

THE FOREST STREAM.

The fairest scenes are ever those that lie
Deep hid within the lap of Nature; there,
Unthought by careless eyes and unrevealed
To such, abides her rarest loveliness;
The joyous mood, the spirits light and
gay,
Shall miss, perchance, or fall to all im-
bibe
The something that inevitably breathes
In such a spot; but when in pensive
thought
Thy mind is cast, or when, in question
plunged,
Thy spirit wrestles with some baffling
doubt,
Then Nature shall unto thy quickened
senses,
Speak her serene language; tenderly,
And with caressing whispers, lure thee
on,
Till in her secret shrines thou read'st her
heart
And see'st the boundless love that rules
the world.

Come where, amid the sylvan shades, the
brook
Leaps down in music o'er the moss-clad
stones—
Far through the wood, in murmuring ca-
dences,
Thine ear shall catch the silvery strain,
and straight
Thy steps shall quicken, and with light-
ened heart
Thou shalt press on, unmindful, midst
these sounds,
Of strife or discord, or the world's unrest.

Thrust back the leaves through which a
radiant glimpse
Of rippling waters caught thy watchful
glance:
Before thee what a scene! Now clothed
in light,
Now gliding into shadow, dancing on
With many a whirl and splash, the brook
gleams down
Along its beautiful course. The mossy
rocks,
Among the darker eddies thickly strewn,
Afford the fancy many a portal dim
To fair, enchanted regions, vaguely
guessed,
Like those where Sella roamed. The
winding banks
The shadowy verdure lies; far o'er the
stream
The eager branches reach, high over-
arched,
Or dipping 'neath the surface, and the
leaves
From time to time mysteriously stir,
As though the all-pervading melody
That rises from the waters' ceaseless tide
Had breathed among their shades some
fluer note,
To which they thrill with nameless ec-
stasy.

Here linger on until, too deep for words,
Thy soul has quaffed of that perennial
spring;
Till in thy heart a voice of larger hope
Has answered to the brook's undying
song,
Which ere thou hadst a being rose the
same,
And, still unchanged, shall murmur down
the years
That on the earth behold thy form no
more;
And in that future day shall others come,
Like thee, in soul perplexity, and gaze
Upon these waters and be comforted,
—Harry W. Bugbee, in Springfield,
(Mass.) Republican.

The KIDNAPPED MILLIONAIRES

A Tale of Wall Street and the Tropics

By FREDERICK U. ADAMS

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CHAPTER XVI.—CONTINUED.

Mr. Kent pointed at the rocks. Stretched out at full length on a flat slab of sandstone was a lean, lithe, dun-colored beast. He looked and acted like a big cat. When Sidney approached the large round head was lowered over the edge of the rock, and the animal was intently watching Mr. Kent and the deer. A moment later he rose to his feet, stretched out his neck, and emitted a half-yawn and half-growl. Sidney brought the rifle to his shoulder. The beast snarled and poised for a leap to the ground below. The shot rang out. The big cat turned his head like a flash and bit at his shoulder as if a bee had stung him. He gave a roar, leaped into the air and fell in a heap at the bottom of the rocks. Sidney advanced toward him slowly, but no caution was necessary. The mountain lion was dead.

"It seemed a shame to kill him," said Sidney, as he lifted one of his big paws. "He looked fine on that rock."

"He didn't look so blamed fine to me," said Mr. Kent.

It was noon, and although the sun was warm, Sidney was reluctant to return to the bungalow without making one more attempt to penetrate the jungle to the west, and if possible reach the crest of the hills which could be seen beyond. He imagined that from that point of vantage it would be possible to determine the approximate shape of the island, and hoped to identify it by a comparison with those islands shown on the maps which he had found in the books of the bungalow library. They therefore decided to satisfy their hunger with bananas and pawpaws. They found the latter very refreshing. Sidney knocked two from a tree. They were the size

of a small pumpkin, and the flavor was much the same as that of a nutmeg muskmelon. These, with fresh water from a spring, were sufficient to stay their hunger.

"This is the first Robinson Crusoe meal we have had," said Mr. Kent. "There is not much of the romantic in my disposition, but I rather like this sort of thing for a change. But only for a change. I would rather be cast away in a bungalow with electric fans and a cooking range, than on a desert reef with a shotgun and a naked savage. To my mind, old Robinson Crusoe was in mighty hard luck."

It would not do to leave the deer behind; there being no place to hide it where wild animals could not reach the carcass, and it was agreed that Mr. Kent should guard his trophy and attempt to shoot some grouse, quail or other game, while Sidney completed the search for an outlet through the jungle. Mr. Kent said he would take chances with a shotgun, and agreed to fire twice in rapid succession if he needed assistance. Sidney started for the cliffs and promised to return within two or three hours.

He scaled the rocks and again stood on the height overlooking the valley. The bluff extended far as he could see, but as Sidney continued south he found that it gradually decreased in height until it finally came to the level of the "park." The edge of the jungle was irregular, but at no place was he able to penetrate a distance exceeding 200 yards from the edge of the cliffs. Gradually he worked to the east. Here the jungle was not so thick, but yet it was impossible to force a way through it.

Thus Sidney toiled along. At times he saw deer, and could easily have shot them, for they were absolutely fearless, and seemed devoured by curiosity. He was startled once by the sound of a snapping twig behind him, and turned only to see a splendid spotted deer not two rods distant. Sidney threw up his hands and "shooed" him away. The buck ran a few yards and stopped, but did not follow up his study of human species.

Suddenly Sidney came upon the reservoir. He had made the circuit of all that part of the park south of the brook. It did not take long to complete the survey of the remaining portion. The "park" was an island in a jungle, which would yield a passage only to an ax. He rejoined Mr. Kent, who proudly exhibited an assortment of game, which spoke well for his marksmanship.

Sidney told what he had learned, and they started for the bungalow. The birds were strung across the back of the deer. It was a heavy load and they took frequent rests. With faces and hands scratched, and necks and cheeks sunburned, they reached the bungalow about five o'clock in the afternoon.

The colony was in a furor of excitement. Mr. Pence was in great peril! In fact, he might be dead!

Mr. Rockwell hurriedly explained what had happened as he ran with Sidney and Mr. Kent to the stone pier, where Mr. Carmody and others were launching a raft which had been constructed in great haste. Mr. Pence announced, when he reluctantly started along the beach, that he would not remain away later than noon. He said he might be back sooner, since the chances were that the tide would rise so high as to render his later return difficult and dangerous. He did not appear in camp at noon, and half an hour later Mr. Carmody took the marine glasses and went to the beach. Out near the gate to the bay he saw Mr. Pence standing on a rock, seemingly looking into the water. He saw Mr. Pence go ashore and disappear for a time in a thicket. Then he returned to the rock and remained for nearly an hour. Mr. Carmody thought from his motions that he was fishing, but it was learned he had taken no tackle with him. Mr. Rockwell, Mr. Haven and others came down to the beach and watched the figure across the bay. They were equally mystified. At last Mr. Pence again disappeared. In a few moments he reappeared, and frantically waved a handkerchief on the end of a stick, as an evident signal of distress.

During this time, those on the stone pier noted with alarm that the tide had risen, so that it was impossible to walk along the beach at the base of the cliffs. It was at once decided to build a raft and rescue Mr. Pence. For some time he had not been seen, neither had the flag of distress been waved from the rock.

Rough paddles were chopped from pieces of lumber, and the raft was launched with Sidney Hammond, Vincent, Mr. Carmody and Mr. Morton as the life-saving crew. The tide was strong against them, and it was half an hour before they approached the place where Mr. Pence was last seen. They called his name, and were delighted to hear a faint response from behind the rocks. The rescuers paddled around and found a crouching figure on a narrow ledge just above the steadily rising tide.

Simon Pence was speechless with terror. The ledge on which he stood was now an island, but Sidney observed that at low tide it must have been connected with the shore. They placed the third member of the committee on exploration on the raft, and aided by the tide made a quick voyage back to the camp. By this time Mr. Pence had partially recovered, and under the stimulus of a glass of brandy told the story of his adventure.

"I went along the shore and kept a sharp lookout for alligators and things like that," said Mr. Pence. "Nothing happened, however, and I went clear out to those big rocks by the ocean. There the sea comes right in and you cannot get past. The rocks drop down into deep water, and there is no sign of a beach. I started back and decided to go out on that rock where you found me."

Mr. Pence paused and shuddered at the thought.

"It ran out from the shore like a pier," he continued. "I went out at the end and sat down to watch the fishes. The water was clear as crystal, and the bottom was white sand. It was cool in the shade of the rock and I enjoyed it. I noticed



THEY FOUND A CROUCHING FIGURE ON THE LEDGE.

a funny piece of quartz in the rock, and took out my knife to see if I could pry it out. In doing so I pulled out a coin and it struck the rock and bounded into the water. I could see it as it zigzagged through the water. A fish chased after it, and for a moment I thought he was going to swallow it, but he didn't."

Mr. Pence took another small taste of brandy to steady his nerves.

"I could see where the nickel lay on the white sand," he said. "I knew it was a nickel, as I had but 11 cents and a bridge ticket when I left New York, and when I counted my money out on that rock I had only six cents. That proved it was a nickel; and besides, it looked like a nickel. I went—"

"You know what a nickel looks like all right," said Mr. Kent. "Go on with your story. It grows interesting."

"I did not propose to lose that money," said Mr. Pence, regarding Mr. Kent with suspicion. "I could see it as plain as I see you. It was in about ten feet of water. I went ashore and cut a pole about 16 feet long, trimmed it up nicely, and went back. I reached down into the water and started to poke the nickel along towards the other end of the rock where the water was shallow and I could reach it. It was slow work. Sometimes I would poke it into the sand, and one time I was sure it was lost, but I dug it up again. At last I got it around to the other side of the rock, but was astonished to find that the water was five feet deep there. Then I thought of the tide! I jumped to the other side. To my horror I saw that the water was three feet over the place I had crossed, and was running like a millrace!"

"Did you get the nickel?" asked Mr. Kent.

"No," said Mr. Pence sadly. "An eddy of water whirled the sand over it while I was away. I put my handkerchief on the pole and waved for help. In my excitement I dropped the pole and it floated away with my handkerchief. The tide kept on rising until I could not stay on that side of the rock, so I went to the place where you found me. I expected every minute that an alligator, or a crocodile, or a shark would come along and get me. It was awful."

"You should be more careful with your money, Simon," said Mr. Kent. "You let me keep that bridge ticket for you. With your careless, reckless disposition in money matters you will be so reduced in circumstances when you reach New York that you will have to walk home."

Mr. Pence looked at the millionaire operator doubtfully but said nothing. He reached into his pocket, produced the six pennies and the red bridge ticket, and went to his room where he placed them in the inner recesses of a drawer.

During the absence of the relief committee Mr. Kent dressed the deer with much deftness, and Mr. Haven had, after some trouble, prepared three of the birds for the roasting pan. The range glowed with heat, and Sidney aided in the preparation of a dinner which had much of promise. The explorers had brought back two dozen bananas, and these graced the table. Pawpaws were picked from a tree near the bungalow. In about two hours the table was set,

with a huge joint of roast venison and browned potatoes as the piece de resistance. This was flanked by a grouse and the gold-breasted trumpeter, which had fallen before the prowess of Mr. Kent. Sidney had essayed some "baking powder biscuits," and had attained a culinary triumph. These served with jellies, some fine claret, and topped off with bananas, pawpaws and coffee completed a dinner which will not be forgotten by those who gathered around the board in that tropical bungalow.

CHAPTER XVII. THE HURRICANE.

"What does the exploration committee do to-day?" asked Mr. Kent, next morning as he pushed his chair back from the breakfast table and bit the end from a cigar. "Morton," he said, as he finished the last of his coffee, "those venison chops were fine. Nature must have hesitated a long while before she decided whether to make you a financier or a cook. I am not sure that she did not make a mistake. Come on, Hammond, you cannot find out where we are by studying that map. Let's get busy."

"I do not care to be officious," said Sidney, "but I wish some of you gentlemen would give our committee your assistance for a day or two. The work I have in mind properly belongs to the housekeeping committee anyway. The 'park,' as we call it, is our game and fruit preserve. In an hour any one can shoot grouse, quail, pheasants, or deer, and can pick all the bananas we need. The trouble is to get there, and to bring back these table luxuries. The trail along the brook is almost impassable. Two men with axes can put it in good shape in a day. I would like to explore the east shore of the island with Mr. Kent. Mr. Rockwell, you are President of the Social Island Colony. I suggest that you detail members to do this work on the trail."

"Certainly," answered the magnate. "Mr. Morton and I will put the trail in good shape. Mr. Carmody is working on his plans for a boat, and will not need assistance for a day or two. How far is it from here to the 'park'?"

"About a mile, I should say," said Sidney. "Follow the brook until you come to the reservoir. I would take a gun along. You may meet one of Mr. Kent's 'painter' friends."

This being settled, Sidney prepared to start across the bay. Mr. Vincent expressed a wish to help on the work of exploration, and it was decided that matters could be expedited by forming two parties—one to explore the coast north of the gateway of the bay, and the other to work along the south shore. It was therefore agreed that Mr. Pence and Mr. Vincent should take the south shore and Mr. Hammond and Mr. Kent the north shore. Mr. Pence protested vigorously against doing any more exploring, but Mr. Kent cut him short and reminded him that he was under military discipline.

"In cases like this," he said, "it is always customary to shoot those who disobey orders. I have always been your friend, Pence, as you know, but if the chairman of the committee on exploration ordered me to shoot you I would do it with cheerful promptness."

Mr. Kent examined his rifle critically and looked serious. Mr. Pence said he was only joking, and would be glad to go. Each member of the expedition provided himself with a luncheon, and at eight o'clock they got on board the raft and paddled across the bay. The sun was not warm and shone through a peculiar saffron haze. The air was motionless. It was decided that Pence and Vincent should be landed first, and that Hammond and Kent should return for them with the raft not later than five o'clock in the afternoon. All were provided with rifles and ammunition.

They soon reached the shore at a point where it was possible to scale the rocks overlooking the ocean. Mr. Pence and Mr. Vincent left the raft and it was agreed that they should return at about five o'clock. They climbed the rocks and disappeared in the forest. Sidney and Mr. Kent pushed away from shore and headed the raft for the inlet.

There were no clouds in the sky, but the sun was almost obscured in a golden haze. They noted an unusual number of birds flying past, seemingly coming in from the ocean. There was not a breath of air stirring.

"I believe a storm is brewing," said Sidney.

"It is not in sight yet," replied his companion, as he speared ineffectually at a passing fish. "I am going to come out here to-morrow and catch some of these fellows. I wonder what we can use for bait?"

"The brook is full of minnows," said Sidney. "I noticed a dip net among the things in the storeroom. Grubs, worms, or almost anything will do for bait."

"We might try mosquitoes," said Mr. Kent. "Some of them are large enough."

[To Be Continued.]

AN OBLIGING SWORDFISH.

Took Hold of a Rope and Allowed Himself to Be Pulled Aboard a Schooner.

"While fishing for cod off the Massachusetts coast," said a New York man back from a deep-sea outing, according to the New York Sun, "I helped to land a 400-pound swordfish that either wanted to be landed, or had lost its head.

"The summer method of codfishing is for the fishermen to go to the grounds in their schooners, anchor and then scatter about in small boats. This is to avoid the tangling of lines, as well as to get the bait to the notice of a greater number of fish.

"These small boats are anchored with grapnels at the end of long ropes. I went out one day with one of these boats, off Cox's Ledge. We were pulling in cod pretty lively when along came a swordfish, swimming near the surface, with his jaws wide open.

"He was moving slowly, evidently feeding. The grapnel rope was right in his path. It was big enough and plain enough for him to see and avoid, but he swam on, and the rope went into his mouth.

"Instead of retreating when he felt the rope drawn taut in his mouth, as he could readily have done, and freeing himself from it, the big fish forged steadily ahead. If he had made any sort of a struggle he would have capsize the boat and tipped us into the sea, and the fishermen at first thought this was what he intended to do, and made ready to cut the rope and let the swordfish have it if he wanted it, anchor and all. But he showed no disposition to do anything of the sort, so the men began to pull in the rope.

"It slipped through the swordfish's mouth as easily as if it was running over pulleys, until the grapnel came up and caught on that side of the fish's head. Even when he found that tugging against his head the swordfish, instead of making an effort to release himself by simply backing away from it, took the bit in his teeth, increased his speed and took the boat in tow, hauling it along at a gait and with a determination that made the fishermen again willing to let him have the rope.

"Before anyone could cut it, though, we were hauled by another of the boats, which was hastening to our aid, and it overhauled us. The anchor rope of this boat was fastened to the boat end of our rope, and the rope of a third boat fastened to that one. This made a rope long enough to stretch to the schooner, and we rowed there with it.

"All hands then pulled up on the swordfish and brought him to. We hauled him in, he persisting in holding on to the grapnel, or, rather, in letting it hold on to him, for he could have got rid of it by simply turning his head.

"I say we hauled him in, but the fact was that when he found he no longer had the boat in tow he came right along with the grapnel, for all the world as if he were carrying it to us to give it up. When he came alongside he made no effort to dive or get away, even after an oar blade had been thrust through his gills.

"Then we lassoed his flukes and jabbed a boathook into him and hauled him aboard the schooner. Ordinarily, when fishermen are after swordfish they have to be extremely wary in the chase and be skilled in many strategic maneuvers before they may hope to get a harpoon into one; so the complacency and willingness of this monster in coming to the sacrifice was beyond the comprehension of any of those old fishermen who saw him do it."

THE GENERAL MARKETS.

Kansas City, Aug. 11.	
CATTLE—Beef steers	4 15 @ 5 05
Native heifers	3 35 @ 3 90
Western steers	2 95 @ 3 75
HOGS	4 00 @ 5 55
SHEEP	3 90 @ 3 50
WHEAT—No. 2 hard	71 1/2 @ 72 1/2
No. 2 red	71 1/2 @ 75 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed	45 1/2 @ 46 1/2
OATS—No. 2	21 1/2 @ 22 1/2
RYE	54 @ 55
FLOUR—Hard winter pat.	3 20 @ 3 50
Soft winter patents	3 50 @ 3 80
HAY—Timothy	5 00 @ 9 00
Prairie	4 00 @ 7 50
BRAN	45 1/2 @ 46 1/2
BUTTER—Fancy to extra	15 @ 17
EGGS	12 1/2 @ 13 1/2
CHEESE—Full cream	9 @ 9 1/2
POTATOES	75 @ 1 00
ST. LOUIS.	
CATTLE—Beef steers	4 00 @ 5 25
Texas steers	3 15 @ 4 20
HOGS—Packers	5 35 @ 5 55
SHEEP—Natives	3 00 @ 3 85
FLOUR—Red winter pat.	3 90 @ 4 00
WHEAT—No. 2 red	80 1/2 @ 81 1/2
CORN—No. 2	48 1/2 @ 50
OATS—No. 2	33 1/2 @ 35
RYE	53 1/2 @ 54 1/2
BUTTER—Creamery	14 @ 19 1/2
CORN MEAL	2 @ 2 60
BACON	8 32 1/2 @ 9 37 1/2
CHICAGO.	
CATTLE—Steers	3 65 @ 5 50
HOGS—Mixed and butchers	5 10 @ 5 70
SHEEP—Western	3 25 @ 6 00
FLOUR—Winter patents	3 75 @ 3 90
WHEAT—No. 2	81 1/2 @ 82
CORN—No. 2	45 1/2 @ 46 1/2
OATS—No. 2	32 @ 35 1/2
RYE—September	52 1/2 @ 53 1/2
LARD—September	8 62 1/2 @ 8 10
PORK—September	13 27 1/2 @ 13 42 1/2
NEW YORK.	
CATTLE—Steers	4 10 @ 5 40
HOGS	6 00 @ 6 60
SHEEP	2 25 @ 3 75
WHEAT—No. 2	85 1/2 @ 86 1/2
CORN—No. 2	51 1/2 @ 52 1/2
OATS—No. 2	33 1/2 @ 34 1/2