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NEMAHA. - - NEBRASKA.

THAT BABY.

It ain't no trouble now to find The things that used to be A-scattered round about the house, Or hid away from me.

The paper's allus right to hand, The tidy's on the chair, My hat don't leave the front hall peg 'Most 'fore I hang it there.

An' everything is orderly, An' just the way it's put, Without a raft o' cur'us truck A-kickin' under foot.

But when I look around the room An' see the chairs just so, An' all the things a-settin' in The place they ought to go,

I'd give the rest o' this ol' life If I could only see That baby strewin' things around The way they used to be. -Portland Oregonian.

The KIDNAPPED MILLIONAIRES

A Tale of Wall Street and the Tropics & By FREDERICK U. ADAMS

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CHAPTER XI.-CONTINUED.

Mr. Carmody was a gentleman of Impressive mien. He had retained his dignity and his composure most admirably, and addressed Capt, Waters with the easy air in which he was wont to issue orders to the managers and superintendents of his vast enterprises. He calmly drank a little of a glass of water and stepping forward, faced Capt. Waters.

That gentleman was a study in bronze. He was in full uniform. The gold braid of his cap, the bars of gold on his shoulders and sleeves. and the rows of brass buttons on his coat, were in sharp contrast to the plain apparel of the group which now clustered around him. A long, livid scar across his left cheek and extending to the point of his chin, showed plain in the electric light which flooded the room. The closelyeropped gray moustache; the shaggy, black eyebrows beetling over the cold blue eyes; the fron-gray hair beneath the cap; the erect, impassive pose of the figure-proclaimed the character of the official who held in his control the immediate destiny of the group of men who now confronted him.

Mr. Kent did not join this party. He had paused by a starboard window and was gazing out as if deeply concerned in a study of the weather. Hestor stood a little back of the captain, while Hammond had seated himself by the table. In his face anger and bewilderment struggled for mastery.

"Capt. Waters," said Mr. Carmody, placing his hand familiarly on the broad shoulder of that official, "on behalf of the gentlemen on this yacht, I demand of you, as its captain, that you immediately put about and return to New York. You are responsible. Mr. Hestor is clearly irresponsible. It is our wish to return at once,"

"It certainly is! It certainly is!" exclaimed Mr. Pence, attempting to grasp Capt. Waters' hand. That official glanced at Mr. Hestor as if waiting for him to answer.

"You know your orders," said Hestor. "You are the captain of this yacht."

"I get my orders from Mr. Hestor and obey them," said Capt. Waters, addressing no member of the group in particular. His voice was gruff, but not unkind. "We are headed east, nor'east. When he says to change her course, I will change her course. Until then, not. That's all.'

This was a long speech for Capt. Waters. He turned and walked to the door.

"The 'Shark' is yours, gentlemen," said Hestor, airily. "The servants are yours to command, but I will issue all mecessary orders to the captain. You gentlemen, who have such great interests under your control, must realize that, in such an outing as I have planned, Capt. Waters must not be annoyed with conflicting orders. I have provided everything for your comfort, and am sure you will thank me for the treat I have in store for you. I will rejoin you in a few moments. I wish to study our charts and determine our course for the might. Then we will have some music in Social Hall. I would like to see you for a few moments, Sidney; if the gentlemen will excuse you."

Mr. Hammond hesitated a moment Mr. Carmody stepped to his side and spoke a few words in a low tone. Sidney listened, and bowing to him and the others, joined Hestor and followed him into his private staterooms at the forward part of the

deckhouse. "Well, I'll be damned!" said Mr. phasis, as Hestor smiled graciously staterooms."

and departed with Sidney Hammond. We are kidnapped.'

"Did you just find that out?"

minutes ago." "You take it mighty coolly," said Mr. Haven, glaring at the blg speculator. "One would think that the event by the way you take it."

"I have seen stranger things than this happen," said Mr. Kent. "Take Pence excited."

Mr. Pence had passed the stage of depths of despair. Had one of the overwhelmed him.

Mr. Palmer J. Morton had taken declaration, and realized that whether their dilemma was the result of a plot or the whim of a maniac, that arguments and force were useless. Mr. Morton prided himself that he could divine the machinations of the cool-headed busithat he had been duped. He must devise a way out of the trap which he had belped to set.

"Gentlemen," he said, "this is a serious affair, but we must meet it coolly and with deliberation. It is of no avail to storm and rage. We are caged, and it will do no good to beat our wings against the bars. I feel myself largely at fault in this affair, but all of us are likely to make He handed me his card and came mistakes and to suffer lapses in judgment. In this-

"Mr. Morton," interrupted Mr. Rockwell, "I think I speak for all present when I say that we do not hold you in the least responsible for this ridiculous event. I should have done the same thing. So would any of us."

"I thought that newspaper trust one of the best things I ever heard of," said Mr. Pence, and his eyes brightened for the moment at the thought. "I figured it out that the stock would have paid 20 per cent. dividends on the original investment. Oh, it is awful!"

Mr. Pence evidently did not refer to the magnitude of the vanished dividends, but to his present sorrow.

"We must retire to one of the staterooms and consider what can be done," said Mr. Morton. "I presume the owner or the officers of the



"WHO THE DEVIL ARE YOU?" DE-MANDED HESTOR.

boat will not object to our movements, so long as we comply with the rules of discipline. We have been informed that the yacht is ours, and I suggest that we select our staterooms and meet in one of them and confer together."

"You can do anything you please," said Hestor, who had entered the room, and had overheard the latter part of Mr. Morton's remarks. "But the hour is early, and there is plenty of excellent wine straining against the corks in the effort to escape and enhance the jollity of this occasion. Besides, we are going to have music. I have attempted to reconcile Mr. Hammond to his fate, and I know he will favor us with a song."

"Mr. Hestor." The speaker stopped. Capt. Waters stood in the door, and his hand was on the arm of a gentleman whose face and pose constituted a character study. He was a big, handsome man with a florid complexion, an aggressive black mustache, shrewd blue eyes and a profusion of brown hair which fell to his coat collar. There was no timidity in his attitude, yet there was some indescribable weakness in his general bearing. He was well-dressed, and had a roll of paper under his arm which he carefully guarded. Hestor looked at him in blank amazement.

Mr. Pence groaned. "Who in the devil are you?" demanded Hestor, as Capt. Waters released the arm of the new arrival. "L. Sylvester Vincent, of Chicago,"

was the reply. "What in thunder are you doing on this boat? Where did you find him, Capt. Waters?"

"He was in the aft passage way; Haven, with perhaps justifiable em- he had just come out of one of the

said Mr. Vincent, who had entirely plans. This is my yacht, and we are recovered his self-possession; if in on the high seas. The man who redrawled Mr. Kent, as he reached for fact he had ever lost it. "I recog- fuses to obey orders on this boat another cigar. "I knew that five nize you from your picture. It was like this: I have been trying for ten days to see Mr. Carmody," and Mr. Vincent bowed pleasantly to Mr. Carmody, who glared back at him. "Mr. kidnapping of six of the wealthiest | Carmody is a very busy man, and my men in New York was an every-day time is of some value also. Well, I followed him down to the boat, and I guessed that he was going to take a little pleasure trip. I figured that care to give any sane reason for it easy. Take it easy. You will get this would be a good time to get a chance to talk to him, so I came on board. Anticipating that there excitement. He was lost in the might be some objections to myer-to my being a guest, and not demarines entered and commanded him siring to intrude on your company at to walk the plank it would not have dinner. I remained down stairs until added to the weight of woe which you gentlemen had finished your repast." Mr. L. Sylvester Vincent looked hungrily at the yet loaded no part in the brief proceedings table and concluded: "I was just which had accomplished this revolu- starting to come upstairs and introtion. He grasped the situation from duce myself to Mr. Carmody when the moment Hestor made his first your genial captain-Capt. Waters, I believe-kindly consented to escort me here."

"You are all right," said Hestor, as he burst into a roar of laughter. "I don't know who you are, or what you do, but if I have any influence you can get a job as reporter on the ness schemer, but was he expected New York Record any time you ask to cope with the fantastic plots of a for it. Capt. Waters, how did our crazy man? It was enough to know old college chum, L. Sylvester Vincent, get on board the 'Shark?' "

> Capt. Waters looked rather crestfallen, and glared at Mr. Vincent with an expression which boded that gentleman no good.

> "He came along about a minute after you and those two gentlemen did," said Capt. Waters, pointing to Mr. Rockwell and Mr. Carmody. supposed he was one of your party. aboard. I found him roaming around below and knew that something was wrong. So I brought him up here."

> "Glad to see you aboard the yacht," said Hestor. "You will have plenty of time to talk matters over with Mr. Carmody."

> "When do you go back?" asked Mr. Vincent, as a puzzled expression came into his face.

> "We are not going back," Hestor replied. "We are going to the South Sea islands."

CHAPTER XIL.

AT SEA.

The interview in Hestor's cabin with Mr. Sidney Hammond was brief and spirited. Hammond did not wait for any explanatins, but proceeded to denounce Hestor in scathing terms. That gentleman smiled pleasantly and waited for him to con-

villain!" said Hammond as he paced now approached Hestor. angrily up and down the narrow room. Hestor had seated himself at a writing desk and leisurely rolled a cigarette. "You do not look like a crazy man, but you act like one. You have not been drinking to excess, and cannot plead intoxication as an excuse for this outrage. Of all the unaccountable things! What do you mean to do? What is your object in detaining these men whom you have induced to become your guests? Have you stopped to think of the agony this will cause their relations? Have you considered how my sister Olive will feel when I fail to return home?"

He stopped in front of Hestor, his eyes flashing anger. His voice trembled with rage and he restrained himself by an effort from a physical attack on Hestor.

"Don't get so excited, Sidney," said Hestor, as he lit a cigarette. "There is nothing so serious about this as you imagine. Olive thinks you have gone to Europe with me. I sent her a telegram and signed your name to it. I made a copy of the message and here it is."

Hestor handed a slip of paper to Hammond, who read as follows: Miss Olive Hammond:

It is necessary for me to accompany Mr. Hestor on a short business trip to Europe. We sail early this evening, and I shall be too busy to come home to bid you good-by. Pack my trunk and valise and send them to Mr. Hestor's office. Do not come down town, as I do not know where I shall be in the meantime. Put my scrap books and some writing paper in the trunk, as I wish to work on my essays on the trip across and back Also enclose the matter I have already written. I shall not be gone long. Regret that I cannot see you before I leave, but know that you are used to these sudden journeys and will forgive me.

SIDNEY HAMMOND. "That shows that while a forger you are not entirely lost to decency," said Hammond, with evident relief, but no signs of relenting. "But how about these other men? They have dear ones. They have feelings. Think of what they must suffer and how much grief you will cause if you persist in your course. You must put this boat back to New York at

once." "It cannot be done, Sidney," said Hestor. "I have this all planned out. To-morrow these men can communicate with their people. I will take care of that." Hestor's manner changed. The smile died on his lips and his face grew dark. "You are my friend," he said in a tone singularly harsh and strident. "You are my friend, but I shall not permit you then, of course, I'd send them 'round." Free Press.

"This is Mr. Hestor, is it not?" | to interfere in the least with my will be put in irons. I should not like to see you in the booby hatch, Sidney," and Hestor laughed in an unpleasant way.

There will be some one hurt before I go in irons," Hammond said fiercely. "After what you have done I should not be surprised, however, at any attempted outrage. Do you this affair?"

"I gave you the reasons at the dinner table," said Hestor, whose fit of anger had passed. "These men now on this yacht have managed to secure control of about everything in the country worth having. They run Wall Street, the banks, the trusts, the railroads, and dictate to the government. I want to find out what would happen if they should die simultaneously. Such a thing might happen, don't you know? Well, what would be the result? No one knows. I am going to find out. They will be cut off from communication except for one day. During that time they may be dead for all any one knows. Then I will see that word is received from them, saying that they are safe. That will relieve the strain on their families and friends. We then will see how the country gets along without them for awhile. Great scheme, don't you

"Does Mr. Van Horne, the editor of The Record, know anything about this?" asked Sidney.

"Of course he does not," said Hestor promptly. "I have not seen Bob in six months. This is my personal affair. Just now I am working for myself. I never thought of this until a week ago, and it came to me like an inspiration. Of course I could confide my plans to no one, but I felt sure you would appreciate the scheme and give it your co-operation. You will, when you get over your foolish anger. I must rejoin our friends. They will think I am neglecting them.'

Hestor soon found that his unwilling guests desired to retire to the apartments which had been reserved for them. They were shown to the staterooms, and a servant detailed to look after their comfort. They found that their host had made every effort to anticipate their needs. Slippers, smoking jackets, pajamas, and a liberal assortment of linen and undergarments were provided in profusion. Hestor bid them a pleasant good night, and returned to the upper deck where he found Mr. L. Sylvester Vincent. That gentleman's face yet bore a puzzled expression. He had vainly attempted to engage "This is the act of a mad man or Mr. Hammond in conversation. He

> "Where did you say you were going, Mr. Hestor?" he asked.

"South Sea islands." "But I must go back to New York," explained Mr. Vincent. "Just as soon as I can see Mr. Carmody you must put me off. Which way are we

going now?" "About east." "Will you ask Mr. Carmody if he will see me now?" asked Mr. Vincent

in his most insinuating manner. "Can't do it. He has retired for the night," replied Hestor. "You stay with us. This is the chance of your life. You are a promoter, are you not?. Yes? I thought so. Well, you are in luck. On this yacht are six of the richest men in the world. You can promote any old thing with them if you know your business. Make yourself at home. Keep right at them. Don't let them stand you off. You will have lots of time. I see you have your drawings and plans with you. You certainly are in luck. Bob, show Mr. Vincent to stateroom number eight."

"I guess I'm in for it, Mr. Hestor, but you will find me game," he said. "I wanted to go back, but I suppose I'll have to stick. Who are all of these gentlemen?"

[To Be Continued.]

Business on Social Lines. This is the way a business trans-

action was conducted along social lines by two young women introduced by a common friend:

"I'm sure I'll cheat your friend," said the amateur auctioneer. "How do I know how much my old stuff ought to bring? Probably she'll hate it and feel she must take it for the sake of politeness."

"How can I tell but I'm cheating her?" appealed the amateur bidder. "Or how can I let her know that I couldn't sleep o' nights with such furniture in the room?"

After the meeting, the business women again reported to their common friend.

"I feel simply ashamed," said the amateur auctioneer. "She bought so much and paid such a lot. I feel that I ought to return some of the

money." "Your friend and I had such a difficulty," said the amateur bidder. "even in mentioning figures. At the first mention of anything numerical on my part she seemed so relieved. I wish you'd make sure that she didn't over the top. Bake three-quarters of sell any of the pieces by mistake; for an hour in a rather slow oven .- Detroit

A GOOD BEGINNER.

But Jared Would Never Stick to a Job Until the Work Was Finished.

"What kind of man is Jared Beals, anyhow?" the summer resident demanded irritably, relates the Youth's Companion. "He agreed to build a set of shelves in my kitchen, and do it at once, but I haven't seen him or heard from him since last Tuesday. He made a fine start that day. I thought from the way he began that the thing would be done by Wednesday night."

The storekeeper chuckled. "Yes, Jared's a first-rate beginner," he said. "He begins on purpose, as you might say. Trouble is, he gener'ly ends sort of accidental.

"You got him to do some carpentering." The storekeeper chuckled again. and settled himself more comfortably. "Well, you might have hired him to shoe a horse, or play for a dance, or make your garden, or plaster a room, or cobble your shoes, or 'most anything. He can do one thing as well as he can another. He's got a slew of trades and knacks, Jared has. There's so many of 'em. you see, that they keep trippin' each other up.

"Ten to one somebody came after him Wednesday morning to-well, to paint a barn, say-and Jared says to himself, says he: 'I've got original idees on paintin' barns that I ain't ever had a chance to put in practice, and I bet there's money in 'em.' So he'd tackle that job. Likely as not he was laying up stone wall Thursday, and it's a fair chance he's off somewhere to-day doctoring somebody's

"Anybody ever tell ye about Jared's hennery? He started with a whoop and a hooraw, same's usual, but he got all tangled up over the question of eggs and chickens, whether one paid better'n t'other, or vicy versy, and whilst he was takin' contracts to do all kinds of jobs, and waiting for his mind to settle, the eggs spoiled and the skunks got the chickens,

"Mind ye, Jared's an honest man, and he isn't a lazy man, either. All is, he's—he's wabbly. The stick-to-it was left out of him. Seems funny to tell about it, but it's too bad, too,

"He's got children growing up, and he ought to be forehanded for their sakes, but he isn't-and yet he works hard, always has. He starts jobs, and somebody else does the finishing-and collects the pay. He's always going, but he never gets anywhere. Millienaires don't grow that way, no, sir-ree! Hang to a thing till you're through with it, and you'll make money, even at stripping pine-cones to get out pitch."

WHAT HE HAD WRITTEN.

Abbreviated Funeral and the Compositor Sent It Through the Same Way.

"What's the matter now?" asked his roommate, who was studying to be a physician, relates the New York Trib-

"Well, you know how much I have to write. I am not on space, understand, and this country paper seems like a sieve. The more I pour into it the emptier look the columns I am expected to fill. You see, I write so rapidly that I have got into the habit of abbreviating my words, and puting a ring around them, so the printer will spell them out.

"Well, I was sent to report a funeral day before yesterday, which was attended by the best people in town, and which I thought was worth half a column. In my introduction I told how many distinguished citizens were present. I pictured the scene as vividly as I could, described the clergyman, and added other details to make the occasion as solemn as possible. The funeral began promptly, which struck me as worthy of special mention, so I began my second paragraph by stating this fact. After it was finished I inwardly congratulated myself with having written an excellent article, and the next morning I turned over the paper to see first of all how that funeral looked in cold, black type.

"The introduction read like Carlyle, and then I felt my heart in my throat. This is the way the second paragraph began:

"'Clergyman, mourners, stern men and lovely women, with eyes dim with grief, stood about the coffin, and the fun began promptly." "What!" shouted the roommate.

"I simply abbreviated funeral," was the answer, "but the compositor did not see the ring around it."

"You ought both of you to be discharged for tampering with such a word," said the prospective physician.

"Truly," remarked the newspaper man, as he called to mind what the editor said when he suspended him for a week. "Yes, what you say is good advice, but see that you follow it yourself, my boy. When you become a doctor, don't abbreviate funeral."

Baked Creamed Tomatoes.

Wash and pare potatoes and cut intosmall dice. Drop into cold water for quarter of an hour, then drain and cover with creamy milk. Put a level tablespoon of butter cut in small pieces