THE BEACON LIGHT.

HOLY BIBLE

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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 eye 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 he stopped not to examine it anew, but spread out the paper to read the brief line written there. Hurried, 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.

FIVE 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 hat 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 affectedly, "you are no exception to the general rule. Viscount Somerset, the attractions of our new star outweigh all others. Were she not as 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 the 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 she knows about him. Perhaps, after all, it was a glimpse of her 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 sway Lady Annabel holds over all hearts, with her pale, spiritual face and gentle grace! The Duke of B— is talking with her. Did you ever doubt 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."

"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 corruscating 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, 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 clime 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.

ITS companion was dark in the background—a dim sky and stars showing faintly the outline of emboweringtree; 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.)

Horses 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 experts 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.

Poured 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.

Brotherly 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.

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

POINTER TO FARMERS.

WHY THE PRICE OF PRODUCE IS SMALL.

Statement by a Practical Farmer Which Is Worthy of the Consideration of Every Tiller of the Soil—Condition and Theory.

This subject may be answered to perfect satisfaction, if people will only look at facts. A practical farmer once said he would rather own a good farm in the vicinity of a mine than to own the mine. He said if the mine was worked he could make more money selling produce to the miners than the owner of the mine could make; that if the mine was not worked it was not worth anything, and he could always make a living out of his farm.

This statement of this practical farmer is worthy of serious consideration. The farmer can always do well if there is a demand for his produce. When he makes a crop he wants somebody to buy it. Look now at the facts; if the mills and factories are not running, the mines are less worked. If the mills and factories are idle many other industries stop. Activity in manufacturing begets activity in many other things; railroads, steamboats and wagons all have more to do; merchants have more to do; everybody has more to do. The more there is to do the more people are employed to do it. All who are employed get wages. What they get they can pay out for what they want. The more people there are at work and getting pay the more money is in hand ready to be expended for the farmer's produce.

But some one will say all these people have to live anyway and have to be fed. Yes but this difference appears: People may live very economically and cheap; they would like to live better, but they have no money unless they have work, and they do on just as little as possible. A family can live, if one member gets as much as a dollar a day, but if two or three members of the family each gets two dollars a day that family will live just that much better.

Some will now say it is extravagant for people to live liberally—that they ought to be economical and all that. Let the man who says this reflect on how much his family expends. He perhaps thinks his income of one, two, or three, or five thousand dollars a year is little enough. Why does he not live on a dollar a day?

The truth is it is but a natural privilege that a man wants when he wants to live better than merely keeping alive. If the people can get good pay it is their privilege to want to use it for home comforts. A man naturally wants his wife and children to have some of the good things of life—a carpet, rocking chair, some books, some nice clothes. Nobody wants to be cramped down to the bare necessities of life.

If people have work they will live more liberally and in greater comfort, and thereby they will spend more money, and the farmer will have more people to sell to, and get more money for what he has to sell.

Now, we had just as well try to make water run up hill as to try to have busy factories in the country without protection to our American industries. Free trade says the people of the old world can make all sorts of goods and bring them to this country free of duty. If that is done of course the people of this country will be out of a job. What our people want is the job. They want the work.

Free trade says let any man have the job, no matter what country he lives in. Protection says we will give work to our own people. We will run factories and mills in this country, and this will open the mines, and this will make work for railroads and steamboats and wagons, and everybody else will have more to do. Men will have to be employed and they will get pay, and they will have money to spend for the farmer's produce.

The pitiful cry of the free trader is that a man ought to be allowed to buy his clothes for just as little as possible. Suppose it would be true that protection would cause a man to give a little more for his coat, and cause a farmer to give a little more for his plow, or a rake, what does this amount to when a man has work at good wages and the farmer has somebody to sell his stuff to?

Is it not perfectly plain that the interests of the farmer and the mechanic are just the same. The farmer wants more money for his wheat. Why does not somebody say the mechanic wants to buy his flour just as cheap as he can get it? What comfort is that to the farmer?

The farmer wants good prices, the manufacturer wants good prices, the mechanic wants good prices, everybody wants good prices. Free trade, by taking the work out of our own hands, strikes a blow at all alike.

Put protection duties on foreign manufactures and give our own people a chance to work is the policy of protection. We want division of labor in our country. While some raise crops, others want to work in factories. This will make a home market, and it will not only give work and employment to our people, but raise the price of produce. The whole case lies in the simple fact that free trade gives the work to the hundreds of people who live in the old world and takes it away from our own people.

It was the free trade vote of 1892 that caused what the platform adopted by the recent convention in this city called "cessation of our prosperity." Instead of that condition being traceable to any conduct of the republican party it is traceable directly to the panic produced when this country voted for free trade. It is part of the work of the republican party to rectify that tremendous mistake.—Louisville Commercial.

British Prosperity.

Great Britain is enjoying an era of unexampled prosperity. The mills and workshops of England are ablaze with activity and wage-earners are contentedly employed. We hear no more of bread riots on Trafalgar square and the walking delegate has been silenced.

The transition from pinching want and spiritless idleness to copious plenty and lively employment is coincident with the gradual operation of the Wilson free trade bill. Although it may be entirely unrelated to it, the fact is, that English mills were closed and English workmen idle while the McKinley bill was on the statute book; now the mills are going and the workmen are employed and we have the Wilson bill and general stagnation.

Give the English manufacturer a free and practically unrestricted market in this greatest and most voracious consuming country and he will keep his workmen busy. By the same license the American manufacturer is forced to close his mills and throw out of employment his workmen. This is not a theoretical platitude; it is a ponderous verity which is being illustrated most vividly by contrast between England and America at this writing.

What has the silver question to do with the premises? Absolutely nothing. Industry has revived in England because England has found a market for her wares and manufactures. Industry is paralyzed in this country because England is making and selling here the wares and manufactures we ought to make for ourselves. It is as plain as the alphabet and yet the silverites are yelling for more free trade and for free coinage of silver in the same breath.

It is not pleasant for an American to contemplate this marked condition with the condition presented in 1891 and 1892. He feels like kicking himself and everybody else for being deceived by the free trade cry of '92 and opening our markets to Great Britain to our everlasting injury. To him the tariff is the great issue in this campaign, notwithstanding the emotionalists are barking up the free coinage tree. Therefore he will vote for a return of the industrial prosperity which in 1892 he helped to give to our great rival across the sea.—Detroit Journal.

Japan for Instance.

Japan has a silver currency, and the wages paid in that country are very low. The money in which the wages of laborers are paid, being measured by the silver standard, has steadily shrunk in value during recent years. In 1889 sugar was about 2½ cents per pound in Japan, a carpenter's wages were 15 cents a day; in 1891 sugar had advanced to a trifle over 3 cents per pound, while carpenters' wages had gone up to 15½ cents a day; in 1894 sugar was 3½ cents per pound, carpenters' wages 17¼ cents per day. In other words, a week's wages in 1889 would buy 36 pounds of sugar; in 1891, 31 pounds; in 1894, 29 pounds. Wages have nominally increased, but the prices of commodities have increased so much more rapidly that the condition of the wage earner has been constantly getting worse. Under the silver standard in Japan, rice advanced in price 62 per cent from 1889 to 1895; beans, 39 per cent; salt, 26 per cent, and tobacco, 48 per cent. The average increase in wages was about 14 per cent for the same period. Japan's currency has been steadily depreciating under the silver standard, the common people growing poorer.

Assertions.

The populists continue to assert that there was bimetallism and the co-equal circulation of gold and silver as legal tenders down to "the crime of 1873." Yet in all that time only 8,000,000 silver dollars were coined, and in 1873 not a silver dollar was in circulation. The act of 1873 simply recognized the fact of its non-existence as currency. Since that act upwards of 400,000,000 silver dollars have been coined, and they are kept in circulation by the device of silver certificates and the promise of the government to maintain them at a parity with gold. But with the free coinage of silver on private account this obligation would cease, and those who should receive the silver dollars in payment of wages or salaries or debts would have to look out for themselves

FREE COINAGE.

Rev. Dr. Buckley Quotes His Experience as an Illustration.

Rev. Dr. J. M. Buckley, editor of the New York Christian Advocate, in conducting a "Question Drawer" at the Lake Chautauqua Assembly a day or two ago grappled with the silver question. Following is the question sent to him and his answer:

Q.—What would be the probable effect on missionary enterprises if free coinage of silver were to become a law of the United States?

A.—It would instantly or very speedily reduce the incomes of the foreign missionaries or it would compel the raising of a vast amount more money. The salaries of all foreign missionaries have to be paid in gold. Recently in India the silver rupee has diminished in value to such an extent that one denomination has been compelled to make great additions to its budget in order to equalize the salaries of missionaries in that country. I know of a denomination with whose affairs I am familiar that sends about $800,000 in gold from this country every year to foreign missionaries. Under free coinage, if silver became more and more our money, and we had to take contracts on a silver basis, you can readily see what the effects would be. When I first went to Europe, it was during the civil war; I had to go, and I said to a man, go to Boston and buy me six hundred dollars worth of gold. He went and came back. Had not bought any. He said that gold had gone up to 1.20 and that he did not want to waste my money like that. I said to him, go and chase it and get it. He went, and the next night came back and reported that it had gone up to 1.35, and that he certainly did not want to waste my money at that rate. I said I must have it, even if you can only bring back one hundred dollars, bring it. By that time it had gone up to 1.50. When I got over to the other side I discovered that gold had not risen at all, but that greenbacks—the legal tender in this country—had gone down. [Voice in the audience—that is right.] While there I had to borrow some money, and I made the contract to pay it back in gold after I had returned. Now, mark; at the time I borrowed, gold was selling in the United States at 1.66, and in less than six months after I came back I had to pay 2.22 for it; and it had been up and down according to our success or defeat in the war.

Can a National Silver Trust Work a Miracle?

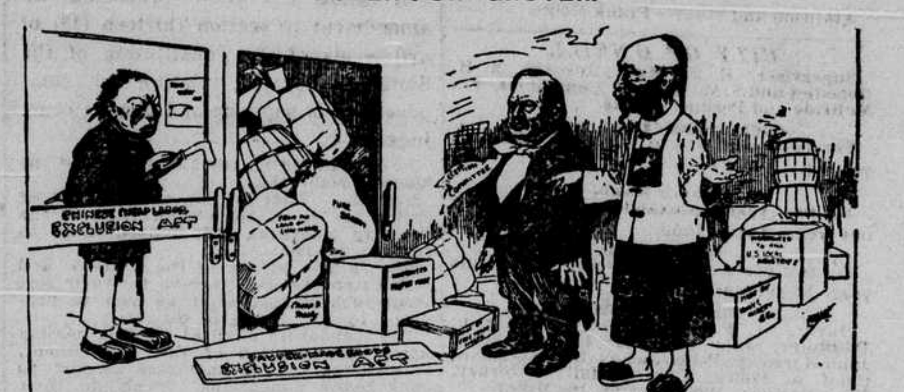
Ques.—Is there any probability that silver would be doubled in price by this nation declaring 53 cents worth of silver to be a dollar?

Ans.—No. Prices are fixed by trusts for but a brief time. Cost determines price. When the two metals were at a parity before at 15½ to 1, Germany and Austria were on a silver basis, the mints of India were open, and the Latin union and the United States were bimetallic. By and by silver began to be mined at less cost, better processes struck richer veins of ore and the price of silver fell. We cannot keep butter in the relation to calico which it bore 50 years ago. We remember when butter was at 5 to 1 as compared with calico; but to-day calico is at 5 to 1 as compared with butter. The changed ratio of butter to calico is due not to the gold bug, but to the fact that the labor of man now has more to do with producing a pound of butter than with producing a yard of calico. Steam and water power now weave cloth, but they can't weave cows. But the decline in the cost of silver and in the price of silver, making it a more bulky value-backing for currency, has been accompanied by the alienation of the bulkier metal by European nations who persist, despite the efforts of the United States to promote a larger monetary use of silver. Not only England, but France, Germany and Austria have gone to gold. The Indian

Sound Sense About Sound Money.

No matter how sound our money may be it will not conduce to our prosperity so long as its principal mission is to pay the foreign manufacturers for goods that ought to have been manufactured in our own country; so long as the chief avenue of its expenditure points away from instead of towards home. Four years ago our money was also active. It paid to American workingmen the highest average wage they had ever received; it kept our industries busy turning out the largest production they had ever known; it moved the wheels of commerce in all directions, caused the largest known consumption of the products of our farms and, in short, brought to every legitimate interest in the United States a degree of prosperity without previous parallel. This it did because it was backed by systematic and uniform protection. We need to get back those favorable conditions. We shall not be prosperous until we do.—The Scranton (Pa.) Tribune, July 29, 1896.

A POSER FOR GROVER.



LI HUNG CHANG—But why shut out Chinese labor at one door and admit the products of Chinese labor at the other door?