

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

CHAPTER II.—(CONTINUED.)

"Yes, sir, that ere bread-fruit tree is good for more'n the fruit. The fibers inside the bark, ye see, can be wet and pounded, and then dried. I know jest how to do it. Now I guess we'll have to try some palm matting. I'll show you how to braid and splice it together, and we'll have a dress fixed for all of us. We must make a tent-top too, for the night-dews in these forrin places are a powerful sight like rain, and masterly unhealthy, too. I don't see as my old bones can rest yet, there's so much to be done afore night."

"You shall not work alone, my noble fellow," said Mr. Vernon, energetically. "Between your experience and my scientific knowledge it's a pity if we cannot go to housekeeping in tolerable style, since nature has spread everything around us in raw material."

Tom opened his eyes and a look of deference mingled with his expression of good fellowship.

"And don't you think," asked he, "we had better keep pretty close to this spot for tonight anyhow? When we've turned in and had a watch below, we shall feel more like finding out what kind of a home the old caboose brought us to."

"I shall always abide by your judgment, and I agree with this. Now, then, Tom, for the palms; you shall teach me to plant a native garment for Walter and myself, and after we have obtained dry clothes we will think about a bunch of bread-fruit, sauced with banana and seasoned with cocconut."

Tom's oriental experience was of invaluable benefit. He knew precisely how to work, and in far less time than would be imagined by a novice, the broad palm-leaves were woven into an Eastern suit neither unpicturesque nor despicable, and their own drenched garments spread out to dry in the warm sunshine. Returning to their charges, they found both patient and nurse fast asleep. Tom soon improvised a hammock-couch, over which he spread a matting of palm, and the exhausted children were laid carefully upon it, and their wet clothing removed without disturbing their slumber in the least.

"We're lucky not to have landed alongside of the icebergs," said Tom, dryly, as he bent the boughs of a Hibiscus tree to shade the sleepers more effectively. "We needn't fear freezing nor starving."

"Nor could we have selected a fairer spot," replied Mr. Vernon, looking around admiringly upon the closely-wooded heights, rising in a succession of hills from the shore, and showing in profuse luxuriance the most valuable woods and fruits, as well as the gorgeousness of tropic blossoming. "And we have not yet seen signs of ferocious beasts or unfriendly inhabitants."

"I calculate we're safe from both a're. I kept one eye pretty sharp and, and all I've seen is an albatross, a petrel, and two or three heron, remember hearing old Pete Jones, a seaman of mine, who was in the party a good while, say that no bit of prey was ever seen around in the islands, which, as near as I can judge, is the part of the chart they call Polynesia. We'll be careful till we land."

Now suppose we go down to the case and set it up for a bedroom for children—what do you say, Tom? We'd best save it, anyhow, if only remember the old 'Petrel' by."

They went down to the beach, and their united effort turned over the stered shell. Mr. Vernon began to ask Tom was growing insane as he him dart inside and seize something with the most frantic expression.

"Tom, Tom, my good fellow, what you?"

"Good heart, sir, I can't half tell you, so pleased. Only see what I've d'! It's worth more to us than a of gold and diamonds."

Vernon bent forward and beheld half hatched, which, fastened by a cord to a nail, had resisted the effect of wind and wave, only twisting more securely around the brass of the nail.

"Is indeed an invaluable treasure," he, with emotion. "Tom, Tom, knows but this frail ark has light us to an Eden we shall be sorry exchange for the hollow frivolities of our selfishness of the world?"

CHAPTER III.

Tom was detaching the hatchet from the nail; he paused a moment, and his clear gray eye wandered over wave and sky to the verdant heights behind them; a sober, tranquil, melancholy, entirely undefinable look swept over his face.

"Don't know, sir," said he, slowly, "I say, but something seems to me I shall have my grave here on land." He waited a moment, over-ruled by a nameless presentiment, then added cheerfully: "But if it be so, sir, no man living now will be a pleasanter one than can be had out a little beyond the spring under the Hibiscus tree. Ye it, anything happens, where I'd like to be laid."

The time came when, with overflowing eyes and outgushing heart, Paul Vernon recalled these words and dwelt fondly upon the memory of the picture then before him. That stout, athletic form, that plain, homely face, but most of all that cheery, hopeful, resigned expression that lent such a vivid charm to the otherwise unimpressive countenance of Tom Harris.

After a night's rest and a bountiful breakfast from that most skillful of all culinary artists, Dame Nature herself—albeit the butler who collected and set out the savory dishes was none other than honest Tom—our little company began to feel less like benighted outcasts, and to look upon the beautiful little island as a home establishment.

The little girl wept bitterly when her childish mind was made to comprehend the sorrowful fate of her nurse and protector, yet with the versatility of infancy entered also into the keen delight of Walter Vernon, who capered around his father and Tom as they were busily felling the trees needed for their permanent habitation, loudly rejoicing at the beautiful sights around them.

On the third day they commenced an exploring expedition along the shore and some distance back into the interior. They found they were upon a small isolated island, yet evidently one of a group, since from the top of a tall cocconut tree on the summit of the highest hill Tom declared he could see a dim line beyond the water that marked the land, probably of a similar island. He made another discovery at the same time which he believed more important to them, which was that the wreck of their ship had not sunk, but was lying evidently caught between the jagged points of a reef underneath the water.

Boundless sources of wealth were disclosed to them, but no sign of human habitation. The bread-fruit, cocconut, yams, banana, plantain and sugar-cane grew in spontaneous abundance, while Tom pointed out to them the Aba-tree, bearing its delicious polpy fruit, and won Walter's heart completely when he banded him a handful of the sweet native chestnut, Kata. Upon the elevated land they found forests of stately trees, whose names were mostly familiar to Tom's experience or Mr. Vernon's botanical knowledge.

"Ah," said the former joyfully, pausing beneath a group of apana and falat trees, "here is the stuff, Mr. Vernon, for our canoe. We will visit the old ship soon, and find out what's left of us."

While they were examining the generous supply of valuable timber the children were gathering flowers. Suddenly came a scream from the little girl, and a loud shout for help from Walter. Both Mr. Vernon and Tom turned in alarm. A trampling, rushing noise came from a thicket of tangled vines and underbrush, and out darted a strange-looking animal, upsetting the courageous boy, who had flung himself in front of his weaker companion.

While little Eleanor—she had given so much of her name to Tom before the shipwreck, but could not now be made to recall the rest—clung frantically to Tom's neck, Mr. Vernon in much alarm assisted his son to rise.

"Oh, father, father, what was it—a bear or a lion?" gasped Walter.

Tom's cheery laugh rang out boisterously.

"It was better than that, my boy—it was our pork-barrel still on its legs. Bye-and-bye the old fellow will give you a sausage to pay for this fright."

"What a pig?" ejaculated Mr. Vernon, much relieved.

"Nothing else, sir. Wild hogs find good living here, and so shall we. Indeed, sir, all the wants of a decent human creature are supplied here. See there, behind the sandal, is a candle-tree. We needn't stay long in the dark."

Mr. Vernon sighed.

"Ah, Tom, show me a tree where my books, my precious books, grow, ranged ready in a row for a hungry mind."

Tom scratched his head.

"You've got me there; but if we can't find any left in the old hulk, I hope it ain't bold in me to say I mistrust you can write some for yourself."

"You are an admirable fellow, Tom, for expedients. I think I'll try. Of course you'll provide plenty of paper and ink?"

"Just as much as you want," answered the old sailor triumphantly, delighted to see his random suggestion was likely to work profitably in averting the melancholy he dreaded so much. "I'll show you some beans bye-and-bye that will give better ink than any you can buy in London. I'll be bound, for sun and water can't fade it out; and as for paper, bleach out some of my native cloth for the strong, or make some of the tender, like Chinese rice-paper—it's just what you want."

"Well said. When we build the house I'll have a study to write in. Come, children, you have an interest in our plan; there must be a school-room and a parlor on purpose for little Ellie."

The raft looked like a frail, unseaworthy thing when it was done, without a nail to secure it, only bound together with great thongs of bark; but Tom was quite satisfied, and had no fear, and early one fine morning, as they sat round their palm-leaf breakfast cloth, announced his intention of starting immediately.

Mr. Vernon wished to accompany him, but to this Tom would not consent.

"No, no," said he. "Wait till I find out what is the risk. Suppose we both go, and are lost—what's to become of the children? Tom's the one to go."

"Tom is a hero," replied Mr. Vernon, with emotion. "I wish you would let the children call you Mr. Harris. It pains me to hear them so familiar with you, who are in reality our leader and king."

Tom laughed.

"Lord bless you, sir, I shouldn't know how to act with a handle to my name. I've allers been Tom from the time I went to school to learn my letters, and faith I've eanamost forgot 'em 't's so long ago, and Tom I shall keep on. You can't teach an old dog new tricks, and I should feel as silly as a land-lubber in the shrouds during a blow if anybody called me Mr. Harris. Now, then, I'm off."

CHAPTER IV.

ANXIOUSLY and eagerly the little party watched Tom's raft paddled slowly around the reef, disappearing behind the cliff, and with feverish impatience Mr. Vernon paced to and fro the interminable four hours of his absence. The learned, refined, fastidious man of the world—the deep thinker and laborious student—marveled at the utter dependence he had come to rest upon that simple, unlearned, unpolished nature.

"There is but one thing genuine," he muttered, as he saw the children forsaking their play and fruit to watch anxiously in the direction the raft should return. "Tom's good heart is more than all my scientific knowledge, my laboriously acquired heritage. Even here, on this deserted island, am I taught my own worthlessness. Oh, the past, the past—if it were in the power of mortal man to undo it!"

A black cloud settled on his face. His thoughts were evidently with some painful scene in his past life, for his teeth gnawed impatiently at his pallid lip, his eye flashed, and on his high forehead the veins knotted themselves like cords.

A cheery hallo, answered by glad shouts of the children aroused him from the painful reverie. He hurried down to the beach, thankful to see Tom paddling back to the shore.

"Here I am," shouted Tom, "safe and sound, you see, and bringing you good news. Oh, but, sir, I couldn't help thinking if our folks had only trusted the old hulk, and not tried the boats, how many it would have saved. But what does a poor weak creature know about it?—the Lord's the best judge."

As he drew the raft on shore he went on in a livelier tone, while he unloaded its contents.

"There, sir—there's a keg of spirits of some kind. It may come handy when the rainy season sets in. Here's a chest of clothes, and this 'ere, I think, is mighty fortunate, for I know all about it. I brought this trunk out of the cabin myself and put it in the hold, and I heard the maid say it belonged to Lady Eleanor's mother, that she was going to meet. You know they was mighty particular to call the little thing Lady Eleanor, so I s'pose she is one of the nobility. Here, little Ellie, it's yours; and when your older maybe you won't be sorry to have some pretty clothes to wear—better than Tom can manufacture. Ye must be nice with 'em, though, for maybe they'll prove some time when you be."

He turned then to hand Mr. Vernon a small clasped Bible—the Beacon Light of their deliverance.

"Here, sir, I thought you'd be thankful enough to see this. I calculate you'll comfort us all out of it when the blue days come."

He was stooping down, ready to lift out another chest, and astonished that the book was not taken as joyfully as he expected; he raised himself and looked at his companion keenly.

Meanwhile the Bolding Night Fall.

Mayor Hooper has received a legal opinion from City Solicitor Elliott as to the power of the city authorities to close a school building which is considered dangerous to the lives of occupants. Mr. Elliott states that it is the duty of the fire commissioners to examine the building to see whether its condition is in violation of the law and if it be so found to report to the inspector of buildings, who, with the approval of the mayor, is authorized to make the repairs necessary. If, pending the making of the repairs, the mayor is of the opinion that the occupancy of the building is hazardous to the lives of the scholars it would seem to be his duty to request the board of school commissioners to make immediate provision for the housing of the scholars elsewhere and, in the absence of such provision, to close the school.—Baltimore American.

Falls.

"Wot are you a-cryin' for?"

"Me teacher kep' me in an' called me a ass."

"Cheer up, ole man; that ain't nothin' to cry for!"

"Oh, I ain't a-cryin' for myself; I'm a-weepin' cause it's so rough on me father!"—Truth.

HOW TO FIND OUT.

Fill a bottle or common water glass with urine and let it stand twenty-four hours; a sediment or settling indicates a diseased condition of the kidneys. When urine stains linen it is positive evidence of kidney trouble. Too frequent desire to urinate or pain in the back, is also convincing proof that the kidneys and bladder are out of order.

WHAT TO DO.

There is comfort in the knowledge so often expressed, that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy, fulfills every wish in relieving pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder and every part of the urinary passages. It corrects inability to hold urine and scalding pain in passing it, or bad effects following use of liquor, wine or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to get up many times during the night to urinate. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. Sold by druggists, price fifty cents, and one dollar. For a sample bottle and pamphlet, both sent free by mail, mention this paper, and send your full post-office address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. The proprietors of this paper guarantee the genuineness of this offer.

Horrors of the Russian Campaign.

In 1812 Castellan left Paris for his campaign in Russia. The notes on this campaign, written from day to day in a small note book, which Castellan was fortunate enough to save in the retreat from Moscow, are sometimes terribly eloquent in their simplicity. One day, he writes, during the retreat: "Horrible day; 27 degrees. An immense number of soldiers remained dead on the road. We saw many corpses of the Neapolitan division. The soldiers fall; a little blood comes to their lips and all is over. When they see this sign of an approaching death their comrades often give them a push, throw them to the ground and take their clothes before they are quite dead."

Calendars and Coupons.

So many beautiful calendars and entertaining novelties have been issued by the proprietors of Hood's Sarsaparilla, that we are hardly surprised to receive this season not only one of the very prettiest designs in calendars, but with it coupons which entitle the recipient to attractive novelties. Every one who gets a Hood's Sarsaparilla calendar for 1907 secures something that will prove interesting and valuable as well as a beautiful specimen of the lithographer's art. The calendar is accompanied this season by an amusing little book on "The Weather." Ask your druggist for Hood's Coupon Calendar, or send 6 cents in stamps for one to C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

A Remarkable Woman.

She—it is remarkable what confidence that Mrs. Storms has in her husband! Believes everything he says.

He—Well, why shouldn't she? "Why, man! he's a clerk in the weather bureau.—Yonkers Statesman.

Lane's Family Medicine.

Moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Acts gently on the liver and kidneys. Cures sick headache. Price 25 and 50c.

For the ten months ending last April the total production of cigarettes in the United States for home consumption was 3,333,147,300, an increase of 600,000,000 over the supply of the previous year.

HYSTERIC.

Women Should Understand This Strange Nervous Derangement.

A Symptom of Something Far More Serious—Mrs. Harris, of Beaver Springs, Relates Her Experience.

The spasm at top of wind-pipe, or in bronchial tubes, the "ball rising in the throat," violent beating of the heart; laughing and crying by turns; muscular spasms; throwing the arms about, etc., tell of a derangement of the female system.

Any female complaint may produce hysterics, which must be regarded as a symptom only. The cause, whatever it may be, yields quickly to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It acts at once upon the organ affected, and the nerve centers; removes the cause, and dispels effectually the symptoms.

Mrs. Harris relates her experience for the benefit of others.

"I had been sick with ulceration of the womb, causing all kinds of disagreeable experiences, such as irritability, sleeplessness, faintness, and at times hysterics. My physician said it was the worst case he ever had. My back ached, leucorrhoea very profuse, and I had a severe bearing-down pain. The physicians thought I should never recover, and as the last remedy, they procured your Vegetable Compound. I had not taken more than one-fourth of a bottle, before I was more comfortable. I continued its use, also the Sanative Wash, and Liver Pills. After using four bottles, I was able to be out, and do almost all my work. I think the Vegetable Compound is the only medicine that will cure female complaints, and it will reach the worst cases in a very short time. I know it saved my life."—Mrs. E. HARRIS, Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania. All druggists.

A NOBLE WORK.

(From Omaha Christian Advocate.) There is no one in Omaha or vicinity who has not heard of Mr. N. J. Smith, founder of Rescue Home. He has for a number of years devoted a large share of his time to the work of rescuing the fallen, furnishing aid to those in distress and helping in every way possible those in trouble. He has been in poor health for several years, but will be pleased to learn that his health is now much better and he is able to take active charge of the mission work, to which he now devotes his entire time.

On January 1st, 1897, he writes as follows: "I have been troubled for several years with a bad cough. I had lung chills and slight hemorrhage of the lungs and was threatened with consumption. My mother and two sisters having died with consumption, I expected the same fate; but I tried Dr. Kay's Lung Balm, prepared by Dr. B. J. Kay Medical Co., Omaha, Neb., and two 25c boxes have entirely cured me of my cough and soreness of my lungs. That tired, sleepy and drowsy feeling is all gone and my appetite is now good. I feel well and full of life. I can work night and day and do not feel tired. Praise the Lord for the help it has given me. I write this hoping if any read it who are similarly afflicted they have been unable to get help from any other source; that they will try this excellent remedy, which I believe to be the best cough medicine of which I have any knowledge."

N. J. SMITH, 250 S. 10th St., Omaha, Neb.

Scored One on Ben Butler.

During the one year that General Benjamin F. Butler was governor of Massachusetts, the class in rhetoric of the girls' Latin school in Boston was being examined, and the teacher put this question to one of the pupils: "If I should say to you, 'his honor, the Governor of Massachusetts,' what figure of speech should you call it?" "Irony," was the instant reply of the pupil.

The Most Unique Calendar of the Season Has Just Been Issued by the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Ry. Copy can be secured by sending six cents in stamps to cover postage, to A. J. Smith, G. P. A., Cleveland.

Spilled His Fun.

Oliver—How did you show George you were angry with him? Violet—He took me out for a sleigh ride and I wore a veil.—New York Journal.

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.

She—There's a blunder! Six months are supposed to elapse between the first and second act. He—Well? She—They have the same cook.—Puck.

I never used so quick a cure as Plac's Cure for Consumption.—J. B. Palmer, Box 1171, Seattle, Wash., Nov. 25, 1895.

About \$2,000,000 worth of American whisky is annually sent abroad, most of it from Baltimore.

When billious or constive, eat a Cascaret, candy cathartic, cure guaranteed, 10c, 25c.

The parchment used on the best banjos is made from wolf skins.

As sure as winter comes, comes STIFFNESS SORENESS As sure as

St. Jacobs Oil comes, it comes to CURE. The ailment goes.

Rough as the Groom.

How She Hated Him.

She (at the masquerade ball)—Do you think my costume becoming? He (with enthusiasm)—Yes, indeed; but you would be lovely in any disguise.—Harper's Bazar.

Handy.

Mrs. Chatter—Nellie Gosling's wedding was a most brilliant one. Mrs. Snappy—Humph! It doesn't seem to have brought her that sort of a husband!

Greatest Crime.

Dismal Dawson—This here paper says that the greatest crime is committed in the localities that goes prohibition. Hungry Higgins—Of course. Wot greater crime could they be than goin' prohibition?—Indianapolis Journal.

Miss Citybred—Where is the milk-maid? Farmer Waterbury—Well, I don't mind tellin' ye; a good bit of it is made right here, M'as Citybred.

CANDY CATHARTIC Cascarets CURE CONSTIPATION REGULATE THE LIVER ALL DRUGGISTS

ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED to cure any case of constipation. Cascarets are the Most Pleasant, most powerful, and most reliable of all cathartics. They are sold by all druggists.

REASONS FOR USING Walter Baker & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa.

1. Because it is absolutely pure. 2. Because it is not made by the so-called Dutch Process in which chemicals are used. 3. Because it is made by a method which preserves the exact natural flavor and color of the cocoa. 4. Because it is the most economical.