

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 FOOL'S PRAYER.

The royal feast was done; the king sought some new sport to banish care, And to his jester cried: "Sir Fool, kneel now, and make for us a prayer!"

The KIDNAPPED MILLIONAIRES

A Tale of Wall Street and the Tropics By FREDERICK U. ADAMS

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CHAPTER XXIII.—CONTINUED.

Mr. Carmody informed Capt. Baldwin that there was a quantity of valuable stores on board "The Jumping Jupiter." The naphtha launch was lowered and several sailors detailed to transfer all articles worth saving from the raft to the yacht.

CHAPTER XXIV. HOME AGAIN.

"How far are we from Vera Cruz, Capt. Baldwin?" "About 25 miles, Mr. Carmody." "You may proceed to that harbor, at once," directed Mr. Carmody.

Mr. Carmody then called a conference in the social hall of the "Helen Carmody." There were present Palmer J. Morton, John M. Rockwell, R. J. Kent, Simon Pence, Hiram Haven, Sidney Hammond and William Chalmers.

"We will be in Vera Cruz in an hour," said Mr. Carmody, when all were seated around the center table. "It is now 9:30 o'clock. We will be in telegraphic communication with New York by 11 o'clock, Vera Cruz time—which is one o'clock New York time. It is unnecessary to disguise the fact that our return to civilization is a matter fraught with much importance from a business standpoint. I am not speaking for myself, as I have no interests which have been seriously menaced by my absence, or which will be affected by my return. This is not true of some present. They have been made to suffer financial loss by their detention. It is but fair that they shall have the right to recoup some of their losses. Now, I am not unacquainted with newspaper men, their methods and ambitions. I am going to ask Mr. Chalmers to waive his rights as a journalist for an hour after our arrival in Vera Cruz, in order that we may send the news of our safe return to our families, and that we may then notify our business associates, and forward such instructions as shall protect our interests in stocks and securities. I am aware that we are under many obligations to Mr. Chalmers and to the New York Record, but I assure him that neither he nor his paper will suffer by granting this favor."

Mr. Chalmers was on his feet the moment Mr. Carmody ceased speaking. "I am only too happy to grant that request," he said. "Through no fault of the Record, or of its editor, Robert Van Horne, we are implicated in this affair through the unaccountable acts of a man who has been one of our correspondents. Although this is the most important piece of news in recent years, and one in which the paper is entitled to a fair share of credit, I recognize that you gentlemen have interests which are paramount. I will send no message to the Record until the Stock Exchange is closed in New

York. Our paper will take its chance with the others. After that hour I shall expect the thorough co-operation of you gentlemen, so that we may be able to place on the wires the complete history of this case, with such acknowledgment of the part played by the paper as you choose to authorize."

"That is the way I like to hear a man talk, Mr. Chalmers," said Mr. Morton. "That is business. I will say to you that I will break my rule and write a statement which you can use if it has any value. Your representatives will find me ready to talk on any subject connected with this affair."

The same promise was made by the other magnates. "Mr. Seymour and Mr. Stevens are experienced and discreet newspaper men," said Mr. Chalmers. "It takes time to write and put on the wires a story like this. I ask that they be allowed to begin work at once, and I will be responsible that not a word is telegraphed which can appear on the streets of New York before three o'clock this afternoon."

"They shall have every opportunity," said Mr. Carmody. "We will turn this room into a newspaper office right now. Send for Mr. Seymour and Mr. Stevens and we will get to work."

"You can draft me as a reporter," said Sidney Hammond. "I can help out on some of the incidents on the island."

"You see me about Hammond," said Mr. Kent. "He is too modest to tell you the truth about himself."

Seymour and Jack Stevens were sent for and they proceeded to their task with the tact, rapidity and system of experienced newspaper men. They speedily obtained the framework of the story. Upon this they built, incident by incident, the tissue and body of a well-rounded narrative. Mr. Chalmers became a reporter for the first time in years. He suggested the basis of eight signed statements—L. Sylvester Vincent was not excepted. By the time the "Helen Carmody" was anchored in Vera Cruz harbor Mr. Chalmers had the story well in hand. He went ashore with the rescued magnates and with them to the telegraph offices. Chalmers found the manager and arranged for the use of all available wires on and after one o'clock. Mr. Morton and his companions filed telegrams to relations and business associates and once more was in touch with New York.

After a conference with Mr. Chalmers it was agreed not to leave Vera Cruz until late in the evening. It was planned to steam direct to New Orleans, go from there by special train to New York. Mr. Chalmers insisted that he have all the time necessary to prepare and forward his story. At 12:40 Chalmers filed his first news bulletin, and from that moment until ten o'clock at night a corps of telegraph operators was busy clicking the greatest "beat" ever recorded in the history of modern journalism.

It may be mentioned in passing that the receipt in New York of private telegrams from the missing millionaires was followed on the exchange by enormous buying of stocks. There were no rumors to account for the consequent rise in prices and for some time the market stoutly resisted the advance. Then quotations began to rise; slowly at first, but with increasing momentum. Something had happened! What was it?

The news of the Wall street boom came over the telephone to the newspaper office. Mr. Sharp, the acting editor of the Evening Record, was on the alert. In a fever of excitement he awaited the expected word from Mr. Chalmers or one of his assistants. The rival paper, the Evening Gazette, was out with an extra containing a rumor that the lost magnates had been located in South Africa. Mr. Sharp could stand it no longer. It was two o'clock and the market was soaring, but Wall street was as mystified as ever. For a week Sharp had held in type the most startling headlines ever designed in the office. He had been advised that the "Helen Carmody" had sailed from Havana and he knew her destination. It was the day for news from the abducted men. Sharp decided to "take a chance" The following was his first effort in headlines, which covered the front page, and crowded the title of the paper into small type in the upper left-hand corner:

THE EVENING RECORD. New York, May 24.

RESCUED BY THE RECORD!!! The New York Record Accomplishes the Greatest Achievement in the History of Journalism!!!

RESCUES THE MISSING MILLIONAIRES!!!

Palmer J. Morton, John M. Rockwell, Andrus Carmody, R. J. Kent, Simon Pence and Hiram Haven

Rescued from the Mexican Coast by an Expedition Fitted out by the New York Record!!!

Wall Street in a Flurry of Excitement!

The brief article which followed contained no information not stated in the headlines, and there was no date line at the head of it. Mr. Sharp was busy preparing a second and more circumstantial announcement when a telegram was received from Mr. Chalmers. A few minutes later the second Record extra was on the street. It read:

"Vera Cruz, Mexico, May 16.—The expedition in charge of William Chalmers, managing editor of the New York Record, has effected the rescue

of Palmer J. Morton, John M. Rockwell, Andrus Carmody, R. J. Kent, Simon Pence, Hiram Haven, Sidney Hammond and L. Sylvester Vincent. The kidnapping of these distinguished financiers is the most sensational crime in history. On the evening of May 1, seven of these men were lured on board the steam yacht 'Shark,' owned by Walter B. Hestor, the famous amateur newspaper correspondent. Hestor planned the crime and executed it with the cunning of a maniac. He invited Messrs. Morton, Kent, Rockwell, Carmody, Haven and Pence to join him at a dinner on board the 'Shark,' at which time an important business matter was to be discussed. Mr. Sidney Hammond was invited as legal counsel for Mr. Hestor. L. Sylvester Vincent was present to discuss another business matter with Mr. Carmody. Once out in the Atlantic, Hestor refused to return his guests to New York. He permitted them to send ashore the letters which were received by their relations, and then steamed south. He landed them on the coast of Mexico—on the sixth day—at a point south of Vera Cruz, on a spot which he stated was an island. Here Hestor had fitted up a bungalow on the edge of a lake, connected by a narrow inlet to the Gulf of Mexico. That night Hestor sailed away in the 'Shark.'

"By indefatigable effort, the New York Record traced this crime to Walter B. Hestor. Its detective force, under the charge of John Stevens, located the bungalow. Special credit is due to Bernard Seymour, the famous detective reporter of Chicago, who, by skill and strategy, which will be explained later, found the contractor who built the bungalow—Col. John McIntyre, of Havana. On Tuesday, May 16, Miss Helen Carmody, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of Andrus Carmody, placed the steam yacht which bears her name at the disposal of the Record, and in company with her aunt, Mrs. Isabel White, sailed for Havana. William Chalmers, managing editor of the Record, was in charge of the expedition. At Havana, Bernard Seymour, John Stevens and Col. McIntyre were taken on board and the yacht proceeded to Vera Cruz. In the meantime the marooned men had not been idle. They had constructed a seaworthy boat and were out in the gulf, about 30 miles northeast of Vera Cruz, where they were picked up by the 'Helen Carmody' and taken to Vera Cruz. They are in splendid health, and their sufferings have been mental rather than physical. They will leave to-night on the yacht for New Orleans, and from thence to New York by special train. The following signed statement is forwarded by request of the rescued men:

"To All Whom It May Concern: We desire to announce our safe return to civilization, in good health and spirits. We are mindful of the mercies of an all-wise Providence, who has watched over and brought us through many perils and difficulties. We take this opportunity to publicly acknowledge our thanks for the splendid services rendered in our behalf by the New York Record, to whose executive ability and foresight is due our rescue from the dangers of the sea, and our safe return to shore. Our gratitude is especially due to William Chalmers, Bernard Seymour and John Stevens. In our opinion, this forced detention was the act of an irresponsible individual and not a conspiracy for any national purpose. Signed: ANDRUS CARMODY, PALMER J. MORTON, JOHN M. ROCKWELL, MIRAM HAVEN, SIMON PENCE, R. J. KENT, SIDNEY HAMMOND, L. SYLVESTER VINCENT. 'Vera Cruz, May 24.'

Late that memorable Wednesday night, the staunch steam yacht "Helen Carmody" left the lights of Vera Cruz twinkling in the distance, and started on her 900 mile journey to New Orleans. All were fatigued from the excitement and toil of the day, and it was late on Thursday morning when they met again around the breakfast table in the spacious dining cabin. It was a merry and a contented party. There were 14 around the board—just enough to escape the fatal 13—but Bernard Seymour, being superstitious, counted three times before he was satisfied. Miss Helen Carmody presided as hostess. Never did she look more charming.

Simon Pence came in for much raillery about his gold idols and images. There were many inquiries about "Socks," the monkey. "There is no chance for you and Vincent to escape that freight bill now," said Mr. Kent. "Here are your idols on Mr. Carmody's yacht. He can impose an extra charge if he chooses."

"No, I will be liberal," said Mr. Carmody. "When we get to New York we will appraise their value, and Mr. Pence can draw his check for one-third of it. Then he and Vincent can make an equitable division and I will do the same." Mr. Vincent consented with promptness to this arrangement. Mr. Pence sighed and said he would stand to his agreement. The gold appraised about \$370,000, and Mr. Pence gave Mr. Carmody his check for \$123,500. By general agreement this was deposited to Mr. Vincent's credit, making his total share in excess of \$247,000. He disposed of many of the idols as curios, and finally found himself in possession of a fortune of \$250,000.

The "Helen Carmody" was favored with good weather, and on Friday evening the low shores of Louisiana crept up out of the gulf. To the east was a vessel which looked like a steam yacht, headed in a diagonal direction, as if to run across the course of the "Helen Carmody."

Mr. Carmody, Miss Helen and Mr. Chalmers were on the forward deck. Chalmers was the first to observe the yacht.

"There is a problem which sailors have to solve," he said. "That boat is headed across our course. Will she cross our bows, or will she go to the stern, assuming she keeps straight ahead? What do you say, Mr. Carmody?"

"She is a bit faster than this boat, I think," said Mr. Carmody. "In my judgment, she will pass at least half a mile ahead of us."

"I do not think so," said Miss Helen. "I am loyal to our yacht. We will beat her. Don't you think so, Mr. Chalmers?"

"I think one of us will have to change our course," replied Chalmers. At this moment Capt. Baldwin approached and called Chalmers aside.

"That boat to windward is the 'Shark,'" he said in a low tone. Chalmers took a quick look at the steadily approaching craft. "She is going to cut us off," continued Capt. Baldwin. "You had better pass the word among the men folks, and send the ladies below. I don't know what the intentions of that fellow Hestor are, but he is not going to interfere with the 'Helen Carmody' without a fight."

Chalmers returned to Mr. Carmody and Miss Helen.

"That yacht is the 'Shark,'" he said, quietly. "Capt. Baldwin has recognized her. He does not anticipate any trouble, but he suggests that Miss Carmody and Mrs. White go below for awhile."

"I do not wish to go below," said Miss Carmody, her eyes dancing with excitement. "I am not afraid. They cannot hurt us, can they, papa? Let me stay on deck. I want to see that awful Mr. Hestor and his captain."

"That will not do, Helen," said Mr. Carmody. "Capt. Baldwin is right. You join Mrs. White and remain in the saloon until I call you."

Miss Helen glanced appealingly at Mr. Chalmers, but received no encouragement in her meditated rebellion; so she obeyed and went to the lower deck.

Sidney Hammond came rushing forward.

"That is the 'Shark!'" he exclaimed. "Let us prepare for trouble. That maniac means mischief. Where are the rifles?"

[To Be Continued.]

Fellow Countrymen.

An English actor tells a story of an Irishman named Flanagan, who had been out of work for some time, and at length applied to a circus proprietor for a position.

There were no regular places open, but the manager looked Flanagan over and said: "Our largest lion died last week, but we kept his skin, and if you like to get into it and be shown as a lion, you can have the job."

Flanagan agreed. At the first show the proprietor stepped into the cage and said, "Ladies and gentlemen. To prove the docility of this roaring lion, I shall order him into the cage with a ferocious tiger."

Flanagan hung back, but the circus proprietor prodded him with a sword and threatened to run him through, and the "lion" was driven into the same cage with the tiger. There he backed into a corner and cried: "Shpare me!"

Then the ferocious tiger jumped to his feet and answered, "Ye needn't be afraid of me! I'm an Irishman meself!"—London M. A. P.

Two Views.

A learned Oxford don was commissioned to write a Latin epitaph to be inscribed on a monument to some person of note. He composed the lines, and was so proud of his performance that he not only sent several copies abroad, but began to put out feelers as to the comments made.

But inquirers, like listeners, seldom hear any good of themselves, and the replies he received were about what might have been expected—guarded, lukewarm in praise and imperfect in critical acumen. The most unsatisfactory of all came through the verger of his own college, of whom the scholar inquired as to any remarks his pupils had made. Said he:

"Do the young gentlemen ever translate that little epitaph of mine, eh?"

"Why, yes, sir, they does," returned the verger.

"Well, very good, and what do they say?" urged the don.

"Why, sir, they say it is bad Latin."

"Bad Latin!" echoed the horrified don. "Tell the young blockheads it is sepulchral Latin!"—Youth's Companion.

A Pardonable Error.

The stories told in "the profession" of Mr. Brookfield's scathing repartee are endless. On one occasion a young actor who had lately made a bit of a hit in a small part, was regaling a few friends at great length upon the "splendid notices" he had received and the various merits of his performance. At last Brookfield quietly remarked: "But, my dear sir, you are not really at all good in the part. I have never seen you do anything very well, but in this part you are simply naughty."

"Indeed," said the young man, bridling up. "I suppose so distinguished a critic as yourself would deny my being an actor at all."

"I certainly should," said Mr. Brookfield.

"Then what would you call me?" asked the young man, a little recklessly.

"Well," said Brookfield, with a sweet smile, "I think I should describe you as a pardonable error."—Pall Mall Gazette.

A Matrimonial Alliance.

Mrs. Jackson—Mah son Jim am a tonsorial artist.

Mrs. Johnson—And am he wedded to his art?

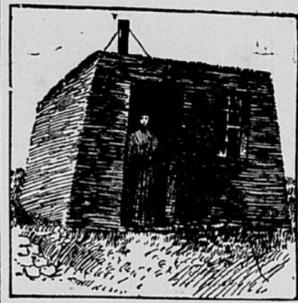
"Oh, yes! He makes it support him."—Puck.



WESTERN FARM LIFE.

It Is Not Always Pleasant and the Wives of Pioneers Are the Chief Sufferers.

Many farmers' wives in the east hardly realize the comfort that surrounds them, even in an old-fashioned house with few modern conveniences, as compared with the privations encountered on some of the virgin prairies. It is true that communities build up rapidly in the great west, and the sod house of one generation soon gives way to the convenient modern dwelling of the next, but life is hard for every pioneer, and some of its greatest trials fall to the women. A witty woman once observed that her sympathies were not so much with the Pilgrim Fathers as with their wives; they endured all the hardships that the Pilgrim Fathers did, and the Pilgrim Fathers, too! In like manner, when we read of the courageous homesteaders who fight drought and cloudbursts, grasshoppers and blizzards, until



NEBRASKA SOD HOUSE.

the virgin prairie is harnessed to its work of feeding the world, we think of lonely women, like the one who stands in front of that pitiful little sod house in Nebraska, shown in the cut. Our friends tell us that a sod house or a dug-out is often very comfortable, but the housekeeper has to renounce many things that she thought necessities in the tree-embowered home "back east."

We should like to visit awhile with that Nebraska housewife, who stands up so courageously by her front door; we have no doubt she has met many house-keeping problems, and bravely surmounted them, and we hope the rich sod beneath her feet will produce among its other crops a modern farmhouse that will make up for all the privations she may first pass through.—Rural New Yorker.

CUTTING AND FEEDING CORN.

How a Farmer Can Obtain Full Benefit of His Crop Explained by an Agriculturist.

No farmer receives the full benefit from his crop unless he feeds both the fodder and grain, writes Fred H. Suhre, in Orange Judd Farmer. The best plan is to purchase a corn binder and cut the crop with it. My experience proves that it is cheaper than to have it cut by hand. One man with a machine can cut six to eight acres a day, and two men can shock it. Corn cut this way and bound in bundles is easier handled, whether hauled to a shredder or husked by hand. I have a feed cutter and a four-horse sweep power, with which I used to cut my fodder, but I found that I can have this work done cheaper and better with a combined husker and shredder.

My cattle waste less shredded fodder than they do good clover hay. I never plan to fatten my cattle on grain, but intend to feed enough to keep them in good growing condition, so they will fatten readily when turned on grass. I live three miles from a mill where I can have my corn ground on a corn and cob grinder for seven cents per 100 pounds. This mill will grind about 30 bushels an hour, therefore I never have to wait very long when getting a load of corn ground. This is much cheaper for me than to have a mill of my own, for I think that to do a good job of grinding power should be had from a steam or gasoline engine, the cost of which is too much for me, as I seldom have over 35 cattle, old and young.

Every intelligent farmer knows it pays to feed some grain to cattle in winter, but about the first of January, when the corn gets hard and dry, some of my cows will not eat it on cob, therefore I must have it ground. I believe if it is ground with the cob it is more easily digested than corn meal. Cattle not being fed heavily, eat their grain rapidly. If corn is fed on the cob, I think enough is wasted to more than pay for grinding.

NOTES ON THE MULE.

A mule will pine away and die when rheumatism attacks his hind feet. Disease is friendly to the drinking fountain lined with green slime.

In kodaking a mule don't focus his rear, unless you have a wheelbarrow escapement handy.

A mule is a vegetarian by nature and training, and although he will kill he will not eat his prey.

A mule never discriminates between a tramp and a preacher. He is like the rain—gets the drop on bad and good alike.

A mule has one great advantage over less favored creatures; he has no descendants to leave a good name and fame—so leaves neither.

A mule standing motionless with both eyes half closed is not dreaming sweet dreams. Scientists say he is either thinking of the man he kicked last or the one he will kick first.—Rural World.

USE OF FERTILIZERS.

It Is a Problem That Western Farmers Are Now Facing and Will Continue to Face.

What is a fertilizer? It is anything added to the soil to increase the amount of plant food in it or to make available that plant food. There are 14 elements entering into plant growth, but ten of these are used in such small quantities by the plants and are so abundant in the soil that they are seldom taken into consideration in the discussion of plant food. The four that are considered are calcium, phosphorus, nitrogen and potassium. Calcium in combination with water forms lime. Calcium is so cheap, in the form of gypsum and lime, that it is seldom mentioned in connection with commercial fertilizers. Nevertheless, the soil surveys are showing that millions of acres of land are bearing half crops because they are too acid, needing but the application of lime to enable them to bear full crops. We have thought too little of lime simply because it was so abundant and cheap.

Phosphorus, potash and nitrogen are the three elements that we find most difficult to secure. Sometimes the land becomes so depleted of a certain element that the cost of resupplying it is almost prohibitive. Thus, Prof. Hopkins, of the Illinois Agricultural college, says that some of the stock-raising farms of Illinois have been so exhausted of phosphorus that it will require an expenditure of \$50 per acre to bring them back to their virgin state, as to soil content of phosphates.

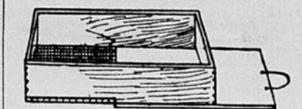
The question of fertilizers in soils is one that must interest farmers to a greater extent than it has in the past. The increase of our population points out the end of a system that depended on getting new virgin soil when that occupied had been exhausted of its fertility. The supply of fertility in a soil should be as carefully reckoned for as should the capital in the vaults of a banker. The use of fertilizers is a matter that our western farmers are now facing and will continue to face. It will be easier to put on a little each year and thus keep up the farm than to wait till a certain element is exhausted and then attempt to supply it.—Farmers' Review.

CHARCOAL FOR HENS.

It Promotes Digestion and Appetite and Is Said to Stimulate Production of Eggs.

The hen in confinement must have careful feeding to keep her in health. Charcoal is cleansing to the system and promotes digestion and appetite. A simple device for securing charcoal from the ashes of any wood fire is quickly made out of a codfish box.

To make the little sifter shown in the drawing, pry the bottom from one of the 4 1/2 by eight-inch boxes in which



HANDY CHARCOAL SIFTER.

fish is bought. Cut a piece of netting (from a worn-out ash sifter will do) about five inches square. Tack this over the bottom of the box at one end, using double pointed tacks. Bend the edges of the netting up against the box on the outside, then tack the bottom of the box on again, letting it just cover the netting and project 1/2 inches or so beyond the box. This forms a handle, and a piece of cord passed through two holes and tied to form a loop makes it possible to hang up the sifter.

This sifter seems a small and slight affair, but it works much better than a big one into which several quarts of ashes would be dumped at once. Armed with an old pan and a fire shovel, putting in only a few ashes at a time, the contents of the ash pan from our kitchen range will yield over a quart of fine charcoal.—Orange Judd Farmer.

LATE BEE PASTURE.

Why It Pays to Sow a Little Alsike and White Clover on Land Needing Rest.

In some localities, late in the season, the honey-producing plants fail or their season passes and the bees find themselves without anything to work on. The ordinary farmer considers it too small a business to take into consideration the needs of the busy little workers when sowing his crops, but when we call to mind the fact that all bees bring us is just that much clear gain, with little or no labor, we can afford to expend some time and labor in providing for their wants. Especially is this true when the crop sown is one that will bring a profit or prove a benefit outside of its value as a bee food. Alsike and white clover sown in waste places and on land needing rest and rejuvenation will furnish such stock food, as well as the best bee pasture. There are many fields and patches about the farm where the early crops will be taken off in August, which can be planted in buckwheat and a good crop of salable grain realized, while the bees can find the material in it for their winter stores.—Prairie Farmer.

Feed for Hogs on Pasture.

The best swine raisers insist that it pays to feed hogs a little grain while on pasture, even though the pasture be clover. A hog's stomach is small and is not capable of digesting as much coarse material as a horse or ox; consequently it is always advisable to give a little grain. The animal remains more thrifty, seems to assimilate and digest its coarse feed better, and when the time comes to put on heavy feed, starts off more rapidly and does better.—Orange Judd Farmer.