

NEWSPAPER LAWS.

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THE JESTERS.

The jester mounted to the throne, The while did sleep the king. "A monarch now am I," he said,

The courtiers did as they were bid, And called the joke supreme, They waited 'round until the king

"I dreamed," said he, "that I was king, (The jester's frown was plain) And that I sat upon the throne

"But when I awoke, arrayed was I In my old jester's suit, This cap, these bells; and on my tongue

And none can say unto this day, Who played the greater joke; The jester with his golden crown

The KIDNAPPED MILLIONAIRES

A Tale of Wall Street and the Tropics

By FREDERICK U. ADAMS

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CHAPTER XX.—CONTINUED.

"They must see the white flag on this cliff!" he said to himself. They were not three miles away. Mr. Carmody stood on the highest point

mortised and pinned it together that it could withstand any ordinary strain. Every five feet it was braced with cross timbers. This framework

L. Sylvester Vincent solicited the honor of naming the boat. He argued that he was the youngest member of the party and the most innocent.

The bow went 15 feet under water and L. Sylvester Vincent went with it. In the yeast of wave and foam

"Talk about your toboggan slides!" shouted Vincent, as he raised the broken bottle in the air. "That beats Coney Island. I name thee 'Helen Carmody!'"

"Hold on there!" yelled Mr. Kent. "You named that boat 'The Jumping Jupiter' before you went below.



MR. VINCENT AROSE TO THE SURFACE.

just as well. There is a yacht named after Helen. So we will stick to the name which Mr. Vincent first selected.

Day by day "The Jumping Jupiter" grew in size, if not in beauty. Her hull was divided into eight compartments, and these were sheathed and made as air-tight as possible.

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plumaged birds, who were disputing possession with a troop of jabbering monkeys. These were driven away, but they returned as soon as the laundrymen were out of sight.

A gray-bearded monkey grabbed a napkin and made for the tallest tree. Vincent arrived just in time to save a tablecloth from being torn to pieces by these bander-logs.

Those who have followed these chronicles of the abducted millionaires, may have noted an absence of complaint or remonstrance at their fate. It is a matter of record that from the time Mr. Morton failed to answer Walter B. Hestor and Capt. Waters for their purpose, the subject of the kidnapping or the incidents connected with it, never were made the subject of discussion.

This air of indifference was not assumed. It was second nature to these men. For more than a generation they had been on the firing line of humanity's most merciless battlefield.

An incident occurred on Thursday, the 18th of May, which disturbed the even course of events on Social Island.

In the bluish-gray of dawn, six of the colony renewed work on "The Jumping Jupiter." Light, misty clouds obscured the eastern sky and a vapor hung over the lake.

Mr. Rockwell was working on the bow of the boat, laying the flooring which served as a deck. He paused a moment to rest, and looked out toward the black gateway to the bay.

"What is that?" he exclaimed, pointing in the direction of the rock, where Mr. Pence had so narrow an escape. All eyes were turned to the point indicated by Mr. Rockwell.

"What does that mean?" said Sidney. "No one here has placed a flag on that rock."

Mr. Pence and Mr. Haven were at work in the bungalow. They were sent for, but had no knowledge of the flag. No member of the party had been across the bay since Monday.

"We will go in," said Sidney. "Mr. Kent and I will keep a lookout." Mr. Morton and Vincent pushed the raft forward and they swung in back of the rock. It was low tide.

On the brow of a rock was a pile of boxes and cases. The flag floated from a staff, which was propped up by a large stone. Just below the flag was a tab or card such as express companies use, tied firmly to the flagstaff.

On board the Shark, May 18th. To Messrs. Palmer J. Morton, Andrew Carmody, John M. Rockwell, Simon Pence, R. J. Kent, Hiram Haven, Sidney Hammond and L. Sylvester Vincent, guests of Hestoria Island and Bungalow, with the compliments of

WALTER B. HESTOR.

Two of the boxes were heavy, and water was dripping from them. An examination showed that they were packed with ice. There were 15 boxes.

The yawl was pushed into the water and loaded with as much of the freight as could safely be carried. The remaining boxes were placed on the raft. The beach being clear—the tide was at its ebb—Mr. Haven and Mr. Morton walked along the cliffs and back to camp. Sidney rowed the yawl and Vincent took charge of the raft.

There were crates filled with vegetables, lettuce, strawberries, radishes, and all the garden luxuries of that season of the year. It was a tempting array, and L. Sylvester Vincent was in his glory. Then there were cases of champagne, a box filled with pickles, table sauces, oils, etc. There was a supply of fresh meat and vegetables sufficient to last a week or ten days, even if the castaways used nothing from the boundless resources of the island.

"A sirloin steak will taste good again," said Mr. Kent as he hammered the top from the last box. He displayed to view a top layer of the latest magazines. Then he found a number of new books and a varied assortment of May publications.

There were copies of the New York papers dated from May 2d to May 12th, also copies of New Orleans papers as late as May 14th. In addition to these were copies of Chicago and Philadelphia papers from the time of their departure from New York up to dates comparatively recent.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Rockwell, after ten minutes had elapsed, "we have read enough to indicate that none of our families has suffered from death or serious illness up to the time these papers were printed. We can postpone a study of less important matters until our morning's work is done. Let us proceed to our task and do our reading later."

This suggestion was agreed to, and Vincent carried the precious box to the bungalow. The news from the great outside world from which they were separated acted as a stimulus to their energies. It was nearly 11 o'clock before Mr. Carmody gave the signal to cease, and they returned to the big dining room, where a tempting dinner awaited them.

[To Be Continued.]

DIDN'T SEEM HOMELIKE.

Irishman Appreciated the Kindness, But Could Not Stand for the Cleanliness.

The name of "Shaftesbury" given to the projected series of lectures on the housing question, reminds a correspondent of the London News that many years ago he heard the great-hearted Earl speak upon the subject of the slums.

Lord Shaftesbury used to tell a true story in this connection. He had looked in at a poor dwelling, and had been shocked to see it so very dirty. If, he thought, the place were once made clean, perhaps the occupants would try to keep it so.

"Gentlemen," said the speaker, rising to his full height and almost carrying his hearers off their feet with his matchless eloquence, "the time has come for us to assert our independence. We are free-born citizens. God has given us as a birthright the privilege of governing ourselves as we see fit.

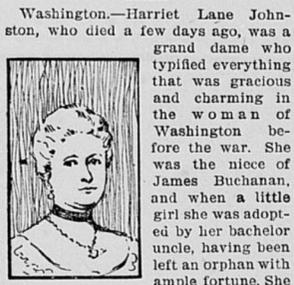
"Say, gents," yelled the janitor, as he suddenly stepped out upon the platform, "I'm going to shut this hall up now. Clear out o' here. I've been up three nights with the toothache, and I'm going to bed early. Git, before I turn out the lights on you!"

One minute and seven seconds later the doors were locked and the great rally for liberty was one of the things that had been.—Chicago Record-Herald.

TALKED OF IN WASHINGTON

A Budget of Interesting Gossip from the National Capital.

Death of Harriet Lane Johnston Recalls the Buchanan Administration—Would Make the City the Most Beautiful in the World.



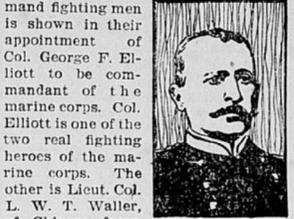
Harriet Lane Johnston.

Washington.—Harriet Lane Johnston, who died a few days ago, was a grand dame who typified everything that was gracious and charming in the woman of Washington before the war.

It was a rare experience for an American girl in those days—or in any days for that matter—and Harriet Lane—for that was her name—lived fully up to it.

Harriet Lane was faithful to the fine old gentleman whose official position had given her these social opportunities, and she remained with him to his death. Then, in 1868, she married Henry Elliott Johnston, of Baltimore, to whom she had been engaged for a long time.

To Command the Marines. That President Roosevelt and Senator Moody believe in the selection of fighting men to command fighting men is shown in their appointment of Col. George F. Elliott to be commander of the marine corps.



Col. G. F. Elliott.

Again in the Philippines Elliott showed his fighting quality—at Novalena and elsewhere, and he received the commendation of the officers of the army and of the secretary of the navy.

John Barrett, who has just been appointed United States minister to the Argentine Republic, is a very good example of the pushing young man who keeps steadily in view what he wants to accomplish, and who finally arrives.

Barrett is a good deal under 40, but he has managed to keep himself prominently before the public for several years in all sorts of ways.



Hon. John Barrett.

Just after his term of service in Siam came to an end, the war with Spain broke out, the American flag was raised over the Philippines and Barrett was on the spot. He wrote letters from Manila about expansion and American

destiny and developed into an ardent republican and imperialist. He came home and Mark Hanna put him on the stump in 1900. He was in all sorts of places at opportune moments, was stopping at the same house in Vermont with Roosevelt the day McKinley was shot, and thus gained the notice of the coming president, who offered him first the Japanese mission and has now given him the Argentine mission.

To Beautify Washington. Some time in the uncynical future a proper tribute will be paid to the genius and foresight of Franklin W. Smith, who for 30 years has devoted time and life and fortune to a project which he believes will vastly enhance the beauty and significance of Washington.

Mr. Smith is an old man now, but he started in his self-imposed labor while still in the vigor of young manhood, with a fortune gained strenuously in the pursuit of trade. He was a successful merchant of Boston, with ideas far beyond the usual mercantile mind, and since he retired from business he has given his life unreservedly to the achievement of an idea.

He believes that Washington is destined to be the most superb capital of the world, and he conceives that its architecture should be founded on the highest of classic models. He would turn the Potomac Flats, with all their unsightliness, into rustic arbored terraced promenades, modeled after the Nola Bella on Lake Maggiore, Italy.

Smith has spent a fortune building models, scouring the earth for antiques, in order to bring his ideas home to congress. His scheme would cost millions of dollars. It may never materialize, in whole or even in great part; but the educational work he is doing deserves gratitude and reward.

Demands Many Signatures. The principal function of some government officials is to sign their names to approve documents. The treasurer of the United States has few duties except these of the most routine character. He has no questions of administration to decide, and very little of the important work of any kind to do; but he is kept busy all the time attaching his signature and bonds which would otherwise be of no validity.

The same is true of the registrar of the treasury. Lucius Chittenden, who was registrar of the treasury in 1862, holds the record for continuous signing. A bond issue of \$10,000,000 was made necessary by the effort of Charles Francis Adams, our minister to England, to prevent the delivery to the confederacy of two ships which were building in England, that amount being needed as security against damages in case the seizure of the two ships should come before the courts and the decision should be adverse to the United States.

Chittenden was notified on a Friday noon that he must have the bonds ready for a special train to New York at four p. m. the following Monday. He did not leave his desk, but slept there and ate there; nor did he take food except in liquid form. After the first 12 hours an army surgeon was detailed to care for his arm. He signed his name 12,500 times, and during one period of seven hours he attached his signature 3,700 times—a speed of over ten signatures a minute.

Buttermilk a Liquor Cure. A buyer for one of the largest importing liquor houses in New York, who is compelled to sample enough wine and spirits every day to put an ordinary man out of business, says that buttermilk is his salvation. "I not only buy five or six glasses a day at the dairy restaurants or street stands," he says, "but I drink it all the time at home, instead of tea or coffee. I never touch beer or anything like that. I keep a stone crock of buttermilk in the cellar, and let it get just a little stale. It is better than if taken fresh. A man who insists on drinking liquor will find very little trouble if he takes plenty of buttermilk. If he wants to swear off, buttermilk will help him. It is a splendid stomachic. Two quarts of good buttermilk a day will cure any case of nervous indigestion."

He Knew Her. "Do you know her well enough to talk to her?" "More. I know her well enough not to talk to her."—Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.