

THE BEACON LIGHT BY M. T. CALDOR.

CHAPTER V.—(CONTINUED.) "Ah," said she, fixing her eyes steadily on the dim line where sky and ocean blended into one.

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

"Because, fair as it is, it is our prison. We can go no farther; her we must stay, confined to the narrow breadth of this little island, when the wide limitless world is before us.

"Come, come!" she cried, as passionately as though the onleaving waves would bear her words to friendly ears.

"Oh, ocean, mighty ocean—that spared us from thy yawning graves for a living tomb, be merciful. Send hither a bark to bear thy foster children back to the embrace of mother earth—a messenger of hope and mercy.

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

"She shook her beautiful head doubtfully. "I can scarcely agree with you—better sorrow and sore trouble than suspicion and inaction."

CHAPTER VI. LEANOR reached down her little hand to his shoulder, and her blue eyes shone indignantly.

"Oh, what does not the helpless, friendless child owe to you and your father, but for whose untiring love and care I might now be an ignorant, uncouth and awkward creature, of whom, if ever rescued, my relatives would be ashamed?"

"There," said Eleanor, laughing gaily, "see what a philosopher our Tom has become! Look that you take a lesson from him, Sir Walter. I am becoming much aggrieved, you are so formal and polite."

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

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

"My child," answered he, solemnly, it will be of little use for me to tell you what a bitter cruel enemy I have found this same world for which you sigh.

"Now, then," said he, rousing from his reverie, "I shall send you, Ellie, to the house. You will find the French lesson I prepared on your table, and you may translate it as neatly as you can.

"My son," said Mr. Vernon gravely—so gravely that Walter felt the tears rising to his eyes—"you are pining for action; you long for the excitement and effort required in the battle of life.

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

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

CHAPTER VII. "I RECKON I'll find Walter and fix the flag as we agreed," said Tom, looking ruefully at the weeping girl.

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

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

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

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"No, no, lad, don't move me; it's no use. Tom tells me he's himself—he's sighted the promised land already.

"I'm going fast, and I must say quick while I can talk all I want you to do. I've wrote down where my sister lives long ago; you'll see it, and if you ever get away from here I know you'll see her.

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

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

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DAIRY AND POULTRY.

INTERESTING CHAPTERS FOR OUR RURAL READERS.

How Successful Farmers Operate This Department of the Farm—A Few Hints as to the Care of Live Stock and Poultry.

WE HAVE RECEIVED from one of the patrons of a co-operative creamery, a comparative statement of the prices paid for milk at the co-operative creamery and at the creameries operated by a private company.

Table with columns: Month, Price. Rows for CO-OPERATIVE and PRIVATE CREAMERY for months June through May.

The party from whom we received these figures makes this notation: "Farmers, please examine the above carefully, and see how much you have lost or gained who have sold to the above creameries."

Taking the whole year through, it will be seen that the average paid by the co-operative creamery is only 2½¢ less than that paid by the creamery utilizing skim milk for filled cheese.

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mon trees. His hogs have been free from disease, while his neighbors who did not keep goats lost most of their hogs by cholera. He ate the meat of young goats and liked it better than mutton. His experience coincides with that of farmers in countries where the goat is extensively raised and prized.

It is far better not to allow a child to be out of doors at all in the middle of the day, when the sun is hottest, and always to insist that it lie down for an hour after dinner.

When the stomach discharges the drafts made upon by the rest of the system, it is necessarily because its fund of strength is very low.

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