

YEARS AGO—A BOY'S PLAIN.

I reckon years and years ago
To be a boy was bully fun;
You just was born, and then you'd grow
And keep on growing till you'd done,
You went to school awhile, I know,
But mostly you'd just grow and grow.

The pies and things they used to make!
(I've often heard my father tell)
The pies and dumplings and the cake,
The cookies, tarts and jam as well!
Of course, corn-bread they'd also bake,
But mostly it was pies and cake.

You went in swimming every day—
In summer-time at any rate.
The other boys would come to play;
You had a gun; you'd coast and skate.
Some work there was of course—but
It mostly was just play and play.

'Twas nutting-time the whole year
through,
And Fourth July would last a week;
Old Santa Claus was really true,
And drove his reindeers like a streak.
Of course, there were the chores to do—
But who would care with Santa true?

And then the people who were grown,
They gave a boy a little rest;
A fellow then was let alone,
And went to bed when he thought best.
Sometimes your father'd scold, I own,
But mostly you were let alone.

'Twould be more fun I really know
(A mother's club is my ma's forte)
If I'd been born some years ago,
(My pa he reckons my school report)
Some things, of course, were pretty slow—
But I'd a' chanced it years ago!
—Hayden Carruth, 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 XVIII.

MR. PENCE DISCOVERS GOLD.

With much difficulty Mr. Simon Pence scaled the heights overlooking the bay, and, aided by Vincent, finally reached the top. He cast one lingering look behind, and followed his young and sturdy companion into the half-jungle which lay before them. They found it possible, by following the cliffs along the ocean, to make fairly rapid progress. Their march was hindered by frequent gorges, but they proceeded laboriously but steadily in a southern direction.

Shortly after noon they ate their luncheon. They rested on a ledge fronting the sea. Two miles to the south a huge crag reached out into the blue water, and beyond no land was visible. They decided to make an attempt to climb the promontory, believing that it would afford a view of the south shore, and perhaps a general survey of the island.

The brush thickened. They slowly forced their way through a thicket; Mr. Pence in advance. Suddenly he gave a cry of terror, and fell over Vincent in his wild retreat.

Before them stood a monster—the grotesque figure of a human being, with outstretched arms, hideous face and protruding teeth. At a glance Vincent recognized it as a stone image, and shouted reassuringly to the fleeing explorer.

In the open space before them were the massive ruins of temples and palaces; the tomb of a city which had flourished and decayed long before the dawn of recorded history. On mound and terrace were crumbling relics of a former grandeur.

The ruins covered many acres, and lay back from the cliffs a distance not exceeding 100 yards. There were traces of ancient fountains, with figures half-buried in the mud and slime of what once were pleasing pools.

In the center of the ruined city was a pyramidal mound, surmounted by the wreck of what once must have been an imposing structure. Vincent climbed up this mound and gazed with awe on the ghoulish figures which were scattered in odd postures around the stone floor of the temple. In one corner the floor had caved in and revealed a subterranean vault or chamber of unknown extent. Vincent lowered himself to the floor below. At first it was so dark he could not survey his surroundings, but his eyes became accustomed to the gloom. He stumbled over the uneven surface and entered a passageway leading to the left. Mr. Pence called to him from overhead, and Vincent answered; his voice sounding sepulchral as it echoed through the corridors. A fallen stone block half closed the opening into a smaller room. Vincent lit a match and entered. The walls were covered with a growth of fungus, but his eyes were riveted to a collection of carved figures of various size which lined three sides of the wall.

They evidently were images or idols, and were ugly enough to have scared the worshippers into any confession or belief. They rested on a stone shelf formed by the top of a mosaic wainscoting which projected from the walls. Vincent picked up one of the smaller images and started back to examine it more carefully in the daylight. It seemed remarkably heavy, but he imagined it to be bronze or copper, tarnished by the rust of ages. Vincent found Mr. Pence looking down into the hole, but making no move to quit terra firma.

"See what I have found," said



THEY WERE UGLY ENOUGH.

Vincent, handing the idol to Mr. Pence.

"What a singularly ugly thing," remarked the capitalist as he handled it gingerly. "It's awful heavy. What's it made of?"

Vincent pulled himself out of the hole and brushed the mold from his clothes. Mr. Pence looked intently at the image. He "hefted" it judiciously. It was of a rusty brown color, but smooth and well preserved.

"Remarkably heavy!" said Mr. Pence. His eyes glittered and he was much excited.

"Let me take your knife," he said. Vincent produced a knife and opened the big blade. Mr. Pence dug into the flat nose of the idol. He gave the knife a circular motion, and on the end of the blade lay a shining yellow chip.

"Gold!" he shouted. "Gold! Solid gold! Solid gold, and it weighs more than ten pounds!"

The face of the millionaire was a study. For a moment it shone with the splendor of the gold shaving which rested in the palm of his hand. At that instant he was oblivious to his surroundings. He clenched the image tightly and regarded it with a rapt expression such as a mother lavishes on her babe. Suddenly his attitude changed. He recovered himself with a start. His face darkened. He glared at Vincent and drew back from him as in aversion.

"Where did you find this?" he almost shrieked in a voice harsh and trembling with excitement.

"Back in there," said Vincent, waving his hand away from the mouth of the cavern. "There's lots of them back there."

"Take me there! Take me there!" He dropped his voice almost to a whisper. He glanced around as if expecting some one might see or hear him.

"They belong to us," he said, laying his hand affectionately on Vincent's shoulder. "To us; do you understand, to us. We found them—you and I. They are ours, Vincent, all ours. We will divide them between us two—just you and I. Help me down there. Let me see them. Are you sure there is a lot of them? Perhaps they are not like this one. Bigger, did you say? Which way is it? How awful dark it is! Take hold of my hand!"

Before the magic of the touch of gold the natural cowardice of the elderly millionaire disappeared. Twice he fell and bruised his hands, but he did not care. They came to the vault. Vincent went in first and lit a match. Mr. Pence gave an exclamation of delight. He rushed to one of the images, lifted it, ran his fingers lovingly over the surface and laughed with joy. The match burned out and the room was dark as midnight.

"Light another, quick!" shouted Simon Pence. "I'll tell you what you do," he exclaimed, as the match lightened up the gloom. "I will stand outside and you hand them to me, and I will carry them where we can see them."

Vincent did as he was told. He started at one end of the shelf and felt his way around, and handed the images to the outstretched hands of Mr. Pence, who carried them along the corridor and placed them in a corner of the outer room. It took an hour or more to do this, at the end of which time Vincent declared that all figures were removed. Mr. Pence began testing the images. As he dug into each idol and found it gold his joy knew no bounds. Vincent also was delighted. He owned a half interest in more property than he ever had hoped to obtain, unless by chance some of his cherished plans should find a financier. Both forgot the flight of time. They counted the idols and images and found there were 63. They then attempted to

estimate the weight of their treasures. They calculated the smallest one at ten pounds and the others ranged all the way up to one estimated at not less than 70 pounds. As nearly as they could judge, after carefully estimating the weight of each image, the total was about 1,575 pounds.

"How much is gold worth a pound?" asked Vincent, as he held an idol out at arm's length. He remembered that he could "hold out" a weight of 30 pounds, and this one required all of his muscular effort. "Gold is worth about \$234 a pound," said Mr. Pence. "That is based on the amount of gold in coins. This looks like pure gold to me. It is awful soft. Don't rub that image like that; you will wear it out. What time is it?"

Vincent had no watch; neither had Mr. Pence, but they thought it was about three o'clock in the afternoon. "We must be going back at once," said Vincent. "What are we going to do with those things? We can't carry them with us. Let's each take two of the smaller ones and start along. We can get help to-morrow and carry the rest of them to the bungalow. In the meanwhile we will put them back in that vault."

"What are you talking about, man?" exclaimed Simon. Pence. "Go and leave this gold here? Never! Never, sir, never! Go away and leave \$350,000 in gold unguarded? I cannot think of it. You go back to camp and get help. I will remain."

"Who is going to find it or steal it?" demanded Vincent. "The chances are that no one has been here before in a thousand years. If they had been, the gold would not be here. It is as safe as in a vault in New York. Come along, Mr. Pence. How dark it is getting! What is that moaning sound? We must go back. It is going to storm." "I will never leave this gold here!" said Mr. Pence. "It is not safe. You go back and I will remain. I am not afraid. I will stay all night if necessary. Come back in the morning and bring help and food."

"That is foolish, Mr. Pence," said Vincent. He had climbed out of the cavern and stood facing the sea. "Come on," he said. "There is going to be an awful storm. It looks like a hurricane. Come on; you must not remain here."

"Go back, and let me alone," said Mr. Pence. "I will never, never leave here alive with this gold unguarded. I have a gun. I am not afraid. Go on back to the camp. Tell them the gold is ours—all ours. If I stay here and take care of it, I ought to have more than half of it. Go ahead, before the storm breaks!"

It was useless to argue with him. Vincent bade him good-bye and started on a run for Morton's Bay. He had not gone a quarter of a mile before the storm struck the island. The first blast swept him from his feet. A falling tree half buried him in its branches, and his face was scratched and bleeding. A few rods away was a gully. Struggling to his feet he ran and crawled in that direction. He remembered reaching the edge of the gully. There was a crash and a roar; Vincent saw a flash of light and lost consciousness. How long this lasted he did not know. He awoke with the rain beating on his face. There was a dull pain in his head. The rage of the storm was demoniacal. Crawling along the ground, guided by the incessant flashes of lightning, he reached the shelter of a rock, which he shared with an iguana and a huge rock python, whose shiny scales glistened in the flame from the heavens.

The two reptiles cuddled up to the explorer. The big snake ran his flat head between Vincent's coat and his back, and lay motionless. The lizard was more nervous, and ran back and forth along the narrow ledge, but lay most of the time with his crested back resting against Vincent's right arm.

"I was not afraid of them," Vincent explained later. "The storm was so much more frightful than they that I did not mind them. I knew that both of them were harmless, though that snake was big enough to swallow a deer or a man. But he was as scared at the storm as I was, and I tell you any company was welcome that night. I went to sleep finally, and when I woke up the storm was over and the snake and lizard were gone."

Simon Pence was venturing out of his dungeon when the storm swept in from the sea. He heard the roar and dropped back in time to miss a palm tree, torn up by the roots and hurled over his head. An instant later one of the huge monoliths fell from its pedestal and crashed through the floor to the south of where he stood. He ran back and forth shouting and waving his hands in terror. From a hundred crevices the rain poured in streams upon the floor. At first it ran down the black corridor, but as the storm increased it began to rise. Inch by inch it rose. The millionaire splashed through the muddy flood and took refuge on a slab of stone which had fallen from the floor above. Here

he remained all night, the waters steadily creeping toward him until at last it seemed to find an outlet to the west and remained stationary. The idols and images in the far corner were half buried in debris and water. The larger one lifted its head above the flood, and his wicked eyes gleamed in their sockets in the flashes of lightning. Blue flames of electricity ran along the walls of the cavern; balls of fire and tongues of phosphorescent flame glowed in its depths. Above the roar and turmoil of the storm, Mr. Pence could hear wailing cries as of some soul in torment. It was probably his imagination, but there were sounds as if giants were struggling on the shattered floors above his head.

Through the long night Mr. Pence remained in this cavern and heard the storm lashing above his head. No sleep came to his eyelids. When day came and the last rumble of the thunder died away in the north, he was so cramped he could hardly move. He succeeded in wading through the water, and after much effort crawled out into the open air bringing one of the idols with him. In the warmth of the sun his clothes soon dried. He sat down beneath a tree where he could watch the opening of the cave. He closed his eyes for a moment and fell asleep.

When Vincent awoke and found himself alive and not much injured, except for a contusion on the back of his head, he hunted for the idols and soon found them. He was just starting to return to the ruined city when he heard a shout to the north, and the next instant the report of a gun. Vincent shouted in return, and in a few minutes saw Sidney Hammond and Palmer J. Morton coming towards him. Briefly he explained what had happened, and the three set forth for the temple where Mr. Pence was guarding the treasure. The indignation of Sidney and Mr. Morton was tempered by a fear that the millionaire had not survived the fate which his avarice had tempted.

They soon reached the temple. At first they did not observe Mr. Pence. Vincent had crawled down into the cavern and announced that no one was there before Sidney discovered the slumbering guardian under a calabash tree.

It was a pathetic figure which these three men approached. His hat had fallen to the ground, and the matted gray hair half covered the eyes of the sleeping financier. One hand was firmly clutched to the idol. In the relaxed fingers of the other hand was a stout club. The linen clothes were bedraggled in mud and slime. The right foot was in a pool of water. Were it not for the slight but regular heaving of the soiled shirt bosom they would have thought him dead.

Mr. Morton pushed the idol with his foot. The hand of the sleeper instinctively tightened its grip. He awoke with a start, and with surprising agility sprang to his feet. "Back! back!" he shouted. "You shall not have it! I will die first!"

He brandished the club defiantly and swung a blow at Mr. Morton, who stepped back, and narrowly evaded it.

"Wake up, Mr. Pence," said Sidney Hammond. "You are all right! Come out of your trance; it is time to go home."

Simon Pence blinked his eyes, ran his hand over his forehead and came to his senses. He threw himself into Sidney's arms and gave way to his emotions. When he recovered there was no difficulty in persuading him to go back to the bungalow. In fact, he was eager to go. The experiences of the night had overmastered his rapacity. Each of the four carried one of the images, and an hour later were on the raft and soon after all the members of the Social Island Colony once more were beneath the roof of the bungalow.

After a meal they repaired to their rooms and enjoyed several hours of refreshing sleep. It was late in the afternoon before the castaways recovered from the effects of the hurricane.

[To Be Continued.]

Two Stories by a Preacher.

Rev. Dr. Parkin, in his address before the Ministerial union at Witterspoon hall one Monday, told two good stories. The first was of a young minister in the coal regions who had an impediment in his speech. He tried many remedies without avail, till at last, after saving a goodly proportion of his salary by denying himself the comforts of life, he came to Philadelphia to be cured, because he had heard there were so many "speakeasies" here. The other was a minister whose education in business matters had been sadly neglected. He had a small charge also, and eked out a living by writing for the papers. One day he received a check for \$15, made payable to his order. He took it to the local bank, and, handing it in, was told to endorse it. He hesitated a moment, and then, taking up the precious document, wrote on the back: "I heartily indorse this check." —Philadelphia Telegraph.

GREATEST LIVE STOCK SHOW.

Chief Coburn Issues Rules That Will Govern the Exhibitors at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition.

The more important rules which will govern the exhibit of live stock at St. Louis in 1904, as formulated by Chief F. D. Coburn and confirmed by the managers and board of directors, read as follows:

All prizes in the department of live stock of the Louisiana Purchase exposition will be awarded by individual judges or the "one-judge system," and by comparison. These judges will be chosen for their special qualifications and their intimate knowledge of the characteristics and qualities that make valuable the breeds upon which they will give judgment and their awards will be final.

Judges are instructed to award in each instance only prizes of such grade as the merits of the individual animals fully justify. Absence of competition will not be accepted in any instance as justification for awarding high-class prizes to animals of medium or inferior quality.

Only such animals as have been awarded first prizes in their respective classes will be eligible to championship awards, and the championships will in each instance be awarded by the judge who awarded the breed's class prizes.

No animal deemed unworthy shall be awarded a prize, nor shall a prize be withheld merely because of lack of competition; but where there are fewer entries in a section than prizes offered the judge shall in his discretion award a prize or prizes of such grade as the merit of the animals may warrant.

Entries on prescribed forms for the several divisions must be filed with the chief of the department of live stock as follows: Horses, asses and mules, by July 16, 1904; cattle, July 30; sheep, August 20; swine, August 20; poultry, pigeons, pet stock and dogs, September 10. In divisions for horses, cattle, sheep and swine, exhibitors will be restricted to the entry of not more than two animals in each section or ring.

The dates for exhibition of live stock in the several divisions will be as follows: Horses, asses and mules, Monday, August 22, to Saturday, September 3, 1904, inclusive. Cattle, Monday, September 12, to Saturday, September 24, inclusive. Poultry and dogs, Monday, October 24, to Saturday, November 5, inclusive.

The ages of cattle, sheep and hogs will be reckoned from date of birth to the first day of September, 1904. The ages of horses and foals, except craft breeds, will be reckoned from January 1, and in case of draft breeds the ages shall be determined from date of birth. All foals except in draft breeds will be considered as one year old on the first of January succeeding birth.

Ample facilities will be provided for the distribution of feed and water throughout the grounds. Forage, grain and bedding of good quality will be available to exhibitors at reasonable prices at warehouses conveniently located within the grounds. Exhibitors, if they desire, may bring to the exposition with their stock a supply of forage and grain.

There will be a grand parade of horses and cattle through the exposition grounds as follows:

Horses, Tuesday, Aug. 23, and Thursday, September 1, 1904.
Cattle, Tuesday, September 13, and Thursday, September 22, 1904.

On the day following the close of the awards to each breed or class of horses and cattle all the prize-winners in the respective classes will be paraded together in the pavilion and through the streets of the quarters occupied by the department of live stock.

Provision will be made for the accommodation of the various national live stock breeders' associations desiring to sell at auction animals of the breed the respective associations represent, no sale to exceed in number 100 animals of any one breed, such animals to be selected by their breed associations from those entered for prizes. The auction sales of animals of any given breed will be made within the period in which such breed is on exhibition, in a suitable building adjoining the live stock amphitheater, conveniently arranged for the purpose, and will be under the auspices of the breed association, who will be responsible for all matters in connection therewith.

The necessity for uniform and unquestioned awards will forcibly suggest the advantage of having conditions governing the award of special prizes conform to the exposition classification. Such prizes will then, much to the advantage of all, follow the regular awards made by the official judges. The donors of special prizes are for the reasons mentioned requested to make their offerings correspond as nearly as possible to the official classification, whether such offerings are greater or smaller than those by the exposition.

For use of the press and in the final report of the exposition all exhibitors are urged to furnish to the chief of the department, at the time of entry, two unmounted cabinet size photographs of each animal entered.