

THE HOLY SIBLE BEACON OF LIGHT.

BY M.T.CALDOR.
INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER V.—(CONTINUED.)

"Ah," said she, fixing her eyes steadily on the dim line where sky and ocean blended into one, "when I sit here I grow so impatient, Walter; I long to skim like the albatross yonder with daring wing, along, above the heaving waves. The world—the world—so beautiful—so grand—I would see it. My spirit tires of this sameness; it pants like an imprisoned thing longing for one taste of the pure air of freedom."

"Silly girl! What is freer and purer than this sea breeze, playing so daintily with your curls? What more boundless, vast and grand than this ever-changing ocean at your feet? Why should you sigh for anything fairer?"

"Because, fair as it is, it is our prison. We can go no farther; here we must stay, confined to the narrow breadth of this little island, when the wide illimitable world is before us. Ah, Walter, I fathom your kind wish to cheat me into contentedness. Can I not read your sympathy with my own yearnings? Do I not see your eyes flash as they turn toward the point, where, far away, our home and mother-land waits for us? Am I so dull that I cannot perceive the noble ambition imprisoned in your soul? What a glorious name might not the talents and germs of genius, dormant and passive here, carve out for you in the great arena of the world. When I think of it I grow restless—angry almost."

She started up vehemently and stretched out her imploring hands to the ocean.

"Come, come!" she cried, as passionately as though the onleaping waves would bear her words to friendly ears. "Oh, ocean, mighty ocean—that spared us from thy yawning graves for a living tomb, be merciful. Send hither a bark to bear thy foster children back to the embrace of mother earth—a messenger of hope and mercy. Mighty Neptune, where are thy spells now?"

The girl stood, frozen into a statue of such wild and matchless loveliness that the gazing almost hushed their breath in sudden fear that the myth she had invoked might rise from his foamy couch to seize and bear her away for his bride.

The only reply came in the hoarse beating of the surf that seemed to moan wildly. "Not yet—not yet."

Her outstretched arms drooped dejectedly, the glow died from off her face, and with a deep, deep sigh she sank slowly back to her seat again.

Her sigh was echoed dimly, yet Walter answered soothingly:

"Nay, nay, dear Ellie, do not look so hopeless. I confess you have spoken the truth. I, too, have these longings—these wild, intense cravings for action—this dismal lamenting for talents buried in obscurity—and yet often and often comes a strong conviction that were our wildest hopes gratified, and we safely restored to all the pleasures, excitement and honors of the world, we would look back with a sigh of regret to the peaceful innocence of our life here."

She shook her beautiful head doubtfully.

"I can scarcely agree with you—better sorrow and sore trouble than sullenness and inaction."

Walter was looking fondly in her face.

"It is not strange that you fret and pine, Ellie dear. A brilliant lot amidst the noblest and best of our happy land doubtless awaits you, but for me it would be one continued struggle; and though I would welcome it gladly, yet it comforts me to think that in its absence I enjoy a blessing which freedom from the island would take forever from me."

She looked down at him questioningly.

"Do you not guess, dearest, that once in your own circle humble Walter would scarcely presume to intimacy with the noble heiress."

CHAPTER VI.

LEONAR reached down her little hand to his shoulder, and her blue eyes shone indig-nantly.

"Had it been any one but you, Walter, to make that heartless speech?" And breaking into sobs, she added tremulously:

"Oh, what does not the helpless, friendless child owe to you and your father, but for whose untiring love and care I might now be an ignorant, uncouth and awkward creature, of whom, if ever rescued, my relatives would be ashamed? No, no, Walter; come what may, you will always be the best and dearest—no one else can fill your place."

Walter touched with his lips the white little hand flung toward him in the earnest gesture. What more might have been said was prevented by the quiet advance of Mr. Vernon.

"Here is our father," cried Eleanor, springing down from the rock and running to hang fondly on his arm. "Ah, mon pere, we have had such a delightful excursion at the brook up in the country, and we were industrious, too, so that even Tom praised our fine string of fish."

Mr. Vernon passed his hand caressingly over her bright curly hair.

"And yet my canary is weary of her pretty cage, her seeds and sweetmeats, and beats her wings against the bars and pines for freedom!"

Eleanor colored.

"Ah, you overheard our silly talk. I never meant you should know it, but, oh, papa, is it not very hard for us as well as you?"

"My child," answered he, solemnly, "it will be of little use for me to tell you what a bitter cruel enemy I have found this same world for which you sigh. I may bid you prize this calm peace, this freedom from sin and sorrow, but you will be deaf to my words, because of the siren song the radiant-faced Hope sings ever to the ears of youth. No, my children, I long no more for the busy haunts of men. I am ready to pray that this peaceful Eden may prove my grave."

The young creatures, dimly guessing through what waves of grief and pain he had reached the peaceful shore of content, looked up wistfully into his earnest face and kept respectful silence.

"Now, then," said he, rousing from his reverie, "I shall send you, Ellie, to the house. You will find the French lesson I prepared on your table, and you, my child, may translate it as neatly as you can. Tom has plenty of freshly-made paper in the drawer."

Eleanor obeyed at once, glancing at Walter as if expecting him to follow; but his father laid a restraining hand on his arm, and Walter remained at his side.

"My son," said Mr. Vernon gravely—so gravely that Walter felt the tears rising to his eyes—"you are pining for action; you long for the excitement and effort required in the battle of life. See, here in this deserted island is a grand opportunity for heroism that you have quite overlooked. Do not be startled, Walter, when I tell you that I have made a painful discovery today—that you love Eleanor with an affection more fervent than a brother's or a friend's. I put it to your own conscience and manliness—is it honorable to take advantage of the isolation of her life here, and win her love before she has opportunity to see others and judge for herself? There is no doubt, judging from the jewels in the trunk, the coat-of-arms on her clothing, and Tom's account of the servant's idea of the family's importance, that Eleanor is the child of noble and aristocratic parents. You know the exclusive pride of such, for I have often told you of it. Now, then, have you a right to profit by the accidental circumstance of the shipwreck, and take advantage of her guileless, unsophisticated nature? Here is your task, grander and nobler than any struggle for worldly fame and prosperity—conquer yourself, Walter, be a man thus early in your boyhood."

There was a yearning, pitying tenderness in the tone that belied the calm, reasoning words. Walter knew that his father grieved for him, and looking up proudly, although his lip quivered, he said:

"I know what you mean, father, and I will be worthy of your goodness. Ellie shall never hear a word or hint from me to suggest there is anything else in the world besides a brother's friendship."

His father bent down suddenly and left such a kiss on his forehead as in his dreams Walter had received from an unknown angel mother, and was gone.

Walter continued on to the little wood beyond the cliff, and only himself, and the pale-leaved blossoms that were wet with briny dew knew of the passionate flood of boyish tears that were shed there.

Thenceforward there was a quiet dignity of manliness about Walter's demeanor that puzzled Tom and Eleanor as much as it pleased his father. He did not take so many strolls alone with Ellie, but always managed to find pretext for Tom's company. He no longer used the slightest freedom in word or act, but treated her with as much honorable delicacy as he might have used toward his queen. Her probable rank and superior station were more frequently alluded to, until, pouting with pretty vexation, Eleanor declared that she would throw into the sea the sparkling chain of diamonds whose unknown crest had raised such a formality between them. Tom in his droll way coincided with her.

"I know," said he. "I've allers been brought up to think nature made a great difference in folks when she brought 'em into the world: Why, our folk in — county thought we were hardly fit for my Lady Somerset to speak to; but the older I grow the more I come to reason that our souls are pretty much equal in the Lord's sight, if so be we all do right. Shiver my timbers if I didn't use to get into a corner when one of my shipmates that went down off here in the 'Petrel' argued with me about it. Ye see, he came from Americky, where, if they behave, all the folks are lords and ladies, and, according to his account, they live amazingly happy. Well, well, the Lord knows all about it—where's the use of puzzling over what don't concern us?—though sartin, here in this 'ere forrin place, we don't get any special sign that little Ellie's any better' the rest of us, only for having the angel natur' of all womanhood."

"There," said Eleanor, laughing gayly, "see what a philosopher our Tom has become! Look that you take a less

son from him, Sir Walter. I am becoming much aggrieved, you are so formal and polite. You don't frolic with me; you don't pet me. I declare, Walter, you haven't kissed me for these three weeks!"

As she spoke she held up her beautiful face, the crimson lips pouting archly.

Poor Walter colored crimson, stammered incoherently, and then darted away.

Ellie burst into tears; Tom whistled, and Mr. Vernon, closing his book, followed after his son.

CHAPTER VII.

IRECKON I'll find Walter and fix the flag as we agreed," said Tom, looking ruefully at the weeping girl. He had hardly disappeared when Mr. Vernon returned, and began quietly wiping away the tears from the girl's An earnest, serious conversation ensued, from which they were interrupted by Walter, who came rushing in with a face so ghastly both sprang up in alarm.

"Quick, father, quick! Come up to Tom. He is hurt; he is dying, I am afraid."

Mr. Vernon seized a flask of brandy, preserved carefully for such exigencies, and darted after his son, who had flung an arm around Eleanor, and almost carried her in his rapid flight back to Tom.

At the foot of the tall tree to which the flag staff was nailed they found poor Tom. He was lying just as Walter had left him, with a face wearing the awful, unmistakable sign of death. Mr. Vernon shuddered, and flinging himself frantically beside him, groaned:

"Oh, Tom, Tom, what terrible thing has come upon us? What has happened to you?"

The glaring eyes turned lovingly to the distracted group.

"My hour has come this time. The 'Petrel's' ribs wasn't cleaner stove up than mine are now. Tom's last voyage is nigh on it ended."

"It can't be, it shan't be," shouted Walter fiercely, and passing his arm under the drooping head he poured a little brandy in his hand and wet the clammy, parted lips, and turning impatiently to his father, said almost angrily:

"Why do you look so hopeless? Help me take him up; help me to do what will make him well again."

"No, no, lad, don't move me; it's no use. Tom tells ye so himself—he's sighted the promised land already. Good children, dear children, ye're sorry to lose poor Tom; he thanks you kindly. Mr. Vernon, sir—"

"Tom, my best friend, my preserver and savior, say on, I hear you," sobbed the strong man, hiding his quivering face.

"I'm going fast, and I must say quick while I can talk all I want you to do. I've wrote down where my sister lives long ago; you'll see it, and if you ever get away from here I know you'll see her. Tell her I was willing to die, that I allers tried to do the best I could, and I know the Lord is merciful."

Mr. Vernon could only take the cold cold in his hand and press it tenderly for a response.

"I know ye'll miss me, but the use of the change will soon come. I'm sorry so much hard work will fall to you without Tom's stout arm to do it, but the Lord's will be done. He knows what's best, and can take care of you."

He paused again to rest, and seemed sinking into a stupor, until Walter tried to move him to a more comfortable position, when he smiled feebly with opened eyes, and said with considerable energy:

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WOMEN STARING AT WOMEN.

A Man's Comments on This Weakness of the Fair Sex.

Two women pass each other on the street of a provincial town; they are not acquainted, yet it is long odds that one of them turns around to look after the other—very short odds against both doing so, says the Nineteenth Century. It is not the gait or the figure or the hair of the stranger that has attracted attention; it is the dress, not the person within it. The genteel anarchists who are busy organizing the debrutalization of man will, of course, attribute this little failing to the vanity of the feminine mind by reason of man's tyranny in excluding women from boards of directors and other intellectual arenas. It may be conceded that psychology and betterment are more recondite fields than millinery, but this would be but a dull world and far uglier than it is if every woman had a soul above chiffons. Odds grenade and tarlatan! That were a consummation by no means desirable. No, let all men who have eyes to see withal or hearts to lose set great store by the pains bestowed on pretty dressing, but if one may speak and live the art should be studied with subtler tact than is sometimes seen. It should be better concealed; it is distressing to see a young woman's eyes, wandering over the dress of her with whom she is talking, for if the mind be engaged in taking note of external detail conversation ceases to be intercourse and becomes the crackling of thorns under the pot.

A Loyal Irishman.

A loyal Irishman, who recently died in Wisconsin, set apart \$10,000 in his will for the purpose of transporting his own body and those of his brothers buried in this country to Ireland, where they will be interred on the old family estate, in the shadow of a grand monument.

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WHAT FOLLOWED LA GRIPPE

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Particulars by Paul La Clair, the Patient.

From the Commercial, Mattoon, Ill.

Mr. Paul La Clair, of Mattoon, Illinois, is a well known contractor and builder, of good standing in the community, and the following statement is well vouched for, and it is generally known in Mattoon.

MATTOON, Ill., Sept. 5, 1896.

"Four years ago I was taken with la grippe, which left me in a partially collapsed state of nervous debility, and shortly afterward the piles in severe form appeared. I was in this condition for four years, and could get little or no relief from either one or the other of these troubles. I was unable to attend to my business, which is that of contractor and builder, and two or three days a week were as much as I could attempt to work. Besides my nervousness was so extreme, that I could not go up a ladder, or work on a scaffold, as I would become dizzy, and liable fall.

"I had spent large sums of money for medical advice, with no results, and was pretty well discouraged, when I determined to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, which I had seen so frequently advertised.

"After obtaining a supply of the medicine, I began to take the pills according to directions and improvement in my health immediately began. I continued the treatment until I had taken 1000 pills, when I was able to do a full day's work in all signs of nervousness and dizziness having left me.

"Now I am perfectly cured, the piles have disappeared, and I consider myself sound. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have been more to me than gold, and I shall never cease to sound their praises. My weight when I began the treatment was 190 pounds. Now I weigh 100, and can work on the highest scaffold, without the slightest inconvenience or dread.

(Signed) "PAUL LA CLAIR."

Witness to signature: W. H. BUCHANAN.

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 suspensions, irregularities, and all forms of debilities. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental, bodily, over-work or excesses of whatever nature. Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$3.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

The wisest often err and the boldest frequently fly; let us not, therefore, dwell long on the weakness and faults of our fellows.—Saqulain.

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. Cure guaranteed, 50c and \$1.00, all druggists.

BOSTON TRAVELER: She—"Does my refusal really pain you?" He—"Yes, it does. I was so sure you would tell me 'yes,' I actually wagered a hundred thousand dollars that you would marry me." "A hundred thousand dollars? Well, I was only joking. When shall it be, dear?"

INDIANAPOLIS JOURNAL: Mr. WATTS—"The idea of the pastor getting up at the close of the church fair and saying that he was deeply touched!" Mrs. WATTS—"And why shouldn't he say so?" "Because he was the only man there who hadn't been; that's why."

ASKING QUESTIONS.

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