

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author, not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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 gressome figures which were scattered in odd postures around the stone floor of the temple.

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Vincent, handing the idol to Mr. Pence. "What a singularly ugly thing," remarked the capitalist as he handled it gingerly.

"Remarkably heavy!" said Mr. Pence. His eyes glittered and he was much excited. "Let me take your knife," he said.

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

"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.

"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.

"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? Bigger, 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.

THEY WERE UGLY ENOUGH. 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.

"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 with 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 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 asleep 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 capacity. 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 Witherington 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. He made payable to his order. He took it to the local bank, and handing it in, was told to indorse it. He hesitated a moment, and then, taking up the precious document, wrote on the back: "I heartily indorse this check."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

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Overmatched. An amusing incident was witnessed in a cigar store the other afternoon. A newsboy, having picked up a cigar stump, walked in and, addressing the man behind the counter, said: "Say, boss, give us a match." The man behind the counter, looking down, said: "My young friend, we are not here for the purpose of giving away matches; we sell them." "How much are dey?" was the question. "One cent a box," the clerk announced. The urchin stuck his hand into his pocket and produced, after a great deal of hunting, a penny and handed it to the man. He received his box of matches, and taking one out, lit the "butt." Returning the box to the man back of the case, he said: "Say, put dis box on de shelf, and when a gentleman comes along and asks you for a match, why, give him one out of my box."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Old-Time Voting in Baltimore. Andrew Simpson, one of the oldest voters in Baltimore, recalls with much amusement an incident at an election in the city in know-nothing times. A visitor to Baltimore was walking near one of the polls with his wife when he was approached by some of the know-nothings and asked to vote. He replied that he did not live in Baltimore, but they said that did not make any difference and hustled him up to the polls and made him vote. Then they threw him into the street. Another party came along, brushed the mud off his head, declared it was a shame to treat him so, and asked him to vote again. He protested that he had just voted, but that made no difference, and he voted and was again thrown into the street. In that way he voted three times. Baltimore Sun.

A Miracle. An English contemporary tells the following good story of muscular Christianity: In a smoking room of a hotel in Dublin, where sat a huge priest, some men were scoffing stupidly about miracles. Up rose the priest and offered to perform a miracle. He seized the most blatant of the scoffers, carried him to the door, and kicked him into the street. When the unhappy youth returned the priest asked, "An' did ye break your back?" "I did not," was the answer. "Well, it's a miracle ye didn't," answered the priest.—N. Y. Tribune.



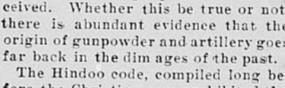
HISTORY OF GUNPOWDER.

Evidence That It Was Used Long Before the Christian Era Is Direct and Irrefutable.

With reference to the early use of gunpowder and firearms, long before the popularly accepted, but erroneous, date of gunpowder discovery, Gen. Joseph Wheeler, United States army, in a lecture a short time ago before the Franklin Institute, remarked that in many localities in China and India the soil is impregnated with niter, and the probable discovery of gunpowder there, many centuries before the Christian era, may be explained in this way:

All cooking at that time was by wood fires and the people lived in tents and huts with earth for their floors. Countless fires made of wood upon ground strongly impregnated with niter must have existed every day, and when such fires were extinguished a portion of the wood must have been converted into charcoal, some of which would, of necessity, become mixed with the niter in the soil. By this means two of the most active ingredients of gunpowder were brought together, and it is very natural that when another fire was kindled on the same spot a flash might follow. This would lead to investigation, and then the manufacture of gunpowder was conceived. Whether this be true or not, there is abundant evidence that the origin of gunpowder and artillery goes far back in the dim ages of the past.

The Hindoo code, compiled long before the Christian era, prohibited the making of war with cannon and guns or any kind of firearms. Quintus Curtius informs us that Alexander the Great met with fire weapons in Asia, and Philostratus says that Alexander's conquests were arrested by the use of gunpowder. It was also written that those wise men who lived in the cities of the Ganges "overthrew their enemies with tempests and thunderbolts shot from the walls." Julius Africanus mentions powder in the year 275. It was used in the siege of Constantinople in 668; by the Arabs in 690; at Thessalonica in 904; at the siege of Belgrade, 1073; by the Greeks in naval battles in 1098; by the Arabs against the Iberians in 1147, and at Toulouse in 1218. It appears to have been generally known throughout civilized Europe as early as 1300, and soon thereafter it made its way into England, where it was manufactured during the reign of Elizabeth, and we learn that a few arms were possessed by the English in 1310, and that they were used at the battle of Crecy in 1346.—Cassier's Magazine.



BLOWN BY MACHINERY.

double-ring Belgian blowers are going back to the old country, and others are seeking other pursuits. The machine is the patent of John H. Lubbers, of Allegheny, Pa., a practical glassblower, who has also made several other labor-saving inventions. Lubbers will reap millions as his share of the proceeds of the invention. Skilled mechanics from the Westinghouse works, Pittsburg, Pa., have been working behind high walls and barred gates for months in the erection and installation of the machines, which no man other than old and skilled employees of the company was allowed to see. The gates are yet closed to outsiders, and the photos were made at the request of the company, but that of the machines was denied, as the latest improvements to them have not been patented. When all have been allowed the company will let the public see the machines work, but not until then. These rollers are respectively 10 and 19 feet in length and 30 inches in diameter—larger than any hand blower could possibly make. The glass is perfect in temper and free from blisters.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

REFORM BY SURGERY. By Simple Skull Operation a Degenerate Lad Was Transformed Into a Useful Citizen. London is just now much interested in two surgical cases, giving results in changing the nature of the subjects which promise to render valuable assistance in pointing the way to the reformation of criminals. One of the patients was a boy of good family, who had developed brutal instincts which seemed to be beyond control. He gave his time to the invention of malicious mischief, delighted in killing or wounding, was the terror of the neighborhood in which he lived, and promised to grow up a desperado and criminal. A clever surgeon took him in hand, examined his head with care, located what he considered the seat of the trouble, removed a portion of the skull, and thus relieved the deforming pressure. The change was immediate. The lad forgot his previous tastes and habits and was restored to his parents a normal and lovable boy, the complete antithesis of his former self. The other was a soldier who was injured in a skirmish, and after his discharge for disability became a thief and burglar. His previous character had been unexceptionable, his military record was the best, and the change was naturally attributed to the injury to his head, caused by a blow from the butt of a musket. When he was taken in hand by the surgeons he had about come to the end of a career of crime, being paralyzed on one side and unable to get about except on crutches. A depression in the skull sufficient to bring an abnormal local pressure upon the brain was found, and an operation was decided upon, which restored his physical powers as well as his mental and moral faculties. His discharge was secured and he has since lived an industrious and honest life, with no evidence of a disposition to go wrong.—N. Y. Times.

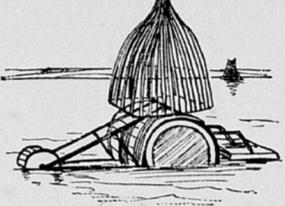
Health in Strawberries. The late discovery in strawberries of salicylic acid, a specific in acute rheumatism, has seemed to confirm the idea that these berries are a desirable article of food for rheumatics. The effect of the fruit cannot be due to the salicylic acid, however, as less than the hundredth of a grain per pound is found.

Microbes in Dress Train. A bacteriologist recently made microscopic examination of the washings from a woman's train worn on the streets of London, and found it to contain 10,672,000 microbes of disease.

MAKES ITS OWN LIGHT

Buoy, Invented by a German Genius, Is Lighted by Direct Action of the Waves.

An inventor in Germany has proposed a novel method of supplying electricity to light a harbor buoy at night. He dispenses with a cable from a power-house on land and generates his own current by the rocking of the buoy. The audible signals given by bell buoys in a fog are produced in the same manner. The motion of the waves tilts the apparatus first in one



BUOY LIGHTED BY WAVES.

direction and then in the other and makes the clapper strike at short intervals.

A full description of the mechanism employed in the new buoy is not yet at hand, but one can easily fancy how it is arranged. A small dynamo is operated by the motion of the apparatus, and the current is first fed into a storage battery, so that the supply to the lamp may be kept uniform. If the brilliancy of this light varied with the condition of the sea the system would be unsatisfactory. Hence it would not do to lead the electricity directly to the lamp. It is said that experiments with the invention are already in progress on the German coast.

Locating Ore by Electricity. A new method of discovering beds of ore hidden underground, in which electricity serves for a detective, is said to have met with some success in Wales and in Cornwall. A current of high potential—20,000 or more volts—is led to two metal rods set in the ground. From these, lines of force spread in all directions, and can be detected by means of a telephonic receiver connected with another pair of metal rods, which may be placed in any desired position. When no sounds, or only very faint ones, are heard, that fact indicates a deflection of the lines of force, and by shifting the place of the rods the location of the metallic masses which produce the deflection can be determined.