

# 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 plait 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 coconut."

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 bamboo 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 'ere. I kept one eye pretty sharp around, and all I've seen is an albatross, a petrel, and two or three heron. I remember hearing old Pete Jones, a gone-by shipmate o' mine, who was in these parts a good while, say that no beast of prey was ever seen around in these islands, which, as near as I can reckon, are in the part of the chart they call Polynesia. We'll be careful till we're sure."

"Now suppose we go down to the caboose and set it up for a bedroom for the children—what do you say, Tom?"

"We'd best save it, anyhow, if only to remember the old 'Petrel' by."

So they went down to the beach, and with their united effort turned over the shattered shell. Mr. Vernon began to think Tom was growing insane as he saw him dart inside and seize something with the most frantic expression of joy.

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

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

Mr. Vernon bent forward and beheld a small hatchet, which, fastened by a stout cord to a nail, had resisted the effort of wind and wave, only twisting itself more securely around the brass head of the nail.

"It is indeed an invaluable treasure," said he, with emotion. "Tom, Tom, who knows but this frail ark has brought us to an Eden we shall be sorry to exchange for the hollow frivolities and sordid 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.

"I don't know, sir," said he, slowly, "I can't say, but something seems to tell me I shall have my grave here on the island." He waited a moment, overpowered by a nameless presentiment, and then added cheerfully: "But if it is to be so, sir, no man living now will have a pleasanter one than can be scooped out a little beyond the spring there, under the Hibiscus tree. Ye mind it, sir, if anything happens, there's 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 unprepossessing 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 coconut 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, cocoa, coconuts, yams, banana, plantain and sugar-cane grew in spontaneous abundance, while Tom pointed out to them the Abia-tree, bearing its delicious pulpy fruit, and won Walter's heart completely when he handed 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 apapa and faifai trees, "here is the stuff, Mr. Vernon, for our canoe. We will visit the old ship soon, and find out what's left for 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 bolsterously.

"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."

But several days of hard work were required before the timber was brought to the site near the shore, selected for various reasons, and then the house was only partially finished, as Tom was anxious to build a raft and visit the ship before another storm could complete her destruction.

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 enamored forgot 'em it'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're 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 who you be."

He turned then to hand Mr. Vernon a small clasp 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.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Meanwhile the Building Might 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. It, 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.

## FILLAL.

"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.

## For Safety on the Seas.

Another invention for the transmission of sound, no less valuable in its way than the preceding, is called the eophone. It is an instrument designed to indicate from what direction a sound emanates with absolute accuracy. It is expected that it will be especially valuable on ships at night and during fogs. As the number and speed of vessels increase, it is probable that this device will be the means of preventing many of the collisions and wrecks which have come to be looked upon almost as a necessary evil and yearly occasion a terrible sacrifice of lives. The instrument consists of two bell-like sound receivers, resembling somewhat the small ventilator pipes used on shipboard, both turned the same way and separated by a diaphragm. Connected with each receiver is a rubber tube, which is passed inside the pilot house and adjusted to the ears of the pilot. The receivers can be turned in any direction by the pilot, as they are attached to a shaft running into the pilot house, which he can operate at will. On this shaft is a pointer which follows the direction of the receivers and shows on a dial the point at which the object is located.

## A STRANGE FREAK OF NATURE.

We hope to sell 1,000,000 packages Golden Rind Watermelon, the most wonderful freak of nature—smooth, shiny, yellow rind, crimson flesh, delicious! It's sensational. Took 500 first prizes in 1896. You must have it to be in the swim. Melons go like wild fire at \$1.00 apiece. We paid \$300 for one melon! \$100 prizes for earliest melon—ripened in 1896 in 41 days. Lots of money made in earliest vegetables. Salzer's seeds produce them. Thirty-five earliest sorts, postpaid, \$1.00.

Send This Notice and 15 Cents for a Package of Golden Rind and wonderful seed book, 146 big pages, to John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis. w.n.

## Commerce Prevails.

Schoolmaster—Master Isaac, what wrong did the brothers of Joseph commit when they sold their brother? Isaac—They sold him too cheap.—New York Tribune.

## 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.

## A Ghostly Collection.

A French professor is the owner of a collection of 920 human heads, representing every known race of people on the globe.

## 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. Cures guaranteed, 50c and \$1.00, all druggists.

A St. Paul judge has awarded a citizen \$5 damages because a motorman refused to stop a car for him.

When bilious or constive, eat a Cascaret, sandy cathartic, cure guaranteed, 10c, 25c.

The great man of to-day shows us what all men may be by and by.

## "WORN OUT."

A COMMON EXPRESSION USED BY AMERICAN WOMEN.

Many do not Realize the Full Significance of These Two Words.

When a woman is nervous and irritable, head and back ache, feels tired all the time, loses sleep and appetite, has pains in groins, bearing-down sensation, whites and irregularities, she is not "worn out," but feels as if she were.

Such symptoms tell her that a womb trouble is imminent, and she cannot act too promptly if she values her future comfort and happiness.

The experience and testimony of some of the most noted women of America, go to prove beyond a question that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will correct all such trouble at once by removing the cause and restoring the organs to a healthy and normal condition. If in doubt, write Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., as thousands of women do.

Here is a lady who says:— "Let me add my name to your list of testimonials. For years I suffered with such a weakness of the back I could not stand straight. I had terrible pains in my womb. The doctor said an operation must be performed, as there was no other way to be cured. I was afraid to have the operation performed, and kept trying the medicines that I saw advertised. At last I tried yours. After taking three bottles I felt like a new woman. I recommend it to every woman, and cannot praise it enough, for it saved me from the surgeon's knife."—Mrs. MARK BUCH, Dolgeville, N. Y.

that a womb trouble is imminent, and she cannot act too promptly if she values her future comfort and happiness.

The experience and testimony of some of the most noted women of America, go to prove beyond a question that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will correct all such trouble at once by removing the cause and restoring the organs to a healthy and normal condition. If in doubt, write Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., as thousands of women do.

Here is a lady who says:— "Let me add my name to your list of testimonials. For years I suffered with such a weakness of the back I could not stand straight. I had terrible pains in my womb. The doctor said an operation must be performed, as there was no other way to be cured. I was afraid to have the operation performed, and kept trying the medicines that I saw advertised. At last I tried yours. After taking three bottles I felt like a new woman. I recommend it to every woman, and cannot praise it enough, for it saved me from the surgeon's knife."—Mrs. MARK BUCH, Dolgeville, N. Y.

After taking three bottles I felt like a new woman. I recommend it to every woman, and cannot praise it enough, for it saved me from the surgeon's knife."—Mrs. MARK BUCH, Dolgeville, N. Y.

## How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The Industrial Aid Society of Boston found work during the year just passed for nearly 3,700 people.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is the only cough medicine used in my house.—D. C. Albright, Mifflinburg, Pa., Dec. 11, 1895.

Aroostook's (Me.) champion wheat report is forty-seven bushels to the acre.

FIVE stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free trial bottle and treatise. Sent to Dr. Kline, 601 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

The favorite foods of the Kaffirs are locusts, ant eggs and various insects.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

All of the mummy cats unearthed in Egyptian tombs have red hair.

Ooe's Cough Balsam Is the oldest and best. It will break up a cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

Kangaroo farming is to be an established institution in Australia.

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

We are always in great danger when we hold on to a little sin.

Like rust on polished metal **NEURALGIA** Blights and Crimps the Nervous System. Like oil on rust **St. Jacobs Oil** removes the blight and cures the pain.

She Told the Truth. Mrs. Newby, in her modern male attire for women, was addressing a select audience. "I wear no man's collar," she shouted. "You have one of mine on now," squeaked her husband. "I said 'no man's collar,'" she retorted, and Newby sneaked out the back way.—Detroit Free Press.

## Too Cheap.

Isaacson—Jaakey, hof you readt der story of Joseph undt his bretheren? Jaakey—Yes, fadder. Isaacson—Vell, what wrong tid tey do? Jaakey—Tey sold him too cheap.—Up to Date.

Isaacson—Jaakey, hof you readt der story of Joseph undt his bretheren? Jaakey—Yes, fadder. Isaacson—Vell, what wrong tid tey do? Jaakey—Tey sold him too cheap.—Up to Date.

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 beans of the finest quality are used. 4. Because it is made by a method which preserves unimpaired the exquisite natural flavor and odor of the beans. 5. Because it is the most economical, costing less than one cent a cup. Be sure that you get the genuine article made by WALTER BAKER & CO. Ltd., Dorchester, Mass. Established 1780.

**GUARANTEED** to cure the worst coughs. We mean every word we say and to convince you of this we offer to send you by mail a 25c box of Dr. Kay's Lung Balm on receipt of three stamps to pay postage and after you are cured and satisfied it is all we claim for it you can send the balance after deducting postage. Never has there been a cough medicine that equals it. It never has failed to cure the worst coughs, even when all physicians and all other remedies have failed. We guarantee this. Why do you continue to suffer without testing it? **Dr. Kay's Lung Balm** and its after effects are speedily cured by it. It is also a cure for Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Catarrh, Consumption and all Lung and Throat troubles, whether acute or chronic. Send for testimonials and other positive proofs. It is not only **GUARANTEED TO CURE** but it is guaranteed not to contain any opium, tar, arsenic, or any other nauseating or dangerous drug. It does not cause sickness like ordinary cough medicines but is pleasant to take and children like it so well as to cry for it frequently.

**Dr. Kay's Lung Balm.**

The following is an extract from a letter just received from a prominent Iowa clergyman: "Many winters have I coughed all winter long. Twice have I been compelled to resign from my ministerial duties for a period of several years. When I took cold in the 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 began what I supposed was a winter of coughing. My wife called my attention to Dr. Kay's Lung Balm and after much persuasion on her part, and a free expression (of a not flattering character) about patent 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 a box, 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 has been a great help to me. It has no bad effect upon the stomach. Respectfully yours, J. D. TAYLOR, Pastor W. M. Church Spring Hill, Iowa, Des Moines conference. Send for pamphlet and circulars. Also 'Woman's Friend,' a special booklet for ladies, free. Address: Western Office, Dr. B. J. Kay Medical Co., Omaha, Neb.

**CANDY CATHARTIC** **Cascarets** CURE CONSTIPATION REGULATE THE LIVER ALL DRUGGISTS **ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED** to cure any case of constipation. Cascarets are the ideal laxative for colds, grippe, headache, indigestion, constipation, biliousness, etc. Sample and booklet free. Ad. STRONG HENRY CO., Chicago, Montreal, Can., or New York. 25¢ 50¢

**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.

The Egyptians considered the cat a sacred animal and usually mummified its remains.

CASCARETS stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe, 10c.

The cats of the Isle of Man and those of North Borneo are all tailless.

**"It will go away after awhile."**

That's what people say when advised to take something to cure that cough.

Have you ever noticed that the cough that goes away after awhile takes the cougher along? And he doesn't come back!

**Ayer's Cherry Pectoral** Cures Coughs.

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

When Answering Advertisements Kindly Mention This Paper.

**McKinley's Inauguration.**

Tickets will be sold from all points west and north-west over the Big Four Route and Chesapeake & Ohio Ry. to Washington, D.C. and return at fare March 1, 2 and 3, good returning until March 6. This is the scenic line through the mountains, river canons and battle-fields. The train is a marvel of smoothness and stability. All trains are vestibuled, electric-lighted and have dining car service unexcelled. For further particulars address

H. W. SPARKS, Trav. Pass. Agt., or C. C. TUCKER, Gen. Nor. Agt., 234 Clark St., Chicago.

**PENSIONS, PATENTS, CLAIMS.** JOHN W. MORRIS, WASHINGTON, D. C. Late Principal Examiner U. S. Pension Bureau. Succeeds last War, and adjusting claims, etc. since.

**OPIMUM HART DRUNKENNESS** Cured. DR. J. L. STEPHENSON, LEANING, IOWA.

**PATENTS.** 20 years' experience. Send sketch for advice. (L. Deane, late prin. examiner U. S. Pat. Office) Deane & Weaver, Moduli Bldg., Wash. D. C.

**Dr. Kay's Lung Balm** and throat disease for coughs, colds, and whooping cough. FREE. Dr. B. J. KAY, MEDICAL CO., OMAHA, IOWA.