

CHAPTER IV .- (CONTINUED.)

"Tom," said Mr. Vernon, in a thick, broken voice. "I'm not going to be a hypocrite, least of all with you. I have not looked into that book since I was a young man. I do not love it. Had you brought me a Shakespeare, I should have bailed it more gladly than a chest of gold; but a Bible-keep it, Tom, I do not want a Bible."

Tom had dropped his hold of the chest to clasp the little book closely to his breast. His eyes glowed; his rough face kindled into enthusiasm.

"What, sir, with all your learning and knowledge you don't understand the value of a Bible? Why I, that have such a hard time a-spelling out the words, knew its worth long ago. How are we going to live here all alone on this heathenish island? How are we going to bring up two immortal souls without a Bible? How are we going to die and ship for a cruise that has no our island. A newly-paved walk led return voyage? Oh, sir, I don't believe my own ears-how could you have lived all these years without a Bible?"

A gloomy stare was his only answer. "Poor soul, poor soul!" continued Tom, in a soothing, chiding voice, such as he would have used to a wayward child. No wonder you've been so sorrowful and benighted. 'Pears to me I see the Lord's hand in this. He don't mean to lose so useful a servant as you oughter be. He's put you here where your fine false books sha'n't hurt, and has left you only one to read. Here it is; take it-oh, sir, take it. for poor Tom's sake-for your boy's sake."

Here Tom's voice failed, and fairly sobbing, he thrust the book into the unwilling hand and darted into the woods.

Mr. Vernon's face was fairly ghastly beneath his struggling emotions. Bidding the children help Tom unload the raft, he turned and strode, not in Tom's direction, but toward the hills, into whose verdurous dep:hs his tall form speedily disappeared. They did not see him again that day. Late in the evening, when perturbed and anxious, Tom was just setting out to find him. he made his appearance. The intense brightness of tropic starlight showed Tom his face. It was like a sea over which a storm had passed or a green valley where a hurricane had swept. There were traces of great struggles, of mighty forces battling ficrcely, scattered wrecks, oprooted growths of many years' mistakes and sin, the blackened mark of the lightning's scathing, the exhaust on and weakness of intense excitement-but his eye shone clear and bright, like the gun that has dispersed the clouds; the air was purified, the tempest over.

"Tom," said he, holding out his hand, "my brother, my best friend, your hand has emitten the hard rock, and the waters have gnahed forth. Here is your Bible, I will read it every night, and you shall teach us three children its divine meaning its holy encouragements, its beneficent forgiveness."

Even as he spoke he staggered and grow. caught at a tree for support.

"You are week and overcome, sir." said Tom, anxiously. 'You have fasted all day, I fear. Let me help you to the house and give you a little of the brandy."

"Fasting and humiliation are for such as me," answered he, " but I be-Here through your blessed influence the light is breaking. Yes, let us go in. Tonight, Tom, for the first time these. many years, I have prayed with my whole heart and strength and soul."

Nothing more was said, although Tom laid awake half the night listening in sorrowful sympathy to the restless tossings, the stifled sighs and gushing tears that came from the bamboo couch behind him. Toward morning he fell asleep, and when he awoke, there, at the head of the other bed sat Mr. Vernon, his pale face no longer cynical and gloomy, but irradiated with peaceful joy, as he bent, utterly absorbed, over the sacred volume.

"All right," said Tom, joyfolly, as he slipped away noiselessly to find the children busily following Mr. Vernon's hint, and preparing a breakfast for their slumbering friend.

"We'll have a little change shortly," said he, devouring, to their infinite satisfaction, with much relish, the nicely-peeled bananas, "I saw some fine fish and lots o' wild ducks yesterday; and, alongside of Walter's pig. I calculate we'll be ready for foul weather. Plenty of work will keep us all busy and happy too, thank the

Which communication was refterated when Mr. Vernon came out from their log retreat and joined them on the

reconciled to this the more I think on't. the world cannot give and cannot take Jest this beautiful spot is right for a away. Mr. Vernon's eye was raised I fell out of a wagon and a bee stung body to spend his last days in. We'll quietly from the book as a merry whisnot be hankering after worldly goods | tie and measured tread broke the stilland forget to look to the harbor we're ness, while Tom-our same rough, drifting to. L shouldn't mind seeing | bright-faced Tom-came trudging old England again and my good sister | down the hill with a pole hung with Honor. You see, sir, she and I was all bread-fruit on his back. there was, and so we kinder sot , nore by one another than common tolks, are the children?" I'll warrant the poor soul has cried her eyes red many a night for wanting to pected. Walter has got a nice string see me and 'twill be a dreadful stroke of fish, too-reg'lar beauties. I didn't when she knows the ship's lost. But catch the pig in the trap this time, but one of these days she'll know every- the other I reckon will fetch him. thing; faint so long, anyhow, this 'ere Oh, the children, they stopped at the

smart woman; she'll take care of her self and other folks too. I wish she'd a-had all the wages the ship owed me, but, lawful heart, who knows-perhaps the good Lord's rewarded her with great things by this time. I hope she'll get a kind, good husband to make my place good. I ain't going to worry, anyhow-I'll be happy here where the Lord's put me."

"You've always done so, I suspect, my brave-hearted Tom, and a useful lesson bave you taught me; and here now my hand to join you now in the bargain -to do the best and be the best we

"Not most like for the sake o' them. ventured Tom, nodding toward the children, "but for that"-lifting hi eyes reverently upward.

"Ay, for that," answered Mr. Vernon. grasping the outstretched hand. And so the compact was sealed.

Two months saw a great change in up from the water to the green; a comfortable, commodious, if not luxurious, dwelling peeped romantically from the embowering vines whose luxuriance hid the roughness of the log foundation. Carefully tended flowers had been transplanted to its little plot, and within the house was tastefully arranged the pretty, ingenious bamboo furniture upon which Tom was never weary of descanting, declaring that no one but Mr. Vernon could have produced anything so good to use and pretty to look at.

Everything that was saved from the ship was used to deck the pretty parlor. which was sometime to be given up entirely .o Eleanor's use; and there was a shelf filled with the treasures Tom had concealed until his quick perception was satisfied that they would not be able to injure the preciousness of Mr. Vernon's Bible-a Shakespeare, a dictionary, an old history, and 'Faulkner's Shipwreck," besides a quaint old-fashioned novel and an al manae that Tom declared to be wort all the rest.

Outside, just far enough to sait Ma Vernon's fastidious inste-which Tom respected, though be could not under stand it-was the former's especial pride and delight, where he whiled away in placid satisfaction many an idle half hour-the pig-pen, whose unruly in habitant had been secured by stratagem of war that had delighted Walter hugely. Beyond that was set a large coop with some half a dozen wild ducks, and in a pen built over a small gool lounged in the sun three or four fat turtles.

Here was Tom's field of congenial labor, although in no wise did he neglect any other branch of the business, as Walter facetiously termed it. Indeed most industriously and tenderly had he watched the few hills which he had planted with the corn found scattered round the ship's hold-a fortura and hopeless task, as he was finelly obliged to confess, for in that latitude of prodigal lavishness the hope and comfort of sterile regions refused to

Another useful task had the worthy sailor performed; he had nailed the flag caved from the sinking wreck-field reversed as a signal of distress-upon the top of the tallest tree on the hill behind them, saying as he did so:

"There! If only one of our British frigates get sight o' the old flag calling for help. I'll be bound they'll tack and come many a knot out o' the way to see what's wanted."

CHAPTER V.



years bave passed since the "Petrel" lay broken wreck dashing to and fro on the coral reef of the little Island. Still the patched yet tattered flag floats off from the cocoa tree on

the hill, and still the little log dwelling, now enlarged. and a perfect bower of glossy vine and gorgeous blossom, stands beneath the grove of palm and cocoanut. At the door of the "Retreat"-a name Mr. Vernon had given it at first -sat that gentleman himself. Time had added sad furrows to his forehead and scattered silver threads plentifully in his dark hair, but the face itself was most essen tially changed. Could that benigh tranquil countenance belong to the cynical misanthrope who railed at the fate that saved him from a watery grave Ah, the well-worn book clasped in his thin fingers betrays the secret of the change. Tom's Bible has become a valued and abiding friend; the tempesttossed spirit is moored safely to the "Ah, sir," said Tom, "I feel more Rock of Ages, has found the peace that

"You are home early, Tom, Where

"I didn't have to go so far as I exlife of ours. Besides, Honor's a mighty rock Walter calls Nelly's Throne, and

as I come along I see-well, no matter, but I can't help laughing to think we're calling them children. I begin to think they're getting along to be young folks mighty fast."

Mr. Vernon started up and said hurriedly, while a shade crossed his forehead:

"I will go and meet them." "What's the matter now, I wonder?" soliloguized Tom, removing the odd affair, half hat, half turban, to wipe his moist forehead. "I'm sure there's no need o' meddling with honest lovemaking; it's lawful for a magistrate to marry a coupie, and since we hain't a parson, why won't Mr. Vernon do jest as well?"

Meanwhile Mr. Vernon had taken a path which led him up a cliff which jutted over the water. He paused a moment in involuntary admiration of the scene before him. The huge white rock of coral forma-

tion rose out of the embowering green like a throne indeed, and all around it, catching here at a tiny stalk, there at a down-reaching branch, festooned vines, whose brilliant-hued flowers seemed like garlands flung at the feet of royalty. Overhead canopied the feathered spray of the inimitably graceful paim tree, and below, far below, foamed the surf, dashing its frothy columns against the coral piers that supported the rock, and above all spread out the intense blue of a tropic sky, arching down afar off to meet the line of distant sea. Yet it was not upon inanimate nature that Mr. Vernon's mild gray eye dwelt so fondly, but the graceful living tableau -the crowning charm upon coral rock-for there, sitting lightly as a bird upon its perch, was slender, willowy form, not round enough for childhood and too aerial for womanhood. A thin robe of thin muslin, gathered by a girdle at the waist, fell down upon the rock, hiding with an illusive veil such rose-tinted, naked feet-slipped clear from the awkward sandal-as Aphrodite herself might have envied. The round white arm, resting carelessly on the rock, supported a head whose youthful grace and loveliness no natad's mirror ever rivaled. The sunny ripples of curls overflowed with their ring of bronzed gold the vine that garlanded her head; the clear eyes shone with a deeper blue than the starry blossoms knotted in her breast; the sweet lips mocked saucily with their vivid carnation the pale rose of the cheek. And this was little Ellic! The transformation was as marvelous as that which changes the hard, dull coil of green into the wonderful beauty of the newly-opened rose.

No wonder there was a look of almost idolatrous affection in the dark eyes of the handsome youth who reclined carelessly at her feet. A sigh escaped Mr. Vernon as with newlyopened eyes he read aright the language of his son's face. For ten years had these children been his pupils; from his hand they had received the invigorating draughts of knowledge; in his steps had they followed to the outskirts of the immortal fountain of Science; for them had he delineated the beautiful sights his artist's soul drank in so eagerly; and, more than all, tremblingly, solemnly had he knelt with them before the Throne of Grace. All his acquired gifts and natural genhas had been exerted to the utmost to atone to them for the deprivations of their lot, and he, their guide, their teacher, their closest friend, had been blind to their inner lives, and had needed the voice of sharp-eyed Tom to point it out to him.

He strode a step forward, and then paused again, for Eleanor was speak-

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

\$600 FOR A SAUCEPAN.

Highley Kept His Money to a Rag Bag. and His Wife Sold It for Rage.

Fletcher Highley, a farmer living near Liberty, Ind., received several hundred dollars last week from the sale of some stock and placed the money in his wife's rag bag for safe keeping, fearing that thieves might find it if it were known to be about the house. The repository seemed such a safe one that he added his gold watch and one belonging to his wife. Saturday he was away from home, and, a peddlar calling. Mrs. Highley sold the rags for half a cent a pound, and received a tin sancepan valued at 20 cents. When Mr. Highley returned in the evening and was about to deposit a few more dollars in the rag bag he found it empty and his wife reported the sale of the rags, and showed the saucepan with the expectation of having her shrewd-

ness complimented. Mrs. Highley was horrified to learn that the bag contained \$600 and her husband's watches. Mr. Highley started after the peddlar yesterday and found him near Richmond. He professed to know nothing of the money and the watch and said that the rage had been shipped to an eastern rag firm. Mr. Highley has wired the firm.

A Condensed Style

Here is a composition from a progressive schoolboy: "One day I was in the country, I saw a cow and hit her with a rock, a dog bit me, a sow chased me, me, and the old gobbler flapped me, and I went down to the branch and fell in and wet my pants." Here is a whole novel for you in seven lines.-Ex.

Had a Host of Relatives.

Ninety "blood relatives" followed to the grave the body of Samuel Cooper of Pottawatomie county, Kansas, and one son, with twenty descendants, was absent. The surviving descendants number 150. The old man died singing a Methodist hymn.

No bird of prey has the gift of song.

AND STILL THEY COME

Mattoon's Mate Inspector Speaks.

(From the Commercial, Mattoon, Ill.) Mr. W. J. Cooms is the "Rate Inspector" residing in Mattoon, Ill., and though but a young man of thirty-three, his life for the past two years has not been by any means a bed of roses.

The disability with which he was afflicted was a complication of disease of stomach and indigestion. Medical skill could not help him and the outlook seemed dark for him until Providence threw in his path the means of relief. It will be better to give his own story as he told it to a reporter: "Very nearly three years ago, I was

taken with a bilious attack and a bad cold. and this I think was the beginning of my trouble. My stomach went back on me al together, and was a source of constant trouble. My digestion was altogether impaired, and the doctors could not help me, and in this wretched condition I remained until nearly one year ago. At that time Mr. George Coen, a . inductor on the St. Louis Division of the "Big Four" recommended me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I did so and before I had taken half a box knew that they were curing me. I only took two boxes in all and then was well. I always keep the pills by me and always shall do so. I recommend them to very one I hear complaining of stomach difficulty, and I believe many have been

benefited. (Signed) "W. J. Cooms," Witness: W. J. THOMAS. 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 also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressious, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radica! cure in all cases arising from mental worry, I Journal. over-work or excesses of whatever nature. Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bu!k) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50. and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company Schenectady, N. Y.

An Oleo Victim.

He was a member of the theatrical profession. The rich voice and studied accents with which he addressed the .waiter showed this.

"Do you realize," he said, "that we are suffering from misplaced energy?" "No, sir, I did not,"

"Well, we are," was the rejoinder, with a sigh. "You may remove every thing except the bread, the coffee and the steak. What we are suffering from now is not enough art in the drama and not enough realism in the butter."-Washington Star.

The Facts in the Case.

A careful persual of the Map of Wisconsin will convince you that the Wisconsin Central lines running from Chicago and Milwaukee to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Ashland, Hurley, Ironwood, Bessemer, and Duluth, touch a greater number of important cities than any line running through Wisconsin. Elegantly equipped trains, leaving at convenient hours, make these cities easy of access. Any ticket agent can give you full information and ticket you through. JAS, C. POND, Gen. Pass. Agt., Milwaukee, Wia.

Hard at Work. "What is your nephew doing now?"

"For the last five years he has been choosing a profession."-Jugend.

Lane's Family Medleine. Moves the bowels each day. In or-

der to be healthy this is necessary. Acts gently on the liver and kidneys. Cures sick headache. Price 25 and 50c.

The universities and colleges of Austria afford employment to 1,430 pro-

THE BLUES.

A Graphic Description of the Dreadful Feeling.

What Is Meant by This Form of Acute Misery -Where Doctors Make Mistakes.

When a cheerful, brave, light-hearted woman is suddenly plunged into that perfection of misery, the BLCES, it is a sad picture. It is usually this way :-

She has been feeling "out of sorts" for some time; head has ached, and

back also; has slept poorly; been quite pervous, and nearly fainted twice; head dizzy, and heart has beat very

fast; then that bearing-down feeling. Her doctor says, "cheer up, you have dyspepsia; you'll be all right soon."

But she doesn't get "all right." She grows worse day by day, till all at once she realizes that a distressing female complaint is established.

Her doctor has made a mistake.

She has lost faith in him; hope vanishes; then comes the brooding, morbid, melancholy, everlasting BLUES. Her doctor, if he knew, should have told her and cured her, but he did not, and she was allowed to suffer. By chance she came across one of Mrs. Pinkham's books, and in it she found her very symptoms described and an explanation of what they meant. Then she wrote to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., for advice, feeling that she was telling her troubles to a woman. Speedy relief followed, and vigorous health returned.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound instantly asserts its curative powers in all those peculiar ailments of women. It has been the standby of intelligent American women for twenty years, and the story recited above is the true experience of hundreds of women, whose letters of gratitude are to be found on file in Mrs. Pinkham's library.

61.00 FOR 14 CENTS. Millions now plant Salzer's seeds, but millions more should; hence offer. FROM COLES COUNTY, ILLINOIS. pkg. Bismurck Cucumber150 1 pkg. Round Globe Beet10c i pkg. Earliest Carrot19c pkg. Kaiser Wilhelm Lettuce 15c Judy. pkg. Earliest Melon10c pkg. Giant Yellow Onion15e

pkg. 14-Day Radish10c pkgs. Brilliant Flower Seeds.....15c Now all of above 10 packages, including our mammoth plant and seed catalogue, are mailed you free upon receipt of only 14 cents' postage. 25 pkgs. Earliest Vegetable Seed. \$1.00 21 Brilliant Blooming Plants \$1.00 John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse,

Quite True.

History class at school: Teacher-Name some of the most important things existing to-day which were unknown 100 years ago. Tommy (with an air of intelligence)-Us!-Scottish

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.

Her Lust Chance.

Leap Year Maid-Reggy, if I should propose to you, would you marry me? Reggy (absently)-Oh, I always leave all those disagreeable things to me man, don't you know.-New York

NO-TO-BAC FOR FIFTY CENTS.

Over 404,000 cured. Why not let No-To-Bao regulate or remove your desire for tobacco. Saves money, makes health and manhood. Cure guaranteed, 50c and \$1.00, all druggists.

Exactly. "And has he authority to condemn

me to death?" "He is clothed with despotic power.

"Dressed to kill!" shricked the victim.-Detroit Tribune.

Arrangements have just been completed whereby the well known author of the Grandissimes, Old Creole Days, etc., Mr. George W. Cable, is to become the editor of Current Literature. Mr. Cable will have a departure in the magazine and will continue his interest in the work which has absorbed his time of recent years during his residence in Northampton, Mass. Under this arrangement the Symposium, a monthly magazine which Mr. Cable started, will be discontinued, and all of the author's time, outside of what is given to imaginative work, will be devoted to this new editorship,

The sleeve which was worn in the early part of the century is the latest model shown just at present. It is close-fitting from the wrist, where it flares over the hand, to the elbow, and above this is a puff which gathers full nto the armhole.

WHEN billions or costive, cat a Cancaret, candy cathertic, oure guaranteed, 10c, 25c.

Forty-two thousand eggs were burned in a cold-storage warehouse in Midland, Mich.

Fat Old Gentleman -1 don't you got up and I

Little Boy-Why don't you ! yourself, and let both of them sit down

Half Pare, Washington, D. C., and Mc A rate of one fare for the round to has been made via the Big Four routs and picturesque Chesapeake and Ohi Rallway to Washington, account of the inauguration of Mr. McKinley, March 4th. For particulars address, U. L. Truitt, N. W. P. A., 234 Clark St., Chi-

The air is so clear in the Arctic regions that conversation can be carried on easily by persons two miles apart.

Mrs. Window's Southing Syrap For children teething, softens the gunn, reduces inflam-ation, allays pain, ourse wind colle. 20 cents a betting

The California board of examiners has recommended an appropriation of \$287,000 to pay coyote-scalp claims.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is our only medicine for coughs and colds.—Mrs. C. Beltz, 439 8th ave., Denver, Col., Nov. 8, '95

There is but one sudden death among women to every eight among men.

Hegeman's Campbor Ree with Girectine. Curve Chapped Hands and Face, Tender or Sero Feet, Chilblains, Piles, &c. C. G. Clark Co., New Haves, Ct. The horse has a greater variety of gaits than any other quadruped.

IOWA FARMS for sale on crop payments, 10 per cent. cash. balance % crop yearly, until paid for. J. MULHALL. Waukegan, Ill. The Buddhist nuns in Burmah have

their heads completely shaved.

FITS stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after tirst day's use of ibr. Klime's Great Nerve Moster. Free #2 trial bottle and treatise. Send to Da. Klima, Wi Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. The average temperature for Novem-

ber in Hawaii was 741/2 digre.s. CASCARETS stimulate liver, kidneys and lowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe, 100.

Nevada claims that it now produces more gold than silver.

IT'S CURES THAT COUNT.

Many so-called remedies are pressed on the public attention on account of their claimed large sales. But sales cannot determine values. Sales simply argue good salesmen, shrewd puffery, or enormous advertising. It's cures that count. It is cures that are counted on by Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Its sales might be boasted. It has the world for its market. But sales prove nothing. We point only to the record of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, as proof of its merit:

50 YEARS OF CURES.

When Answering Advertisments Kindly Mention This Paper.

W. N. U. CHICAGO, NO. 8, 1897,

You'll find out what they are when you.... You'll find ST. JACOBS OIL is when you put the crutches away, completely cured.

She-"The latest poetess, is she? Well, she looks like a problem in Euclid, all corners and straight lines." He-"I think she's like my last day's fishing, all angle and no catch."-Pick-Me-Up.

Perversity.

Thieves prowling around a house after night never run into the clothes line. but a good man who ventures out after dark to get a drink of cold water for his dear wife invariably does .- Atchison Globe.

Well, Hayseed, how did your crops turn out?"

"Why, to tell you the truth, sir, they didn't turn out as good as I thaart they was a-goin' to; and I never theart as 'ow they would."--Picture and joke from "Saint Paul's"; joke originally from "Truth."



Gus-Heav ngs, Gawge! What's the

Gawge-Mattah! Why, I nevah came so near being offended in my life. The keeper of that cafe called me a link and kicked me out. I tell you whatah-Gus, it wouldn't have taken much moah to have made me weal mad.

Great Grief. Customer-You've had this special sale on account of a death in the family going on for somewhere like two years.

Mrs. Moses-Yes, but I can't forget my poor old man in a hurry. Fun.

Hoped Not. Nodd-Do you think there is any relation between a person's looks and actions?

Todd-I hope not. They baby looks like me, but he acts like the devil .- Truth.

