KIDNAPED

One Story Leads to Another

By SILAS ARMSTRONG

"Mark," said Mr. Chandler, "here's a cent; go get me a paper."

It was 6 o'clock in the evening, and day and night were mingling. A boy, who was ten years old, started for the paper. The walk before him there and back would require about ten minutes. Twenty minutes passed and he had not returned. His mother began to grow anxious. Her husband laughed at her Dinner was announced, and still no word from Mark. Mrs. Chandler insisted that the father should go to the newsstand and make inquiries. He consented and learned that the boy had been there, bought a paper and gone away with it in the direction of his home.

This is what happened to Mark While walking home a carriage drove up to the sidewalk beside him, two men alighted, seized the boy, put him into the carriage, got in with him, shut the door and were driven away. There was not a person near to see what had been done.

Mark Chandler was a very bright boy. He was a boy's boy, not a girl's boy by any means. He had no use for indoor playthings, except that in the garret of his home he had a workshop and various electrical contrivances. He knew nothing of electric theories, but had played with batteries to turn miniature mills, ring bells and make tiny lights so often that he had become quite conversant with the adjustment of wires. His other amusements were baseball, football and in winter skating. Altogether Mark was as well calculated as any boy of his age to take care of himself.

He knew he was being kidnaped, and from the lingo in which his captors conversed he judged they were Italians. Of course he was terribly frightened, but it didn't take him very long to recover his equanimity sufficiently to notice the direction in which he was being taken. He had been about the city more or less and knew some locations. But he was not driven in a straight course and soon lost his bearings. It was in the spring of th year, the length of the twilight he considerably lengthened, and the boy could see landmarks if he only recognised them. Presently he passed a rink where he had skated. After this the carriage turned down a broad avenue, which he distinctly remembered, but did not know its name. The lamps were lighted, and he saw the names of the streets crossed. Bogart street was on of them, and into this the carriage turned. Not far from the corner of the street and the avenue the carriage stopped at a large house. It stood alone and had the appearance of being unoccupied. Mark was taken into it by a back door, but there were no lights, and after passing through a basement hall and up a short stairway he found himself in a handsomely furnished room in which a gas jet was burning. Besides the two men was a woman, a veritable hag, and, though he understood not a word of their talk he knew that the men were turning him over to her as his jailer After a brief consultation the two men went out of the room, followed by the woman, who locked the door after her.

Mark threw himself on a lounge and cried till she came back with some bread and a little butter and sugar on it. She told him in Italian-English not to cry, giving him to understand that he would be well treated. This helped him to recover his equanimity, and he ate the supper she had provided for him. Then she took him upstairs to a large bedroom, in which the gas jet was turned low, and told him to go to bed.

The kidnapers were evidently either caretakers of the house or, knowing that it was vacant, had forced an entrance and appropriated it to their use Mark didn't consider this. He was too young. But he did consider means of escape His father had once locked him in a room for disobedience and shortly after found him playing base ball with his boy companions. Mark had slid down a drain pipe As soon as the woman left him he began to make investigations. He raised a window so stealthily as not to make a sound that could be heard and looked out. He was on the third story in the rear of the house and nothing near by which he might get down. He noticed a telephone wire leading into a room below and wished he might get near it long enough to send a message But it was not likely that his captors would permit him to do so.

He longed also for the battery he had at home and wires to connect it with the telephone wires, thinking he might send a message. But he was perfectly safe where he was, and at last, giving up trying to devise means of escape he threw himself on the bed There he fell to thinking how anxious his father and mother would be about him and cried himself to sleep.

Early in the morning the woman awakened him and took him out of the room he occupied. She had no idea of letting him stay in the daytime where he might attract the attention of those outside and communicate with them. She took him downstairs to the kitchen, where she gave him something to eat after that she compelled him to remain there with her while she did certain chores.

The door of the kitchen closet stood open, and Mark could see that on its shelves were certain remnants of stores that were not likely to have been bought by his captors. They had evidently been left there by those who had occupied the premises before it had been closed. One thing Mark saw put an idea into his head. It was a lemon. His grandfather, who had been a soldier in the civil war, had been captured and imprisoned. He had communicated with friends without by writing letters which would pass inspection, but on being heated the real missive, that had been invisible, would appear. Mark had often heard him tell the story of how by this means he was assisted to escape, and it occurred to him that if he could get hold of that lemon he might write a note to his father. The idea was very vague in his mind, but one thing he determined on, to steal the lemon.

He was permitted to walk around the room, and watching his opportunity when the hag's back was turned to him while she stood at the sink, he pounced upon it and put it in his pocket. That was as far as he got for some time. Nevertheless, his little brain was at work, and finally he hit upon a plan. He said to the woman:

"Please let me write papa to come and take me away."

"Hush!" grunted the woman. "You no write anybody."

"I'll tell him to pay you a whole lot of money."

The woman's eyes brightened at this, but she made no reply. When one of the men came the same afternoon Mark heard him and the woman discussing something, and evidently he was the subject of their discussion When it was finished the man went into another room and returned with pen, ink and paper.

"You write your father to send $10,000 and I take you home."

Mark sat down at a table to write without having the slightest idea how he was going to use the lemon juice. Indeed, with the two watching him, it would be impossible. He wrote a letter and on reading it over found that he had left out certain words. He laid it aside and wrote another. While writing the second letter it occurred to him that he might have use for the first and he should secure it But his captors were watching him every moment When he finished the second letter and they were both eagerly reading it he found an opportunity to put the first in his pocket. Then when they returned him his letter they had read that he might enclose and address it, he read it over, tore it up and began to write another.

The Italians gave him a sound cuff for what he had done, but he did not mind that if he could only follow a plan he had in view. He wrote another letter, which he purposely spoiled; then another, in which he wrote the amount of the ransom wrong. Then he said he had changed his mind and wouldn't write to his father after all. Since his captors were now bent on his doing so, they endeavored to force him to write another letter by repeated thrashings. But he only said, "Tomorrow," and at last they desisted.

When Mark was put to bed—this time in a room with the windows nailed up—he wrote in lemon juice with a match a description of the house in which he was imprisoned and its location, so far as he could give it. The next morning, when alone with the hag, he told her he would write the letter. She gave him the writing materials and he wrote while she did her chores. Finally he handed her a letter in an envelope. It was the one he had first written, with a postscript, "Burn up this letter when you have read it."

When the man who had been there the day before came again the woman showed him the letter. When he came to the postscript Mark saw that he was talking to the woman about it. They finally seemed to agree to let it stand, probably considering it, if of any importance, rather an advantage to them. The man replaced the letter in the envelope and took it away with him

Meanwhile the Chandler family were in a continued agony. One afternoon, on entering his house, Mr. Chandler found Mark's letter that had been slipped under the door. With it were instructions as to how to pay the ransom. The postscript arrested Mr Chandler's attention at once. He surmised that Mark had been forced to write the letter and the postscript. At any rate, he had no idea of burning the letter. But in time he began to wonder as to its meaning. Then he remembered his father's story of how he had used lemon juice to effect his escape from prison He held the letter before a hot fire and the problem was solved.

The same night, with a force of police, Mr. Chandler broke into the house and made a thorough search They found nothing and hope was beginning to desert them when they entered the basement Hearing them, Mark began to shout. Mr Chandler raised the lid of a stationary washtub, and Mark jumped into his arms

The police took care of those they found in the house, and Mr Chandler took the boy home to his mother, who smothered him with kisses

"How did you happen to think of the lemon juice racket, Mark?" asked his father

"I wouldn't have thought of it if I hadn't remembered grandpop's prison story."

There was no use in the kidnapers putting in a defense, for Mark identified the woman and the man who had taken his letter, and they are now serving a term in state prison. The other man was never found.

PAYING THE DUTY.

Custom House Officials Have Some Queer Experiences.

PASSING A SEALSKIN COAT.

The Way the Matter Was Fixed Up With an Appraiser and the Surprise That Awaited the Owner—A Bride, a Ring, a Husband and a Bluff.

The general impression is that the life of a customs inspector is a very dull routine of hardship, but such is not always the case.

The average person believes there is a little romance about the life and unquestionably the tang of the sea, but it almost never occurs to him that it is one of the funniest businesses in the world. The element of humor never enters into the general appreciation of the customs man, but it exists nevertheless.

There is a deputy collector now in the custom house of New York whose experiences in several years are really humorous. He is a grave, solemn looking man, thus bearing out the traditions, but that does not prevent him from enjoying the odd incidents that bob up in his line of duty. Speaking of them, he said:

"I had an odd experience the other day. A young man from an office in Wall street had gone to Europe to be married. In London he bought his wife a ring. He had put it in his declaration at a value of $1,000. He brought his bride to me, and she held out her pretty little pink hand that I might examine the ring. It flashed and sparkled beautifully, but the flashes and sparkles didn't seem quite right, so I asked to be allowed to examine it more carefully. The bride blushingly pulled the ring off and handed it to me. I showed it to an expert appraiser, who promptly declared that it was a fake piece of jewelry worth about $10.

"I sympathized with the young man, and when I got a chance I told him the truth. 'Oh, yes,' he replied, 'I know. You see, I didn't have much money with me, so I bought this for $1 in, but I had to ring in a bluff on my wife. Don't give me away.' The poor fellow was willing to pay several times the value of the ring to make his bluff good, but we fixed it up for him without his bride knowing the truth.

"Another laughable experience, but more serious for the passenger, happened not long ago. When I boarded a big steamship from Europe I was approached by a man who introduced himself as one who had formerly been collector of one of the most important western ports. I knew him very well by reputation. He was returning from abroad with his family. He explained that he was very wealthy and did not want to evade paying all the duty necessary, but he confided in me that he had a sealskin coat, bought in Paris for his wife, which he had not included in his declaration, knowing that sealskins could not be imported. Nevertheless, just because we were both members of the same fraternity, he wanted to know if there was not some way in which he could get the coat into the country.

"I would have been glad to help him, but didn't see how it could be done. However, I told him I would put the question up to the appraiser at the pier and if the matter could be arranged I would fix it up. The appraiser looked the coat over and told me to put it on the declaration as an imitation sealskin valued at $75. The western man was delighted.

"'That's what I call clever,' he said.

"A few days later I got a letter from this man asking me to call upon him at one of the most fashionable uptown hotels. I went to see him and had luncheon with him and his family. When luncheon was over he made a little golden cone on the table. It consisted of a twenty dollar gold piece, a ten, a five, a three, a two and a half and a one, all in gold He shoved the stack over to me.

"'Just a souvenir, a reminder of your cleverness in getting that seal coat through for me,' he said.

"I refused to take it, but he tried to press it on me and told me to give it to the appraiser, but I refused. Later, when his family left us, I asked him how much he had paid for the coat in Paris. He said he had paid $1,000 He could hardly believe it when I told him that we had not falsified the declaration, that the coat was an imitation and that $75 was its outside value. He called a bellboy then and there and sent the coat to a furrier to have it appraised. The furrier sent back word that he would sell him all he wanted just like it for $65 each."—New York Herald

Mirror, Crystal and Sword.

The three symbols of the imperial house of Japan are the mirror, the crystal and the sword, and they are carried in front of the emperor on all state occasions Each has its significance "Look at the mirror and reflect thyself," or in other words, "Know thyself," is the message of the mirror. "Be pure and shine" is the crystal's injunction, while the sword is a reminder to "Be sharp"

A Custom of the Tyrol.

In the Tyrol it is the custom for women and children to come out into the open when it is the latter's bedtime and sing. Their husbands, fathers and brothers answer them from the hills on their way home.

The injuries we do and those we suffer are seldom weighed in the same balance.—Richter.

OUR BIG GAME.

Bret Harte's Explanation That Made the Matter Quite Clear.

Bret Harte, the whimsical and brilliant chronicler of Roaring Camp and Poker Flat, used to become weary to exasperation at the foolish admirers who could not separate him from his characters and who insisted on confounding their experiences and predilections with his own.

Since he wrote of pioneer mining camps in the early days of the gold fever, his characters were often heroic only in part. Indeed, they were quite as often rogues as heroes. As he obviously could not be identified with the rougher types among them, the favorite notion seemed to be that he was or had been a gentleman gambler. With that idea in mind a young Englishman in London once tried hard to get him to describe and explain poker, which he referred to as "your great American game." Mr. Harte conveniently misunderstood him.

"So you say 'great game' over here?" he inquired amiably. "In the United States, now, we call it 'big game'—grizzlies, catamounts, buffalo and bighorn—don't you know. But we don't chase them with pokers. No, no! They're abundant, but they don't often come into the houses, really. It's usually necessary to go outside with a gun."

At another time he learned that a certain noted hostess, whose invitation to dine he had just accepted, had been questioning one of his intimates to learn if it were true that he was a reformed gambler.

"Not reformed," declared Mr. Harte wearily. "Tell her I am beyond reformation. Tell her that I was my own model for the gambler Oakhurst and that the scene of his suicide is pure autobiography."—Youth's Companion.

FREAKS OF DYNAMITE.

One That Was Lucky For the Man Down in the Mine Shaft.

"Not long ago," said a Leadville mining man, "there occurred one of those freaks of dynamite in one of the deep shafts of the Carbonate camp that might not happen again in a thousand years.

"Two men at the bottom of a shaft had set in five four and one-half feet holes which were to be exploded with dynamite cartridges 1½ inches in diameter. As is usual in such cases, they gave the customary signals to the hoisting engineer and after lighting the fuse stepped on the bale of the bucket and started upward. When about ten feet from the bottom one of the men had an epileptic fit and toppled out. His partner tried to reach the bell cord to stop the bucket, but it was too late. The bell cord could be reached only from the lower part of the shaft. When the engineer saw only one man come through the collar of the shaft at the surface his face blanched.

"'Where's Jim?' he asked excitedly.

"Quickly the miner related the circumstances and exhibited his hand, bloody from contact with the sharp rock in an effort to reach the bell cord before the bucket entered the timbering. The men, their hearts beating wildly, listened in suspense for the five explosions of dynamite that would tear their unfortunate comrade to pieces. They heard five faint reports, one after the other. They were simply the detonating caps of the cartridges. Every one of the charges of dynamite had missed fire—failed to explode. I have known of one or even three shots out of five missing, but I don't believe there is another case on record where five missed as providentially as in this case."—Exchange.

A Musical Rebuke.

As to the possibility of humor in music the London Telegraph says: "If composers and performers had more of the sense of humor music's appeal would be immensely wider. The trouble is that musical performers are far too apt to take themselves too seriously." The solemn attitude of some musicians toward their art was humorously rebuked recently by a well known New York pianist, who remarked to his gifted wife, also a pianist, at the conclusion of a performance by the latter: "My dear, don't look so doleful. Music isn't a funeral; music is a joke!"

A Very Different Matter.

A Penn avenue business man was taking an employee to task.

"See here! You wrote a personal letter yesterday during business hours. You used your employer's time. That's stealing."

The employee flared back.

"Wait, sir," he said. "I have worked overtime at least 100 times a year for the past ten years."

"Ha, hum! That's business."—Pittsburgh Post.

In After Years.

Old Fogy Father—My father never supplied me with money to squander on fast horses, theater parties, late dinners and the like. Up to Date Son—Oh, that's all right, dad. You must remember that I come of a more aristocratic family than you did.—Chicago News.

Forced Youth.

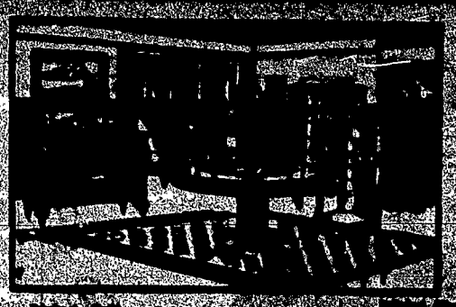
"I insist that I am just as young as I used to be."

"That's all right as long as you don't try to act that way."—Houston Post.

When Time Doesn't Fly.

Sitting around a country depot waiting for a midnight train will do a lot to dissipate that tempus fugit theory.—Atchison Globe.

He who is not ready today will be less so tomorrow.—Ovid.



H. B. GRAVES

Book and Job Printing Done at Reasonable Rates

Call and Inspect our Samples

The Catholic Journal Co.

64 North Street

John H. McAnarney

General Insurance Fidelity Building

101-102 Elkwanger & Barry Bldg.

Roch. Phone 4178 Bell Phone

"Onyx" Hosiery

Trade Mark

For Quality, Style and Wear, get a pair of "Onyx" Hose in Cotton, Lisle, Silk or Pure Silk, from 25c to $5.00 per pair. Genuine without trade mark on every pair. Sold by all dealers.

Lord & Taylor - - New York

Wholesale Distributors

BLOCK GAS MANTLES

END YOUR MANTLE TROUBLES

If you light with Gas, Gasoline or Kerosene, you need Block Mantles. Buy Mantles by name. Go to your dealer and say firmly, "I want Block Mantles." Dealers write us direct.

THE BLOCK LIGHT CO. YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO

THE BLOCK INVERTED AND BLOCK VITALITY MANTLES

For Sale by A. T. Ellis & Co.

W. B. NUFORM CORSET

THE Nuform is a popular, priced corset, modeled on lines that perfect your figure. It defines graceful bust, waist and hip lines and lies at the back.

The range of shapes is so varied, every figure can be fitted with charming result.

All Nuform Corsets are made of serviceable fabrics—both heavy and light weight—daintily trimmed and well tailored.

Your dealer will supply you with the model best suited to your figure.

Nuform, Style 478. (As pictured) For average figures. Medium low bust, extra skirt length over abdomen and hips. Made of durable coutil and light weight batiste. Hose supporters. Sizes 18 to 30. Price, $1.00.

Nuform, Style 488. For average and well developed figures. Medium bust, extra length over hips, back and abdomen. Coutil and batiste. Hose supporters. Sizes 18 to 30. Price, $1.00.

Nuform, Style 488. For average and well developed figures. Unique cost construction over hips, back and abdomen, insuring comfort with modish lines. Made of excellent coutil and batiste. Hose supporters. Sizes 19 to 30. Price, $1.50.

Sold At All Stores

WARNER BROS., Makers, 345 Sts. & Broadway, New York