

THE HOLY SILENT BEACONLIGHT.

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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 fitfully along the shore and sea; but the fury of the elemental strife had passed, for where huge masses of sullen clouds were trooping away, showed 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 failing 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 dismasted, 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 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 Neptune has tired out his dolphins. I could

make a whole rig out of the ere blue patch, and the sign's as sartain 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 giving 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!"

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. 'Beggars 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-here 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 cheerfully 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 turn-like plant among the luxuriant vegetation that crept almost to the plobbles 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' Natur's sign-boards to lie."

So 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 genial smile, which, like a sunbeam, brightened a rough and uncomely

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 pitifully 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 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 temperament 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.

OM 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 shiver my topsails if by-and-bye I can't 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 love.

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 oblieged 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' 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 larned a powerful sight more'n I ever knew afore about those trees and plants. I see a breadfruit 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 we get 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."

"What does he say, father?" ventured little Walter Vernon, timidly. "Oh, I'm

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 luxurious 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 of 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 seen 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 sartain, I can make some native cloth by-and-bye, 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 dressy of evening gowns that the headdress 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 Faufique.

"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 Bulldozing.

Judge—If, as you say, you found this woman so violent and headstrong, even during the engagement, why did you marry her?

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

Quite Natural.

Maud—I like George Richards to call on me.

May—I don't.

Maud—Of course not, dear. You'd rather have him call on you.—Truth.

FROM EXPOSURE

DURING THE WAR OF THE REBELLION.

Veteran's Own Version of His Troubles.

(From the Commercial, Mattoon, Ill.)

Henry Clegg is a well-known real estate man in Mattoon, Ill., who, of course, is a Grand Army man, having seen honorable service in Co. C, Sixty-second Indiana Infantry during the war of the rebellion.

Like many other old soldiers, Mr. Clegg did not pass through the ordeal of soldier life scathless, having twice during his service been in the hospital from illness brought on by exposure, the seeds of which he carried into private life, the same taking exceedingly deep root, in the shape of rheumatism and disease of the stomach.

During an interview with Mr. Clegg we made the following statement to a reporter, which we print as given:

"Four years ago my disabilities assumed an aggravated form, and I began to think the last rail was about to be called. All my limbs and organs were affected, and the pains of the rheumatism was intense. There was not a square inch of my body free from the pain, and my stomach gave up doing its rightful work. For years I was under the care of physicians, having had ten different doctors, allopathic, eclectic and homeopathic. I used every remedy suggested or that I saw advertised, but none of them, doctors included, did me the slightest good."

"It is now nearly two years ago since I heard of and began to use Pink Pills, and before I had used up one box I began to obtain relief. I continued to take them for three months regularly, according to the directions of Dr. Williams', and by that time my appetite was good, my stomach acted as a well regulated stomach should and my rheumatism troubled me no more. I always took one or more, and I am all right again. I always recommend them to persons suffering with similar disorders to what I had and when my advice is followed benefit invariably results."

(Signed) HENRY CLEGG.

Witness: T. ATTERTON.

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 la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, 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, Schenectady, N. Y.

Proving Her Case.

Mrs. Emerson (of Boston)—"You shouldn't use slang, Susie. Your favorite old English authors do not countenance it." Susie—"Oh, yes, they do, mamma. Don't you remember what Colley Cibber says about the youth that fired the Ephesian dome?"—New York Tribune.

A Modern Way to Stop a Cough

(Tried by a Prominent Iowa Minister.)

In a recent letter he says: "Many winters have I coughed all winter long. Twice have I been compelled to rest from my ministerial duties, for a period of several years. When I took cold in winter the coughing would be intense. Last fall I took cold about the 15th of October, and was sick with it for about a week and a half. What I supposed was a winter of coughing. My physician called my attention to Dr. Kay's Lung Balm and after a few applications on her part, and a free expression (of a flat non-flattering character) about potent medicines on my part, I concluded to try the Lung Balm. I felt at once that it touched a place in my malady that nothing else had ever done. I began to improve. I used about 5 boxes and can now preach without coughing. I keep it by me and if I take cold I use it. If I have a bronchial irritation after preaching I take Dr. Kay's Lung Balm. I can cheerfully say that the Lung Balm prepared by The Dr. B. J. Kay Medical Co. of Omaha, Neb., has been a great help to me. It has no bad effect upon the stomach. Respectfully yours, J. D. DE TAR, Pastor M. E. Church, Spring Hill, Iowa, Des Moines Conference."

Book Publishing

reached a fixed limit in England, only

sixty more books having been published in 1896 than in 1895, and only forty

more in that year than in 1894.

Bad Temper is its own scourge.