

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 ot looked into that book since I was a young man. I do not love it. Had great things by this time. I hope she'll you brought me a Shakespeare, I should 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 ad 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 return voyage? Oh, sir, I don't be-Heve 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 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

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 depths 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 walley where a hurricane had swept. There were traces of great struggles, of mighty forces battling flercely, scattered wrecks, uprooted growths of many years' mistakes and sin, the blackened mark of the lightning's scathing, the exhaustion and weakness of intense excitement-but his eye shone clear and bright, like the sun that has dispersed the clouds; the air

was purified, the tempest over, said he, holding out his hand, my brother, my best friend, your hand has smitten the hard rock, and the waters have gushed 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 caught at a tree for support.

"You are weak 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 believe 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 penceful joy, as he bent, utterly absorbed, over the sacred volume.

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

"We'll have a little change shortly," said he devouring, to their influite satisfaction, with much relish, the micely-peeled bananas. "I saw some Thre fish and lots o' wild ducks yesterday; and, alongside of Walter's pig. 1 ententate we'll be ready for foul weather. Plenty of work will keep us all busy and happy too, thank the Lord.

Which communication was reiterated when Mr. Vernon came out from their test setreat and joined them on the

"Ah, sir," said Tom. "I feel more et this beautiful spot is right for a and forget to look to the harbor we're d England again and my good sister not. You see, air, she and I was all | bread-fruit on his back. there was, and so we kinder set .nore one another than common tolks, are the children?" FR warrant the poor soul has cried her eyes red many a night for wanting to me, and 'twill be a dreadful stroke when she knows the ship's lost. But e of these days she'll know everyof ours. Besides, Honor's a mighty rock Waiter calls Nelly's Throne, and

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 get a kind, good husband to make my have hailed it more gladly than a chest 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 have you taught me; and here now is my hand to join you now in the bargain -to do the best and be the best we

can.' "Not most like for the sake o' them." ventured Tom, nodding toward the children, "but for that"-lifting his 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 our island. A newly-paved walk led 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 to 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 almanac that Tom declared to be worth all the rest.

Outside, just far enough to suit Mr. Vernon's fastidious taste-which Tom respected, though he could not understand 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 inhabitant 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 pool lounged in the sun three or four

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 forlorn and hopeless task, as he was finally obliged to confess, for in that latitude of prodigal lavishness the hope and comfort of sterile regions refused to grow.

Another useful task had the worthy sailor performed; he had nailed the flag saved 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.



EN years have passed since the "Petrel" lay a broken wreck, dashing to and fro, on the coral reef of the little island. Still the patched and yet tattered flag floats off from the cocoa tree on the hill, and still

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 gentieman himself. Time had added sad furrows to his forehead and scattered silver threads plentifully in his dark hair, but the face itself was most essentially changed. Could that benigh. tranguil countenance belong to the cyn ical 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 Rock of Ages, has found the peace that remandled to this the more I think on't. | the world cannot give and cannot take Mr. Vernon's eye was raised body to spend his last days in. We'll quietly from the book as a merry whiscont be hankering after worldly goods the and measured tread broke the stillness, while Tom-our same rough, artfling to. I shouldn't mind seeing bright-faced Tom-came trudging down the hill with a pole hung with

the little log dwelling, now enlarged,

"You are home early, Tem. Where

"I didn't have to go so fur as I expected. Walter has got a nice string of fish, too reg'lar beauties. I didn't eatch the pig in the trap this time, but the other I reckon will fetch him. rock Waiter calls Nelly's Throne, and

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?" soliloquized 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 couple, 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 palm 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 the 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 naiad'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 Ellie! 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 before the Throne of Grace All his acquired gifts and natural genius 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 speaking.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

\$600 FOR A SAUCEPAN.

Highley Kept His Money in a Rag Bag, and His Wife Sold It for Rags.

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 saucepan 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.

ttere is a composition from a progres sive 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, I fell out of a wagon and a bee stung 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 Heistives. 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 Methodiat hymn.

CHOST HAUNTS THE PALACE OF GERMAN EMPEROR.

The Famous Historic Apparition of the Hohenzollerns Appears Once More and Poreshadows Death in Emperor William's Family.



HE White Lady has again appeared in the Royal Palace at Berlin, and consternation, illy concealed, possesses the soul of every inmate from the humblest servitor in the Imperial household to the emperor him self.

This is an historic ghost. It is no old woman's tale; neither is it the imagining of a trembling person or of affrighted children. Histories and encyclopedias record it and the events its appearance portends. It always presages the death of a member of the Royal house of Hohenzollern.

A few nights ago, so the report runs that comes from Berlin, one of the court chamberlains was returning down the long corridor of the palace, when, suddenly, before him arose, as though through the substantial tiled floor, the stately figure of a queenly woman. The figure was clothed in a dress of pure white, the hair was low upon the forehead, one hand rested upon her belt about the waist and the other was slightly raised, as though in admonition or warning. The chamberlain recognized the apparition at once as that of the White Lady, and shrinking into a niche in the wall he tremblingly watched the historical terror as she glided past him and melted into the darkness at the further end of the corridor. Unlike the female that has played this part several times in the past, the present lady carried no keys, -----

as I come along I see well, no matter. THE LADY IN WHITE. lowed by the death of some prominent member of that family. For two hundred years the wraith confined her appearances to Bohemia, whence the Hohenzollerns originally came, but in 1598 she, for the first known occasion, appeared in the Royal Palace at Berlin.

Albert Frederick was ruler at that time, and within a month from the day the "ghost walked" Albert Frederick became insane, and was declared incapacitated for governing. He was succeeded by his brother-in-law, John Sigismund, and everything went well until 1619, when one afternoon, in broad daylight, the White Lady was discovered rocking the cradle of the infant Albert and jangling a bunch of ghostly keys in her hand.

The nurse making the discovery promptly fainted, and when she recovered her senses the Lady had vanished. Two weeks after that Sigismund died. In 1667 she came again six weeks before the death of George Wilhelm, and in 1688 she promenaded through the salons and over the roof of the palace the very night before the great elector Frederick Wilhelm breathed his last.

peror Frederick.

Who is threatened by the present visitation it is impossible to say, for while history tells us it has been a summons for the ruling sovereign in the majority of instances, it has not invariably been so, and victims of lesser consequence have several times been warned of their danger.

Then there was an interregnum until 1840, when she called again a week before Frederick William III, died. She remained away ten years more, or until 1850, and then was found one evening strolling past the bed-chamber of the Prince of Prussia, who died a few days afterward. In 1879 she anticipated the death of Prince Waldemar by just fifteen days, and it was stated at the time, although the report was suppressed, that she was seen in the palace shortly before the death of both the late Emperor William I, and Em-



THE LATEST VISITATION OF HOHENZOLLERN GHOST.

but came empty-handed, and looked ominously severe. She glanced neither to the right nor to the left and floated rather than walked into obscurity. The chamberlain was greatly fright-

ened and, trembling violently, he made his way as quickly as possible to where the court officials were gathered and conveyed to them the awful news. It required only a few minutes for the startling information to travel through the entire palace, and the alarm it occasioned can be but slightly appreciated by those who were not present as witnesses of the excitement that fol-

The emperor himself was told of the affair in its minutest details as soon as he arose the following morning, and he immediately ordered extra guards to be stationed about the palace, and all the attendants were strictly enjoined to seize any White Lady or other intruder that might be detected prowling about the building. Evidently the emperor is not a believer in ghosts.

But whether William II. is or is not sufficiently strong minded to set aside the traditional scarecrow of his family and discourage the perpetuation of superatition, the appearance of the White Lady is uncanny and prophetic. History tells of her various appearances. Historians vouch for the truth of the

During four hundred years the legend of the White Lady has been associated with the history of the Hohenzollerus, and each visitation of the grumome No bird of prey has the gift of song. specter has invariably been closely fol- and Indian-owing to this fact.

IN DEEP SHADE

And in Cool Streams Cattle Find Their Comfort.

It is easy to see that cattle are at some in a moist and wooded country. The feral cattle of Texas and Australia never from choice stray far from the woods. Out on the Western ranches there are, of course, few trees, and the easts thrive fairly well; but, for all that, the conditions of their life are artificial, and are not such as they would select if free to choose their dwelling place. All cattle love to stand knee deep in water and under the shadow of trees. Their heads are carried low, even when they are startled, so that they can see under the spreading branches of the forest. Compare the habitual position of the head of a cow with that of the heads of the horse, pronghorn or guanaco, which live in the open and have to watch the horizon for the approach of enemies.

Then the split hoofs of the cattle are wonderfully adapted for progress over oft ground. In galloping through bogs or deep mud an ox or a buffalo will easily distance a swift horse. Their toes spread wide, and so they do not sink in so far as the solid-hoofed animat. What is even more important, the open cleft between the toes allows the air to enter the hole in the mud as the foot is withdrawn; whereas, a horse's hoof sticks like a "sucker," awing to the partial vacum below it, and can only he dragged out by a great muscular effort. Mounted hunters have been overtaken and killed by buffalo-African

What to Do With Hard-Boiled Eggs A man sent his daughter to buy four eggs. She bought them and he put them in a sauce pan to boil, saying to

his wife: "Just look at those eggs, will you and take them out when they are

He went away and came back in half an hour. Finding the eggs still boil-ing, he cooly took them off, put them cold water, dried them and said to his

"Take those eggs back and say you wanted ducks' eggs, and if they have no ducks' eggs, bring the money

A Wonderful Phenomenen.

The man who should pass through life without experiencing twinge of indigestion, might be fitly regarded as a wonderful phenomenon. We doubt if such a privileged mortal has ever existed. If so, we have never seen him. But thousands are known to be daily relieved of dyspepsia by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the popular remedy for that truly national complaint, as well as for fever and ague, debility, constipation, rheumatism and kidney troubles.

What a Broken Chain Did.

A broken bicycle chain stopped the operation of an entire street railway system in Chicago recently. The chain parted and fell from a wheel with one end in the slot of an underground trolley line. One end of the chain touched the trolley wire, and the other re-mained outside, forming a short cir-cuit. All the cars suddenly refused to work. The trouble was finally dis-covered by a track-walker, who saw a blue flame where the chain and track were crossed. When the chain was removed the operation of the cars was resumed. - Exchange.

Two bottles of Piso's Cure for Consumption cured me of a bad lung trouble.—Mrs. J. Nichols, Princeton, Ind. March 26, 1895.

A Census Experience.

In the recent census of the county of London, the occupier of a tenement handed back a blank paper to the collector with a confused statement that it did not apply to her. "And where do you live then?" asked the bemuddled enumerator, after a long struggle to disentangle witness. "Where do I live? W'y, w'ere should I live but in my own 'ome?" "Well, where is your home?" "This is my 'ome, of course it is." "But you just now said that you did not sleep here last night." "No more did I. I never slept a minute all In the recent census of the county of more did I. I never slept a minute all night long, and my 'usband 'll tell 'e the same."—Household Words.

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