

THE BEACON LIGHT.

BY M.T. CALDOR.
INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER VIII.—(CONTINUED.)

Mr. Vernon was the first to touch the beach.

"I welcome you gladly to our retreat, my gallant countryman," he said, waving his hand courteously, "and here I introduce to you its princess."

As all hats were doffed and the eyes of the party bent in respectful admiration upon her, Eleanor blushed deeply; then regaining her self-possession she bowed gracefully, and hastening to Walter's side, whispered:

"Come, Walter, do come and tell me all about it, the time has seemed so long since you went away."

The affectionate tone—more than that, the tenderness with which the small hand was laid upon his arm—brought back the light to Walter's face, and he cast a half-defiant look backward where the handsome officer was left to Mr. Vernon's care, while he himself was drawn away by the beautiful object of their mutual admiration.

A brief but comprehensive recital of the events of the past ten years was given to the lieutenant by Mr. Vernon, and then he called Eleanor to bring the diamond necklace found in her relative's trunk.

The young girl brought the trinket, laid it in his hand and looked up anxiously into his face.

The lieutenant started.

"I have seen a face like yours before—where can it have been?"

"I am not given to inquisitiveness myself," said Mr. Vernon. "I knew my fellow-passengers were far my superiors in rank—they had the private cabin, and I seldom saw them. I never asked either their rank or family. For Eleanor's sake I have always regretted my indifference. I hoped some of your company might know the crest."

Lieutenant Ingalls turned the cold clasp to find it, and started.

"Ah," said he, and paused.

Walter's hand was clenched firm and tight on the arm of the bamboo sofa. Mr. Vernon looked earnest and interested, but Eleanor's wild, imploring eyes never left his.

"My name—what is it," she gasped.

Lieutenant Ingalls hastened to answer in earnest sympathy.

"My dear lady, I cannot tell you, but there is one near at hand who can, for your crest is that of our admiral, the Right Hon. Charles Lord Collinwood, commander of Her Majesty's ships in the Indian and Pacific oceans. His flagship lies but a few leagues beyond the 'Hornet,' and she signaled us to lay by and ascertain the meaning of your light the night before last. We have orders to repair to him with news of our discovery, and you may speedily see him. I must soon return and report to the captain, who will come down to the island himself, I doubt not."

"You will find an abundance of fruit. You may help yourself freely to our supply for the rainy season," said Mr. Vernon, rising to accompany him to the cove.

"Is your water good? We were running close to find some, or we had never come so far to the eastward."

Neither of the party accepted his invitation to visit the ship. They preferred to remain on the island till their final departure, and busied themselves in packing the few mementoes and relics of their island life ready for transportation to the ship.

In the afternoon the captain's gig made its appearance. The captain, Sir John Wilson, was much interested in the communication his lieutenant brought to him, and the moment he landed, passing Mr. Vernon and his son, advanced to Eleanor, and removing his jaiced hat from his gray head, said respectfully:

"My best greetings and congratulations to you upon this fortunate escape from a lonely island, fairest Lady Eleanor Collinwood."

Eleanor's tears bedewed the outstretched hand.

"You know me then? And that 's my name?"

"Without a doubt, even if your face bore not the youthful likeness of our much-admired Lady Collinwood, the widow of our noble admiral's elder brother. Well do I remember how we all sympathized with her grief when, in addition to the death of her husband, came the mysterious loss of the 'Petrel,' which was bringing home from India the relatives who had charge of her only child. Dear Lady Eleanor, how I rejoice that we shall be the humble instrument of bringing so much happiness to that lovely and estimable lady, the pride and pattern of our court. As for you," he continued, turning somewhat patronizingly to the attentive Vernons, "you will be generously rewarded for your services, you may consider your fortune made, for no office you may ask will be denied you."

"We shall claim none," replied Mr. Vernon quietly, while Walter's proud eyes flashed. "Lady Eleanor knows whatever assistance we may have rendered has been well repaid by her sweet presence. Her noble relatives will find that, although for ten years debarred from all save our society, she is neither uncultivated in her tastes, unlearned in her mind or ignorant in manners. For ourselves, if such humble persons can interest you, we shall forego our original purpose to reach England speedily, and take passage in the first ship that crosses our path that will take us nearer Italy. My son has received all the in-

struction I could give with such crude materials as Nature furnishes. I mean he shall be taught further by the best artists in Rome. Once given to her uncle's protection, we shall feel that the noble companion of our exile is parted from us effectually, until we reach a fairer and brighter shore than that of England."

CHAPTER IX.

LEANOR had dropped Sir John's hand, and with a frightened, indignant look she sprang to the speaker's side.

"What do you say—that do you mean, my friend, my benefactor, my preserver? Do you think I have a heart of stone? Do you think for luxury and grade I shall renounce you and Walter? No, no; if that is the penalty of liberty, let me stay here forever."

Mr. Vernon looked sadly at the kindling eye and flushed cheek.

"My dear child," he said kindly, "I shall never wrong your noble nature by a single such unkind thought. You will never forget us, but time and new associations, more than all your duty to a mother, this gentleman has pictured so lovable and beautiful, will make you acquiesce contentedly in a decree long-standing customs have made more binding than the edicts of a sovereign."

Eleanor was looking beseechingly at Walter, but he neither spoke nor moved, nor seemed to have heard a word that had been spoken. She went to him and touched his hand timidly.

"Walter," said she, pleadingly.

"Lady Eleanor!"

The girl stood silent a moment, and then burst into tears.

"I am not Lady Eleanor—I hate the name!" cried she passionately. "I am your Ellie, that you loved and cared for once. If I cannot be the same still, I will fling myself on Tom's grave, and no force shall tear me from it. Oh, I thought I was so happy when I knew a ship had come at last, but now I am so miserable!"

"Ellie, dear Ellie," said Walter, forced from his icy formality by her tears, "let us go to Tom's grave now for the last time."

She obeyed instantly, and unmolested by any of the party, they went down the path Tom's feet had worn so plainly in the green, and sat down beneath the Hibiscus tree. Then Walter spoke. How clear and strong and hopeful his tone was.

"Ellie," he said, "you know how my father has taught me, what sentiments he has instilled, for you have shared them. You know I must not swerve from the path honor and conscience point out to me; you know I will not though the way is strewn with thorns. You are restored now to the topmost round of noble society, while I, even for your sweet sake, though life holds no prospect so dear as the hope of your love—I will not be lifted up to a place beside you by any one's pity or gratitude or charity—no, nor by sweet love itself. My place is far below; but if I can, by my own exertions, industry, perseverance and genius mount up to your side, I will do it. Day and night I will strive and pray for it; your dear memory shall keep my soul strong in the struggle; no other can usurp your throne within my heart. Hush, Ellie, do not speak! I ask—I will accept no promise from you; I have no right to do it."

Her eye was fixed upon him in proud affection.

"It is like you, Walter, to talk so. No matter, if you will not hear it. Here at Tom's grave, which I shall never see again, I say to the wind and sea and sky, if your ears are deaf, I know Walter will succeed, and I shall wait for him."

The soft, exulting tone, half shy, half bold, was irresistible. Walter was not so heroic that he could turn away without one grateful kiss to the arch-smiling lips. This was all that was said—was it a betrothal?

Sir John evidently thought Lady Eleanor Collinwood had talked long enough with an obscure plebeian's son, for he came sauntering down the path with a significant cough.

Walter quietly retreated to his father's side, and the gallant old officer, exerting himself to the utmost to entertain her, began a flattering account of her mother's high position, exceeding loveliness and irreproachable character.

"Ah, my dear young lady," said he, "you cannot imagine how all London idolizes, venerates and yet fears Lady Annabel, because her unparalleled goodness is a constant reproach to the folly and indiscretion of ordinary mortals. She is at once the pet of our royal mistress and the pride of the whole court."

"Ah," sighed Eleanor, her sparkling eyes wetting over with tears, "so superior herself, how will she be able to love a single wildwood's daughter like me?"

Sir John gazed in smiling scrutiny upon the lovely face turned toward him so ingenuously.

"Never fear; that you are your mother's own child is plainly shown by the fact that this long isolation on a lonely island has not impaired your native

grace and refinement. I shall not venture to depict the maternal love awaiting you. But come—time presses, and we must reach the ship before nightfall. Without doubt the commodore is already on board the 'Hornet' awaiting our arrival. Say your farewell to your prison joyfully, sweet lady, for freedom and happiness and honor lie before you."

Admiral Lord Collinwood received his niece with a tenderness that banished at once all her fears of coldness. His agitation was nearly as great as her own. Folding her closely in his arms he sobbed:

"My sweet child, my precious one, you know not how joyfully your poor old uncle welcomes your return to life and liberty. Your mother and I thought to pass our dreary lives alone, without a young heart to love, leaving the proud old name to pass to a distant branch of the family. Dear relic of my dead brother, you will bring new life to us."

Eleanor nestled in his arms with the happy consciousness of at last finding the affection that rightfully belonged to her.

Toward Mr. Vernon and his son the admiral was exceedingly cordial, as well as grateful. He was one of those true noblemen and native gentlemen who are as far above arrogance and haughtiness as they are too dignified for obsequiousness.

"No reward we can give will compensate for what you have done for our dear child," said he warmly to Mr. Vernon. "My sister-in-law will feel the debt more keenly even than I. If there is anything we can do for you, either through influence or pecuniary assistance, I beg you to ask it freely as a right."

Mr. Vernon shook his head.

"There is nothing whatever that we need which our own exertions cannot procure, even were we not too proud to receive reward for what has been a pleasure more than a duty. And yet we gratefully appreciate your lordship's kindness."

"You are a noble fellow. I can tell you, Vernon, if Eleanor were my own child I would give a speedy return to your gallant son. I would say, 'Here, my brave lad, you have guarded and served her in her need; you have been as delicate and honorable in your lonely island as you could have been at St. James. The jewel you have polished shall sparkle on your bosom still.' I would do it, I say, but the child belongs to Lady Annabel. Bless your soul; if you only knew her, it would save me a deal of talking, but you see my sister-in-law is so superior, so elevated above everybody else in perfect life and character, we are all a little afraid of her; and as I can't tell how she would like it, I dare not say a word either to encourage your son or justify Eleanor in clinging to her attachment. That's just the predicament I'm in."

Mr. Vernon smiled at the noble-hearted admiral's embarrassment.

"Thank you again, my lord, for your kind wish to aid us. I assure you, long ago, before your ship came, my son saw the presumption of his love for one so far above his station, and wrestled with himself until, if it was not suppressed, it was overmastered. With your permission I propose we part from the dear girl at once. I understand that the 'Hornet' separates from you to cruise in the Mediterranean. I propose to proceed as soon as possible to Italy, that Walter may have the best instruction which his artist genius deserves. My own personal hopes are dead long ago; even were they not, this wasted lamp of life would make them futile; but Walter must redeem the lost years by incessant application. The belt of gold I hung round my waist ten years ago is still with me. With economy it will supply all Walter's wants until his brush is able to provide more. I myself shall only need—a coffin."

Lord Collinwood's honest eye overflowed with tears at the quiet resignation of the tone. He stretched out his hand.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TIGER WITH A GLASS EYE.

Successful Operation, Said to Be the First of the Kind.

Here is a tiger with a glass eye. Every menagerie and zoological garden has its doctor, surgeon and dentist to look after the many ills that wild beasts in captivity are heir to, says the New York Journal. At Stuttgart the services of an eminent oculist were recently invoked in behalf of a tawny monarch of the Bengal jungle. The beast had been suffering for a long time with an incurable affection of the eye. Removal of the optic was determined upon. In the operation cocaine was used, chloroform being out of the question, as members of the feline race succumb very easily to the fumes of the anæsthetic. Several strong keepers were called in to hold the animal down during the operation. He was bound and muzzled. During the cutting open of the lid, an operation which was necessary to loosen the sinews, the tiger showed little uneasiness, but it evidently suffered much when the muscles and the nerves of the eye were cut through. Immediately after the operation the animal became very quiet and soon appeared to be much relieved. A tiger with one eye is an un-canny looking object. A week later, when the wound had healed, a glass eye with the proper expression of ferocity was introduced into the cavity. This seemed to cause the tiger much uneasiness and perplexity, and he has since sat for hours at a time endeavoring to rub out the glass optic. The eye was specially constructed from measurements made of the one taken out. It is the first instance on record of a wild animal being supplied with an artificial eye.

The man who is willing to only have a little religion, might as well not have any.

BRYAN'S PAPER.

The Editor Again Restored to Health.

Mr. George W. Hervey, editor of the Weekly Omaha World-Herald, is a perfect picture of health and looks more like the Hervey of other days. To see him now, one can hardly believe that he has been such a great sufferer. He writes of his falling health and recovery in his characteristic way as follows:

"For several years I was troubled with indigestion so severe as to make it impossible to take more than two meals a day without intense suffering. I grew worse gradually until, July, 1895, I was suddenly attacked with increased pain and soreness over the pit of my stomach and sharp pains in my right side, which rapidly increased until I could scarcely get my breath. A physician was called for immediate relief and hypodermic injections of morphine were resorted to for relief. I was able to be out in about a week, but had a second attack in the following August, more intense than before. I thought this time I was going to die. I was reduced from 156 to 134 lbs. in nine days and left wholly unable to take any nourishment. I lived on lime water and a very little milk for several days after. For one year I carried morphine pellets in my pockets ready for an emergency. All this time my stomach was sore and very sensitive. I discovered that what would agree with my stomach this week would probably not next week, and that I was getting nearer and nearer to a final collapse. I consulted three of the best physicians in the state and two agreed fully as to my ailment, but failed to give me relief. Having utterly failed to obtain relief, I finally made arrangements to go to Chicago to be treated when my little boy chanced to get a sample package of Dr. Kay's Renovator, which he brought to me. I was induced to try it, not having the least faith in its virtues. I thought this sample relieved me, and I purchased a 25-cent box. Before it was all used I had so improved that I was taking three meals a day, which I had not done for years. I then used one package of the large Dr. Kay's Renovator and one more of the small size. It is eight months since I commenced using Dr. Kay's Renovator and I now have no symptoms whatever of my old trouble. I have recommended it to many of my friends for stomach trouble and I think all have reported relief." George W. Hervey, Omaha, Neb., Feb. 17, 1897. Dr. Kay's Renovator is sold by druggists or sent by mail for 25 cents and \$1. Booklet free. Dr. B. J. Kay Medical Co., Omaha, Neb.

Fourteen balloonists were either killed or badly injured during 1896. Two of these unfortunate were women and both were killed.

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Very old people need from a third to half as much food as when in their prime.

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We can read of banquets that cost \$20 per plate, and then in the same hour turn to a jug of sweet cider and a bag of ginger-snaps and feel real happy and contented.—West Union (la.) Gazette.

A Philadelphia groceryman complains loudly to the courts that he can sit in his window and count dozens of people on bicycles riding merrily by while they owe him grocery bills.

The custom of donating hot coffee to the Bath (Me.) street railway men is still in vogue on inclement days.

THE CHANGE OF LIFE.

Intelligent Women Prepare for the Trying Ordeal.

A Time When Women Are Susceptible to Many Dread Diseases.

The anxiety felt by women as the "change of life" draws near, is not without reason.

When her system is in a deranged condition, or she is predisposed to apoplexy, or congestion of any organ, it is at this period likely to become active

and with a host of nervous irritations, make life a burden.

Cancer often shows itself, and does its destructive work. Such warning symptoms as sense of suffocation, headache, dread of impending evil, timidity, sounds in the ears, palpitation of the heart, sparks before the eyes, irregularities, constipation, variable appetite, weakness and inquietude, dizziness, etc., are promptly heeded by intelligent women who are approaching the period in life where woman's great change may be expected. Thousands at this critical time consult Mrs. Pinkham, and conduct their habits according to her advice, and with the Vegetable Compound go through that distressing time with perfect safety and comfort. Mrs. W. L. Day, of Bettsville, Ohio, says:—

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Miss Ruby—Wasn't it sad about Mr. Larabee?

Mr. Gimp (an old bachelor)—What is it?

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"Yes, it's sad; but then marriage doesn't always prove fatal so soon."

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THE ASTROLOGER'S CORNER.

Some slight changes necessitated using less space for this department. Prof. Cunningham is daily receiving flattering testimonials of his genius and marvelous power in reading the language of the signs and planets. His horoscope life readings with chart are daily convincing people of the great and VALUABLE INFORMATION to be had through his wonderful knowledge of astrology. He receives letters from every state and territory and his fame has extended into foreign lands. Under no circumstances will names of correspondents be published, but the following are extracts from recent letters: "I received my horoscope, an much pleased with it. It is as near right as is possible to make it." Another writes: "I am surprised at its correctness."

Prof. Cunningham now proposes to tell your ruling planet and send a text reading ABSOLUTELY FREE to the applicants whose letters happen to be the First, Third, Ninth and Twelfth opened from each day's mail. All applicants for these FREE READINGS must send: sex, race or nationality, place, year, month, date, hour and minute of birth, A.M. or P.M., as near as possible. Applicants entitled to FREE READINGS will receive them by return mail with their 25 cents refunded less 2 cents postage. All applicants must send 25 cents to pay for their reading in case they do not win FREE reading. DO NOT DELAY; send at once; you are just as apt to win as anybody, and if you do not, you will receive a valuable text by astrology for the small sum of 25 cents. Those not knowing their time of birth should send 4 cents for further instructions. Address:

PROF. G. W. CUNNINGHAM,
Dept. 4, 194 S. Clinton Street, Chicago, Ill.
THE FOLLOWING ARE SOME READINGS FOR THIS WEEK:

Miss Marie; Grand Rapids, Wis. According to data furnished the sign Sagittarius which Jupiter rules was rising at your birth, therefore Jupiter is your ruling planet or signifier. Venus is co-ruler. You are medium height; plump figure; clear complexion; medium dark hair and eyes. If you wed soon a few minutes earlier the eyes are very dark, with a peculiar sparkle, and sharp sight. You are quite cheerful, kind and obliging; you very much dislike storm and bluster about anything; you are changeable in your nature and like to be on the go. You are very fond of amusements, parties, dances, etc., also art and art work. You are very intuitive and naturally know many things without ever having had a study to learn them. You are very popular with the gentlemen.

Miss M. E.; Ottawa, Kansas. According to data furnished the sign Sagittarius which Jupiter rules was rising at your birth, therefore Jupiter is your ruling planet or signifier. Venus and Mercury are co-signifiers. You are medium height or about; plump figure; medium clear complexion; the hair near a chestnut color; the eyes medium to dark. You have a happy, cheerful, generous and charitable disposition, are gifted in the fine arts and a lover of everything connected with art, music, poetry, etc. You are also very fond of the driving horse. You will make an excellent writer on almost any subject with which you are familiar. You have the same testimony as the lady Marie. You are the same reading that it, you are very popular with the gentlemen.

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