

THE CITY INCORRUPTIBLE.

Hark! 'Tis the roar of labor, A ceaseless, deafening sound, Now from the trembling scaffolds, Now from the yawning ground;

With myriad panting engines, With countless picks and drills, They arch the threatening rivers, They pierce the hostile hills;

Still from their sunken footholds Those cobweb buildings rise, Whose panes ray back the morning, Whose foreheads touch the skies;

Yet, void of civic honor, Of justice, light and law, What were the proudest structures That e'er the round world saw?

Firm stand the nation's bulwarks, Her fortunes wax and wane, While Virtue guards her hearthstones, And Truth her market-place;

—Dora Read Goodale, in Youth's Companion.

Rockwell and Vincent announced that dinner was ready. They stretched an awning over the afterdeck and set a table beneath it. Sidney lashed the tiller in position and all proceeded to enjoy the repast.

"Well, Capt. Hammond, what do you think of it?" asked Mr. Morton



"I DO NOT UNDERSTAND IT," SAID SIDNEY.

as he lit a cigar and leaned back in his chair.

"There is but one thing to do," said Sidney. "We must keep on this course until we round that cape. At this rate it will be dark before we make it."

The big mountain peak was now almost exactly to the west of them. "If that is old Popocatepetl, as I think it is," said Sidney, pointing at the huge purple mass.

As the afternoon wore away, the haze settled and slowly blotted out the shore line. They crawled along at hardly two knots an hour. It was exasperating progress, but there was no help for it.

All but Sidney and Mr. Kent retired to the bunks and slept soundly as if on an ocean liner. Save for the bank of fog, it was a perfect night on the water.

Twice during the night Sidney turned the boat to the west, and held that course until the hollow thunder of the surf warned him to stand out. At about three o'clock the breeze quickened, and a 20-mile breeze sprang up, coming straight from the west.

"It is satisfaction to know that we are going somewhere," said Sidney to himself. "We must be past the cape by this time. If the fog lifts with this breeze, daylight will show where we are."

"Where are we at?" he asked. Sidney shook his head. "We are headed north," he said.

Representatives of the New York Record watched every European port for the arrival of Walter B. Hestor and the steam yacht "Shark."

In the meantime the detective staff of 40 picked newspaper men under Jack Stevens was indomitable in zeal but barren in results.

Sunday morning a yawl put out from the Havana docks. It had as passenger a small man with a "sandy" moustache, and hair which could be classed under no other color than red.

"I do not understand it," said Sidney. "There is no such island as this on any of our maps? Where can we be? This island is at least 40 miles long and perhaps longer."

Sidney pointed to the cape perhaps 15 miles away. It was now two o'clock in the afternoon, and Mr.

In a cipher cablegram Chalmers had given his superior the essential facts concerning Hestor. The reply of Robert Van Horne was prompt and decisive in instructing Chalmers to make public the facts.

Miss Carmody ordered the steam yacht bearing her name put in commission, and her captain announced that he was ready to weigh anchor on an hour's notice.

At three o'clock Tuesday afternoon a cablegram was handed to Mr. Chalmers. It was in the cipher which had been given to the reporters working on the mystery.

"Havana, Cuba, Tuesday, May 16. To William Chalmers, New York Record: Have solved mystery. Col. John McIntyre, of Havana, built Hestor bungalow year ago. Hestor designed it. Located nine hundred miles southwest of Havana. McIntyre will act as guide. McIntyre is in Havana with me. I saw the 'Shark' Sunday in Gulf. Wire instructions to Hotel Pasaje. Also wire \$500. Claim special reward of \$50,000."

Chalmers dashed into Jack Stevens' room with the cablegram.

"Can we rely on that?" asked Mr. Chalmers. "Seymour was deceived once. He may be wrong again. What do you think?"

"I think he has found our man!" said Stevens without a moment's hesitation. "That cable sounds like business. It explains Seymour's silence. He is the luckiest reporter in the country. I would stake my life he is right."

"We will take the chance," said Chalmers. "Do not say a word. We will leave for Havana to-night. Be ready to start at seven o'clock. You will go by rail."

Chalmers issued a few instructions to his assistant and hurriedly explained what had happened. A few minutes later he was on his way to the Carmody mansion, having first ascertained that Miss Helen was at home.

"I knew you would find them!" she exclaimed. "From the moment you said we could not fail, I was sure of success! Oh, isn't it splendid! I could cry for joy!"

"This is no time to cry," said the practical Mr. Chalmers. "We must start for Havana at once. How soon can you be ready?"

"Certainly I can go," said that gentleman. "You did not intend to leave me behind, did you?"

"Why of course not," said Miss Carmody. "but I am so excited I do not know what I am saying. Will Mr Stevens go with us?"

"He will go by rail and boat, and we will meet him in Havana," said Chalmers. "You had better send word to your captain at once. Tell him I will be on the yacht by seven o'clock. Please warn him to keep the destination a secret. Do not forget to take along lots of wraps; it may be cold on the ocean."

Chalmers returned to his office, and for an hour was busy with instructions to his assistants. He issued orders that The Record should give no hints of pending developments, and selected a special cipher to cover new possibilities.

The "Helen Carmody" was a fine specimen of marine architecture. She was fitted with every convenience and luxury. She was larger than the "Shark," having more staterooms and more powerful engines.

It was late Saturday afternoon when the frowning heights of Morro castle were seen across the waters, and it was nearly midnight when they dropped anchor in the harbor of Havana. It was decided to remain on the yacht until morning, so the "Helen Carmody" lay within easy distance of the shore.

Sunday morning a yawl put out from the Havana docks. It had as passenger a small man with a "sandy" moustache, and hair which could be classed under no other color than red. He sat straight and looked dignified.

"I am very glad I heard of this wonderful remedy and I would strongly advise anyone suffering with kidney trouble to try it, for I know it will cure."

Little Mary's big sister was engaged to Mr. Brown, who was away on an outing trip with Mary's brother. Her father was writing to his son and prospective son-in-law and asked the little girl if she had a message to send to Mr. Brown.

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perspiring Cuban at the oars. Then he looked at the "Helen Carmody." The yawl came alongside the brass-railed gangway.

"I am Bernard Seymour; special commissioner of The Record," said Mr. Seymour. "Present my card and my compliments to Miss Carmody and Mr. Chalmers."

"Come aboard, Mr Seymour," said Capt. Baldwin. "I am glad to meet you."

"Ah, is this Seymour?" said Mr. Chalmers, who now appeared. "Glad to meet you, old man. Accept my congratulations. I hope you are not mistaken in your man."

"I never make but one mistake on the same case," said Seymour, shaking hands cordially with the managing editor. "When can I pay my respects to Miss Carmody?"

"Here she comes now," said Chalmers. Miss Carmody came forward radiant in a yachting costume of white broadcloth, trimmed with gold braid.

"I am delighted to meet you, Mr. Seymour," said Miss Helen as she extended her hand. "I have heard so much of you it seems as if I knew you. I am glad to welcome you aboard the yacht."

There was a twinkle in his eye which was irresistible, and Miss Carmody laughed until the color came to her cheeks, and she looked more charming than ever. She took Mr. Seymour in charge, and induced him to tell the story of how he came to solve the mystery of the Hestor bungalow.

"When I received Mr. Chalmers' telegraphic advice," said Mr. Seymour, "I made up my mind that the first place to search was along the lumber docks. I thought it all over, and said to myself, it is like this: If Hestor has built a house in tropical America the lumber probably came from New Orleans, which is the great lumber market of the south."

"He was a bright coon," said the veracious Mr. Seymour, "and he wanted to earn that money in a hurry. He got on top of a beer keg and made a speech. Once in a while he would misstate a point, and I would correct him. When he was through a darkey, with a face as black as the ace of spades came forward and asked me how much I would give to know what boat that lumber was shipped on."

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Texas Finds a Remedy. Fate, Tex., Sept. 21.—Texas has seldom, if ever, had such a profound sensation as that caused by the introduction recently of a new remedy for kidney diseases. This remedy has already been tried in thousands of cases, and in almost every case the results have been wonderful.

"I suffered with Kidney Trouble for over 18 months. I was very bad and could get nothing to help me till I heard of the new remedy, Dodd's Kidney Pills. I began to use these pills, and very soon found myself improving. I kept on and now can say I am absolutely cured and free from any symptoms of my old trouble."

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Every effort will be made by the Company to secure the safety and comfort of its patrons. All inquiries relative to desirable locations to visit or other information will be cheerfully furnished.

Laundered. Fat Woman (after the museum fire)—I miss the tattooed man.

Stops the Cough. and works off the cold. Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Price 25 cents

"It's hard to have a lot of debts that you simply can't pay." "Oh! I don't know. It's worse to have a lot that you simply have to pay."

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. Samuel, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

All that one gains by falsehood is, not to be believed when he speaks the truth.—Aristotle.

Optum and Liquor Habits Cured. Book free. B. M. Woolley, M. D., Atlanta, Ga.

What I must do is all that concerns me, not what the people think.—Emerson.

Perfectly simple and simply perfect is dyeing with Putnam Fadeless Dyes.

He hath riches sufficient who hath enough to be charitable.—Sir Thomas Browne.

TRIED BY TIME. Eugene E. Lario, of 751 Twentieth Avenue, ticket seller in the Union Station, Denver, Col., says:

"You are at liberty to repeat what I first stated through our Denver papers about Doan's Kidney Pills in the summer of 1899, for I have had no reason in the interim to change my opinion of the remedy I said when first interviewed that if I had a friend and acquaintance suffering from backache or kidney trouble I would unhesitatingly advise them to take Doan's Kidney Pills. I was subject to severe attacks of backache, always aggravated if I sat long at a desk. It struck me that if Doan's Kidney Pills performed half what they promised they might at least help. This induced me to try the remedy. It absolutely stopped the backache. I have never had a pain or twinge since."

A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Mr. Lario will be mailed to any part of the United States on application. Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists, price 50 cents per box.

NORTH-SOUTH-EAST-WEST YOU WILL FIND TOWER'S FISH BRAND WATERPROOF OILED CLOTHING EVERYWHERE.

The best materials, skilled workmen and thirty-seven years experience have made TOWER'S Shirts, Coats and Hats famous the world over. They are made black or yellow for all kinds of wet work and every garment bearing the SIGN OF THE FISH is guaranteed to give satisfaction. All reliable dealers sell them. A. J. TOWER CO., BOSTON, MASS., U.S.A. TOWER CARHART CO., Limited, TORONTO, CAN.

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[To Be Continued.]