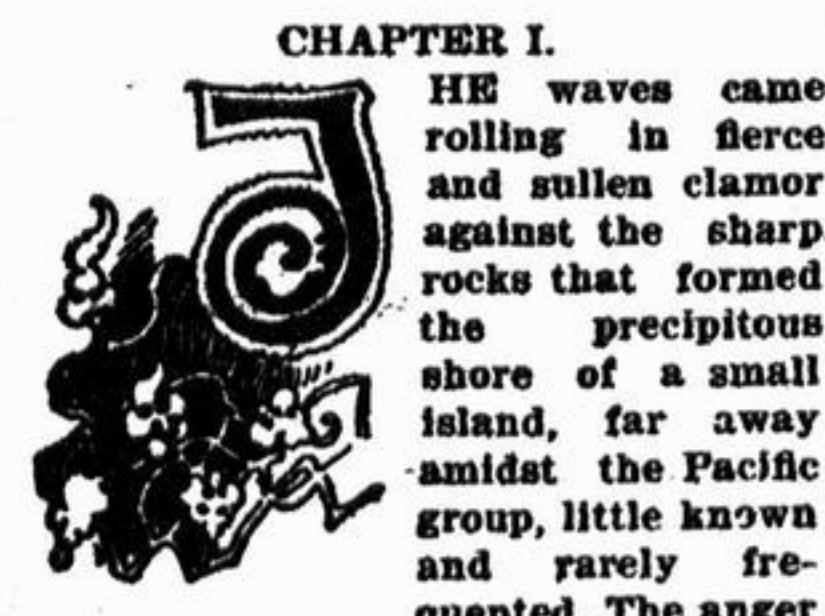


THE BEACON LIGHT BY M.T. CALDOR. INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.



CHAPTER I. HE waves came rolling in fierce and sullen clamor against the sharp rocks that formed the precipitous shore of a small island, far away amidst the Pacific group, little known and rarely frequented. The anger of the storm-king still manifested itself in the hoarse bay of the surf, while the moaning of the wind, yet lashing the water to white caps of foam, echoed stifly along the shore and sea; but the fury of the elemental strife had passed, for where huge masses of sullen clouds were trooping away, sketched in the west a broad line of smiling blue. As the despairing wretch greets the hand that sets him firm upon the pinnacle of joy—as the parched and falling desert traveler hails the music of the fountain's dash—as dying creatures seize at life—so was the sight of that patch of fair sky—that island green and fresh as Hope—welcomed with transport by the ship-wrecked remnant of a staunch and gallant company, who but a few hours before had walked in fearless security on the deck of what was now a dismantled, broken wreck, plunging, tossing, sinking—not safe for the nest of a sea-gull.

Of a freight of forty souls four human creatures alone survived, and these had been drifting to and fro clinging to the caboose, which had been washed from the deck, and fortunately preserved from dashing upon the long sunken coral reef that extended from the island a league or more.

"Courage, sir; didn't I tell you, never say die? I reckon by this time old Nep has tired out his dolphins. I could make a whole rig out of that ere blue patch, and the sign's as sartin here in these heathen parts as in England—God bless her! That fair weather's close alongside; the wind's going down, and the current's a-setting us toward the shore as softly as a cat drops her kitten. I wish for these poor little creatures' sake it would hurry itself a little, though to be sure I'm not above comfortable on my own account. I like salt water, but ain't anxious to soak in it—that's a fact. But avast there! I'm not going to looking on the black side of things—nary a grumbler could I ever call a good shipmate. It's hard to think of all our poor fellers gone to Davy Jones's locker—but the Lord must have known it, and Tom Harris ain't a-going to question Providence just yet!" And the honest, rough old tar shook his head to dash off the tears that mingled with the briny wave that plunged over their frail retreat.

A sigh came from the individual he addressed—of whose personal appearance just then it would be unfair to judge—with the water trickling down his sharp pallid features, which wore a look of haggard suffering and exhaustion. He changed his position a little to rest the arm that held firmly upon the wreck a boy of nine or ten years, by whose side lay a little girl not more than six years of age, fainting and quite worn out with fright and exposure, her head drooping forlornly against the brawny shoulder of the kind-hearted sailor.

"I hope your brave spirits will hold out, my noble fellow; as for myself, I confess I am growing hopeless. Is there no way to increase our speed or guide this ark of our safety?" Tom was not so used up but he could laugh.

"If we had oars and row-locks both fixed up on poor old Sambo's palace. I reckon our arms are pretty well used up, sir, and these little things must be held on. We might as well keep cool and let the work be done for us. 'Beggers mustn't be choosers'."

This philosophical reasoning was presently lucidly explained and exemplified. In its own good time the tide brought them to shallow water. With a cheery hallo Tom sprang down from his perch, and, wading along, soon drew the little caboose high and dry on the beach.

"Look a-her now, sir," said he, "see how much better this 'ere was done for us than we could ha' done for ourselves. Don't you see this 'ere is the only smooth place to land? The tide was a mighty sure pilot. Now let me see what's to be done."

The children were too much exhausted to complain, save by an occasional sigh or a groan. The little girl, indeed, was nearly insensible, and Tom, giving no thought to his stiff and aching limbs, went cheerily to work. He carried his little charge to a soft spot of green farther in shore, and then began looking around anxiously for traces of fresh water; his sharp eye was not long in spying out a modest-looking urn-like plant among the luxuriant vegetation that crept almost to the pebbles of the beach.

"Water ain't very far off," muttered he, "for this 'ere dumb mouth tells me so; and howsoever human creatures set a bad example, I never knew one o' Nature's sign-boards to lie." He went stumbling and reeling about something in the zig-zag course of a drunken man, for his swollen feet were very painful; but he kept the same steady gait, which, like a sunbeam, illumined the road and necessarily

scene into quiet beauty. Presently his eye flashed with the triumph of success, and bending down to lift away a velvety spray of moss, he discovered a tiny spring bubbling up clear and pure enough for a fairy's dainty lip.

Fertile in expedients—for Tom had been taught in the thorough school of necessity—he did not demur at the absence of a drinking vessel, but gathering a broad, glossy leaf, wound it into a roll, filled it and hurried back to his companions. He found the boy clinging to his father and asking piteously for water, while that father sat in icy stoicism—or rather in the apathy of despair—without any attempt to help himself or his child.

Tom Harris looked at him sternly as he raised the insensible little girl and poured the water over her face and began chafing her icy hands; and after a moment's hesitation, with a little tremor of tenderness, softening the roughness of the words:

"I don't know nothing about you, sir, but if I may be so bold, I must say I don't think you take a very good way to thank the Power that has saved you from death. 'Pears like it's sinful to sit looking as glum as a man who's had the worst luck in the world, when these little innocents need all our care."

The man he addressed turned fiercely.

"Be still—what do you know about me?" said he. "I tell you this casting upon a desolate, wretched island is fit crown for a life that has never seen a fair hope that has not turned to ashes in my grasp—that has endured more misery than one of your temperaments has power to think about. Just heavens! I had but one feeble ray of comfort left in me—the hope of educating that boy to escape from such a life as mine. And this is the end of my hopes—wrecked, nearly naked and destitute, on a deserted, lonely island, to perish as miserably as I have lived—and you talk to me of the gratitude I owe!"

CHAPTER II.

TOM Harris dropped the limp little hand he held to gaze in pitying wonder upon the wild misery that haggard face depicted, and then said soothingly:

"Avast, there, shipmate! I know nothing about you, to be sure, but I'll point out something pleasant for you to look at. Jest about this time I'd thank you heartily to help me bring this poor thing back to life. You won't let her die now, will ye?—for if we're to stay here long she'll be the prettiest flower and sunbeam this place will have for us."

The boy crept along wonderingly to the sailor's side, and mechanically his father followed, and began chafing the polished little limbs, until with his earnest exertion came back to his face a calm, sad, but no longer bitter look.

"Go for a little more water, while I roll her to and fro," said he quietly. After a sharp glance at his face Tom obeyed. When he returned the sufferer's blue eyes were open, and she was murmuring a few broken words, of which "Hannah, Hannah," were alone intelligible.

"Poor little thing," said Tom; "that was the gal's name who took care of her. I've often talked with 'em on deck. She's gone, and so is the grand-looking gentleman, her father, maybe. Please God, there's one man left to see to her! As long as Tom Harris has a loaf in his locker or a cent in his pocket she shan't want the lonesome, pretty little thing!" And with an awkward tenderness, inexpressibly touching, the rough sailor lifted the tiny childish hands to his lips—a token to register his silent vow.

Suddenly then the shipwrecked passenger, Paul Vernon, grasped with his thin soft fingers the hard, brown, sinewy hand of the weather-beaten tar.

"God bless you, honest soul!" said he. "I beg your pardon for my ill-humor. On my knees will I beg forgiveness of that overruling Power that has sent me here to be taught by you. Who knows but here my weary, tempest-tossed spirit will find peace and rest?" He paused, overcome with emotion, while Tom, wringing his hand, said naively:

"I'm sure I'm much obliged to you, sir, for I was a-puzzling my wits how I was ever to get along without anybody to help and cheer me up. Now I see all's right, and, to be sure, I think we've found a pretty snug berth. Anyhow, we wouldn't change with our poor shipmates, stark and cold in Davy Jones's locker. Now, you see, I was ashore in Injee nigh on to a year after the old 'British Queen' was wrecked in that tormented river o' sand-bars, the Hoogly, and I roamed pretty far into the country and I earned a powerful sight more'n I ever knew afore about those trees and plants. I see a bread-fruit tree right back of us, and if the worst comes to the worst, why, we'll have a pretty tolerable home here, I'll be bound. We've got tired of each other the children will make us happy as kings. Besides, I'm tolerable smart for pulling at the work, and I'm glad you're cheering up."

so hungry for some bread. Let me find the tree."

"Wait a moment, my son; the little girl needs our first care, and no doubt Tom will say as I do, that when we explore the island it had better be as a united company."

"All we need to be afraid of, I'm thinking, is of poisonous serpents. I'll run and strip up a nut, seeing as it's handy. We'll want something to please the poor little thing when she comes to, and take off her thoughts."

Tom disappeared in the luxuriant undergrowth of tangled vines and shrubs, and almost immediately returned with a bunch of ripe bananas and a coconut. He flung the boy a generous share and with the rest he approached the little girl, who was looking around her in affright.

"Don't be afraid, dear little one. See what nice fruit I've brought you. You remember me—don't you know Tom, who made the little ship for you, and how poor Hannah laughed at it? You know Tom, don't you?"

She looked closely a moment, and then burst into tears.

"Good Tom, good Tom, carry me back to Hannah."

Tom's lip quivered.

"Oh, no, don't—that's a darling—don't cry; it makes poor Tom feel so bad to see you. If you'll be good and not cry, nor be asking about Hannah and the rest, I'll find lots o' pretty things for you."

The child still looked grieved and troubled, but Mr. Vernon took her tenderly in his arms, and Walter came shyly to offer her a nicely peeled banana, and she laid her head back on the friendly shoulder, smiled languidly, and in a few moments was sleeping sweetly.

As much relieved as a tired general might be who sees the last column of his victorious army filing off to rest and triumphant peace, Tom motioned for Mr. Vernon to lay her down, and leaving the boy to watch over her, the two men withdrew to a little distance.

By this time the clouds had swept away in airy columns swifter and more noiseless than those victorious troops alluded to, leaving their bright banner of blue spread out—a glorious canopy that smiled down upon the subsiding surf, the Eden-like island, and the shipwrecked group.

"I'm right glad to see the sun again," said Tom Harris, "though it makes me feel womanish to think o' the change since we see it last time. It's nigh about a week since the first storm caught the 'Petrel,' and I'm sure the cap'n never see sun or moon afterward. I heard the mate say they couldn't make out much about their position, because the wind shifted so often and blew so terribly. Well, well, the Lord's will be done; but I never dreamed you and I and these two little ones were to be spared from the gulf that swallowed all the rest."

Here Tom drew his horny hand across his eyes and heaved a deep sigh; then, with the press of working thought, added quite cheerfully:

"We can dry our clothes now, I suppose, after a fashion, but what we're to do for a change is more'n I can make out."

Despite his melancholy, Vernon could not forbear a laugh at Tom's puzzled, rueful face.

"At all events we shall be left to our own resources; neither tailors nor speculators will be likely to molest us."

"I'll hang up my jacket now. 'Twill do for the little girl when her pretty clothes are put in the sun. One thing sartin, I can make some native cloth by-and-by, else I didn't learn right of old squaw Yellow Cheek."

"Make some cloth!" ejaculated his companion in astonishment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Odd Plumage Worn by Women. Americans are appropriating by degrees the fondness of European women for supplementing their coiffures with decorations of feathers, ribbons or jewels. Well arranged coils of hair may be a very pretty thing, but the exigencies of an evening toilet demand that something more elaborate and fanciful shall overtop them. It was with the most dresy of evening gowns that the head-dress described here was recently worn. It is now acknowledged to be absolutely the latest and most correct adornment for evening coiffures. High-standing plumes, drooping flowers, and masses of jewels are out of date beside this very striking novelty. It is composed simply of two long, heavy aigrettes, caught by a knot and bow of velvet, both being of a color to harmonize with the gown. The velvet knot is cleverly designed to give height to the coiffure, while the drooping aigrettes form a complete frame for the face. No evening gown will now be complete without its accompaniment of soft plumage for the wearer's head.

The Explanation. From the Washington Star: "It seems to me that the idea of an aristocracy is not popular in this country," said the Count de Falque.

"Not at all popular," replied Miss Cayenne.

"And yet the American young women marry a great many European noblemen."

"Yes, that's true. The prevailing craze for antique bric-a-brac is getting to be positively alarming."

A Clear Case of Bull-dozing. Judge—If, as you say, you found this woman so violent and headstrong, even during the engagement, why did you marry her?

Abused Husband (meekly)—I—I didn't marry her. She married me.—New York Weekly.

Quite Natural. Mand—I like George Richards to call on me.

May—I don't.

Mand—Of course not. But you'd rather be a man.

Little Walter Vernon, finally. "Oh, I'm

A HAPPY WIFE.

SHE RELATES TO A REPORTER THE SECRET OF HER JOY.

For Many Months She Was Sad and Worried Because of Illness—She Gives Thanks for the Discovery to Which She Attributes Her Present Good Health.

(From the Chronicle, Chicago, Ill.)

Eleven years ago there came to Chicago from Toledo, Ohio, Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Sanders. They had been hard working and industrious people but had met with serious trouble. Mr. Sanders was a blacksmith, but was obliged to give up his work at the forge owing to the loss of an eye, from a spark from the anvil. Mrs. Sanders, like many another woman became broken down in health by hard work. She was a seamstress, and careless of her health, worked early and late. The confinement and the stooping incident to such work broke down her health; and it was thought she was going into quick consumption. Instead, she developed a violent case of typhoid fever, to which, by the way, any one is liable who works in a run down and whose vitality is depleted. This confined her not only to the house but to her bed as well. When she finally rallied, it was to find herself so weak and debilitated that for six long months she was barely able to crawl about, and her physicians could not restore her strength. She was reduced to a skeleton, could not eat, could do no work, and as she expressed it, she could not have endured this much longer.

The description of the after effects of typhoid fever is recognized as faithfully true by any who have had the disease; and it is these after effects to which a physician must give faithful attention. His patient is not out of danger until the strength and appetite return.

Mrs. Sanders, however, became convinced that her physicians were not helping her to mend, and sought other means.

She came to the conclusion that a preparation which would enrich the blood, would build up her health. She accordingly made use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, now extensively used as a blood purifier. The effects were satisfactory. They were more than that, they were wonderful. She began to mend almost at once; her strength returned, her weight and appetite came back, and she became robust. To anyone suffering from the effects of over-work or worry, or from a debilitated state of the system from whatever cause, this article will be of interest, and these pills a welcome remedy. Mr. and Mrs. Sanders live at 1135 Lincoln St., Chicago, and to prove the accuracy of the statement and her honesty of purpose she swore to the facts as below:

(Signed) "MRS. S. J. SANDERS."

Sworn to and subscribed before me this fifth day of October, 1906.

A. F. POTTER, Notary Public.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effect of a grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, all forms of weakness either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 (they are never sold in bulk or by the 100), by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schoenectady, N. Y.

Baths. Baths in which herbs and spices are bruised and macerated have become more and more popular in Paris, Berlin, Vienna and other large cities abroad. In Paris, at the newest bathing establishments, almost any kind of bath can be had. The lemon juice bath, pine bath, milk bath, salt, barley, rose water, rice, cologne and wine baths may be indulged in, and are said to be far more enjoyable and beneficial than massage treatments.

1867 BUS. POTATOES PER ACRE. Don't believe it, nor did the editor until he saw Salzer's great farm seed catalogue. It's wonderful what an array of facts and figures and new things and big yields and great testimonials it contains.

Send This Notice and 10 Cents Stamps to John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., for catalogue and 12 rare farm seed samples, worth \$10, to get a start. W.S.

No Fit Companion.

"Johnny," called his mother, "stop using that bad language." "Why," replied the boy, "Shakespeare said just what I did." "Well," replied the mother, growing infuriated, "you should stop going with him; he's no fit companion for you."—Tit-Bits.

Coughing Leads to Consumption. Kemp's Balsam will stop the cough at once. Go to your druggists to-day and get a sample bottle free. Large bottles, 25 cents and 50 cents. Go at once; delays are dangerous.

Dice almost exactly similar to these now used have been discovered in Thebes and other Egyptian cities.

No cough so bad that Dr. Kay's Lung Balm will not cure it. See ad.

The entire coast line of the globe measures 126,000 miles.

Just try a 10c. box of Cascarets, candy cathartic, the finest liver and bowel regulator made.

Cream is an important article of commerce.

A CRY OF WARNING.

"I suffered for years and years with womb and kidney trouble in their worst forms."

"I had terrible pains in my abdomen and back; could hardly drag myself around; had all the 'blues' all the time, was cross to every one; but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has entirely cured me of all my pains."

"I cannot praise it enough, and cry aloud to all women that their suffering is unnecessary, so to your druggist get a bottle that you may try it anyway. You owe this chance of recovery to yourself."

Write for a free copy of the book, "The Women's Friend," which contains full particulars of the Compound.

Write to: Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U.S.A.

Secrets of Opium for Catarrh of the Urinary System.

as mercury will surely destroy the system which enters it through the mucous surfaces. Such a cure should never be used except on prescriptions from reliable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten-fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, O., by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by druggists, price 75c per bottle. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Unfortunate.

"I've promised to go in to supper with some one else, Mr. Blaque, but I'll introduce you to a very handsome and clever girl."

"But I don't want a handsome and clever girl; I want you."—New York Truth.

YOU WANT A FARM and we have, 50 miles west of Houston, at Chesterville, the best tract in Texas. Land high priced and well drained, abundant rainfall, good soil, low prices and easy terms. Do not fail to post yourself. Write and receive "Fertile Farm Lands" free and information as to cheap excursions and free fare. Address, Southern Texas Colonization Co., Joux L. BARNETT, Mgr., 110 Rialto Bldg., Chicago.

Judge Torrey has put up over 10,000 tons of hay on his Embury ranch, in Big Horn county, Wyoming.

NO-TO-BAC FOR FIFTY CENTS.

Over 400,000 cured. Why not let No-To-Bac regulate or remove your desire for tobacco. Saves money, makes health and manhood. Cure guaranteed, 50c and \$1.00, all druggists.

The Huns never in their annals four great kings—Attila, Bleda, Ellac and Dengizich.

Dr. Kay's Lung Balm is the safest, surest and pleasantest cure for all coughs.

The wheat product of Hungary is 119,000,000 bushels.

CASCARETS stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sickens, weakens or gripes, etc.

In Germany the census is taken every five years.

10 THESE FIGURES ARE YEARS, YEARS IN WHICH, IN SINGLE INSTANCES, PAINS AND ACHES 15 RHEUMATIC, NEURALGIC, SCIATIC, LUMBAGIC, 20 HAVE RAVAGED THE HUMAN FRAME, ST. JACOBS OIL CURED THEM. NO DOUBT THEY ARE SOLID FACTS HELD IN PROOF. 30

Clothes Make the Man.



Robbie—Say, mamma, you know that little girl 'at lives down the street? Well, her mother has put trousers on him!—Truth.

Made Him Howl.

"What sent that dog away howling so?" asked the postman. "Oh," said the porcupine, "he was nosing around for information and I kindly supplied him with a few points."—Indianapolis Journal.

NO-TO-BAC FOR FIFTY CENTS.

Millions of men who are suffering from the effects of tobacco use No-To-Bac. The famous physician, Dr. J. C. Ayer, has cured thousands of men who have used No-To-Bac. It is the best cure for tobacco addiction. It is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying No-To-Bac be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Lowell, Mass., by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by druggists, price 75c per bottle. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The house fly makes 510 strokes second with its wings; the bee 100.

A Lost Voice.

Advertising will do a great many things, but it won't bring about the return of a lost voice. The best thing to do is to begin, at once, the use of the sovereign cure for all affections of the throat and lungs—Bronchitis, Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, etc. It has a reputation of fifty years of cures, and is known the world over as

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral.

LADY Manager and Agent for Dr. J. C. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It is the best cure for all affections of the throat and lungs. It is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Ayer's Cherry Pectoral be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Lowell, Mass., by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by druggists, price 75c per bottle. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

W. N. U. CHICAGO, NO. 3, 1897.

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CANDY CATHARTIC Cascarets CURE CONSTIPATION REGULATE THE LIVER ALL DRUGGISTS ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED to cure any case of constipation. Cascarets are the most pleasant and effective cathartic ever devised. They are sold by all druggists, price 25c and 50c. Write for a free copy of the book, "The Women's Friend," which contains full particulars of the Compound.

WORD BUILDING CONTEST.

First Prize.....\$100.00 in Cash Second Prize..... 50.00 in Cash Third Prize..... 25.00 in Cash Fourth Prize..... 15.00 in Cash Fifth Prize..... 10.00 in Cash

PERSONALITY.

under the following regulations and conditions: The first prize will be won by the largest list, the second prize by the next largest list, and so on to the fifth. The list of words must be written plainly in ink, alphabetically arranged, numbered, signed by the contestant, and sent in not later than February 28, 1907. The list must be composed of English words authorized by at least one of the leading dictionaries—Webster's, Worcester's, the Century or the Standard. If these words are specified alike only one can be used.

Abbreviations, contractions, obsolete words and proper nouns are not allowed. The same letter must not occur twice in one word, but may be used in other words. In case two or more winning lists contain the same number of words the nearest and best list will take first place. The others ranking next below in the order of quality. Residents of Omaha and winners of former prizes in WORLD-HERALD contests are not permitted to compete directly or indirectly.

No contestant can enter more than one list of words, and each contestant is required to send, in the same letter with his list, one dollar to pay a year's subscription to the OMAHA WEEKLY WORLD-HERALD.

Every competitor whose list contains as many as twenty-five words whether he wins a prize or not, will receive

THIRTY COMPLETE NOVELS

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The list of words winning first prize will be published in the OMAHA WEEKLY WORLD-HERALD, together with the name and address of the winner. Winners, as soon after the contest closes as the matter can be arranged, will receive a copy of the book, "The Women's Friend," which contains full particulars of the Compound.

The OMAHA WEEKLY WORLD-HERALD is published every week, and is one of the best papers of which W. J. Bryan was a contributor.