

THE HOLY BIBLE
BEACON LIGHT.
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INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER VII.—(CONTINUED.)

"Have I told you how I came to fall? You see, I thought I saw a sail off on the water, and I forgot what I was about and leant forward too far. Perhaps I was right, and ye'll all get away to liberty as well as me. Ye'd better light a fire on the cliff at night if you make out the sail. Poor little Ellie, don't cry so. Tom's dreadful sorry to leave ye all so lonesome here, but we mustn't rebel ag'in the Lord, you know."

Immediately he ran off into a rambling, incoherent talk, that showed his mind was away in the little hamlet of his native town. He laughed once, and spoke his sister's name in a quick, glad way, like one who has come to a happy meeting. Only once more he spoke—this time with something of his old cheery heartiness.

"That's comforting," said he. "Oh, Mr. Vernon, how glad I am ye've come to love the Bible better'n them rhyming books. Read that again, please, sir, if ye can see for the dark."

"He thinks we are at our evening reading," whispered the awed, scarcely-breathing Walter.

Mr. Vernon looked piteously at the ashy face, and filmed, unseeing eye, and then conquering his emotion repeated solemnly the psalm "The Lord is my Shepherd." The words seemed to reach the dying ears, for a contented smile played round the pallid lips. Closer and closer drew the sorrowing group. The glassy eye was fixed now; the limbs no longer quivered; only a faint throbbing at the throat told of life. In a few moments that had ceased too. In shuddering horror Walter and Eleanor flung themselves in Mr. Vernon's arms. Folding them closely in his arms he groaned:

"God have mercy upon us—we three are left alone."

The scene that followed is too harrowing to be pictured. Anywhere, at any time, death is sad and awful enough, but there on that lonely island the strongest and stoutest taken from their little number—no tongue can describe the terrible loneliness, the wretched gloom that followed.

They made his grave beyond the spring, beneath the Hibiscus tree, and never was mound more tenderly smoothed or sorrowfully bedewed with tears than the lonely island grave of Tom Harris. It was not until the second dismal day after his death that the suggestion of Tom's came to Mr. Vernon's mind. The sail he had seen—what had become of it? Was it still in view?

Walter had been Tom's pupil in those athletic exercises that become a sailor's second nature, and was, moreover, naturally active and agile. He volunteered at once to ascend the flagstaff, although his cheek blanched and his eye studiously avoided the spot where poor Tom had fallen. Eleanor was nearly frantic at the proposal, but his father, after a few earnest words of caution, consented that he should make the attempt. It was now three days since the accident, and there had been no breeze on shore, and they had cherished the forlorn hope that if a vessel had actually been near them she could not yet have drifted from sight. Walter's face was gloomy enough as he descended. There was a faint speck on the water as far as he could see, but he did not believe it was a ship.

Mr. Vernon suddenly started to a consciousness of the insecurity of his own life, had become morbidly anxious to leave the island. Without Tom's cheery, self-reliant nature to sustain him, he felt incapable of protecting the youthful beings Providence had left in his charge. Moreover, he had long been aware of an inward malady slowly but certainly eating away his strength. For himself he asked nothing better than a grave beside his faithful companion. For the children's sake the life on the lonesome island seemed intolerable.

"It will do no harm," said he promptly; "let us kindle a fire on the cliff every night for a week or more."

With dismal alacrity Walter and Eleanor gathered the dry underbrush and moss, and reared the pile on their pretty white coral throne, and as soon as dusk arrived, with eyes that burned feverishly enough to have kindled the pyre, Mr. Vernon plied the tinder and flint, and in a few moments the ruddy beam shot up, flashing a yellow path far off into the sea, and a rosy glow against the darkened sky. Those three anxious, terribly earnest faces and striking forms stood out distinctly and wildly in the flaring light. Even in the midst of his own harrowing suspense Walter's artist eye took in the grand sublimity of the scene, and made a mental memoranda that was thereafter to live in undying colors. The tears were silently streaming over Eleanor's cheek; Walter turned and drew her fondly to his side. It was not the time now to think of formal prudence or to refuse the sympathy so much needed.

"Oh, Walter, we are fearfully in earnest now. It seems as if we must all perish if no ship is near. Tom's death has made our island life intolerable. Think how horrible it will be to be the last one!" And, shuddering, she clung convulsively to his arm.

He stroked softly the trembling hands.

"You are exhausted with grief and nervous with excitement, Ellie. Things will look more cheerful by-and-bye.

Come to the house and hear me sing the hymn my father taught us. I will rock you in my arms, my poor frightened darling, till sleep shall come; and then my father shall sleep in Tom's room, so you need not feel lonely, while I shall keep the fire blazing brightly all night. Will you try and sleep, Ellie?"

He drew her gently down the cliff into the pretty parlor that was called her room, and as he had said, took her in his arms, and sat down in the rocking-chair he himself had made for her, and in his clear, sweet voice began a low hymn. His soothing tones stilled the tumult in Eleanor's heart; the sobs ceased, the tears no longer trickled down her cheek, and presently the weary, swollen eyelids closed softly, and her quiet, regular breathing told him she slept. Laying her carefully upon the couch, Walter went back to his father, who stood with bowed head and folded arms at the foot of the cliff.

"Have you any hope, father?" he asked calmly.

"Yes, my son, the hope that depends upon prayer. Heaven knows how I have poured out my soul in petition that help may come to you. Joyfully, gladly would I propose that the price of your safety might be my own worthless life. I am content if the ship will come to take you two fresh young hearts to human companionship, though I myself may never set foot upon the land of my birth. I have so much hope, Walter."

"You talk so lightly of your life it grieves me deeply. What it has been I know not; you have never told me, but that it is now our greatest consolation and joy, I feel more deeply than words can say."

"Some time, Walter, you shall know all. Perhaps it is selfish in me that I would hide the past till the last moment. It will not be long before you will understand everything. Go in now, and leave me to tend the fire."

"No, indeed," was Walter's decisive reply. "I am young and strong, fit for night watches. Besides, Eleanor is restless and nervous; when she awakens you can best comfort her."

The last suggestion overruled his determination, and Mr. Vernon went back to the house.

What eager eyes scanned the empty horizon when morning broke over the sea! What dispirited faces gathered round the breakfast table! What listless melancholy pervaded the whole day!

Without a word of explanation, just before nightfall, Walter went to work and gathered a fresh pile of brushwood. Mr. Vernon's head was bowed upon his hands, and he did not notice the movement; but Eleanor followed sadly, and pointing to the charred, blackened rock, said mournfully:

"It is like our hopes, our lives, Walter."

Walter's lips quivered. He would not show the weakness to her, but leaping lightly upon the rock began to arrange the wood. Heedlessly his eye fell upon the distant sea, and lo! a wild transport dashed off his black look of despair; an eager light irradiated his glassy eye.

"Saved! saved!" shouted he, reeling into the arms of the astonished Eleanor, weeping like a girl.

She thought him crazed and shrank back in terror. Recovering himself, he cried earnestly:

"The ship is there—she is coming. Oh, Ellie, we are saved!"

When Eleanor at length comprehended his meaning, she bounded forward to the rock, and satisfied that it was indeed a large ship—masts, hull and all plainly visible—she flew like a frantic creature to Mr. Vernon, and flinging her arms around his neck, sobbed herself in a transport of delight.

Walter had grown more calm, and hastened to state the joyful intelligence clearly. Mr. Vernon took their hands and solemnly lifted his eyes upward. Never came prayer more thrillingly from the innermost soul than rose on the twilight air from that lonely island.

"Now, then, we must work, Walter," said his father quietly. "Night is close at hand, and the reef is dangerous. I think you and I can get poor Tom's canoe out into smooth water and warn them from the sunken rocks. At such a time as this Eleanor will not shrink to be left alone to tend faithfully the beacon light. Our preservers must not suffer for obeying our signal of distress."

Walter was already on his way to the beach. The experience of the last few days had swept away all trace of boyishness. With the firm, elastic tread of confident manhood he dashed down to the boat. A sigh went out to the memory of him whose hand had last secured the rope of bark, but the eagle eye was fixed steadfastly on the outer sea—and this was time for action and not for lamentation. His father, with something of youth's vigor, leaped to his side, carrying a bunch of the knots they had long ago prepared for evening illumination, the flame of one among them streaming up sickly and pale in the waning daylight.

What wild, exultant hopes, what sad, bitter memories stirred those two tumultuous hearts—who shall say? But the ears were plied in silence, and silently, too, when a fresh breeze sprang up, was the little sail raised, and before the dusky wings brooding above them folded the white sails of their hope from sight, they had gained the desired

station close beside the treacherous reef, and with their little torch flaring brightly over the gray ridges of leaping water, moored their tiny lighthouse as securely as possible, and waiting, gazed not at the burning stars above, but far over the sea to the flickering gleam where the unknown ship hung out her signal lamp, or back to the cliff where Eleanor tended faithfully the rosy bonfire.

Eleanor was lonely and intensely agitated, but no thrill of fear mingled with her sensations. Vigilantly and steadily she kept the blaze bright throughout the night, now straining her ear to catch a fancied hallo, now turning sadly in the direction of that new-made grave, whose cold, unconscious occupant could hear never more the glad buzz of rescue for which he hoped so long.

CHAPTER VIII.

ITH the first welcome glimpse of daylight to her weary eyes came a sound that brought her heart fluttering to her throat—a cheery shout mingled with the measured dash of oars. Eleanor threw down her torch, and sweeping back the cloud of damp curls that fell heavily over her face as she ran, she flew down the path to the little cove where the boat was kept, which was the natural inlet, since no other was free from surf or convenient for landing. A strange boat, packed closely with men, was aiming steadily for the shore. Her eager eye ran rapidly over the company to find Walter and his father. They were there in the stern, in earnest conversation with a tall officer in the lieutenant's uniform of Her Majesty's service. Eleanor stood on shore, half shy, half dignified, the early morning light playing softly around her graceful figure, the light breeze dallying with her robe of native cloth, and stirring a golden sunshine of their own among her curls.

"A romantic picture, truly," said Lieutenant Harry Ingalls, looking admiringly upon the beautiful girl, half child, half woman, poised there upon the rock as lightly as a bird, fit ideal of the tropic loveliness of the whole scene.

"By my word, one might believe yonder was another Aphrodite freshly risen from the foam. It were worth treble the voyage the 'Hornet' has made to rescue and return so fair a flower to England's generous heart. In truth, young sir, I have done pitying you for this long exile. In faith, I should ask nothing better myself with so fair a companion."

He turned his gay blue eye to Walter merrily, but a frown was on the latter's forehead, and his looks were bent gloomily upon the water, and it was his father who answered quietly, just a little reprovingly:

"We have endeavored to do our duty faithfully toward one so gentle and good, especially never to forget amidst the unavoidable familiarity of circumstances the probable high birth and elevated position of the young lady. The same respect and delicacy, I trust, will be observed by all others, until she is safely under the protection of her own relatives."

The young officer colored a little, and replied frankly:

"You need have no fear of me, my good sir. I trust a British sailor knows what is due to his own character, as well as what is required by a beautiful woman in need of his protection. Our queen herself could not be more honorably dealt with than will this young lady on board our ship. Come, boys, bend to it steadily—a long pull a strong pull, and a pull all together," he added, turning his eyes away from the shore.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HOW IT STARTED.

Another Case of "How Those Girls Do Love One Another."

Pinkie—How lovely! I see you have one of those splendid new Nonesuch bakes.

Ethel—Yes, isn't it a dear? What make do you ride?

Pinkie—Oh, I ride a Scorchem.

Ethel—They're magnificent.

Pinkie—Yes, so light and durable.

Ethel—How much does your wheel weigh?

Pinkie—Twenty-two pounds.

Ethel—Twenty-two pounds? Why, men only weighs twenty-one.

Pinkie—But then yours, you know, is not so durable.

Ethel—The Nonesuch not durable? Why, that is admitted by everyone.

Pinkie—Nonesuch! A friend of mine bought one and it went to pieces in a month.

Ethel—I don't believe it.

Pinkie—What? You don't believe me?

Ethel—No, I don't. One Nonesuch will outlast a dozen Scorchems. They're the worst looking rattle traps I ever laid eyes on.

Pinkie (furiously)—You're a horrid, contemptible thing, and I hope you'll never speak to me again!

Ethel (complacently)—Don't worry. I wouldn't compromise myself by speaking to anyone who rode a Scorchem.

Worse.

"There's a rumor in the congregation," said the deacon, "that you went slumming when you were in Albany." "It is a cruel slander," replied the parson. "I merely attended one meeting of a legislative investigating committee."—Truth.

* Hard Times at Monte Carlo. Heavy players are scarce at Monte Carlo and profits are decreasing.

WORK OF CONGRESS.

LEGISLATIVE PROCEEDINGS AT WASHINGTON.

Appropriation Bills Receive Consideration—Mr. Sulzer Advocates an Immediate Declaration of War with Spain—Senators Are Angry.

(known as the rdman bill), and the senate bill to prevent the importation of impure tea.

The senate resumed the discussion of the Cuban question, but soon took up the Indian appropriation bill. After a short debate the senate passed the bill and took up the postoffice appropriation bill.

Saturday, Feb. 27.

The usual Sunday quiet of the capitol building was disturbed by a session of the senate, made necessary to pass the appropriation bills. By a parliamentary fiction the session was a part of the legislative day beginning Saturday. The sundry civil appropriation bill was under consideration. The sugar bounty amendment was agreed to. Appropriations for river and harbor improvements were materially reduced in a number of cases. Mr. Gorman (Dem., Ala.) made a statement on the extravagance of the pending bill in connection with an amendment proposing a permanent census bureau. The amendment went out on his point or order. The sundry civil bill was then passed. By unanimous vote the senate added an amendment to the bill, countering the president's recent order withdrawing 21,000,000 acres of land from the public domain and establishing it as forest preserves.

Monday, March 1.

The house took up the bill to prohibit the transmission of detailed accounts of prize fights by mail or telegraph. Opponents of the bill claimed the proposed action would amount to press censorship. It was not put to a vote. The sundry civil bill was sent to conference. The postoffice appropriation bill was also sent to conference with a number of others.

Senator Tillman of South Carolina provoked a turbulent scene in the senate when he charged that the armor-plate manufacturers had their paid agents in that body who were robbing the government. The charge was represented by Senator Hawley (Conn.), whereupon Mr. Tillman replied that "the galled jade winces," and it looked for a time as though a personal conflict was imminent, until Mr. Hawley was escorted to the cloak room. The Chandler amendment reducing the price of armor plate to \$300 a ton was adopted without a division. The amendment authorizing the secretary of the navy to establish a government armor-plate factory at a cost of \$1,500,000, if he failed to make contracts, was lost, vote 26 to 30.

AN AMERICAN MURDERED IN A SPANISH PRISON.



Dr. Ricardo Ruiz, the American citizen whose mysterious death in a Spanish dungeon at Guanabacoa, Cuba, has stirred the department of state from its center to its circumference, is a graduate of a Philadelphia dental college, which gave him a diploma in 1878. The doctor spent six years in the United States and became so attached to America and Americans that he decided to become a citizen, and when he returned to Cuba he took his papers of naturalization with him. He opened a dentist's office and was living peacefully with his wife and children when he was arrested by the Spanish authorities and thrown into the prison from which he was never to come forth alive. The charge on which the doctor was arrested is asserted to be false by even those who sympathize with the cause of Spain. Ruiz had no connection whatever with the Cubans. His associates were all Spaniards. Even his wife is a Castilian. He was charged

with having aided several insurgents in wrecking a Spanish military train a short distance outside of Guanabacoa. If the Spaniards had raised the most show of inquiry they would have found that it was impossible for the doctor to have been present at the train wrecking. On the night of the deed he attended a reception just across the way from his own house, and left it at 10 o'clock to return home. Three Spanish gentlemen accompanied him, and stayed at his house chatting until after 11 o'clock. As the train was wrecked at 10:30 o'clock that night it was impossible for Ruiz to have been one of the wrecking party. When he left the United States Dr. Ruiz took with him a lot of books which were his favorites. Among these were the life of Patrick He'L cmfwp shrdlumington," "Webster's Speeches" and "Cooley's Constitutional Limitations." The doctor was a native of Cuba and at the time of death was 46 years old.

Farmer Lad Is Found Dead.

Evansville, Ind., March 3.—Nicholas Trautweiter, a young farmer, 19 years of age, was found dead at 3 o'clock Monday morning lying in the road a few miles from the city. Young Trautweiter was found to have three bullet holes through his head and one through his body and had been dead some little time when found. He had left home Sunday evening in a buggy with another young man to call upon a young lady. It is thought he was murdered by a jealous rival.

Andrew Carnegie III. Andrew Carnegie, the greatest iron master in the world, lies dangerously ill at his home, Alta Crest, at Greenwich, Conn. Mr. Carnegie contracted a heavy cold Thursday and a severe attack of grip followed. Now pneumonia is feared.

Oleomargarine Law Valid. In the case of Israel C. Kollock, the United States Supreme Court sustained the constitutionality of the oleomargarine law of 1886.

Humors

Run riot in the blood in the Spring. Hood's Sarsaparilla expels every trace of humor, gives a good appetite and tones up the system.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Is the One Purifier. All druggists, \$1. six for \$3. Get Hood's Hood's Pills cure liverills; easy to take, easy to operate.

Her Version of It.

Mr. Porkchops—Mrs. Washash has a very graceful carriage.

Mrs. Porkchops—If that's the case, William, I must have a new