

THE HERMIT WHO NEVER WAS

"I'll leave the world," a cynic said one day.  
 "And meditate in some sequestered place; The only thought men have is 'Will it pay?'"

"I'll leave the world," a cynic said one day.  
 "My foolish dreams and hopes I'll put away And ne'er look on another human face!"

"I'll leave the world," a cynic said one day.  
 "And meditate in some sequestered place."

"Fools prate of love, but Love, alas! has flown,  
 And in his place Ambition stands; The world obeys the voice of Wealth alone,  
 Fools prate of love, but Love, alas! has flown!

He claims the foolish maiden as his own Who puts the costliest jewels on her hands;  
 Fools prate of love, but Love, alas! has flown,  
 And in his place Ambition boldly stands."

He started out to find a wild retreat,  
 But turned ere long, forgetting to be wise;  
 A maiden met him going down the street—  
 He started out to find a wild retreat—  
 Her cheeks were rosy and her smile was sweet,  
 Down at her feet, doglike, he yearning  
 He started out to find a wild retreat,  
 But turned ere long, forgetting to be wise.

—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record Herald.

The KIDNAPPED MILLIONAIRES

A Tale of Wall Street and the Tropics

By FREDERICK U. ADAMS

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CHAPTER XXIV.—CONTINUED.

Mr. Kent, Mr. Morton and Mr. Pence were enjoying an afternoon nap, but they were quickly aroused and informed of the situation. Simon Pence was in an agony of terror. His knees sank beneath him and he was too agitated to speak. Not so with Mr. Kent. His fighting blood was up in a minute.

"I will shoot that crazy dude full of holes if he or his men attempt to lay hands on me!" he exclaimed. He reached into his stateroom and produced a repeating rifle which he examined carefully and calmly.

There were 20 rifles aboard the yacht. In anticipation of possible trouble Capt. Baldwin had purchased a dozen guns at Vera Cruz. These were distributed among the men and the crew. Sidney Hammond was put in charge of the defense—if one should be necessary. The weapons were placed within easy reach and they waited the approach of the "Shark," which was less than a mile away.

The faces of the men were a study. Hardly a word was spoken. Their faces were flushed with anger, rather than pale with fear. In plain sight was the yacht which had held them captive for days. They viewed the "Shark" as a pirate. Not a man doubted that Hestor was on board, and that he meant mischief. How trim and sleek the "Shark" looked as her prow cut the waves of the gulf! Her brass work glistened like gold in the afternoon sun. On her forward deck was a glint of polished steel. Mr. Kent recognized it.

"There is that rapid-fire gun," he said in an undertone.  
 Mr. Morton bowed, but said nothing.

Bernard Seymour examined his gun methodically. He ran his eye along the sights and studied the adjustment for distance. He spoke quietly to Sidney Hammond, received a nod of approval and went forward, taking a position near the bow of the boat.

Capt. Baldwin whistled a signal that he would go to starboard. There was no answer from the "Shark." Again the "Helen Carmody" blew a warning blast. In answer the "Shark" ran up a flag signal asking the "Helen Carmody" to "lay to."  
 Capt. Baldwin hesitated a moment. He then gave the word to the engineer to go ahead full speed. They had been running half speed, so as to avoid any chance of a collision. Capt. Baldwin gave a blast to indicate that he would pass the "Shark" to leeward. The "Shark" slightly changed its course, and went slowly ahead parallel to its rival, but gradually drawing nearer.

As they came abreast the "Shark" was not 150 yards away. Those on the "Helen Carmody" could see Capt. Waters on the bridge. The crew was grouped on the forward deck.

A tall, slender figure in yachting uniform suddenly appeared by the side of Capt. Waters. Sidney instantly recognized Walter B. Hestor, who raised a megaphone. His voice sounded sharp and clear.

"Stand by; I wish to come aboard!" he shouted.

"Is the 'Shark' in distress?" was the reply of Capt. Baldwin.

"She is not!" shouted Hestor. The two yachts were so close it was possible to converse without a megaphone.

"Stand off!" shouted Capt. Baldwin. "Stand off! You cannot come aboard. This is a private yacht, bound for New Orleans. Stand off, or I will run you down!"

"Hello, there, Mr. Rockwell!" shouted Hestor, lifting his cap and bowing profoundly. "Did you have a good time? How are you, Mr. Morton? You are so tanned I scarcely recognized you. How do you do, Mr. Kent? Hestoria seems to have agreed with you! Hello, Sidney! Kindly tell your friends, Sidney, that I must have the pleasure of their company aboard the 'Shark' at once! They are disarranging my plans. Check your yacht and I will send a launch over after you. There is my old college chum, L. Sylvester Vincent! How are you, old chap! You look like the real thing! No nonsense about this, Sidney! Stop your boat, or I will stop her for you!"

"You keep off our course!" shouted Sidney. "These gentlemen do not care to see you. Go your way and do not molest us. You will do so at your peril. Capt. Waters, that man is insane. You should put him in irons and take him to New Orleans. Are you the captain of a pirate ship? This is Mr. Carmody's yacht, with ladies aboard. We demand that we be allowed to proceed, and request you to do your duty and turn that man over to the authorities. He is a criminal or a lunatic."

"I am, am I!" shouted Hestor. He dashed the megaphone to the bridge and leaped to the lower deck. Like a flash he jumped to the rapid-fire gun. Capt. Waters yelled an order. It was not finished when there came a spit of fire from the muzzle of the gun. Three of the crew dashed at Hestor.

The same instant there was the crack of a rifle from the bow of the "Helen Carmody."

A dozen bullets tore through the glass and mahogany sides of the forward deck house. Sidney Hammond fell to the deck. The "Shark" swung sharply to the starboard, and in a few seconds was speeding away to the east. It all happened so quickly that with one exception the men on the "Helen Carmody" were too dazed to make a move. The wheelman sent the yacht hard to port.

Mr. Kent was the first to reach the side of Sidney Hammond. There was a stain of red on his shoulder, and

they tore and cut away the coat and shirt. As they did so, Sidney opened his eyes. He stared for a moment and jumped to his feet.

"It is nothing!" he said, as he took a long breath. "It is merely a flesh wound. The shock dazed me for a moment. I am all right."

Sidney laughed, but his face was white and the blood flowed freely from his right shoulder. The yacht steward—who was also a surgeon—examined the wound and declared it painful but not dangerous. He staunch the flow of blood and bandaged the wound. Sidney watched the fast disappearing "Shark" during this operation. He set his teeth, and not a groan escaped from his lips.

The dining-room was strewn with broken glass and splinters. Ragged holes had been torn in the decorations, and one shot played havoc with the china closet. Miss Carmody came up from below. Her face was pale, but she did not seem in the least alarmed. She proceeded to act as nurse for Sidney, and would not listen to his declaration that he was going on deck. Chalmers regretted he had not been shot.

In the meantime the "Shark" continued on its easterly course, and the "Helen Carmody" neared the mouth of the Mississippi. It was seven o'clock in the evening when they took a pilot. Sidney was moved to the forward deck, and all gathered around him to discuss what had happened.

"That was about as rapid a bit of work as ever I witnessed," said Mr. Kent, who had been slightly cut in the hand by a flying piece of glass.

"Who fired the shot from our boat?" asked Sidney, with a slight grimace of pain as his shoulder

twinged where the shot had lacerated a muscle. "It was the last thing I heard."

"I fired it," said Bernard Seymour. "And I got your man Hestor all right. Did you see him drop?"

"I did," said Mr. Morton. "His hands went up and he fell into the arms of two of his crew who were rushing forward to grab him."

"Did any one hear the order given by Capt. Waters?" asked Mr. Carmody.

"I heard every word he said," replied Miss Helen.

"You did!" exclaimed her father, a frown darkening his face. "I asked you to go below, Helen, and supposed you would obey me."

"I went below, papa, just as you told me to do," said Miss Helen, contritely. "But you did not tell me I could not look out. I opened the port hole in the saloon, and saw and heard everything that happened on the 'Shark.' When Mr. Hestor jumped from the bridge and ran to the gun, Capt. Waters shouted, 'Stop him! Hold him!' Then he yelled 'Starboard!' to the wheelman, and rushed down the steps to the deck. But before the men could stop Hestor, he had commenced firing. Then he threw his hands up in the air and the men caught him as he fell backwards. I thought I could see blood on his face."

"This probably terminates Hestor's career as a pirate or a maniac," remarked Mr. Morton. "The government cutters will run the 'Shark' to cover in short order. You are quite a sharpshooter, Mr. Seymour."

"I had my eye on that Hotchkiss gun all the time," said Mr. Seymour. "At first I thought Hestor was making a bluff to scare us. But when he turned loose I knew he meant war. If he had remained back of the shield he would have been safe, and I proposed to drop the man at the wheel and take a crack at the captain. But Hestor stuck his head out to see where his shots were landing, and I let him have it. I have shot some before. The Sioux Indians and I used to exchange compliments before the battle of Wounded Knee, and I guess my shooting eye is all right yet. But I hope I did not kill him."

At midnight the "Helen Carmody" steamed up to New Orleans, landed near Canal street and discharged her passengers on their native soil. They at once proceeded to a hotel. Mr. Chalmers so managed the arrival and disposition of the party as to evade the alert reporters, and once in the hotel no one was allowed to disturb them.

A surgeon was called and made a careful examination of Sidney's wound. He confirmed the diagnosis made by the yacht steward. He dressed the wound carefully, and advised Sidney to remain quiet for several days. It was late before Mr. Chalmers and his assistants had forwarded to "The Record" an account of this incident.

Mr. Bernard Seymour arose bright and early the following morning, and after a stroll around the Lee Circle returned to the hotel and enjoyed a hearty breakfast. He purchased the morning papers, and selecting a comfortable chair on the veranda proceeded to combine the luxury of a cigar with a perusal of the journals in which his name figured so conspicuously. He was studying a three-column portrait labeled "Mr. Bernard Seymour, the Famous Newspaper Detective," when some one tapped him on the shoulder.

"Haou are ye, Mister Seymour! I swan, I'm mighty glad ter see ye! Haou de ye dew! Haou de ye dew!"

"Hello, Captain Parker! The pleasure is all mine! How are you, Captain? How is the good ship, the 'Sam Walker'?"

"Finer'n silk," said Capt. Parker, as they shook hands cordially. "Well, I swan, ye'er er great man; ain't ye? Your pieter is in all their papers. Well, well, well! I swan, ye never can tell, can ye? Who'd a thunk it! So ye are a detective-reporter! Well, well, well!"

The Captain insisted on purchasing the cigars, after which they returned to the veranda. The good sailor seemed to have something on his mind. Once or twice he cleared his throat as if to make some important announcement. Finally he took a long pull at his cigar and said:

"Mister Seymour, seeing as how ye air a newspaper man—though I never would a thunk it—dew ye suppose ye could get my name in the papers about this 'ere matter? I don't care a blamed thing about it myself, but my old woman is just plum crazy ter see my name in the papers. Darned if I don't believe she would be willin' ter have ther 'Sam Walker' wrecked if it would get my name in ther newspapers. Fact! Dew ye suppose ye could fix it?"

"Sure, sure thing," said Mr. Bernard Seymour. "It's already in The New York Record. I sent more than a thousand words about you and the 'Sam Walker' from Vera Cruz. I also sent a description of you, and they will probably have your picture. All the papers will copy it. You had better get me a photograph of yourself for use in a more consecutive story I am now writing."

The delight of Capt. Parker was beyond expression. He nearly fractured Seymour's Land in his joyous clasp.

"The old woman will be tickled plum ter death!" he exclaimed. "I have been sailin' 30 years an' nothin' has happened worth printin' until now. Haou much is 1,000 words? A column! Great Scott! Have another segar. Have a box of 'em. This is the greatest thing that ever happened ter the Parker family."

Mr. Chalmers was asleep when a bell boy aroused him and presented a card. He rubbed his eyes sleepily and rebuked the boy in no equivocal language. Scrawled on a card was:

CAPTAIN JOHN WATERS.  
 The "Shark."

"Tell him to come up at once," said Mr. Chalmers.

Capt. Waters knocked at the door and entered the room. He bowed to Mr. Chalmers and stood by the door, refusing to take a seat.

"The 'Shark' is anchored out in the river," said Capt. Waters without any preliminary remarks. "Mr. Hestor is in a hospital. He is in a bad way. He is shot and crazy. I want to tell you how this happened. I worked for his father before him. He saved my life and I would die for him or his son. I have known Walter since he was a boy. Lately he has been acting queer. He told me those men were political prisoners. I am used to obeying orders and having them obeyed. It was only yesterday that I learned the truth. On Thursday he sent a boat ashore at Mobile and came back with a lot of newspapers. He left one where I found it. Then I knew the facts. Hestor had told me we were going back to the place where we left these men. Of course I know now what he was after. He intended to meet you and stop you. Just as I was about to take matters in my own hands, we sighted your boat. I thought I would humor him. I intended to come to New Orleans and give him up, and stand trial if I have done wrong. He jumped from the bridge, as you saw. One of your men shot him in the head, and he is likely to die. He has not been right since we left New York. I tell you this so you will know the truth. I am going to give myself up to the authorities."

[To Be Continued.]

WHEN POE RECITED.  
 First Public Appearance of the Well-Known Poet Netted Him the Sum of Six Dollars.

"It was at Mrs. McKenzie's that I first heard Poe recite, at her request, 'The Raven' and 'Annabel Lee,' only the family being present," says a writer in Lippincott's Magazine.

"From an unusually lively mood he lapsed at once into a manner, expression and tone of voice of gloomy and almost weird solemnity, gazing as if on something invisible to others, and never changing his position until the recitation was concluded. It happened that he had just before requested of Mrs. McKenzie the loan of a sum of money, which request she was for a time unable to comply with; and she now said to him, 'Edgar, what do you think of giving a public recital of those poems? It would probably prove a financial success.' The result was that about a week later there appeared in the city papers a notice that on a certain evening the poet would give a recitation of his own two favorite poems in the exchange concert room, tickets to be had at a certain book store. Over 200 of these were printed, the charge of admission being 50 cents each.

"On the appointed evening, I, then a young man of 24, accompanied Mrs. Julia Mayo Cabell and another lady, both warm personal friends of Poe from his childhood, to the place of the proposed recitation. We arrived some moments after the appointed time, and, to our surprise, found, instead of a full audience, but nine persons assembled, we, together with the usher, making thirteen in number. Some time elapsed before Poe made his appearance, when he took his place on the platform, bowed, and, resting his hands on the back of a chair, recited 'The Raven' and 'Annabel Lee,' but in a mechanical sort of way, and with a total lack of the weird and gloomy expression which had given them such effect at Mrs. McKenzie's. On concluding, he again bowed and abruptly left the platform.

"The proceeds of this experiment was \$6, in consideration of which, Mr. Boyden, proprietor of the exchange, would make no charge for the use of the hall, lights and attendance."

Accounting For It.  
 Hix—I was surprised to hear that Sleek had been arrested for picking pockets.

Dix—Yes, poor fellow. He used to have fits of abstraction when a boy, and I suppose he never outgrew them.—Chicago Daily News.

BIRDS' GARDEN OF EDEN.

Enthusiastic Admirer Sets Apart an Acre Forbidden to Cats and Small Boys.

A bird garden is rather a novel idea, but one which if faithfully exploited will prove as real a delight as any garden of blossoms. An enthusiast on the subject has set apart a spot of perhaps an acre's extent as forbidden ground for cats and small boys, and the birds have become very tame, says the New York Tribune. Bermuda grass, whose matted tangles are a harbor for bugs and worms, covers the ground. Hydrants are left dripping where the many kinds of feathered folk that this garden has attracted may drink and bathe to their hearts' content. There is an abundance of seeds and fruit, which mature at different seasons, and old logs under which congregate the fat grubs that are a bird's delight. If these natural stores seem to run short at any time, sunflower seed and crisp lettuce hearts are spread on a stand called the "birds' banquet board," that none may want. Strings, threads and fluffy cotton are spread about for nesting time, and as many as twenty different species have been counted building or rearing their young at one time. Thirty-four varieties frequent this garden of Eden, and their sweet notes and bright plumage make it as charming as any conservatory of rare blossoms.

CHILDREN OF THE STAGE.

Many of Them Come from Prosperous Homes, Through the Mother's Ambition.

It is an odd fact, says Alexander H. Ford, in Everybody's Magazine, that poverty drives few children to the stage door, and, invariably, the successful juvenile actor is the child of comparative wealth. Lores Grimm, star at the Children's theater last season, may be said to have a fortune in his own right, and even brain enough to manage it; for, during his summer vacation from stage work, it is his delight to buy out a news store, build up a large custom, then sell out at a great advance in the fall. In fact, he secures all his theatrical engagements, and makes his own terms. Anita Heckler has a prosperous father, yet this little maid is the fourth of a family of girls to grace the stage, and so it goes, through the list of the successful ones, at least. I do not recall an instance, however, where a father capable of earning a living has wished to place his children on the stage; it is invariably the mother who is ambitious that her youngsters pursue a histrionic career.

WHAT THIEVES THINK.

They Are Held in Check at Weddings and Funerals by Superstitious Fears.

The pickpocket is superstitious. He will rarely rob a person who squints, this being accounted a certain sign of disaster, and if it happens that the purse he steals contains foreign as well as British money, it is believed to augur that he will travel a good deal in the immediate future; but whether in the company of a couple of police officers or not there is nothing to show.

Weddings and funerals are significant events for the professional thief, says an exchange. To pick a pocket at a funeral would be to court immediate disaster, but many of them think if a purse stolen at a wedding contains gold it portends the best of luck for the thief during the ensuing six months.

THE GENERAL MARKETS.

Kansas City, Oct. 13.

CATTLE—Beef steers	44 1/2 @ 5 60
Native heifers	2 50 @ 3 75
Western steers	2 60 @ 4 40
HOGS	5 00 @ 5 80
SHEEP	2 60 @ 3 25
WHEAT—No. 2 hard	72 1/2 @ 73 1/2
No. 2 red	81 1/2 @ 83
CORN—No. 2 mixed	40 @ 42 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed	34 1/2 @ 35
RYE	54
FLOUR—Hard winter pat.	3 50 @ 3 75
Soft winter patents	3 70 @ 4 00
HAY—Timothy	5 00 @ 9 00
Prairie	4 00 @ 8 00
BRAN	67 @ 67 1/2
BUTTER—Fancy to extra	17 @ 19 1/2
EGGS	13 1/2
CHEESE—Full cream	9 @ 10 1/2
POTATOES—Home grown	60 @ 75

ST. LOUIS.

CATTLE—Beef steers	3 70 @ 5 60
Texas steers	2 50 @ 4 25
HOGS—Packers	5 20 @ 5 50
SHEEP—Natives	3 25 @ 4 00
WHEAT—No. 2 red	80 @ 88
CORN—No. 2	44 @ 44 1/2
OATS—No. 2	37 @ 38
RYE	54
FLOUR—Red winter pat.	3 90 @ 4 10
BUTTER—Creamery	21 @ 21 1/2
CORN MEAL	2 40
BACON	9 37 1/2 @ 10 25

CHICAGO.

CATTLE—Steers	3 50 @ 5 85
HOGS—Mixed and butchers	5 25 @ 5 90
SHEEP—Western	2 25 @ 4 25
WHEAT—No. 2 red	79 @ 81 1/2
CORN—No. 2	45 1/2 @ 45
OATS—No. 2	37
RYE—December	55
FLOUR—Winter patents	3 90 @ 4 10
LARD—October	6 70 @ 6 77 1/2
PORK—October	11 15

NEW YORK.

CATTLE—Steers	3 50 @ 5 85
HOGS	6 00 @ 6 25
SHEEP	2 50 @ 4 00
WHEAT—No. 2 red	84 @ 84 1/2
CORN—No. 2	52 1/2 @ 53 1/2
OATS—No. 2	41 1/2