

THE BROTHERHOOD OF DEATH

(IN A VELDT CEMETERY.)

Peace to the quiet dead! Trooper and burgher here, True to the men who led, True to their lights fell near; Question not right nor wrong, Question not gain nor loss, Brothers in death they lie Under the starry cross.

Brave men and true alike— Matters not creed nor race— All are of one great kin Here in the resting place, Nation 'gainst nation strives Endlessly 'neath the sun; When the "great silence" falls All are in rest as one.

Tears for the wrongs that keep Far from us peace and good! Tears that in life there is No happy brotherhood! Peace to the quiet dead! Life's errors cleared away— Brothers in hope they wait The breaking of the day. —B. M. Bromley, in Westminster Gazette.

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

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CHAPTER XIII.—CONTINUED.

Mr. Morton slowly paced the saloon with his hands behind his back and his head bent forward, as in deep contemplation. In a short time Mr. Rockwell returned. He gave Mr. Morton a questioning look. In response Mr. Morton shook his head gloomily but said not a word. His companion showed no surprise nor did he evince much disappointment. Like Mr. Kent, he saw no hope for immediate relief, and had resigned himself to await results. He selected a book from the shelves and read quietly until dinner was announced. Dinner was served at six o'clock. The weight of entertaining fell on Hestor and Vincent. While the latter gentleman had not yet been able to attract the attention of Mr. Carmody he was satisfied that he would have an abundance of time in which to explain his plans. Mr. Morton had acquainted his associates with the failure which thus far had attended his negotiations. He yet held out hope, but it was faint. When coffee had been served, Hestor arose and said: "Gentlemen, we are now not far from Cape Cod. During the evening I am going to send a man ashore with letters. You will find stationery in your staterooms. I suppose that all of you wish to send word assuring your families and friends that you are alive and well. You can do so, but you must not enter into any particulars about this outing. You can inform those in whom you are concerned that you are safe; that you will return to them after a reasonable length of time, or you may make any other statement not connected with business or with your present whereabouts. Hand me the letters unsealed, and I will examine them and have them mailed during the night. I should have all of them in my possession before nine o'clock."

"How about me?" asked Mr. Vincent. "You are included," said Mr. Hestor. There was no hesitancy in accepting this invitation. The thought that they could speedily communicate with their loved ones lifted a great load from their minds. For an hour Hestor acted as censor on these letters. He made but few changes, and these of course rendered it necessary to rewrite the rejected letters. In the meantime the yacht had rounded Cape Cod and dropped into the quiet waters of the bay.

Shortly after nine o'clock the dinghy was swung out on her davits and lowered into the water. A young man in a business suit, such as worn for everyday service, by the average citizen, acted as mail carrier. Propelled by the sturdy arms of a sailor, the little craft disappeared in the darkness. Two miles away the lights of Provincetown flickered in the distance. At about one o'clock in the morning, when most of the passengers were asleep, the dinghy made another trip ashore, and returned without the mail messenger. He was landed near Boston, and on the following morning made a rapid journey to Springfield, Mass., and Albany, N. Y., thence to New York city and Brooklyn, reaching Philadelphia late that night. In these cities he posted the letters which, as has been told were received with so much joy. The next day he left Philadelphia for Cape May; late that night a boat came in from the ocean, and an hour later he was on board the "Shark."

From the time the sand dunes of Cape Cod faded away in the night until six days had passed, the passengers and crew of the "Shark" caught no sight of land. Many ships were sighted, but Capt. Waters so directed the course of the yacht that none came within signalling distance and generally remained hull down on the horizon.

It was cloudy most of the time, and by the temperature alone was it surely known that a southerly course was being taken. Thursday night was uncomfortably warm, and the following day when the sun came out from behind the clouds the shade from the awnings was found grateful. On Friday the signs that the tropics had been entered were unmistakable.

When Mr. Pence awoke about three o'clock Tuesday morning he was much alarmed. He was certain that something serious had happened. An unearthly silence prevailed. The engines had stopped, and save for the faint buzz of the electrical machinery there was no sound on the "Shark." The boat had lost all motion. It no longer rose and fell to the heaving of the seas.

Mr. Pence hurriedly dressed and went on deck. A seaman was pacing back and forth on the after-deck. Mr. Pence looked out over the port side of the yacht. A huge wall of rock towered almost over his head. In the light of the nascent moon, the "Shark" seemed to rest in the center of a vast amphitheater of beetling rocks and crags. Here and there he could make out the form of a palm, and to his ears came the distinct sound of falling water, as of a cascade. To the east the cliffs threw a long shadow over the lake in which the yacht was anchored. The moon had just sealed the highest peak, and the effect was of indescribable beauty. But the silence was oppressive. The heavy breathing of Mr. Vincent, as it penetrated from the deck below, was a relief, and after one reassuring glance at the placid scene Mr. Pence went below and soon was sleeping the sleep of the just.

CHAPTER XIV.

MAROONED.

"There's one! See him, captain? Right beyond those weeds, on the bank of that little island, almost under the big rock! Don't you see him?"

Hestor danced around the fore-castle in the most excited manner. Capt. Waters looked in the direction in which he was pointing.

"Don't you see him? Take my glass and you can see him as plainly as the nose on your face! He's



"DON'T YOU SEE HIM?"

under that rock with the cocoa tree over it." Hestor handed the powerful marine glasses to Capt. Waters, who took a long look in the direction indicated by the excited owner of the "Shark."

"You're right," he said, "I see him. He's a big 'un," observed the captain as he handed back the glasses.

"If you want to watch some fun, come up forward, gentlemen!" he almost shouted. "Hurry up; the bombardment is about to begin! Come along, Mr. Morton, I will show you some sport for your lives!"

Hestor's excitement was contagious. "Look over on the bank, there," said Hestor. "Do you see something that looks like a log?"

"I do," said Mr. Kent. Mr. Morton also made it out, as did most of the party.

"It's a gator; an alligator, and a whopper!" said Hestor. "I won't do a thing to him!"

Hestor sprang to a polished piece of machinery, and dropped behind a slanting steel guard, a marine stood by the side of this bit of mechanism, which was recognized at a glance as a rapid-fire Hotchkiss gun. Mr. Pence gave it one look and retreated behind the deckhouse. Mr. Morton and the others looked on with keen interest.

"Bing-r-r-bing-r-r-zing-zip-r-r-bing-rip-rip-r-r-bing-r-r-zip-zip-ring-bing!"

The first shot struck the water to the right about 100 feet from the loglike object. Hestor swung the gun with a quick movement to the left, and a marine raised the muzzle with the turn of an adjusting device. For a second the water at the edge of the bank was churned into foam. The next instant the "log" was alive. A long tail waved in the

air; the great jaws opened and belched in a hoarse roar of rage and agony. It rushed for the bank, but as the head sank in the water the squat legs relaxed and the hulk lay motionless.

Hestor jumped back from the gun. He took one look through the gaseous vapor from the weapon; threw his cap in the air and danced for joy.

"What do you think of that?" he shouted. "The books say you have to shoot 'em in the eye in order to fetch 'em. I know a trick worth two of that! Say, but he's a 'beaut!' What do you think of 'Hestor Island,' Mr. Carmody? This is only a starter. You can have more fun here in a week than you can have in New York in a year. Come out from back there, Mr. Pence! the cruel war is over. Lower the launch, Capt. Waters. There is plenty of water over there, and we'll go and take a look at him."

During this incident, and in all the happenings of this eventful day, Hestor conducted himself as if the arrival and landing on this spot was an ordinary event which had been pleasantly anticipated by all on the "Shark." The past was forgotten by Hestor, who acted as the eager host of a party of gentlemen who should be delighted with their entertainment. Except for a brief period of moroseness—evinced in actions and not in words—such had been Hestor's attitude towards his captives since the "Shark" rounded Cape Cod. On the morning which opened with the death of the crocodile—Sidney Hammond discovered the saurian was a crocodile, and not an alligator—Hestor was in jubilant spirits. During the day he seemed surprised at certain hints dropped by his unwilling guests. His expression was that of the willing host who finds his best efforts not fully appreciated, and who therefore redoubles his attempts to please. He was glad that the voyage had so happily ended; glad that all had been favored with good health, and earnest in his predictions that his guests would enjoy themselves.

"It may seem like egotism to call this 'Hestoria,'" he said, as they were seated at the breakfast table, "but I practically discovered the place, and in common with many other explorers gave it my name. If you gentlemen do not like the name you can call it 'Haven's Haven,' or 'Rockwell's Reef,' or Vincent's Land,' or anything you choose. Its various topographical features are as yet not fully explored, and are unnamed. I am going to suggest that we honor Mr. Morton by giving his name to this beautiful body of water we are now on. We will call it 'Morton's Bay.'"

"Thank you," said Mr. Morton. "I appreciate and accept the honor."

"I have some surprises in store for you," said Hestor, when the meal was finished. "We will go ashore directly, and look on something more attractive than dead alligators or crocodiles—as Sidney insists on calling them. Ah, Capt. Waters, has the tide turned sufficiently to make a landing?"

"There is now 14 foot of water at the landing," was Capt. Waters' answer. "We will have the gang plank on shore in ten minutes."

The panorama unrolled before the gaze of the voyagers on board the "Shark," as she slowly headed for a shelving rock was one of surpassing beauty. Imagine a pear-shaped lake about a mile at its greatest width and a mile and a half in length, walled in by rocks and crags whose rugged slopes were softened by the splendid foliage of the tropics. Nature, in some fantastic mood, had created this spot, and then as if appalled at her work, had wreathed it with flowers, and chastened its outlines with the harmony of fern, vine and palm. The narrow inlet leading to the ocean was guarded by two great rocks, which seemed to overhang and threaten the intrepid sailor who dared explore and ravish the beauties which nestled within. These rocks were fully 400 feet in height, and unlike those surrounding the lake, were free from tree or verdure. Through the portal thus formed, the ocean with its deep and glorious blue, showed in contrast to the dark background of these crags. The surge of the sea came welling through this gate, but soon lost its power, and on the further shores of the lake its ripples came as but the flutter of the deep breathing of the sea.

The shores were lined with boulders which had tumbled down from crag and peak. At intervals there were grassy stretches of meadow, deep enough to form a foreground to the darker beauties of cliff or ravine. Here and there a brook trickled from the heights, or found its tortuous way through unknown dells. And everywhere a lavish profusion of flowers. The base of one cliff was aflame with the red of some flower, the name of which was unknown to any of the party. To add to this riot of color there were flocks of parrots of many and brilliant hues, while of humming and mocking birds there seemed to be millions. Overhead an eagle circled on heavy pinions, and the waters of

the lake were dotted with flocks of water fowl.

About a thousand feet from the southern shore of this sheet of water—which Hestor had named "Morton's Bay"—was a small island. It was a gem of an island. Basaltic rocks reached up from the liquid depths of the bay, and its northern end was a crag, probably 100 feet above the surface of the lake. To the west it sloped gradually down, and at low tide there was a sand bar. It was on the inner edge of this bar that Hestor had sighted the crocodile. Tall, slender cocoa palms, with their crowns of graceful leaves, nodded in the morning breeze. Cacho, camphor and dragon trees added their beauty to this tropical bouquet. The base of the rocks was hidden in giant pond lilies, ivy and other climbing plants, which festooned the sides of the cliffs, as if struggling to join the masses of flowers which overhung the rocks above.

But the water had treasures not less beautiful. At a depth of 50 or 60 feet the bottom of the lake was clearly visible. Looking over the sides of the yacht, the voyagers who were now approaching the shore, saw swarms of fish whose sides reflected the colors of the rainbow.

Color is born in the tropics. It dies at the poles. In the chill of the axial antipodes, black and white alone survive. In the warmth of the tropics all objects, animate and inanimate, vie with each other to out rival the imagination of the artist and blunt the pen of the writer.

"It looks like a big aquarium, don't it," said L. Sylvester Vincent, as he gazed into the water. "Look at the fish under those rocks! I'll bet those are angel fish—I saw some just like them at the aquarium down at the Battery in New York. Say, but there are some beauties down there! It looks as if it had been built for them. The rocks are covered with moss, and there is a tunnel just like I saw in the aquarium. I thought at the time that the fish in New York had a pretty soft snap, but these fellows here have them beat in a walk. I wonder if they're good to eat?"

The reflections of Mr. Vincent were cut short. By good seamanship Capt. Waters brought the yacht alongside a jutting rock, which nature must have designed as a pier. Four sailors sprang ashore, and in a few minutes the lines were taut; the stumps of two trees acted as posts. Fenders were lowered to keep the sides of the "Shark" from rubbing against the rock, and it was possible to step from the gangway directly to the natural stone pier.

"Welcome to 'Hestoria!'" exclaimed Hestor as he leaped ashore. "Come on, gentlemen, and explore the mysteries of the tropics. I want to show you something that will surprise you."

Back of the pier there arose a rock which cut off the inland view. Hestor rounded this rock, stood in the open space, and waited for the others to join him. Mr. Pence was the last to quit the yacht and showed an inclination to remain on board. He left only when he found himself deserted.

"What do you think of that?"

Hestor pointed towards a grove of cocoa palms, in the center of which stood a large bungalow. It was an artistic blending of Moorish and Indian architecture. This building was an ell-shaped structure, the corner of which was two stories in height and rounded in a curve, forming at the front half a circle. From this as a base, there were two long wings one story in height, with sloping roofs, supported at the front by pillars, within which were deep verandas. These verandas were each about 60 feet long and opened into the central part of the structure, which on its interior, as well as in its second story, was a perfect circle.

Sidney Hammond looked at Hestor in amazement.

"When did you build this?" he demanded.

"Never mind when I built it," responded Hestor, with a good-natured laugh. "It's built all right, as you can see. As a matter of fact, old man," he said, addressing Sidney and looking carefully around as if in search of something, "this is the first time I ever saw it myself. I had it built for my tropical residence. What do you think of it, Mr. Rockwell? You are a judge of villas. Is there anything in New York that can touch it for the natural beauty of its surroundings?"

[To Be Continued.]

Appreciated His Merits.

Bishop Wilberforce used to tell a story of a greedy clergyman who, when asked to say grace, looked anxiously to see if there were champagne glasses on the table. If there were he began: "Bountiful Jehovah!" But if he saw only claret glasses he said: "We are not worthy of the least of thy mercies."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

ACROSS THE BORDER

Canada Is a Playground for People of the United States.

There the Nature-Loving Sportsman Finds Ideal Conditions—A Country of Lakes, Rivers and Forests—International Friendships.

A new spirit of friendship is being developed in this country for Canada and the Canadians. The tourist from the States crosses the international boundary into a foreign country, over which flies a foreign flag, without a realization of a sense of being away from home. It is a monarchy, but he sees no evidence of the rule of kings. In fact, Canada is American, far more American than the neighboring republic on the south.

Nothing has developed this feeling of amity between the two countries so much as the summer tourists who, year after year, seek recreation and rest in the pine-scented, lake-covered land to



FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD.

the north. The hundreds who a few years ago timidly crossed the line and sought a summer's resting place beneath the Union Jack have now grown to thousands, tens of thousands, and hundreds of thousands.

Ontario is headquarters for this army of tourists. A railroad official, whose road carries the greater number of the tourists across the line, said to the writer but a few days ago that more than 100,000 people from the States had spent their vacations in the lake and river districts north of Toronto. While fishing in one of the many bass-filled lakes of the Muskoka district a year ago a Columbus, O., doctor remarked that "this section of Canada is destined to become the playground of the people of the United States." He made but one mistake. It has become the playground of the people from the United States.

To this section of Canada goes the society folk, those who seek for elaborate hotel accommodations, who wish to display a wardrobe of fine clothes and partake of the pastimes to which society is addicted. They find every facility for the gratification of these desires there.

There also goes the man of family, who seeks for recreation at a price not too high, where he may pitch his tent and himself, his wife and children enjoy an outing at small expense. These, too, are satisfied. There are hundreds of islands in the Muskokas, and many charming points along the mainland bordering the lakes that are his for the summer for the pre-empting.

But the tourist who loves the woods and the water, who wishes to launch his canoe on lake or river far from the madding crowd, or follow the blazed trail and the corduroy road through the unbroken forest, finds in Ontario the



A CORDUROY ROAD IN THE TIMBER.

truly ideal. The crowds never penetrate the forests, they follow only the beaten tracks of the railroad or steamer, and from these the nature-loving sportsman easily escapes. He pushes his way through the timber and finds countless small lakes well stocked with gamey fish. He goes from one to another through winding channels, finding bass in one, muskallonge in another, pike in a third. So numerous are the lakes that, though there may be hundreds of sportsmen within a dozen miles of him, he may see no other than his own companions. At night he pitches his tent beneath the trees, cooks his meals over an open fire and sleeps on a bed of pine boughs.

With such attractions it is small wonder that the people of the States are journeying to Canada in increasing numbers.

Kept His Word.

She—You promised to stop smoking when we were married.

He—Well, they won't allow you to smoke in church.—Brooklyn Life.