asiatic waters. The 'Shark' returned to the United States about a month ago and has been thoroughly overhauled and is in fine condition. You and the gentlemen you have named—with the possible exception of Mr. Pence—are famous water dogs. I should be glad to welcome you on the 'Shark,' and promise you a good dinner, after which we can discuss matters at leisure. I will dock her at the Battery, and it is but a few steps from here to the pier."

"Rather too early in the season for yachting, is it not?" said Mr. Morton, but his face lit up at the thought. He was a famous yachtsman. "It is fine and warm to-day, but it may be disagreeable Monday."

"If it is bad weather we can meet at your office. If it is fine we will go on the yacht," suggested Hestor.

"If the weather is favorable I see no reason why we should not accept your invitation," said Mr. Morton. "We will wait and see. I will let you know by two o'clock Monday afternoon if we decide to go on your yacht. Good day."

On Friday Hestor received a telephone message from Sidney Hammond announcing his return from Chicago. Hestor at once addressed him the following letter:

My Dear Sidney:  
I have accomplished great things since you have been away. I should like to see you and talk them over with you at once, but have matters of much importance on hand which will take up every minute of my time until Monday evening. I presume that you will find plenty of work awaiting your return. I have arranged to give a dinner to several gentlemen on board the 'Shark' on Monday evening. Among them will be Mr. Palmer J. Morton, Mr. Carmody, Mr. Rockwell and others. You must be one of the party. I am going to surprise you.  
The 'Shark' will be docked near the Battery at four o'clock. Join the party at the boat. Do not fail to accept this invitation, as we shall discuss matters which will require your advice. Notify me by message at once of your acceptance of this invitation. Will see you in the meanwhile if I can spare the time. For reasons sufficiently obvious, you will kindly light a cigar with this note and maintain your habitual secrecy as a friend and a lawyer.  
I remain, dear Sidney,  
Sincerely yours,  
WALTER B. HESTOR.

To this letter Hestor received a reply accepting the invitation and congratulating him on the evident prospects of the "trust," and expressing a lively curiosity as to its subject and object.

The Monday selected by Mr. Palmer J. Morton for a conference between his business associates and the representative of the New York Record was a perfect day, as has been stated in this history. Mr. Hestor was not surprised when the financier called him on the telephone and informed him that the invitation for a trip and a dinner on the "Shark" was accepted. Mr. Morton said that he had notified Messrs. Kent, Pence and Haven to meet at his office at about four o'clock, and that he would escort them through Battery park to the pier, the location of which was perfectly familiar to Mr. Morton.

Mr. Hestor replied that he would arrange with Mr. Rockwell and Mr. Carmody to meet either at Mr. Morton's office or to proceed directly to the yacht. This terminated the conversation over the telephone. Hestor then called Mr. Rockwell on the telephone. That gentleman stated that he had an appointment to meet Mr. Carmody at his office at three o'clock, and said that if Mr. Hestor would call for them at about four o'clock they would be pleased to accompany him. This was agreed to. At this hour the Hestor carriage, with the old family coachman on the box, stood in front of the Carmody building, and a few minutes later the three gentlemen were on their way to the boat. They found that Mr. Morton and his party had arrived, as had Mr. Sidney Ham-

mond, who was acquainted with the members of the group of capitalists.

"Mr. Hammond is my attorney as well as my friend," said Mr. Hestor, "and he may be able to throw light on any legal complications that may arise during our conversation."

"I have not had an opportunity to discuss this matter at any length with Mr. Hestor," said Sidney Hammond, with perfect truth, "but I hope his plans may prove so perfect that from this time on the services of my profession will not be needed."

The moment Mr. Hestor arrived and found his invited guests present he gave the signal to Capt. Waters. The lines were cast off and the boat headed out past Governor's island and down the bay.

"It is a shame to talk business on a day like this," said Mr. Morton, as the group stood on the bridge while the yacht swept past the giant Statue of Liberty.

"We shall talk no business until after dinner," said Hestor. "Whenever you gentlemen are ready I shall be pleased to show you the 'Shark.' Capt. Waters and I are very proud of her."

"You have a fine boat," said Mr. Morton, as the party repaired to the aft deck-house and engaged the services of the grinning and dexterous "Bob." "How fast is she?"

"In an emergency we can drive her 23 knots an hour," said Mr. Hestor. He looked at a gauge. "We are now running about eighteen knots, but I told Capt. Waters we were in no hurry. She runs very smooth at 18 knots. Don't you think so?"

"Smooth as a watch," said Mr. Kent. "You have a fine crew, Mr. Hestor. They seem to be under excellent discipline. You must introduce us to Capt. Waters. He appears to be the ideal of a marine officer."

"You shall meet him," replied Hestor with a queer sort of smile. "He is the best captain that ever paced a bridge. Capt. Waters has been in the employ of our family for thirty years. He served with my father in the Asiatic trade, and the map of the world is as familiar to him as is your office furniture to you. He is accustomed to obey orders, and to have them obeyed. He asks no questions and will answer none, once he has obtained his orders. Did you notice anything peculiar about the crew?"

"You seem to have them under the discipline of the United States navy," said Mr. Pence. "I started to go on the bridge while you gentlemen were looking at the crews' quarters, and one of the men placed himself squarely in my way and stopped me. He was polite, but decisive. He said it was against orders."

"Every man on this boat, except Capt. Waters," explained Hestor, "is an ex-member of the United States or British navy. They would not be content except under naval discipline. They are schooled to it. They regard Capt. Waters, their commander, as the greatest man on earth. They respect me only because Capt. Waters has informed them that I am the owner. But if Capt. Waters told them to put me in irons they would not hesitate for a moment to do it. If he gave the word they would cheerfully sail up the Thames and bombard the Houses of Parliament."

Mr. Pence glanced nervously at a stalwart marine who paced slowly and regularly back and forth on the after deck.

"Bob," exclaimed Mr. Hestor, "go and ask the steward when dinner will be ready. Sidney, there, looks as if he could eat a bird and not know it."

"I will confess that I am hungry," said Mr. Hammond. "This sea air is a great appetizer."

"You need not worry, Sidney, there will be plenty," Mr. Hestor replied. "We have provisions on board to last for two months if necessary." Again he smiled in a queer sort of way, and astounded the company by suddenly retiring to the corner of the saloon, where he performed with much agility a song and dance to the words:

"There was an old geezer and he had a wooden leg;  
He had no tobacco, no tobacco could he beg;  
Another old geezer was as cunning as a fox,  
And he always had tobacco in his old tobacco box.  
(Clog.)  
Yes, he always had tobacco in his old tobacco box."

Hestor terminated his song with a wild "break down" which was hardly completed before Bob returned with word that dinner was ready.

"That is an accomplishment I did not know you possessed," said Mr. Rockwell with an air of mingled amusement and disgust.

"I certainly am a mad wag," said Mr. Hestor, who seemed strangely exhilarated. Sidney gave him a reproving look, and received a non-committal grin in response.

It was growing dusk as the eight men seated themselves in the cozy dining-room of the "Shark."  
The dinner ended, and coffee was followed by cigars. Mr. Morton looked at his watch.

"It is half past eight o'clock," he said, in some surprise. "You must get back before eleven o'clock," he added,

addressing Mr. Hestor. "That will give us plenty of time to discuss the matter which is the real object of this most enjoyable trip. Which way are we headed now?"

Mr. Morton looked over his shoulder to the starboard. The lights of Seabright twinkled faintly over some 12 miles of waters.

"We are headed about for Spain, I should say," said Hestor with an uneasy laugh.

"I must be home before 11 o'clock," declared Mr. Pence. "My folks will be worried to death." Mr. Pence seemed much annoyed and disturbed.

"That is later than I had calculated to remain out," said Mr. Carmody. "You will have to give us that 23 knots an hour in order to get us back in time."

Capt. Waters stood in the doorway, his form showing clear against the moonlit sky.

"You are not going home to-night, gentlemen," said Hestor, with studied deliberation. "I have decided to en-



"YOU ARE NOT GOING HOME TO-NIGHT, GENTLEMEN," SAID HESTOR.

joy your company for an indefinite period. You are to take a well-earned vacation at the expense and under the management of your humble servant, the owner of the ocean-going steam yacht, the 'Shark.'"

"What mad jest is this, Walter!" exclaimed Sidney Hammond, as he advanced in a half-threatening manner towards Hestor. Capt. Waters also stepped forward. Mr. Morton and his associates were speechless in amazement. "Put the boat about at once, and do not mar by your ill-timed jokes, an occasion which has been so thoroughly enjoyed by all your guests." Hammond's eyes flashed in anger.

"This is no merry jest or joke," said Hestor, who though slightly pale, was cool and collected. "We are not going back to New York to-night nor for many days to come. I have determined to ascertain whether or not the universe will continue to run without the aid of you gentlemen, and have adopted this pleasant method of making the test. Of course there are bound to be some trifling annoyances and some worry occasioned, but with your aid these can be reduced to a minimum."

With the exception of Mr. Kent, the guests had arisen from their chairs. Their faces were a study for an artist. Mr. Rockwell was in a rage, and nervously grasped a heavy decanter, as if to use it as a weapon.

"If you are in earnest, this is an outrage for which you shall suffer," he shouted in a voice hoarse with passion. He dropped the decanter in his excitement and it smashed in fragments on the floor. "If you are sane, this is a crime. If it is a joke, it is an intolerable outrage. If you are crazy, you should be taken care of by your friends. I am sure," he continued, lowering his voice and speaking with more calmness, "that Capt. Waters and his crew will pay no attention to your orders. Surely he will not detain gentlemen of our standing against our will."

Mr. Kent arose deliberately and paced up and down the dining-room, smoking his cigar with the air of a spectator who was but slightly interested in the matter at issue. Mr. Pence was in an agony of terror.

"This is awful!" he groaned. "Speak to him, Mr. Carmody. Speak to the captain!"

[To Be Continued.]

Stingy and Narrow-Minded.

Her husband's brother had through his own efforts become very rich.

"Now," he said "I will do something for her and the children. I am under no obligations to them, but they are poor and I feel that it will be no more than right for me to help them."

Therefore he bought a comfortable home for them and gave her the deed. Then he took her to the furniture stores and they secured carpets, beds, chairs and other things that were necessary to make them comfortable and he paid for them, after which he went about his own affairs rejoicing.

She sat in her new home, with her hands clasped in her lap and a sad look on her face.

"What is the trouble?" her neighbor asked.

"I was thinking of the selfishness and meanness of some people," she sorrowfully replied. "Think of all the money he has. Yet he is too stingy, too narrow-minded even to give us a piano."—Chicago Record-Herald.

TRIALS OF "WEATHER MAN."

Not Supposed to Know Anything But That Which Suits the Dear People.

The "weather clerk" of the comic press is a much abused person. If he does not turn out a good day for all holidays he has more enemies than any other man living. The real weather clerk, who works in Uncle Sam's bureaus, has his troubles, too, which are hardly less amusing than those of his fictitious brother. The Milwaukee Free Press tells some of the experiences of a "weather man."

One day a woman rang him up from a small town to ask what the weather would be the next morning.

"I think it will snow, madam."

"Dear me!" said the woman. "I have made arrangements to go to Chicago."

"Sorry," replied the weather man, "but it's going to snow, just the same."

"But I've got to go to Chicago," said the woman.

"Yes, ma'am."

"And you are quite sure it's going to snow?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"The man next door to me says he doesn't believe it will."

"He may be right, but I don't think so."

"What do you think about it honestly now? I can't go to Chicago if it's going to snow."

"Well, madam, I think it's going to snow. However, we can't be certain of anything, of course."

"You can't?"

"Certainly not."

"Then you really don't know anything about it. That's what I thought. I don't believe you know any more about it than my old one-eyed tom cat. I shall have to report you to Washington."

Another experience of the same sort came to this observer of the clouds and the winds. A woman rang him up on the telephone to ask what the weather was in a neighboring town. He looked at the map.

"It's raining there," he said.

"Raining!" cried the woman in horrified tones. "Are you sure?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Dear me! Isn't that provoking? I sent my white silk dress to my mother, who lives there, and she was to wash it and dry it out in the field, where the soot wouldn't get at it. If it's raining she couldn't dry to-day, of course."

"Not very well," said the weather man. "Maybe it won't be raining to-morrow."

"But I have to have the dress for to-morrow. She was to ship it back to me to-night."

TWO OF A KIND.

Both of These Men Are Determined to Stick to Their Guns to the Last.

He was long, lank and dejected looking, and he stood in front of a cobbler shop on Gratiot avenue for five minutes before entering. When he did walk in there was no confidence in his bearing, relates the Detroit Free Press. "Thirteen years ago," he began, as the cobbler looked up at him, "I called here to say that I was in the fly-screen business."

"Dot vhas so," was the reply.

"I asked you if I could arrange to screen your door and window, and I went on to explain the comfort, convenience and economy of fly-screens, but you said nix."

"Yas, I said nix."

"While you admitted that fly-screens kept the flies out, you also contended that they kept them in."

"Dot vhas so."

"I made no sale, but I came again the next year. It was still nix. It was so the third year—the fourth—the fifth. It has been so for 13 years. I have never missed you, but it has always been nix."

"Yaw, it vhas nix."

"And now I come again," continued the man; "I come with the same old screens to tell you the same old story about the same old flies. Is it any use?"

"It vhas not."

"Your answer still is nix?"

"Nix—no—not any."

"Well," said fly-screens, as he drew himself up and heaved a long sigh, "I expected it and am not disappointed. I couldn't pass, however, without looking in. I shall never do so. You are here to stay—so am I. The months will pass—the years go by—decade follow decade, but every year for the next half century I shall make my appearance and offer my fly-screens."

"Und he vhas always nix," said the cobbler, with a grim smile. "He vhas nix mit me for one hoonered years, und den my brudder-in-law takes der shop. If he likes to buy some fly-screens und keep der flies in he vhas some idiots und you make a sale und take it out in cement patches for your shoes."

In Desperation.

Fan—So she's engaged to Mr. Polk. I wonder how he came to propose?

Nan—I don't believe he did come to do it, but she was determined not to let him go until he did.—Cleveland Leader.