

# THE BEACON LIGHT.

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INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER IX.—(CONTINUED.)  
 "God bless you, sir. If ever Charles Collinwood can serve your son, believe me, it shall be done. Heaven will reward you."  
 This was Mr. Vernon's parting with the admiral. Both were conscious of a subtle, mysterious whisper, telling them it was their last meeting on earth—and so it was.

That of Walter and Eleanor was still more brief. The young hero forced back the wild tumult that clamored eagerly to ask of her one promise to remain faithful, and pallid and calm, held out his hand, saying earnestly:  
 "May heaven bless you with all the happiness it has for earth! Good-bye, Ellie."

She had come weeping and sobbing from his father's embrace. The blue eyes had drenched with their briny rain the soft rose of her cheek to a faded white; the sweet lips quivered sadly. Walter's eye took in all, yet he said only:  
 "Good-bye, Ellie!"

Eleanor had no voice to reply. Parting thus from the only friends she had ever known, with but a vague, unsatisfactory hope of some time, somewhere meeting them again, quite prostrated her sensitive temperament. Weeping, fainting, nearly broken-hearted, her uncle carried her in his arms back to the cabin, while Walter, with dry, burning eyes and rigid lip, descended swiftly to the boat that was to take them back to the "Hornet."

In silent grief his father took a place beside him. The word was given to cast off, when suddenly the admiral himself appeared above, leaning over the railing and calling Walter's name. He threw down a ring wrapped in a slip of paper. Walter grasped it nervously. Full well he knew the ring; many a time had Ellie brought it out to see the sparkles play in the sunshine that came flickering through the Hibiscus and palm trees; but she stopped not to examine it anew, but spread out the paper to read the brief line written there. Hurred, blotted as they were, no diamond in England or India could be so precious to Walter Vernon, though they were only these: "I shall wait for you, Walter."

Walter's face was covered by his hands, but the straight, shapely fingers could not hide the tears that at length came pouring through them.

## CHAPTER X.

FOUR years after the "Hornet" and "Collinwood" parted company upon the ocean, was gathered in merrie England, at a famous gallery of paintings in London, a fashionable crowd—the living tide swaying to and fro, yet lingering ever, some for Art's dear sake, and some from obedience to a more tyrannical mistress—Fashion—at a group of pictures which bore the mark of a new genius, whose star had but lately shot up brilliantly on the sky of fame.

Upon a seat not far from these pictures sat a gentleman, whose foreign cloak and slouch had nearly concealed his face and figure; only the brilliant, melancholy black eye roving restlessly over the crowd, and the glossy black moustache shading the scornful lip, were visible. There was a listless languor in his attitude that seemed belied by the keen attentiveness of his glance. Suddenly the eye sparkled in earnest attention, and quite unconsciously he bent eagerly forward. A gay party passing by floated toward him the sound of a well-known name.

"Lady Eleanor Collinwood—pray tell me in what direction you saw her?" asked eagerly an aristocratic-looking gentleman.

"Ah, there it is," spiritedly replied a brilliant-looking girl, twisting her pearl and gold opera glass affectively. "You are no exception to the general rule. Viscount Somerset, the attractions of our new star outweigh all others. Were she not so lovely in character as in person, I should be jealous of her, but as it is, one must acquiesce gracefully. I give you full permission to leave us and find her. We saw her in their carriage with Lady Annabel and Sir Marcus Willoughby."

"Upon my word, Lady Isora, you are as keen and sharp as the frosty air of this November day. I assure you I find present company agreeable enough to keep me here until we meet or overtake the Collinwoods. I have a message for Lady Annabel from the admiral, whom I met at Bath. By the way, I fancied I discovered a likeness in that beautiful girl on the canvas yonder to Lady Eleanor. This Vernon keeps so private no one knows about him. Perhaps, after all, it was a glimpse of her face that inspired him to so grand an effort."

The gay talkers chattered on, unmindful of the eager listeners behind them. At length came a stir of expectation.

"Here they come, Somerset. See what a crowd of elite follows. You'll have little chance for conversation. How wonderful is the way Lady Annabel holds over all hearts, with her pale, spiritual face and gentle dignity! See, the Duke of B— is talking with her. Have you ever doubted she might be a

duchess any day? But never was wife so faithful and devoted to a husband's memory as she. How she must have loved him!"

"Duchess! Yes, she might have had her choice of two or three coronets at the least. Everybody knows how our best and noblest men have sued in vain. She wins almost as much admiration as her daughter now."

"Hush, they will hear you! Good afternoon."

"A fine day, Lady Annabel. I have a word for you from Bath."

The muffled figure bent forward yet farther. How the eye glittered with a lustre feverish and unnatural!

"Lady Annabel Collinwood, Eleanor's mother!"

At the very name came the flood of old emotion, sweeping away the breastwork that for five years of strenuous toil, of stupendous exertion, had been closely guarded, lest a single wave should overleap the restraining barrier. No wonder Walter Vernon—Signor Vernoni he had allowed the Italians to call him, and the name came with his fame to England—no wonder he gazed with breathless interest as the group advanced, to see for the first time Lady Annabel Collinwood!

He could have selected her from a crowd of ladies as fair and graceful as she—a slender, pale-faced woman, with a well-bred, quiet grace, deep, mournful eyes—not like Eleanor's, blue and sunny, but dim and dark as the midnight sea, carrying with her a nameless, invisible and yet potent atmosphere of refinement and purity. This he saw at first, but a second look showed him flashes of light coruscating over the dim iris, and making the eye resplendent; waves of rich thought breaking over the symmetrical features, and glorifying them with light and shade of eloquent meaning; smiles rare and seldom, but wonderful and magical when they came, arching into beauty the lips that were Eleanor's own. He felt at once the spell by which Lady Annabel still swayed all hearts, although more than forty years had passed over her smooth, fair forehead. She was leaning lightly upon the duke's arm, but her attention was given to the young viscount, who was relating in his lively way the meeting with the courteous admiral.

The tall figure and massive head of the noble duke concealed the couple who walked behind, and Walter was obliged to wait until Lady Annabel and her companion turned to the pictures before he beheld her for whom his heart had sighed so long.

Eleanor was only sixteen when they parted upon the far-off Pacific. Five years, replete with the important change from girlhood to womanhood, had passed—would she seem the same? His beating heart nearly suffocated him as Walter once more gazed upon Lady Eleanor Collinwood.

Ah, the relief!—It was still his Ellie, though the youthful grace and beauty had ripened into matured perfection—though the slender form had grown more stately, and the girlish diffidence had merged into a calm, self-possessed dignity—a well-bred grace that the island experience could never have given her. Still the soft blue eyes wore their guileless look of pleading innocence; the sweet lips dimpled with the very smile poor Tom had so often compared to the first sunbeam that glistened through the cloud over the sea, when the "Petrel" lay a wreck among the reefs.

How swiftly his pulse leaped, his eye burned! Would that smile ever beam for him again? Not a breath of intelligence had passed between them since their parting; for all he knew she might have forgotten his very existence. He could test it speedily. And then, with jealous rage, the unknown artist turned to her companion, on whose handsome face so plainly was written his devoted admiration. There was a manly, high-bred air about him that pierced poor Walter like a sword. He was good, he was noble, he was worthy of her—that could be read at a glance. No wonder she listened so graciously to his animated words.

With a stifled groan Walter turned away. Duke, marquis, noble lord—whichever he was, he had a right to offer his homage and suit; but for the plebeian painter, where was there any hope, any plea whereby to win the favor of that high-born, aristocratic mother, even though Eleanor herself were true to that voluntary promise—"I will wait for you?"

The black folds of Lady Annabel's dress swept across his feet, and while the hot blood mounted his cheeks Walter bent his head, as though his presumptuous thoughts were laid bare before that sad, dark eye.

Then a single word in Eleanor's well-known voice came to his ear—it was hurried, agitated, vehement. So well he understood every tone of that beloved voice, he knew something had startled her, and yet she had spoken but one word—"Mother!"

"What is it, my love?" asked Lady Annabel, turning at once where her daughter, alternately flushing and paling, stood before the famous pictures that had won so much attention. They were evidently champion pictures, representing the same scene by daylight and at midnight—a high, steep point of land, jutting out into the sea, whose

surf beat in frothy petulance against the reef. The feathery palm-tree canopy and gorgeous vines whose brilliant blossoms lay like garlands over the white rock, betrayed the tropic climate no more plainly than the intense blue of the over-arching sky. Nature was inexpressibly lovely, but the gazer's eye was caught and riveted by the human figures. A young girl, graceful and beautiful, was seated there like a queen upon her throne, and beside her, nearly at her feet, reclined a youth whose countenance was partially concealed as he was looking up eagerly into her face, which wore a wild, sorrowful, yearning look, as her eyes and extended hand pointed to the far-off line where sky and water met. Not one could gaze upon the picture and not know the whole was not yet comprehended—the story not half told.

## CHAPTER XI.

His companion was dark in the background—a dim sky and stars showing faintly the outline of embowering trees; but upon the rock, instead of its queen, blazed a bonfire that lit up luridly the foamy sea, and gave a ruddy gleam to three figures waiting near—the youth and maiden and tall, grave man, who were all gazing off with a wild intensity of expression that gave a gloomy look to every face over the water.

"Ah, the pictures!" said Sir Clement Willoughby. "I have looked at them full an hour before, to-day. They are thrilling, are they not? I must seek out the artist; it will be an honor for any man to know him. That midnight is superb."

Eleanor stood with wild eyes that could not drink in eagerly enough the old familiar scene. Now the blue orbs kindled joyfully, and again the tears came welling over them.

"Oh, Walter, Walter!" cried she, in a tone of anguish that startled all and thrilled one heart with joy.

"What ails you, Eleanor?" asked her mother anxiously.

"Oh, mamma, take me home, and let us come alone. I must see the pictures alone."

The ladies and gentlemen gathered around her looked astonished and embarrassed.

"But my child," said her mother gravely, "we do not understand; you owe the company some word of explanation."

Eleanor struggled for composure, and dropping her veil over the flushed cheek and tearful eyes, said more collectedly:

"I was taken by surprise. It is our island home, mamma, and that is Walter and Mr. Vernon and myself. Oh, those well-known scenes—it breaks my heart to go back to them, and yet to know nothing of the friends who shared them with me! It was Walter who painted the pictures. Oh, I am sure it was Walter! I must see him—I must find him!"

Lady Annabel turned hastily to the pictures, while a look of pain and annoyance swept across her face. She was evidently revolving some subject carefully in her mind, for after the first swift glance she dropped her eyes to the floor.

Sir Clement Willoughby was re-examining the pictures, more especially the first one. His eye wandered questioningly over the graceful form of the youth at the feet of the island queen, and when he turned to the other it was to catch what knowledge he could from the side glimpse of the boyish face.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### Horseless Will Remain.

The horseless age is a long way off. It is out of sight, and is likely to remain so, notwithstanding the arrival of the bicycle and the motor wagon. When the reaper was invented pessimists foretold the starvation of the agricultural laborer. The sewing machine was bitterly fought by people who saw nothing in store for the seamstress. The world-to-day knows the results. It is true that electric street railways have dispensed with the service of many thousand horses and that the bicycle has decidedly injured the livery business, and yet it is a fact that the export trade in American horses is making giant strides forward. The exports for 1895, just compiled, are \$3,000,000 in value—about twice that of 1894. Europe will keep on buying American horses, and the equine which at home has survived the competition of the steam railroad and the trolley line will hold its own with the "bike" and the horseless wagon. Horses will be cheaper, just as watches are cheaper now than formerly, that is all.—New York Journal.

### Found Water in His Boots.

The Rev. Leonard B. Worth of the Baptist church has begun a suit for divorce from Elvira W. Worth in Oklahoma. The clergyman alleges that his wife asked him to deed all of his property to her and made threats that if he did not she would not live with him, but would make it hot for him all his life. On one occasion, he says, she filled his Sunday boots with water.

### Worthless Love.

Love is the only recognizable element of power in this world. Every one who has grown beyond childishness of heart and mind acknowledges that the only thing which makes life worth living is the good we can do for others.—Rev. C. J. Wood.

"Jayson Brown" of Kansas seems less eccentric when you analyze it, and discover that it is only a blame foil way of writing "James Samuel."

## EYES MAY DECEIVE US

### TESLA DOESN'T BELIEVE IN BALL LIGHTNING.

How He Explains the Matter—A Barkeeper Observed That Lightning Dug a Hole in the Sea and That the Sky Was Set on Fire.



IN spite of all this, Nikola Tesla, the most famous of American electricians, says balls of fire are never dropped down upon us from the heavens—that they're a myth, an optical illusion.

"I have never seen such balls of fire," said Mr. Tesla, "though I have been close by when the lightning struck. I was blinded, of course, and believe every one else is when the lightning strikes near them. If one sees anything then, it is of about as much value scientifically as what one sees when one is struck on the head with a club."

"There is an explanation which may show how the idea of fire-balls originated. As a rule, we do not see the whole of a flash. We get glimpses of it along the edges of clouds or through

tive he had seen a ball, though when questioned as to what it looked like he said that he couldn't tell exactly.

"The lightning dug a hole in the sea right out there," he said, "and the whole sky was set on fire."

### A FLAT-SEEKER'S EXPERIENCE.

He Finds His Dear Little Children a Decided Handicap.

A story is being told which, while it may not be true, visibly illustrates the tribulations of those who have committed the unpardonable crime of having children. The man of whom the tale is told was a man of family—quite a good deal of family, in fact. For some reason he did not want to rent a house. He wanted to get into a flat or a boarding house. He trapped the town over seeking a place where he and his wife and children might shelter their weary bodies. He applied at place after place, but it was of no use. As soon as the flat owners and boarding house keepers found out that there were children they treated him like a thing apart, unfit to be afforded accommodation like Christian people. If he had been a savage, a leper or a criminal his ostracism could not have been more sudden or complete. Experience made him wary about 4:30 in the afternoon, after he had met with twenty-one rebuffs. He determined to make a last desperate effort and to keep the fact about his brood as shady as possible. He tackled a man who owns a block of flats. He wanted a suite of rooms for himself and wife, he said. The bargain was progressing smoothly and the man began to hope that he might get a place to live in

## SEEN THROUGH ENGLISH EYES

American Country Newspapers Surprise by Their Vivacity.

From the Bedfordshire, Eng., Times The Bedford Daily Mail is another contemporary which it is interesting to look through. Really the number of local newspapers is legion. A few weeks ago we quoted from the Bedford Gazette, which is published at the town of that name in Pennsylvania, but the Daily Mail is the organ of public opinion for the city of Bedford, Ind., and is a very readable sheet. Glancing through its columns, one gathers that this Bedford, though a much smaller place, is in advance of its English namesake. For example, it already has an opera house, "located on J street," but the fact that it is being offered for sale looks significant. A two-story arbor, one-third of a mile long, is being built of timber; the lower story is for a race track for horses, and the other a bicycle track. About 185,000 feet of building material will be used in this structure.

Bedford in Indiana has a popular country fair, when the merchants of the city make a great display of their goods and the young people go in for racing of all kinds. These amusements are carried on in the Floral hall. We wonder if they use that building for a flower market. The boys play at ball—presumably baseball—and a match with Bloomfield is announced. Bedford, Ind., is noted for its freestone quarries, and the boys in the local ball team are called the "Oolitics." Another singular coincidence: Bedford in England stands on the same geological formation. It is only natural, of

## FRENZIED MEN WALK OVER BLAZING COALS.



Torturing the body seems a poor sort of religious rite, and yet that is a necessary part of religious ceremonies in various countries. Dancing on red-hot coals with the bare feet is but one of the forms of worship adopted by religious fanatics in some countries. Though more or less common in India, it would never be popular in this country.

There is no other country that can approach India in the matter of unique religious ceremonies, and no people who hold to a belief with the same unswerving fidelity that marks the inhabitants of that torrid clime.

On the day set for the fulfillment of the vows, three huge wagonloads of wood were hauled to an open space in front of the temple. The villagers assisted in the arrangements, and the wood was placed in a regular pile about four feet wide and ten feet long. A trench about three feet wide and two feet deep was dug around the pile of wood, and the latter was then set on fire.

In about four hours the wood was reduced to a pile of live coals, six or eight inches deep, spread evenly over the surface of the ground. A hundred

natives then appeared with pails, and the ditch was filled with water. It sizzled and steamed as it struck coals which had rolled into the ditch.

The heat was terrific, and it was impossible for the average person to approach near the blazing coals. Within the temple the eight men were preparing for the sacrifice. Prayers were uttered and the goddess was beseeched to make the suffering of the men as light as possible. As the hour approached for the climax, the eight men were almost frenzied, and their shrieks and howls could be heard for a long distance.

Suddenly they dashed out of the temple and approached the heap of coals. They were dressed in loose, lemon-colored garments, and were shrieking as if mad. The writhed and groaned and made hideous contortions, all of which was supposed to be the spirit of the goddess within them. Suddenly they jumped into the water in the trench, where they remained for a few seconds, almost enveloped in the steam which was arising. They leaped onto the bed of coals and began dancing and leaping back and forth. All the while they yelled an. the crowd set up a

wail as if in answer. Not a moment did they remain quiet, and occasionally they jumped into the water to cool their parched feet. After several minutes of this exercise they ran, still howling and twisting, back into the temple, and the ceremony was over.

A short time afterwards a European doctor examined the feet of the eight men and found, to his amazement, that neither feet nor legs were burned, and that the men had suffered no inconvenience. The natives claimed that the goddess protected the men by the exercise of her marvellous power, and she now stands much higher in their opinion than before.

The sceptical insisted that the feet of the men were hard and horny from going barefooted, and that for several weeks before the ordeal they had been hardened by the use of alum water. The fact that the feet were wet and that the men did not remain still, continually jumped about, stepping as lively as possible, also had much to do with the result.—The moral effect of the ceremony is bad, and the English government has repeatedly forbidden the practice of it in public.—From the New York Journal.

fiissures, or, one might say, through cracks. Let us suppose a wall of cloud between us and the flash. The violence of the electric discharges breaks this wall, producing fissures in it, just as an earthquake makes long zigzag cracks in a wall of stone or brick, and the light comes to us through these streaklike openings.

"Now, suppose the lightning blew a hole through the cloud wall just as a cannon blows a hole through the wall of a fort. We should then see a spot of dazzling light that would be a ball so far as our eyesight could determine. Such a ball might play many pranks according as the cloud rift moved about.

"These theories account well enough for all the fire ball stories that have come to my attention. I believe the ball itself is a myth."

The proprietor of the United States casino, at Far Rockaway, where one of the fire balls was reported to have been seen, said to a reporter that he was out on the casino platform over the water all through the storm, and that he saw the lightning strike the water not far from where he sat.

"I didn't see any fire balls," he continued, "though I don't wonder if others thought they saw some. The lightning was so close that there was no interval between the flash and the thunder clap. The wind blew a hurricane and lashed the waves to froth and filled the air with spray. When the lightning struck the water the sea looked like boiling metal and the spray flew up like sparks. It would be easy enough to imagine that balls of electricity were exploding out there."

The barkeeper of the hotel was posi-

when a sort of I-just-thought-of-it look came over the face of the landlord.

"Have you any children?" The fatal question had come at last.

"Yes, seven of them," sighed the now thoroughly despirited homeseeker. "But," he added, with a sudden gleam of inspiration, "I might drown a couple of them!"—Buffalo Express.

### No Encouragement for Her.

"So you're the Eccentric Young Man," observed the farmer's wife in a tone that would split a grindstone; "you're walking across the continent on a wager and you rely on people along the route for entertainment, do you?"

"Yes, madam, and if you will kindly roast a chick—"

"Seems to me there's something reminiscent about your talk. I have heard language very much like that before. But the men who sung that song didn't call themselves any fancy names; they were just plain, oyster-can willies. It would be much better for you, young fellow, if you had joined the union, for if you had you would have noticed a mark on the gate-post, which stands for a husky woman and a big bulldog; gin the place the go-by." No, I don't think I will encourage any esthetic itinerants to-day."—Buffalo Express.

### Not His, of Course.

"I was unfortunate enough to leave my umbrella in a street car yesterday," remarked Manchester.

"Where umbrella was it?" asked Birmingham.

"I don't know. I borrowed it from Snags."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

course, that similar soils should grow the same kind of crops.

There is also a Bedford steam laundry, which, "after being broke down four days is again able to get out first-class work." There are other coincidences, but one can mention only two: People get married there and it rains sometimes. "Married, at the home of the bride, Noah Girdley to Dealee Kinder, Rev. Alexander Waggoner officiating." Games that are truly picturesque. "The bride wore a white lawn dress trimmed with pink ribbon and white silk lace"—simple but effective. As for the rain, in about half an hour M street from Sixteenth to Fourteenth was one solid sheet of water its full width, and the water, backed up over the basement as far as Soesael's barber shop, poured through the coal holes into Gas Ellis's cellar, and ran into several stores over the front doorsills. Such are a few glimpses of life in a far distant city where the people delight to style themselves Bedfordians. Do they ever think of Bedford in the old country?

### A New Oil for Lamps.

Here is a new combination for a lamp oil which is said to give a particularly bright and white light, and one that will not go out easily. The oil is made with two parts of best hard oil and one part of headlight oil, to which is added a piece of gum camphor about the size of an egg when the total quantity of oil does not exceed a pint.—Exchange.

The Firth bridge in Scotland is capable of sustaining the weight of two ironclads slung from the center.