



BY M. T. CALDOR.

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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 brooding 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 falling desert traveler hails the music of the fountain's dash—as dying creatures seize at life—so was the sight of that patch of fair sky—that island green and fresh as Hope—welcomed with transport by the ship-wrecked remnant of a staunch and gallant company, who but a few hours before had walked in fearless security on the deck of what was now a dismantled, broken wreck, plunging, tossing, sinking—not safe for the nest of a sea-gull.

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

"Courage, sir; didn't I tell you, never say die? I reckon by this time old Nep has tired out his dolphins. I could make a whole rig out of that ere blue patch, and the sign's as sartin here in these heather 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 creturs' 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 or, the black side of things—nary a grumbler could I ever call a good shipmate. It's hard to think of all our poor fellows gone to Davy Jones's locker—but the Lord must have known it, and Tom Harris ain't a-going to question Providence just yet!"

And the honest, rough old tar shook his head to dash off the tears that mingled with the briny wave that plunged over their frail retreat.

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

"I hope your brave spirits will hold out, my noble fellow; as for myself, I confess I am g-owing 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 cheerily to work. He carried this 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 spring out a modest-looking orn-like plant among the luxuriant vegetation that crept almost to the public of the beach.

"Water ain't very far off," muttered he, "for this 'ere dumb mouth tells me so, and howsoever human nature set a bad example, I never knew one o' Nature's sign-boards to lie."

So he went stumbling and reeling about something in the slip-sag 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

RULES FOR A CYCLIST

THE THOMPSON STREET CLUB LISTENS TO A NEW SET.

Concerning a Little Game of Poker—The Committee to Decide Disputes Must Be Composed of Members Above Reproach.

"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—I've got you know Tom, who made the little ship for you, and how poor Hannah laughed at it? You know Tom, don't you?"

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

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

Tom's lip quivered.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I'll hang up my jacket now. 'Twill do for the little girl when her pratty clothes are put in the sun. One thing sartin, 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.

DR. WOLFE AND GEORGINA.

A Hard Test for One's Gravity—Familiar Accent and Phraseology.

In front of us stood a short, stout, elderly man, an unmistakable Hebrew in features and complexion, says Blackwood's Magazine. He spoke English fluently, but with an extremely strong foreign accent, and his manner and phraseology were peculiar, in a fashion which made it very difficult to listen to him with the seriousness which his subject demanded.

He enlarged on his work in Palestine and Asia Minor generally, which had undoubtedly been of a most praiseworthy description, but when he proceeded to illustrate the customs of his race by chanting some of their native songs in a high-pitched voice it proved very difficult for me, light-hearted enough on those days, to hear him with due calm and decorum. Even his imitation of the lamentations of the Jews at the walling place outside the walls of fallen Jerusalem, which ought to have been deeply pathetic, became from his intonation and style exactly the reverse.

The culminating overthrow of my gravity came with an anecdote which he told of an Arab chief who had offered him his daughter in marriage and anxiously pressed the beautiful bride upon him. "Yes," exclaimed Dr. Wolfe, stretching out his arms toward a quiet, dignified lady who sat on a sofa near him. "Yes, that chief begged me to have his child, with the brown eyes like a gazelle, to wed her and keep her always; but I said to him: 'No! no! I have my Georgina at home; I want no more wives. I have my Georgina in my house already, and that is enough, oh, quite enough.' I must own that I had to beat a hasty retreat from the effects of this speech on the propriety of demeanor I had been trying so hard to maintain.

Not a Cent in Sight.

Baron Rothschild was once caught in a predicament that many people experience daily, and that is getting into a conveyance of some kind, and then not having the money to pay the fare.

The driver of the omnibus into which Rothschild entered demanded his fare, and the Baron, feeling in his pocket, discovered that he had no change. The driver was very angry.

"What did you get in for, if you had no money?"

"I am Baron Rothschild," exclaimed the great capitalist, "and there is my card."

The driver scornfully tossed the card away.

"Never heard of you before," said he, "and don't want to hear of you again. What I want is your fare."

The banker was in great haste.

"Look here, I've an order for a million," he said; "give me the change." And he proffered a coupon for that amount.

The driver stared and the passengers laughed. Fortunately a friend of the Baron entered the omnibus at the moment and, taking in the situation, immediately paid the fare. The driver, realizing his mistake, and feeling remorseful, said to the Baron:

"If you want 10 francs, sir, I don't mind lending them to you on my own account."—Harper's Round Table.

Tired and Sleepy.

"Speaking of cures for insomnia," said an old soldier, "makes me think of our starting out one morning at 7 o'clock, marching twenty miles and meeting the enemy at 2 o'clock in the afternoon and fighting till 6, and then marching back to where we started from, getting there at 2 o'clock in the morning."

"Some of the men left in camp had made a fire to cook their coffee by and had kept it going through the evening. It was now a big bed of red coals, with an occasional flicker of flame going up from the charred end of a half-burned stick. It was a chilly night, and I thought I'd sit down on a log that there was alongside the fire for a few minutes and get warm a little before turning in. The next thing I knew it was 6 o'clock. I had gone to sleep the minute I sat down and had fallen off the big log without waking up."

"Now, if, as sometimes happens, I find myself inclined to lie awake nights, I just think of the comfort of my present bed as compared with that by the log, and that's enough."

Traveled on His Face.

"You are dead beat."

"At the harsh words the cyclist roused himself and opened one eye. The policeman, bending over him, went on: 'You have been trying to travel on your face.'"

The cyclist opened the other eye.

"I have," he admitted. "On my face and one elbow. But they could not stand the strain."

And, rising weakly to his feet, he staggered toward the nearest drug store, bearing the fragments of his wheel with him.—Wisconsin Sentinel.

For a Song.

"Magnificent house, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"And he bought it for a song."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, he's the author of 'Papa's Jag is Three Days Old,' you know."—Detroit News.

Couldn't.

Wife (in church)—"Jabez, why didn't you put something in the contribution box?"

Husband—"Hush, Jane, I didn't have anything less than a 2-cent piece about me."

A man feels drowsy after a hearty dinner, because a large part of the blood in the system goes to the stomach to aid in digestion, and leaves the brain poorly supplied.

Pearls are in greater demand than ever and are largely used for necklaces.

United States Patent Office Report.

TRANS-MISSISSIPPI INVENTORS.

351 patents were issued to United States inventors the past week, of which number Nebraska inventors received 2 patents, while 10 Iowa inventors were rewarded. James Gilbert of Omaha, Nebraska, receiving a patent for a thrust bearing for marine engines while W. H. Fairchild, Diller, Nebraska, received a patent for a corn planter.

Amongst the notable inventions are found a railway track layer; a sand-papier machine; a fence comprising a split tubular rail having a projecting serrated tongue; a vegetable cutter, grader and dish strainer, a pad attaching attachment for sewing machines; a machine for forging car wheels; a pocket for prize fruit; a hair curler comprising a pliable web provided with longitudinal rolls; a self-feeding mangle brush; a new tubing for bicycle frames, comprising two half sections provided with projecting flanges, between which half sections and flanges is held a web plate; an electric igniter for gas engines; an improved carpet sweeper; a gold club; a support for musical performances; a tire shrinker attachment for anvils; a bicycle shoe provided with an outer sole comprising a layer of fibrous material; a field anchor for check row corn planters; a step cover for stairs; an improved bicycle pump; a folding brush; a collapsible chair; an inflated bicycle tire comprising a plurality of tubes arranged to form laminae, with intervening air spaces; a fire proof floor or roof; a combined child's wagon and velocipede; a combination bloomer and divided skirt; and a lap board in the form of a cylinder.

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