

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.

THE DIVER.

His is a life of toil. Into the dull and turbid main he plunges down, Amid conditions strenuous and cold,

His is a life of faith. Down from above He draws his native air. Above him foes Fore'er withstand. His task is sore indeed.

But on he toils, all trusting that his need Of strength will never fall, for well he knows The pledge of faith is made by faithful love.

'Twere well, my soul, when earnest life for thee Is like unto the diver's trust and toil, 'Tis often dark, and hard to win one's way Against the odds that throng the path; but stay Thy trust upon the Power above, and all Thy striving shall result in victory.

—Rev. Howard Agnew Johnston, D. D., in N. Y. Observer.

THE KIDNAPPED MILLIONAIRES

A Tale of Wall Street and the Tropics

By FREDERICK U. ADAMS

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CHAPTER XXI.—CONTINUED.

There was no afternoon siesta that day. In the bright sunlight, the veranda was alive with flaming headlines and rustling newspapers. For two hours scarcely a word was spoken. Each man read in silence; intent on those items of news in which he had a personal interest.

L. Sylvester Vincent broke the spell. He had searched paper after paper and finally came upon a modest item in The New York Record announcing his disappearance.

"I don't seem to cut much ice in this mystery," he said in an aggrieved tone.

There was a roar of laughter, in which Vincent joined.

"Never mind, Vincent," said Mr. Kent, "you are the only one in the party who will quit winner on this



THERE WAS A ROAR OF LAUGHTER.

deal. If you save those beastly idols, you will be fairly rich, and your picture will be in all the papers. You will yet be famous. Did you see this, Mr. Rockwell?"

Mr. Kent read the following from The Record May 4th:

"It is a matter of sincere regret that Mr. Walter B. Hestor, the famous special correspondent of The New York Record, left this city on a cruise through the Mediterranean shortly before this outrage occurred. All westbound steamers have been requested to communicate the facts to Mr. Hestor, in order that his services may be secured at the earliest possible moment. No journalist living is better qualified to unravel a mystery of this character, and The Record hopes to be able to announce the co-operation of Mr. Hestor in a few days."

"I should say he was well qualified," remarked Mr. Kent. "I must give Hestor credit for rare talent in the selection of steaks and wines. The poor fellow is as crazy as a bug on most matters, but his mind is perfectly clear on Scotch whisky and cigars. By the way, Pence, did you read those articles about your will? One of the papers says you leave \$25,000.00 to endow an old ladies' home, and another says your entire fortune will be devoted to a socialist university. The Philadelphia papers claim that your money is left to indigent actors and race horse people. Is there any truth in it?"

Simon Pence looked up over his steel-rimmed spectacles and he smiled at his questioner in a good-natured way.

"You are too old a man, Kent, to believe everything you see in newspapers," Mr. Pence said, and returned to his reading.

"I have a suggestion to make," said Sidney Hammond, later in the afternoon. "If Hestor remains around these waters—as he is likely to do—there is no telling what he may attempt. It evidently is his intention that we remain where we are for an indefinite period. It is impossible to forecast what vagary his fancy may take. I doubt if he came near the bungalow last night. If it is his idea to keep us on the island and supply us with luxuries, he will object to the construction of such a boat as we now have under way. There is nothing to prevent his quietly coming in some night and towing 'The Jumping Jupiter' out to sea. This would be a calamity and we must run

no chances. The yawl he has given us, is not seaworthy for more than three men. If necessary, I am ready to make the trip to the mainland in the yawl, but our best plan is to remain together and finish our boat. In the meantime, we should guard it at night. I suggest that we detail two men to night work on the boat. They can work with lanterns and guard our property at the same time."

"We will do that," said Mr. Morton. "I will gladly take the night shift for a time. Who will go with me?"

All volunteered, and Mr. Morton selected Mr. Haven as his companion.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE ESCAPE FROM SOCIAL ISLAND. The boat was rapidly nearing completion. They tested their work by weighing the hull down with rocks, but no leaks were disclosed. Each of the eight compartments seemed to be water-tight, and provision was made that in case of a leak the faulty one could be bailed out.

It had been hoped to finish "The Jumping Jupiter" by Saturday night, but this was found impossible. A heavy rain set in Saturday evening and continued all day Sunday. The day was spent in reading, and Monday morning found all much refreshed, and ready to complete the preparations for departure. There were occasional showers during the day, but it was cool. It was found possible to work without the usual afternoon respite. When six o'clock came Mr. Carmody inspected the "Jumping Jupiter" and announced that the boat was finished.

Candor compels the admission that "The Jumping Jupiter" was as ugly a craft as ever stood ready to put out to sea. In comparison, a canal boat was a model of grace, and a Hudson river raft would hesitate to recognize the prototype evolved by the builders on Social Island. The only part that was used in outlining the name on the opposite sides of the cabin. "The Jumping Jupiter" is easily described. Imagine a 40-foot scow supporting a 24-foot cabin on top of which there were two short masts. These masts supported two lateen sails made of striped window awnings, and the sail-makers made no attempt to preserve any uniformity of design in connecting the stripes. As Mr. Kent remarked, the sails looked "like two teams of convicts engaged in a football scrimmage."

There were thwarts for three oars on each side of the boat. A long oar served as a rudder and a crude windlass supported the rock anchor. But what "The Jumping Jupiter" lacked in beauty she made up in staunchness and utility. There was no chance for her to flounder.

"The Jumping Jupiter is all right," said Mr. Kent, as they stood off and surveyed this marine wonder. "But I object to calling the Jumping Jupiter a 'she.' There is nothing feminine about this boat. We will call it a 'he.' It is a wonderful boat. It is also a submarine boat, isn't it, Vincent?"

"It started out that way," said Vincent, with a grin. "I hope he won't repeat that performance."

During the evening they placed such furniture and bedding on board as was needed. For two days Vincent and Mr. Pence had been cooking in preparation for the voyage. They had provided huge joints of roast beef, and enough bread to last a week or more. They placed in the storeroom of "The Jumping Jupiter" a store of canned meats and vegetables, huge bunches of bananas, papayas and other tropical luxuries. Everything which would hold water was pressed into service. Several casks of fresh water were placed in the hold, in case a storm should wash the cabin overboard. In that event it was proposed that all should seek shelter below and trust to luck and a sandy beach. The new dinghy was lashed to the roof of the cabin.

There was one thought which disturbed the prospective voyagers, though none mentioned it. Where was Hestor and the "Shark," and would he interfere with their departures? Had he observed their preparations for escape? They could not hope to make any effective fight against recapture, but every man swore to himself to resist such an outrage to the last extremity. That Monday night Sidney and Mr. Kent climbed the cliffs and scanned the sea. There was no ship or craft in sight, but for all they knew the "Shark" might be anchored behind the cliffs which jetted out from the opposite horns of the crescent which limited their range of vision north and south.

At a conference it was decided to put out to sea about 11 o'clock the following forenoon, unless the wind and weather absolutely precluded such a risk. At this hour the tide was favorable, since it swung with a strong current to the north. They aimed to circle the island to the north and head straight for the mainland; which in their opinion was not more than 150 miles to the west or southwest.

"By the way," said Sidney, "have you and Vincent put your idols on board 'The Jumping Jupiter'?"

"I have made a special compartment for them in my stateroom," said Mr. Pence. "We will put them on board to-morrow morning."

"So the good ship 'Jumping Jupiter' is to be a treasure ship, is he?" said Mr. Kent. "How about that, Mr. Carmody? Who owns 'The Jumping Jupiter'?" In my opinion, we all own an equal share. Now, this gold shipment is purely a business proposition. 'The Jumping Jupiter' was designed solely as a passenger

boat. Any one could tell that by looking at him. It is a great risk to ship 1,500 pounds of gold. We should charge heavy freight. I should say that we should be justified in charging not less than 25 per cent. of the value of the cargo as freight. If Pence and Vincent can use our boat to carry a lot of heathenish idols, I want to carry an equal weight in bananas. Hammond is also anxious to ship some rare wood he has found. Each of us is entitled to at least 750 pounds of freight. 'The Jumping Jupiter' cannot hold any such burden in addition to our common store of provisions and other necessities. What are we going to do about it?"

Mr. Kent thought solemnly at Mr. Carmody.

"I have thought of that," said Mr. Carmody. "I have found some beautiful marble, and would like to take back some of those carvings from the ruined temple. It certainly is not fair to let two men monopolize the carrying capacity of 'The Jumping Jupiter' for their private gain."

"That is right," said Mr. Morton. "We must be fair in this matter. I think that 25 per cent. is too low a rate. It should be at least 33 1/3 per cent. The gold is worth \$360,000, as near as we can estimate, and this will make the freight charges \$120,000. This will be divided equally among six of us, or \$20,000 each. Mr. Pence and Mr. Vincent will have \$240,000 to divide between them. As a matter of equity, we all have an equal share in this gold, since it was discovered by these men in the performance of a common duty. But we will waive that. I insist that \$120,000 is not too much to charge for freight."

"I think ten per cent. is enough," said Mr. Pence. "Be fair, gentlemen, be fair!"

"'The Jumping Jupiter' has an absolute monopoly of this business," said Mr. Kent. "It is not customary for shippers to fix rates. If you and Vincent do not like our way of doing business, transfer your trade to some other firm. This is not a matter of sentiment. As a stockholder, and as a man who made the masts of 'The Jumping Jupiter,' I move you, Mr. President, that we accept this freight risk for 33 1/3 per cent. of the value of the gold, and retain the merchandise as security until such time as proper settlement is made."

"I second the motion," said Mr. Haven.

"All in favor say aye," said Mr. Rockwell.

Six men roared "aye!"

"Those opposed say no!"

"No! No!" shouted Simon Pence. Vincent did not vote. Mr. Kent had nudged him to keep quiet.

"It is an outrageous rate, and I will never pay it!" said Mr. Pence. "Why do you fix such an unheard-of rate?"

"'The Jumping Jupiter' is a trust, and we need the money," said Mr. Kent. "I am afraid those grinning idols will hoodoo us as it is. I move that we leave them behind, Mr. President. The best we can get is a lawsuit."

"I will pay the rate! I will pay it!" exclaimed Mr. Pence. "I was only joking."

"Draw up an agreement, Hammond, and have it properly signed and witnessed," said Mr. Rockwell.

Sidney did so, and Mr. Pence and Vincent signed it. Early the following morning the idols went on board "The Jumping Jupiter."

Tuesday morning broke fair and clear, with a steady but freshening southwest breeze. Never had the island looked lovelier than on the day set for the departure of the castaways. It seemed as if the feathered denizens of the tropical forests had surmised their plans, and had gathered to bid them Godspeed with a noisy chorus. Their brilliant plumage glistened in iridescent hues through the foliage around the bungalow. The chattering banderlogs watched the preparations with curious interest. One very bold monkey ventured so near that Vincent, by a sudden rush, covered him with a large wicker basket. After much maneuvering he succeeded in clamping a chain over his neck and triumphantly led him captive to the deck of "The Jumping Jupiter."

"Here is our mascot!" he exclaimed, as he fastened the chain to the windlass. "He is ugly enough to stand off all the idols." The monkey made a dash for Vincent's leg, but missed it by an inch. Vincent named him "Socks," on account of his white feet, and "Socks" was duly accepted as a mascot and a passenger.

There was a final survey of the bungalow to see if any necessary article had been overlooked. The windows were closed and barred and the keys deposited in the box under the tree where Hestor had found them. The big triangular sails were raised, the ropes cast off and "The Jumping Jupiter" slowly crawled away from the stone pier.

"We're off!" said Mr. Kent. "Good-by, Social Island! I have had a mighty good time, even if we were kidnapped."

"So have I," said Mr. Morton. "It has been a pleasant vacation, but an expensive one for me."

The monkey made frantic tugs at his chain, and set up a yell, which was responded to by hundreds of his brethren on shore.

"Keep quiet, you fool!" said Mr. Kent. "You will not be lonesome or homesick. You are going to New York."

But "Socks" was not to be consoled. He jabbered and fought until exhausted. Later in the day he became calmer, and seemed to be resigned to his fate. By unanimous consent Sidney Ham-

mond was made captain of "The Jumping Jupiter." He accepted the position and promised to discharge the duties to the best of his ability. He admitted an unfamiliarity with craft of "The Jumping Jupiter" class, but was confident that "he" would prove seaworthy. Once away from shore, they caught the benefit of tide and breeze, and swept out towards the gateway. Mr. Pence took one long look towards the rock where he had spent three awful hours. As they approached the outlet of "Morton's Bay" Sidney gave his first order. He glanced at the white breakers and shouted:

"Man the oars!"

Six of the men stood at the long sweeps. A critical moment was approaching. They were headed straight for the surf. Sidney saw that there was a heavy swell rolling in. He stood by the tiller and issued his instructions in a calm voice.

"When I give the word bend to your oars and row as hard as you can," he said. "There is not any danger, but we must help counteract the force of the surf. We shall make it readily enough. All ready? Row!"

The bow of "The Jumping Jupiter" rose slightly as the first incoming roller struck the raft. Mr. Pence was the only one not at work, and he looked at the foaming combers ahead with eyes lifted in terror. There was a strong breeze between the cliffs, and to Sidney's delight the boat was under good headway. The men pulled vigorously at the sweeps. The bow of "The Jumping Jupiter" sank in a way that was sickening to Simon Pence. The next moment a green wall of water fell with a crash. "Socks" gave a shriek which was smothered as the water rolled over him. The raft groaned from end to end. There was a sound of breaking glass.

"Row! Row hard!" shouted Sidney. For an instant the boat walloped backwards. Then a strong gust of wind filled the sails and everyone bent to the oars. The next wave did not break.

"Once again!" shouted Sidney. There was a big wave coming. It towered overhead, but broke before it reached the boat. There was a smother of foam and a roar like that of Niagara, but "The Jumping Jupiter" was not to be stopped. In a few seconds they were past the danger line and out in deep water, where the swells rolled in regular lines broken only by ripples caused by the breeze. The oars were taken in and fastened to their places.

[To Be Continued.]

THE IRISH CURSE.

An Authority Tells of the Common Belief of the Ancients Regarding Their Effect.

An Irish authority thus defines as an expert the effects of a well delivered curse: "The belief among the ancient Irish was that a curse once pronounced must fall in some direction. If it had been deserved by him on whom it is pronounced it will fall on him sooner or later, but if it has not, then it will return upon the person who pronounced it. They compare it to a wedge with which a woodman cleaves timber. If it has room to go, it will go and cleave the wood, but if it has not it will fly out and strike the woodman himself, who is driving it, between the eyes."

There are three altars inside the cashel at Innismurray, Ireland, built square of rough loose stones and having on the top of them a number of curious, round, smooth stones. These have been used for cursing by turning them and the natives are very superstitious about them. One mode of averting the curse was for the person against whom the stones were turned to have a grave dug, to cause himself to be laid in it and to have three shovelfuls of earth cast over him, the grave diggers at the same time reciting certain rhymes.

How He Chose His Calling.

A well-known politician once asked a New England clergyman what were his intentions for the future of his vigorous youngster who was playing on the lawn. "Well," he said, "my wife and I believe in natural selection and letting a boy follow the bent of his mind. To find out what that was we left him in the sitting-room one day with a Bible, a silver dollar and an apple. I said, 'If when we come back he is reading the Bible I shall train him to follow me as a preacher; if he has pocketed the dollar I shall make a banker of him; if he is playing with the apple I will put him on a farm.' When we returned he was sitting on the Bible, eating the apple from one hand and clutching the dollar in the other, and I remarked, 'Wife, this boy is a hog; we must make a politician of him.'" —Philadelphia Ledger.

An Unlucky Citizen.

"Yes, sir," said the town storyteller, "he wuz the unluckiest feller that ever drawed the breath o' life an' a week's wages."

"You don't say?"

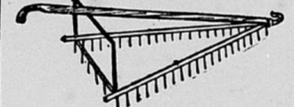
"Fact. Clumb a pine tree once when he seen the sheriff comin' to levy on him; hurricane come along, blowed the tree down, an' landed him in the only vacant seat in the sheriff's buggy; sheriff started to jail with him; met by lynchin' party, who mistook him fer 'nuther man, an' strung him up; an' he'd almost quit kickin' when some one cut him down an' hauled him home jest as his mother-in-law had finished writin' his obituary an' wuz standin' before the glass to see how well she looked in mournin'." —Atlanta Constitution.



CONVENIENT HARROW.

One Horse Can Do Light Weeding with it at Small Cost of Money and Labor.

On every farm where small fruits and vegetables are grown a one-horse harrow is a great convenience. By its use the lighter weeding is done and the surface of the soil kept loose at small expense of labor. If one has a lever harrow two of the beams may be used for this one-horse harrow or the beams may be readily made with lumber of proper length, using long wire nails for



HOME-MADE HARROW.

the teeth. The beams are fastened together in a V shape, as shown in the cut, and a wooden frame is constructed, as shown, to support the handle. If a blacksmith is conveniently near the support for the handle may be two iron rods running from the corners of the harrow to the handle. A board may be placed over the frame and heavy stones set upon it to weigh down the tool if its iron tool light for certain soils. This tool will be found especially useful in corn cultivation during the early growth of the plants.—Indianapolis News.

PLANT LIFE ELEMENTS.

Nitrogen Is the Most Important and Shows Its Effect in a Variety of Ways.

Each element used by plant life helps in the building of certain parts of the plant, and likewise, doubtless, each has some one or more special functions. What some of these are, says a late Vermont station bulletin, is not well understood, but some are known. Nitrogen is known to show its effects on plant life in three ways. It promotes stem and leaf growth, and, if in excess, delays seed and fruit formation. It deepens the green coloration of the leaves. Its abundance may increase and its deficiency may lessen the relative amount of nitrogen in the plant. This means a variation in food value. If nitrogen is freely applied in fertilizers, or is present in plentiful quantities in the soil, its effect is generally shown—unless its effect be negated by phosphoric acid—by a vigorous, dark-green leaf growth, and by a somewhat retarded flower and seed formation. If available nitrogen is relatively lacking, either in the soil or in the added fertilizer, a somewhat more scanty foliage than occurs under better conditions—one of a rather lighter green—is grown. The seed, moreover, is apt to mature rather earlier than usual. The farmer may, by careful observation, judge somewhat as to the crop needs in this manner. It should be remembered in this connection that nitrogen is essential to plant growth, that available nitrogen is in small quantity and easily exhausted from soils, and that consequently it is and always has been the most costly form of plant food.

GARDEN AND ORCHARD.

Clean out the strawberry bed, unless you are going to plow it under.

Cultivate often in the garden and orchard, weeds or no weeds, and thus keep the surface in condition to receive the rainfall or to retain soil moisture.

An old sow with a litter of vigorous pigs will root recognition out of the garden in about 15 minutes. Pigs and a garden cannot be raised on the same lot.

When the lettuce are too old to use on the table clear the garden of them—unless you have some little chicks that will relish them; in this case let them remain as chicken feed.

The value of good stock was shown at New York recently when strawberries were selling all the way from two to ten cents per box. There were only about 30,000 crates received on that particular day.

Successful War on Ants.

Large numbers of ants can be destroyed by a liberal use of boiling water, kerosene emulsion or strong soap suds poured over the nests at night when the insects are all at home, but the more effective is a substance known as carbon bisulphide, which may be used in the following manner: Make some holes some inches apart and several inches deep with a broomstick or bar in the nests, and pour in each about a teaspoonful of carbon bisulphide, and cover the nests with a wet blanket, and after a few minutes expel the fumes collected underneath with a match or other light on the end of a short stick. This treatment, if repeated one or two times, should destroy all the occupants of a nest.—Country Gentleman.

Good News for Shippers.

The supreme court of Minnesota has decided that the Wisconsin Central railroad must pay for apples frozen in transit. A lot was sent from New Hampshire to St. Paul, and arrived frozen. The owner refused the apples, brought suit against the railroad, and a jury gave verdict of \$262.26. The road appealed, with above mentioned result. As the Produce News says, it is the duty of railroads to haul the fruit and deliver it in good order. They always claim not to be responsible, but whenever the owner of the fruit has the nerve to go to the courts, he usually gets justice. This verdict will be good news for a number of shippers.

FEEDING DAIRY COWS.

Interesting Summary of Experiments Conducted by Prof. May at the Kentucky Station.

Prof. D. W. May, of the Kentucky experiment station, is the author of a recent bulletin on the feeding of dairy cows, which may be summarized as follows:

1. Select cows of dairy type. While pure-bred animals will bring a higher price, they will also tend more to reproduce the dairy type, and are therefore recommended.
2. Take strict account of the cost of milk and butter from each individual cow of the herd, so that the unprofitable one may be culled out.
3. Exercise and pure air are very essential to the best results from milk cows, but exposure to severe weather, especially cold rains, should be avoided.
4. Feed to get the largest amount of milk with profit. The yield of milk, and thereby the yield of butter, is greatly influenced by the amount and character of the feed, the percentage of fat remaining fairly constant.
5. Increase the amount and the length of the season of pastures, for they represent profitable gains in dairying.
6. Good roughness is essential in dairying, and the more palatable these foods may be, the more of the higher-priced grain feeds they will replace. Of our coarse feeds grass, corn silage, alfalfa and clover hay rank high.
7. Study the profits in grain feeding in order to avoid giving more grain than the value of the resulting increased yield. Our leading grain ration is a combination of ground corn and bran. This ration may, under some circumstances, be bettered or cheapened by the addition of certain by-products of cereal and oil mills.

NO DANGER IN APPLES.

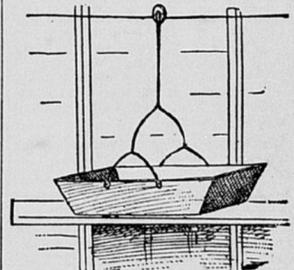
After Cattle or Horse Have Become Accustomed to Them They Can Be Fed Safely.

Instructions have been given how and when to feed apples; the quantity, from four quarts to half a bushel, cut and uncut, in one instance the wormy ones thrown out (perhaps for cider?). From all these opinions one might infer that apples are a somewhat dangerous food to handle, and after all it might be the wiser course to let them decay in the orchard rather than run the risk of a dried up or choked cow. After associating stock and apples together for 20 years I almost wonder how it is that I ever had any of the desired lactical fluid or in fact a living animal left. My practice has been something like this: After securing all I wish of the culled fruit and feeding the stock for a week or a few quarts twice a day, I turn them all in the orchard to help themselves. Some years they will have several thousand bushels to start with. My experience is that a cow will seldom or never choke in the orchard. The danger lies in their first greedy introduction to the fruit; in the orchard they will pick up and eat one at a time and are in no particular hurry since the supply is unlimited. These apples will furnish them forage until they freeze up, then the fruit put in store will come in play. If the orchard is handy to the barnyard colts and horses not kept for use can run out and pick up apples to their advantage. I know of no kind of stock that will hurt themselves on apples after they have become accustomed to eating them.—Rural New Yorker.

LABOR-SAVING DEVICE.

How to Make Grain Carrier for Barn in Which Long Rows of Cattle Have to Be Fed.

Where there is a long row of cattle to be fed a grain carrier, the device shown in the cut will prove labor-saving. Have the feed room at one end of the line of



HANDY GRAIN CARRIER.

stalls, where the car can be filled. Then with a measuring scoop in one hand the feeder can pass rapidly down the line, pushing the car before him. The whole method of construction is shown in the cut. Any blacksmith can mount the little wheel in a frame with hook attached.—Farm Journal.

Keeping Butter in Summer.

To keep butter in the summer season, pack it in well soaked tubs or firkins, put a little damp salt in the bottom and place it in a cool, dry cellar on a bench of wood about 18 inches from the cellar bottom, and the same from the wall. Stone or earthenware does not keep butter well, as the moisture from the surrounding atmosphere in warm weather condenses on such vessels and soon effects the butter. Put no salt on or between the layers. Fill to within half an inch of the top, and place a clean wet cloth over the butter, and pack the edges down with a knife, and then spread thinly wet salt over the top of cloth. The above mode of packing and keeping butter will be useful to many, and cause a smile of delight to the buyer.—Ella M. Hess, in Epitomist.

Since the largest amount of contamination comes from the udder during milking, it is important that all udders be washed before milking.