THE BEACON LIGHT.

HOLY BIBLE

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CHAPTER XII.—(CONTINUED.)

"How can it be your duty, Eleanor, if as you said—and it made my heart leap with joy—you love me, how can it be your duty to give me up and marry another? O, Eleanor, dear Ellie, think of my life-long devotion, my stern sacrifice, that refused to hear even a single word from you—my unceasing toil and incredible exertion to fit myself to stand in these doors a suitor for your hand, without a blush of shame! To have gained the long-prayed-for position, to find my love returned, and yet to lose you—have you thought how terrible a doom it is for me? Can it be a duty that would crush our hearts in the fulfillment?"

She wrung her hands.

"Forbear, O Walter—have pity on my weakness! All last night I wrestled in my agony to see the right, I came out of the bitter waters calm in self-renunciation, knowing it was my duty to give you up. Neither your grief nor my own anguish must drift me away from the position I defined then. Dear Walter, my childhood's friend, my protector and comforter always, help me now to be true to my own convictions of right!"

There was a solemn pathos in her tone—in her white face and imploring eye—that rebuked Walter's personal grief.

"Eleanor," said he, impetuously, "if I could see any reason for it—if it were not so contradictory to all my ideas of right—I would be willing to bear my own pain to aid you!"

"Be sure I must be well convinced of the right of it ere I peril your happiness and mine. If you knew all you would be the first to bid me God speed upon my atoning sacrifice."

Walter was looking steadfastly into the beautiful face. Coming suddenly forward, while lip and cheek paled beneath the intensity of his emotion, he held out his hand.

"It is enough. I will bid you Godspeed now. I renounce my hopes, Ellie—my Ellie, for whom I have lived, and striven, and hoped. I will give you up, even unto another's arms."

Lady Eleanor's head drooped forward to his shoulder; her cold white cheek touched his; her brown curls flung their sunny ripples against his jetty locks, while her quivering lips whispered:

"God bless you, Walter! It is pleasant now to think how short is earth—how enduring Heaven!"

He wrapped his arms around her, pressed her passionately to his heart, and then put her away. A step on the threshold startled them. Lady Annabel stood within the doorway, her sad glance wandering from one agitated face to another. She was evidently greatly moved, yet she came in with her accustomed stately grace, and greeted Walter with the usual salutation; then turning to her daughter, she said mournfully:

"I see how it is, my child; you deceived me last night, and my worst fears—when I knew Mr. Vernon had returned—are verified. I see that you love each other."

No answer came. Eleanor turned away her tearful face and Walter, his sensitive spirit stung by the thought that she would consider him as an interloper, relapsed in haughty silence.

"Eleanor, Eleanor!" came in a piteous voice, so full of yearning tenderness it seemed to convulse the poor girl's heart. "I asked no sacrifice of you. I should love and bless you still if you left me tonight to fly with the man you love. Hear me solemnly declare I dare not even advise you to marry other than him who holds your heart. Go and be happy, my child."

Walter bent forward joyously, but Eleanor only shook her head.

"I know you do not ask it, mother, but I know it is right—it is best, and it will give you peace. Walter himself has given me up, and blessed my effort."

Lady Annabel looked wildly from one to the other as she faltered:

"But if you love each other, how can he give you up, or you take yourself from him?"

"The consciousness of doing right will enable us both to conquer our ill-fated affection—will it not, Walter?"

Perplexed, grieved, heart-crushed, Walter could not refuse the pleading look in those blue eyes, and he answered—"Yes."

What was his astonishment to see Lady Annabel fall on her knees, and, catching her daughter's hand, bathe it with tears and dry it with kisses.

"My grand, heroic child!" cried she. "Will Heaven permit such innocence and worth to atone for the sin of others? I will pray that your noble sacrifice may not be needed; and yet I own, if it is completed, a mother's eternal gratitude will be yours. Ah, my own Eleanor, your pure hand shall lift away from me a load of remorse, and carry to another atonement for suffering and loss. But it must be free and voluntary—not from fear of my displeasure—remember that."

She sank down into an easy chair and raised a handkerchief to her face, while a violent fit of coughing ensued. The lace meshes came away from the snowy texture marked by vivid spots of blood.

Eleanor sprang to her side in consternation.

"Mamma, mamma," cried she, "you are ill; this excitement is killing you!"

She waved them back and whispered with a wan smile on her deadly face:

"It is nothing new; it will pass presently."

"Mamma," said Eleanor with a new air of determination and energy, "once for all, let us settle this subject. I know the constant worrying about it is destroying you. Here I am a willing, voluntary mediator, thankful—so thankful, my darling mother, to be able to brighten thus little of your trial. I am sorry you should know how much it cost me to relinquish Walter, but believe me, I shall conquer it bravely Once entered upon the path, I shall not shrink; I shall never repent."

Lady Annabel raised the soft hand to her lips and whispered:

"I consent. May Heaven forgive me if I am wrong! After all," she added, "it may never be required of you. We may never find him, or he may have chosen another himself."

"Ah, yes," responded Eleanor soothingly, "we are making a great deal of trouble before we are sure there is need of it. But you, Walter, must never hope for anything except a friend's affection, a sister's love."

Walter sighed.

"So be it, then, I submit. May I know the name of him who wins the treasure I lose?"

"His name?" repeated Lady Eleanor, dreamily. "I do not even know it yet."

"What inexplicable mystery is this?" ejaculated Walter.

She shuddered while she answered:

"Be content, Walter, and ask no more."

"My children," whispered Lady Annabel, "one thing I must require of you. The intention may be sincere and genuine, but the heart be treacherous. Mr. Vernon, I request you to continue your visits as usual. The test must be applied by actual trial. If my daughter can learn to school her own heart, it is well; if not, I would rather die myself than take her from you."

She rose from her chair, signed for Eleanor to support her, and bidding him as courteous an adieu as if only ordinary conversation had passed between them, left the drawing room.

So ended this exciting, perplexing, sorrowful interview; and restless and miserable, haunted by a thousand absurd misgivings, Walter returned to his studio. He remained a week away from Collinwood House, during which time he met the admiral, whose easy, unrestrained manner showed he was ignorant of all that had passed.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE ONLY event of importance meanwhile occurred at a private party to which he had gone with his fast and warm admirer, Viscount Somerset. They were in the midst of a gay crowd when the young lord, touching his arm, said formally:

"Mrs. Dacre, allow me to present to you our distinguished artist, Signor Vernoni. Vernoni, the Hon. Mrs. Dacre."

Absent-minded and sad, Walter had not heeded the lady's approach. There was no way to avoid an interview. She stood before him, her genial face aglow with smiles, her fair white hand extended toward him.

One moment Walter's fierce eyes glowed upon her; his haughty lip curled in scorn; then turning upon his heel, he ejaculated:

"No, no, I shall never take that hand in friendly greeting," and vanished in the crowd.

The startled Mrs. Dacre colored crimson, and the tears rose to her eyes; but seeing her husband's anger, she passed on eagerly, endeavoring to soothe the fierceness of his indignation at the insult.

The viscount hunted up Walter later in the evening, and said with grave, embarrassed face:

"Upon my word, Vernon, I hardly know what to say. I'm afraid you've made a decidedly ugly business. Dacre is in a rage, and declares your present popularity shall not save you from a horse-whipping, if you refuse to give him satisfaction. In fact, signor, it was rather a hard thing. I was taken aback myself."

"No doubt you were, and exceedingly indignant, my noble friend. I was grieved myself that it should happen, but I would die a thousand times rather than touch that woman's hand."

The viscount looked up as if doubting his sanity.

"Somerset," said Walter again, in a smothered voice of deep emotion, "if you met a woman who had wrecked the happiness, perilled the life, and blasted the good name of the dead father you loved once better than life, would you take her hand in yours, though etiquette, courtesy, and the whole world demanded it?"

"No," was the prompt reply, "but still I am mystified. Mrs. Dacre is a lady of irreproachable character—there is no mistake?"

"No," replied Walter, bitterly. "I know she was admired, respected and prosperous; she is none the less my father's deadliest foe."

"What is to be done?" asked the perplexed viscount. "Dacre's friend will wait upon you to-night."

"What—a duel? A mode of settlement as despicable as it is abhorrent! Well, well, it matters not. I cannot avoid it; you would all believe me a coward if I refused; so I will stand and let him shoot me, for wrong my own soul so much as to raise a deadly weapon against the life the Creator gave, I will not. Let him shoot; it is meet the son should perish as well as the father, through Annabel Marston's means."

The kind-hearted Somerset was really grieved and troubled.

"Is there no way to avoid it? Dacre demanded the reason for such insulting conduct; can I not hint something that will satisfy him?"

"You may say to that woman, I could not take her hand, because I am Paul Kirkland's son, who knew Annabel Marston of Lincolnshire in days gone by. Mark her face when you speak the name."

Throughout the next day Walter was in no enviable state of mind. All things looked gloomy and threatening. The sorrowful fate before Eleanor—the mystery of the motive that should make her thus voluntarily immolate herself upon the altar of duty—the hard struggle and desolate, loveless life before himself—the bitter resentment for his father's wrongs—all disheartened and dismayed him. He was in no mood to grieve when his friend returned saying Dacre would only be satisfied with a full apology. The lady, he said, remembered seeing once or twice in Lincolnshire a drawing-master named Kirkland, but was not aware how that should affect Signor Vernoni's conduct in the least.

"Let him shoot a dozen times if it will comfort him any," said Walter, sarcastically. "I can't say but I shall be the greater gainer by the operation. I will leave him an explanation of her 'once or twice.' Go back, and let him fix the place and time for the heroic deed. I will be on the spot, and I will stand as quiet, be sure, as the best target he ever shot against. Life has no charms; let him send me out as quick as possible."

"What would all London say to hear this!" cried the viscount in despair. "Signor Vernoni, the worshiped, petted artist, already crowned in youth with the laurel wreath, ready to throw away his life so recklessly. Ah, my friend, I might hint at a more powerful reason for you to seek escape from this. Lady Eleanor Collinwood, our pride and star, before whom so many plead in vain, looks upon you alone with favoring eyes. Will you forsake that enviable position?"

"Hush!" interrupted Walter sternly. "No more! Go at once and settle this wretched business!"

The viscount left him, and Walter flung himself upon the lounge and tried to sleep to escape the maddening tumult of thought. The effort was as vain as if the soft damask had been lined with thorns. Then he rose and paced to and fro, two hours or more, when his errand boy handed him a brief line from Somerset.

"To-morrow, at eight in the morning, at Blackheath."

He read the line two or three times and then said aloud:

"And this, then, is the end of all my high hopes, my unceasing endeavors—to die in a duel! I must see Eleanor again; she need not know it is a farewell interview, but it will be a consolation to me—possibly to her also—if the worst happens."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LANG'S WONDERFUL DOG.

Did Some Very Remarkable Things According to the Veracious Narrator.

A Newfoundland named Oscar belonging to myself had often listened with much interest to stories of rescue of drowning persons by dogs, says Lang in Longman's Magazine. I happen to possess an engraving of Landseer's "Member of the Humane Society." Oscar would contemplate it for hours and study the pose in the mirror. One day two little children were playing alone on St. Andrew's pier and I was sketching the ruins at a short distance, Oscar running about on the pier. I happened to look up and saw Oscar, as, if inadvertently, but quite deliberately, back one of the children (Johnny Chisholm by name) into the water, which is there very deep. The animal then gave three loud howls to attract attention (he had been taught to give "three cheers for Mr. Gladstone"), jumped into the water, rescued the child and carried him, "quite safe but very wet," to the local photographer's, obviously that the deed might be commemorated by art. Nobody saw the beginning of this tragedy except myself. Oscar, when brought home, deliberately rapped out "Humane Society" with his tail on the floor, but, much as I appreciated his intelligence, I could not, in common honesty, give him a testimonial. This preyed on his mind; he accompanied a party to the top of St. Rules' tower and deliberately leaped from the top, being dashed to pieces at the feet of an eminent divine whose works he had often, but unsuccessfully, entreated me to review in an unfavorable sense. His plan was to bring the book, lay it at my feet and return with the carving knife in his mouth.

Ungodliness.

Ungodliness always leads to lawlessness and is destructive. It affects the home, the community, and the life of the nation. We can only exist as a nation when we foster and cherish morality and religion.—Rev. E. J. Metzler.

BRYAN'S BOGUS RETURN TO BIMETALLISM.

In Mr. Bryan's speech at Milwaukee he said: "Whenever money goes up property goes down. You cannot have a dollar that buys more unless you have property that sells for less. Now that is a fair proposition, so simple that anybody who has money and wants it to go up can understand the advantage of the gold standard, and anybody that has property and does not want it to go down can understand the advantage of bimetallism."

Mr. Bryan in all his speeches claims to be a bimetallist, and talks about the "return of bimetallism." In his opinion the opening of the mints of the United States to the unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1 would be a "return to bimetallism," because the mints are now open to the coinage of gold. Why, then, he says, should they not be open to the coinage of silver? Simply because, at the ratio of 16 to 1, the amount of silver which it is proposed to have the government call a dollar is not worth a dollar. If it were this controversy would be impossible.

The government has put its stamp upon the dollars which it has coined upon its own account, and for whose redemption it is morally and legally responsible, just as it is responsible for the redemption of the paper dollar. True, it does not redeem silver and paper money in the same way. For the paper dollar it gives a gold dollar in exchange. It redeems silver indirectly by accepting it in payment for debts due itself. This has the same effect as if it paid gold in exchange for silver, since all the silver in circulation could be returned to the government in any one year. But if the government should coin silver, not on its own account but on the account of the owner of the bullion, it would be under no such obligation. The nature of its obligation would then be changed, and it would be under obligation to see that the man who passed a silver dollar is worth one hundred cents shall redeem it at one hundred cents, upon demand of the holder, just as it compels a national bank to redeem its notes at a hundred cents on the dollar in gold.

The "return" of which Mr. Bryan speaks exists only in his imagination, therefore. If the government should coin silver worth one hundred cents into silver dollars, then the mints would be open to gold and silver upon equal terms. Mr. Bryan's proposition is to open the mints to gold and silver on unequal terms, giving silver twice the privileges that are granted gold. The government, under Mr. Bryan's scheme, would coin one hundred cents' worth of gold into a dollar, but it would coin fifty cents worth of silver into a dollar. This is so plain that it would seem as if even a child can understand it.

So long as the government maintains a parity between gold and silver, coining gold in an unlimited amount, and silver in a limited amount, we have bimetallism. It is not full, theoretical bimetallism, but it is practical bimetallism, since both metals circulate and perform every function of money at par with each other. Mr. Bryan's scheme would drive gold out of circulation, which would result in practical silver monometallism, since silver coin alone would perform the functions now performed by both silver and gold.

The Republican party has planted itself in its platform upon the doctrine of bimetallism properly understood, that is, of bimetallism in which both metals circulate freely at par with each other. Mr. Bryan seems to think that we would not have the gold standard, if we had bimetallism. He claims that the gold standard and bimetallism are contradictory expressions, and that they stand for irreconcilable ideas. On the contrary, with theoretical bimetallism in force, the gold and silver standard would constitute but one standard, and it would make no difference whether it was called the gold standard or not; it would be the gold standard all the same. The Republican party believes it easier to pass from the single gold standard to the double standard, so-called, in which the gold and silver standards are identical, than it would be to pass to bimetallism from the silver standard. It believes that the method of arriving at a truly bimetallic monetary system is not by way of the silver standard, but to pass directly from the gold standard to the double standard; at the same time it believes that it is impossible to have the double standard, without the concurrent action of the leading commercial nations of the world. It therefore says: We are in favor of bimetallism, and as a means of arriving at bimetallism we propose to retain the gold standard until we can secure the co-operation and consent of a sufficient number of leading commercial nations to enable us to put full, theoretical bimetallism into practical operation in this country. The idea that this is subserviency to Great Britain is pure nonsense. We might as well say that we are slaves because we are under the law of gravitation, as to say that we are a province of Great Britain because we are under the operation of the great financial laws which are, in the world of business, what the law of gravitation is in physical life.

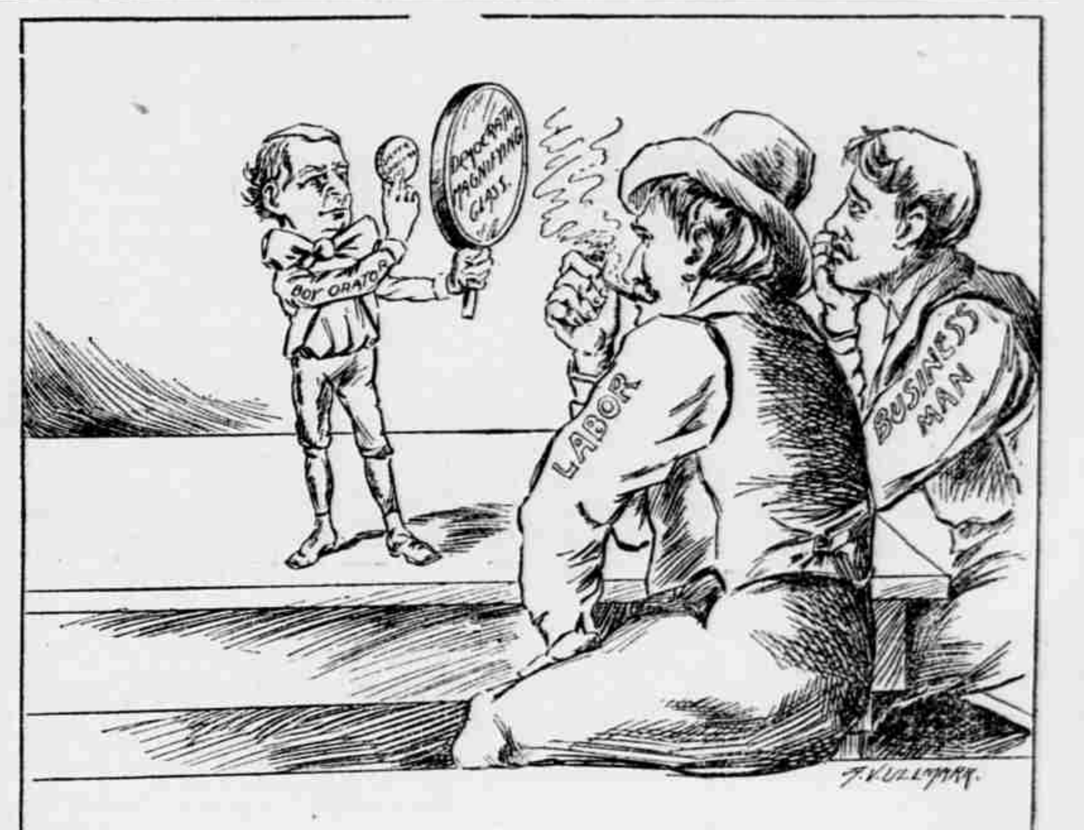
THREE GREAT LESSONS.

The experience of our own country in the use of silver during the last one hundred years surely ought to be worth something. From that experience three great lessons may be learned:

First, That with the free coinage of gold and silver it is impossible to keep both metals in circulation at the same time. From 1792 to 1834, under free coinage, gold was under-valued; it was not worth as much in money as in bullion. Consequently it was everywhere hoarded or kept out of circulation. So also from 1834 to 1873, when free coinage also reigned, silver was under-valued, and went out of circulation for the same reason as gold had before. Here, then was a period of 81 years during which Gresham's law of the departure from circulation of the legally debased or under-valued coin was fully demonstrated.

Second, Another equally important lesson is that no legislation, especially under modern conditions, is able so to change the market value of silver as to keep it on a par with gold. The Bland bill, and particularly the Sherman act, was passed for the very purpose of strengthening our national credit with regard to silver. Under the latter 168,000,000 ounces of silver, which was supposed to be equal to the entire output of our American mines, were purchased by the government, and much of it coined into money. Still the metal declined continually in market value, from$1.17 in 1890 to 78 cents in 1893, when the Sherman act was repealed. This proves conclusively that Mr. Bryan's "firm conviction" about the rising of silver to $1.29 under a 16 to 1 free coinage law, is simply absurd.

Third, But perhaps the most important of all the lesson to be derived from our one hundred years' experience in the use of silver is the fact that the only practical bimetallism ever used by our United States government, or the only method by which gold and silver have both been kept in circulation, is the policy which we have had since 1873, or in a more perfected form, since 1878—namely, a policy which makes gold the standard of value, and then with a limited coinage of silver, as well as with a limited issue of paper money causes both of these kinds of money to be kept up to par value with gold by virtue of the government's pledge that all of its money shall be maintained on an equality of value "in the markets and in the payment of debts." This system has proved not only in America, but also in England, France and Germany, and other countries, to be the most stable, elastic, practical and serviceable, and therefore the best system of finance ever used in all human history. Why, then, should we change it for some wildcat, red-dog, balloon system, such as that proposed by the popocrats in the Chicago platform?—Valparaiso (Ind.) Vidette.



Not as Large as It Looks—How Bryan Tries to Fool Them.

FACTS FOR WORKINGMEN.

1. It is a fact that in all silver standard countries workingmen receive much less for their labor than in gold standard countries. Wages in Mexico for common laboringmen is $3 per week; in China and Japan it is about $1.

2. It is a fact that of all men the laborer has most interest in the election of McKinley and Hobart; for the success of the silver ticket means the deprecition, or the cutting down to about half value, of the workingman's wages. Besides, the industrial establishments now closed will not start up under the general panic and financial insecurity sure to result from an attempt to put our money system on a silver standard basis.

3. It is a fact that even now the laboringman's wages are higher in proportion than are either manufactured goods or farm product. Moreover, it is not true that during a period of twenty-five years past the wages of laboring men have declined. In 1870 the average yearly pay received by men working in factories was $310; in 1890 it was $489.

4. It is a fact that under the Harrison administration laboringmen, as well as others engaged in business, enjoyed greater prosperity than they do now. Not only did they then receive larger wages, but work was much more in demand and eazier to find.

5. It is a fact that a protective tariff, while beneficial to the manufacturer and to owners of capital invested in industry, helps particularly the workingman; because it, more perhaps than any other governmental regulation, insures to the laborer constant and remunerative employment.

6. It is a fact that the workingmen of our country, who were as a class so cruelly deceived by the big free trade promises made four years ago by the democratic party, are fully alive to the injuries and losses they have sustained, and they are not going to be fooled again by any democratic or popocratic promises. On the contrary they are everywhere in crowds declaring their intentions to vote for McKinley and Hobart.—Valparaiso (Ind.) Vidette.

RHYMES OF THE TIMES.

This is indeed an age of prodigies.
The boy's the thing the populace to please,
Boy preachers in the pulpit stand,
Boy trumpeters are found in every band.
Boy writers write,
Boy fighters fight
Boy singers sing,
And Spain rejoices in a boyish King
The Czar's a boy,
And Germany is Wilhelm's toy.
And now amongst these boys galore
We have an "orator;"
A great big pink-cheeked gassy boy,
Just bubbling o'er with words and joy.
He's set his steady baby stare
Upon the Presidential chair,
Because, like boys of good content,
He wants to be a "President."
He makes boy speeches
In which he teaches
Boy lessons, in a boyish way.
He knows it all, nor hesitates to say
That black is white, or white is black,
If he can win a point by sailing on that tack.
He means well, as do other boys,
And merely grins to find that he annoys;
And, like most kids,
He rather likes the things the law forbids.
His sympathies go out, quite unabashed,
To those whom most deservedly the law hath lashed.
He has a liking, as have other youth,
For romance rather than the truth;
And 'stead of training with the good and true,
Prefers association with a pirate crew.
Sweet, perfect boy,
His party's joy!
Don't criticise him harshly, for, you see,
He only aims at puerility,
And in that line
His powers seem almost divine!
—John Kendrick Bangs in Harper's Weekly.

CAMPAIGN NOTES.

Bryan wanted to debate with McKinley and now Tillman has challenged Harrison to a discussion. The youthful prodigies are getting sassy.

There is no danger that anyone will call the two democratic tickets twins.

By the way he is talking, Bryan is cutting his throat as well as making it hoarse.

Men are judged by their works, not by their words, and what deed of Bryan's contains any promise of good for the American people?

The country must have a revenue equal to its expenditures and none but boy orators deny it.

No one is buying silver in the market. No one is betting on Bryan.

Enterprise is galling only to those who have it not.

What do farmers and wage-earners think about it? Are they getting too much of anything for their dollars?

Right.

Colonel B. F. Clayton, of Indianola, Ia., the president of the Farmers' National Congress of the United States, which has perhaps exercised a more potent influence in securing legislation favorable to the agricultural interests of the country than any other farmers' organization, says: "We have had a four years' dose of Democratic disaster and desolation, and the experience should be enough to preclude any repetition of the experiment during the next century. What the people want for the next four years is the McKinleyism of 1888-1892, with a good market for everything, everybody employed at high wages, with spindles running by day and the heavens lighted up by night from the chimneys and furnaces of factories, when the poor man will be able to feed and clothe his family, and when capital will find employment."