

THE BEACONLIGHT

BY M.T. CALDOR.

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)
"Ah," thought he, "now I know why she listens so indifferently to my happiest words, and so dexterously avoids my declarations." And he sighed quite as forlornly as Walter had done.

Lady Annabel at last turned to her daughter.
"We will return home at once," my love, if you wish, and I will commission a kind friend, Viscount Somerset, to make inquiries concerning the artist."

Walter's lip quivered while he vowed mentally the name should yet stand proud and high even in aristocratic London. So in sullen silence he watched the group pass on toward the entrance out of sight. He rose up then and strode through the crowd.

The name of Lady Annabel Collinwood arrested his attention once again. The speakers were immediately in front of him.

"Lady Annabel? Oh no, that is the Hon. Mrs. Dacre—she that was formerly Annabel Marston, of Lincolnshire, a distant relative, however, of Lady Collinwood's—she is a violet bonnet and gray cloak, I mean."

A strange look of revengeful fire flashed over the gloom of Walter's face as he followed the direction given, and found the lady indicated—she that was once Annabel Marston of Lincolnshire.

She was a fair woman, with dark and rosy cheeks, whose beauty was so well preserved, one might have easily believed her only thirty. She was talking gaily with a gentleman in uniform, and her clear, joyous laugh came musically to Walter's ears. He ground his teeth.

"She is happy, the traitress, and my wretched, ruined father sleeps in his ocean grave exiled by her from his native land," muttered he, as like a madman he tore his way to the street, and hurrying to his lodgings, flung himself into a chair and dropped his head upon his hands. For a short time he sat thus, and then rising, he unlocked a small box and took from thence a closely-written manuscript, which he perused attentively. Only the last of it is essential to the thread of our story.

"And now, Walter, you have the key to the mysterious sadness of my whole life—the dark secret that has eaten like the Spartan's culture through my heart, finding its way only with my death to your knowledge. I do not fear, my son, that you will be harsh to your father's memory. I know you will see that, dreadful as was my sin, it was nothing to the web of wickedness that was wound around me—to the terrible atonement my life has made. Most of all, I know you will see that my loving Tom's Bible was the means of reconciling my soul with Heaven—of being heart the peace for which it had so long yearned."

Her ready tears showed how completely she had kept her old nature. Walter had meant to be very dignified and reserved; but with her genial, old-time manner, it was impossible; and when they parted—although no word of love had been hinted—they were as friends.

If Lady Annabel's face showed sign of uneasiness at Eleanor's effusive good-bye and earnest entreaty that he should come often, there was no sign of it in the courteous words with which she echoed her daughter's invitation.

is our island Elle, for all her aristocratic relations. Well, I must be worthy of an entree into Lady Annabel's drawing-rooms. I must answer this flattering letter from his grace of G—, if I hear he is a generous patron of the arts. He may make my advancement swifter. I shall elude all Lady Annabel's inquiries until I have a position her polished brow may not frown upon."

Signor Vernon verified the proud resolves of Walter Vernon. The two island pictures had made him famous. Although they had endeavored to keep it private, the story of the beautiful Lady Eleanor Collinwood as connected with them was whispered from circle to circle, and contributed undoubtedly to their popularity. Orders from the highest sources poured in upon him. Then it was he responded to Admiral Lord Collinwood's earnest invitation, and presented himself at Collinwood House. The admiral was fortunately in London, and received him with the same friendly warmth he had shown on their first meeting. Lady Annabel, too, was exceedingly kind and courteous, but Walter was instantly aware of an antagonistic feeling, despite her gentle expressions of gratitude. She alluded quietly to his own refusal to meet them before, and acknowledged that it had grieved her daughter.

When their conversation first began to flag, Lady Annabel arose with her inimitable grace of manner and said: "Now, my dear admiral, if you please you shall come to the library and have a quiet little chat with me, while I send for Lady Eleanor to come down to the drawing-room. She is not yet aware of Mr. Vernon's presence. It is natural they should wish their first meeting to be without witnesses."

He smiled in cheerful acquiescence. "A good idea and very thoughtful in you to remember it, Lady Annabel!" Five minutes Walter was left alone. He needed twice the time to calm his heart; then he heard a light, quick step without, and the door opened for a graceful figure robed in sea-blue satin and sparkling with jewels. Both fair white hands were outstretched, and she said eagerly: "Cruel, cruel Walter, why have you delayed so long?"

Then she paused abruptly. The tall, handsome man, with his glossy whiskers and foreign moustache—was that Walter? The smile that broke over his face reassured her. "Ah, it is certainly you—I was almost afraid. Oh, Walter, are you half as glad as I to meet again after this long interval? Foolish Walter—as proud as ever, and as cold, but you should wait till the honors were so thick about you, but I am too happy now; and your father—he is not with you?"

She had not given him a chance to reply before. Still holding her hand, he said gravely: "My father never reached the land, Lady Eleanor—his prophecy was fulfilled."

Her ready tears showed how completely she had kept her old nature. Walter had meant to be very dignified and reserved; but with her genial, old-time manner, it was impossible; and when they parted—although no word of love had been hinted—they were as friends.

If Lady Annabel's face showed sign of uneasiness at Eleanor's effusive good-bye and earnest entreaty that he should come often, there was no sign of it in the courteous words with which she echoed her daughter's invitation.

CHAPTER XII.
HENCEFORWARD Walter mingled freely in the best and noblest society. He worked hard at his easel, but took time enough to accept such invitations to festivities, dinners and parties, as he felt would give him opportunity to meet the Collinwoods. With Lady Annabel he was always reserved, even to formality. He could not pierce the imperceptible but icy veil that seemed ever hanging between them; and when one day he heard the Duke of B— saying pettishly to the admiral, who had in some way alluded to his devotion:

"Don't jest, I beg of you! Lady Annabel is peerlessly lovely, but I wish she had a little of mortal frailty. She is so cold, I am quite in despair!" Walter could hardly sympathize with him; and yet he had seen her strangely moved from her accustomed stately dignity.

was made to her husband's elder brother—the first Lord Collinwood—who was killed by a fall, over a precipice while relating the particulars to a friend, and Walter, happening to glance at the Lady Annabel, beheld her pale and trembling, leaning against a pillar for support. He sprang to her assistance, when she faltered, in a voice whose sharp misery haunted him through the

"It is nothing; I am subject to fainting attacks. Don't be alarmed, but let me get out quietly."

He assisted her to the carriage without attracting attention, and was ready

to quiet Eleanor's alarm when she first noticed her mother's absence. There was one little incident to mark the day. As he loitered by Eleanor's side he drew from her bouquet a spray of jasmine.

"Ah, Lady Eleanor," said he, "do you remember how these milkmaids trailed their splendor over the rocks in our old home?"

She smiled—then sighed—then she said: "I have forgotten nothing—not the most trivial circumstance."

"Then," said he, "touching lightly a diamond suspended from his watch-chain, 'you have not forgotten this, nor the more precious words that accompanied it.'"

The blue eyes fell beneath his passionate glance—a soft rose blushed over her cheek, and the sweet lips faltered as she answered—

"Yes, I remember."
"And you will not gainsay the promise?" pursued he.
"Is that a fair question, Walter?" asked she, archly, rising hastily to cross the room to speak with her uncle. Walter's heart bounded.

"What more can I desire?" thought he. "To-morrow I will make my formal proposal both to the admiral and Lady Annabel."

But when the next day came, and eager and joyous he sought Collinwood House, he found a strange change in Eleanor. She was pale and nervous with a constraint and formality that would have grieved him deeply had it not been evidently forced and unnatural. When he made known his errand, he was still more astonished and grieved. Her cheek alternately flushed and paled; she half rose, as if to fly from his presence, and then sinking back into her chair, faltered:

"O Walter, don't! It is heart-rending for me to hear there is no hope!"
"No hope!" repeated Walter, blankly. "Surely, after your words yesterday you cannot accuse me of presumption." She had hurried her face in her hands. "No, no—not that! O, what can I say in explanation?"

She sat for a few moments in perplexed distress, and then calming herself, continued more coherently: "It is best you should hear the truth, Walter. I had your proposal come yesterday. I should have been the happiest girl in England; to-day it only adds to my misery, for by my own voluntary promise I am betrothed to another."

"Another!" exclaimed Walter, springing to his feet. "What can I understand by this, Lady Eleanor?"
"Do not try to understand it," answered she sadly, "only be sure to realize the actual truth of the circumstance."

He was pacing to and fro in uncontrolled agitation. Eleanor made no attempt to soothe him, but sat like one stricken dumb through some terrible calamity. Suddenly Lady Annabel's sweet voice was heard without the door. As if in utter terror, Lady Eleanor dashed her handkerchief across her eyes to remove all traces of tears, and whispered hurriedly:

"It is my mother! Walter! Walter, if you love me, do not let her suspect how unhappy I am—how much it grieves me to give you up!"
"To give me up? Ah," retorted Walter, bitterly. "I thought as much: it is Lady Annabel's doing—she never liked me."

"You are wrong, Walter—you are unjust to her! Ah, if you could know—if you could hear as I did last night! Walter, Walter, help me bear my fate bravely—perform my duty faithfully!"

He was looking dully at her entreating, agonized face.

His Brother's Revenge.
We are all more or less familiar with that exasperating class of individuals who seem to feel that the simple common sense of the world is centered in themselves and that the rest of us are in need of guidance and direction in the simplest duties of life.

Mr. B— was a young man of this class. He was always painfully profuse in details regarding anything he wished done. He had a parrot, of which he was excessively fond, and when he was about to go abroad for a few months, leaving his bird behind, he bored and exasperated his family and friends with senseless details regarding the care of the parrot; and his last words, screeched from the deck of the steamer that bore him away, were: "Hi, Jim!"

Fleeting Old Maids.
The man who told this story prefaced it by saying that it was the sort you could tell only to a young woman or a married one. Whereupon his listener remarked that she was indeed glad to hear a story of that kind, as, according to her previous experience, all stories were divided into two parts—the kind you could tell to young women and the kind you could not. The story was as follows:

A certain man had, somewhat late in life, taken unto himself a wife who was, to put it temperately, not precisely in the first bloom of her youth. At the wedding the man's mother, a typical Yankee, took occasion to say:

"Yes, I'm real glad to see John married and settled at last. An' I'm real pleased at the choice he's made, too. He couldn't a suited me better. Ye see, young girls are skittish an' hard to manage, an' widders are sot in their ways and ye can't manage 'em, but old maids are thankful and willing to please."

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.
I want to quit tobacco using easily and forever. I have tried many, but made well, strong, magnetic, all of new life and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder worker that makes weak men strong. Many gain ten pounds in ten days. Over 400,000 cured. Buy No-To-Bac from your druggist, who will guarantee a cure. Booklets and sample mail ad free. Address Starling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

Popular Blessings.
Verily, until the crack of doom shall we wear the blouse. The latest and now prevailing adornment of these, runs in the direction of frills of the material, plain and unadorned. One in blue and green shot silk, which opens with a decided V down to the waist, shows a vest of leaf green chiffon, and round the V are two closely fitted frills, about two and a half inches in width. Quite half the blouses are finished at the throat by fancy turnover collars and cuffs, while the remaining half divide their favors between deep ruffles or the material wrinkled down to the wrist. A black and white muslin looks effective with a ruche at neck and wrists, edged with narrow white valenciennes.

How's This?
We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. K. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, Ohio, are the undersigned, and have known Mr. Cheney for the last fifteen years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any and all orders made by them. West & Traux, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio. W. J. Kinman & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 50 cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.

McClure's Magazine for October will contain a biographical and personal study of Ian MacLaren, the author of "Beside the Bonny Brier Bush," by the Rev. D. M. Ross. Mr. Ross was associated with Ian MacLaren in a circle of students who lived in special intimacy at Edinburgh university, and has lived in intimate relation with him ever since. The paper will be illustrated with portraits of Ian MacLaren, views of his various homes, and scenes in and around "Drumtochty." The S. S. McClure Co., New York.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has saved me large doctor bills.—C. L. Baker, 4228 Regent Sq., Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 8, 1895.

Cleaning Soiled Books.
Ink stains may be removed from a book by applying with a camelhair pencil a small quantity of oxalic acid, diluted with water, and then use blotting paper. Two applications will remove all traces of ink. To remove grease spots, lay powdered pipe clay each side of the spot and press with an iron as hot as the paper will bear without scorching. Sometimes grease spots may be removed from paper or cloth by laying a piece of blotting paper on them and then pressing with a hot iron. The heat melts the grease and the blotting paper absorbs it.

Coccy's Cough Balsam is the oldest and best. It will break up a cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

Not So Certain.
"This is one thing you don't have to do, anyhow," growled Mr. Wipedunka, through the lather that covered his face, as he proceeded to strap his razor. "You're always complaining about your hardships. You ought to be mighty thankful you haven't got a beard to bother you."

"I don't know about that," replied Mrs. Wipedunka. "If I was a bearded lady and believe I could make a better living for this family than you are making."—Chicago Tribune.

Just try a 10c box of Cascarets, the finest liver and bowel regulator ever made.

Moscow's calamity will cost the imperial exchequer 3,500,000 rubles. The number of persons killed in the crush is said to be 4,500.

The expense of heating a London theater, the Vaudeville, by electricity, using storage batteries connected with radiators, is said to have been less than 70 cents an hour.

It's the Baby is Cutting Teeth.
Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething.

During his life, a man stirs up so much trouble that he is finally willing to die to get rid of it.

Fear Old Spain.
Between the despotism of the church and that of the state, the only wonder is the insurrection in the Philippine islands did not break out sooner. Cuba has been a heavy drain upon Madrid's pocketbook, but the revolt in the Philippines will be greater still. There are on the islands about 2,000,000 Malays and Chinese, the former race in particular being renowned for its ferocity, as well as for its bitter hatred of all white people. Moreover, as the islands are more than 9,000 miles farther away from Spain than Cuba, the difficulty in getting troops to Manila before the rising had had time to extend all over the islands is practically insuperable. Then, Japan may not be neutral.—Lewiston Journal.

Architectural Dreams.
Silesian glassmakers are making possible the realization of an architectural dream. They are producing substantial glass bricks for building purposes. Since glass can easily be made translucent without being transparent, light may be evenly diffused through a building of glass, while its occupants and contents remain invisible from the outside. It does not require a very lively imagination to perceive that many pleasing effects may be produced when glass is used as the material for dwellings and other structures. Besides, people who live in glass houses will not be struck by lightning.

The Web of Life.
The web of our life is laid in the loom of time to a pattern we do not know, but God knows, and our heart is the shuttle. This being struck alternately by joy or sorrow carries back and forth the thread that is light and dark, as the pattern needs, and in the end when the garment is held up and all its changing hues glance forth it will be seen that the deep and dark hues were as necessary to beauty as the bright and high ones, and the mystery of life will be unraveled.—Rev. J. K. Montgomery.

When bilious or costive, eat a cascared candy cathartic, cure guaranteed. 10c, 25c.

The motives which prompt a woman to accept a proposal of marriage are often to see what will happen next.

A Household Necessity.
Cascared Candy Cathartic, the most wonderful medical discovery of the age, is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, acts gently and positively on kidneys, liver and bowels, cleansing the entire system, dispelling cures headache, constipation, biliousness, and all ailments. Please buy and try a box of C. C. today; 10, 25, 50 cents. Sold and guaranteed to cure by all druggists.

She Knew That Much.
"Well, there's one thing that I know about the convention," remarked Mrs. Snaggs, "and that is that McKinley hasn't got all of the delegates."

That Royal Feasting.
With the exhilarating sense of renewed health and strength and internal cleanliness, which follows the use of Syrup of Figs, is unknown to the few who have not progressed beyond the old-time medicines and the cheap substitutes sometimes offered but never accepted by the well-informed.

All husbands are not alike, because some husbands are ridegrooms.

IT'S CURES THAT COUNT.
Many so-called remedies are pressed on the public, and on account of their claimed large sales. But sales cannot determine value. Sales simply argue good salesmen, shrewd puffery, or enormous advertising. It's cures that count. It is cures that are counted on Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Its sales might be boasted. It has the world for its market. But sales prove nothing. We point only to the record of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, as proof of its merit.

50 YEARS OF CURES.

Prof. Babcock, the well-known Chemist, says:—
"I find that Walter Baker & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa is absolutely pure. It contains no trace of any substance foreign to the pure roasted cocoa-bean. The color is that of pure cocoa; the flavor is natural, and not artificial; and the product is in every particular such as must have been produced from the pure cocoa-bean without the addition of any chemical, alkali, acid, or artificial flavoring substance, which are to be detected in cocoas prepared by the so-called 'Dutch process.'"

Walter Baker & Co., Ltd., Dorchester, Mass.



"How happy could I be with either
Were the other dear charmer away?"

Battle Ax PLUG

The ripest and sweetest leaf and the purest ingredients are used in the manufacture of "Battle Ax," and no matter how much you pay for a much smaller piece of any other high-grade brand, you cannot buy a better chew than "Battle Ax."

For 5 cents you get a piece of "Battle Ax" almost as large as the other fellow's 10-cent piece.

150 DOSES \$1.00

Dr. Kay's Renovator

FOR DYSPEPSIA, CONSTIPATION, LIVER & KIDNEYS. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

W. E. ROBERTS, who is widely and favorably known in banking and business circles of Omaha, Neb., writes on March 7th, 1895: "I have been troubled with NERVOUS DYSPEPSIA, cold feet and hands and lack of circulation, loss of flesh, etc., for many years. I have tried many remedies, but have not found relief. I have used Dr. Kay's Renovator, and I voluntarily, without the Doctor's request, recommend this to any one afflicted with indigestion and nervousness which follows. I now eat well, sleep well, and have gained about twenty-five pounds in weight, am free from cold feet or hands, circulation good, and I feel better than for many years, and I attribute this to Dr. Kay's Renovator. One 50c box will convince anyone that it surpasses the whole train of pills and cathartics usually taken. I now only take a little tablet when I overload my stomach and it will relieve me at once." AT THIS TIME OF THE YEAR it is invaluable, as it renovates and invigorates the whole system and purifies and enriches the blood, driving out the impurities and vigor to the whole body, curing spring fever, dyspepsia, constipation, liver and kidney diseases and all nervous and blood diseases, headache, biliousness, etc. It is the best nerve tonic known for worn out business men. It has 50¢ a box and many doses at a liquid medicine for the same price. Sold by druggists or sent by mail for 50¢ and 5¢. Send the free sample and booklet; it has many valuable recipes, gives symptoms and treatment for nearly all diseases, and many say it is the best they could not get another. Address Dr. E. J. Kay Medical Co., (Western Office) 222 N. 10th Street, Omaha, Neb.