

# THE BEACONLIGHT

BY M.T. CALDOR.

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CHAPTER XII.—(CONTINUED.)

"How can it be your duty, Eleanor, if 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 eyes—that rebuked Walter's personal grief.

"Eleanor," said he, impulsively, "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 her cheeks glowed with the intensity of his emotion, he held out his hand.

"It is enough. I will bid you God speed 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, who had been watching 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 salutations, 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, raised his head 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, their 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 this 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.

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 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 Vernon'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 Vernon, 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 settled 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.)

### SEASIDE SOCIAL CUSTOMS.

The Code is Not So Severe as in Home Life, but It Has Limitations.

It requires almost as much diplomacy and mental work to steer a woman through the social intricacies of a summer at a resort as to carry her safely through an official Washington winter. The appearance of informality deludes newcomers into hoping for pleasant relations, and then they make what is known in the vernacular as a "break." At the end of the season they go away declaring that "Sea Rock" or "White Wave" is a "horrid, stiff place," people mainly by snobs, and vow never to return. The rules which govern acquaintance-making at summer resorts are a trifle more lax than those which regulate town acquaintanceship. People who meet in hotel dining-rooms or on piazza corners every day soon grow to know one another sufficiently well to permit them to do what the Irishman calls "passing the time of day." They may exchange magazines and embroidery silks, to say nothing of views on the scenery and the company. But this degree of intimacy, says a writer in the New York Journal, does not warrant calls. No newcomer at a hotel must ever call on an older resident until the older one has called on her. Not even when the acquaintance has progressed so far that one invites the other to form joint picnicking or sailing parties should this rule in regard to calls be infringed. The summer boarder's room is her castle and any amount of outdoor intimacy does not warrant intrusion into it until after a definite advance toward friendship has been made. Cottagers, as a usual thing, should take the initiative in calling upon any boarders at hotels or boarding houses whom they wish to know. In many places the cottage element and the hotel element form two distinct and somewhat hostile cliques. The advance toward acquaintance should be made by the transient residents, and yet the utmost outdoor civility may exist among beach or rock acquaintances at a small resort without any house intimacy. Of course these rules apply to women, the real dictators of social customs. As for the acquaintance between young women and men, it is governed by the ordinary conventionalities. Young women do not become acquainted with young men except when they are formally introduced by some common friend.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

### WON A NOTABLE PRIZE.

London Royal Drawing Society Medal Goes to a Girl of 16.

The award of the bronze medal of the Royal Drawing Society of London this year is a matter of enthusiastic interest to young art students all over the world, inasmuch as it was won by a young woman only 16 years of age, Miss Nellie Kuck.

Since the earliest inauguration of offering prizes for the best work among any given artistic line artists of undoubted genius from Canova and Thorwaldsen have entered into eager competition for the advantages which such badges of distinction carry in their train; for where they do not include years of study under most favoring conditions, as they so often do, they bring to an artist instant and widespread recognition; and it ought to serve as a stimulus to the youngest art student in Philadelphia, Boston, New York or Denver that youth is no bar sinister to such honors. The drawing which obtained for Miss Kuck so distinguished a success is entitled "The Young St. Cecilia," a charmingly composed decorative panel, chiefly interesting by reason of its original and novel manner of treatment. Perhaps it was her own sweet youth in the blood that led her imagination away from the traditionally mature Cecilia, and made it dwell rather upon the heavenly maid when inspiration first dawned upon her youthful consciousness. With a few clever, effective strokes she has achieved the sweetly serious face and pose of the young saint, the well-grouped, raptly listening angels above, topped by the conventionalized figures of music and poetry. The whole gives evidence of fine poetic fancy, excellent art, and is particularly strong in the decorative harmony of its lines. Two years ago Miss Kuck was awarded Lord Leighton's prize for her drawing "The Mermaid," and he then—always so ready to encourage youthful talent—recommended her to adopt the artist's profession. In fact "The Young St. Cecilia" represents her third success, as last year she obtained the George Kekwich's prize for an illustration of "Undine."

### A Bicycle Disease.

Mothers whose daughters do a great deal of cycling should know about a new cycling disease. People have been declaring that they have been suddenly seized with a wild impulse to jump from their machines—an uncontrollable impulse, which apparently seizes them at the most awkward times, such as midway down a hill. It is no new thing, after all; at least, no newer than the cultivation of over-strung nerves among us. People afflicted with this mysterious malady have been overdoing their riding, and the only cause for wonder is that their ill treated nervous systems have not taken its revenge in an even more unpleasant manner.

### Unfit.

"A great, big, overgrown fellow like you ought to be at work instead of begging," said the censorious citizen.

"I'm willin' to work," replied Dismal Dawson, "but I'm too blamed dumzy. I've tried the shells and I've tried three-card monte, but the Rubes got onto me the very first time."

### Delicious Orange Dessert.

Shred half a dozen juicy oranges, leaving all the pulp. Pile these pieces up in a china bowl. Make a rich syrup by boiling a pound of cut sugar in water and a little lemon juice. Pour this syrup over the oranges and set away in a cool place. Before serving spread over the top a small quantity of whipped cream. This makes a delicious dessert for either luncheon or dinner.—Ladies' Home Journal.

### Peace on Earth.

This is once more enjoyed by the rheumatic wise enough to counteract their progressive mainly with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. No testimony is stronger than that which indicates it as a source of relief in this complaint. It is also eminently effective as a treatment for kidney trouble, dyspepsia, debility, liver complaint and constipation. Use it with persistence for the above.

### Reflections of a Bachelor.

From New York Press.

After a girl gets married she isn't near so careful about eating onions.

Even if marriage is likely to be a failure, a wedding is always a success. Women would scream when they saw a mouse even if they wore trousers.

The woman who says, "Oh, never mind me; I'm married," wouldn't be fazed anyhow.

Some men refrain from telling women they are married for fear of hurting their feelings.

Some women can never be happy because their husbands are forever tracking dirt over their floor.

### Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

If you want to quit tobacco using easily and forever, regain lost manhood, be made well, strong, magnetic, full 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. Booklet and sample mailed free. Address Sterling Remedy Co. Chicago or New York.

If some people kept their business entirely to themselves they would forget how to talk.

If you want any attention paid to your advice, put on your best clothes when you give it.

When you have another man's money in your pocket, it is hard to remember that it is not your own.

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The October number of Harper's Magazine contains the first instalment of Mr. du Maurier's long-expected novel, "The Martian." The opening scenes are laid in a boys' school in Paris in the early fifties, and the hero is introduced at the very beginning of his career. From this fact and from the hint conveyed in the introduction it seems not unlikely that Mr. du Maurier, following the example of Fielding and Thackeray, will attempt in "The Martian" to portray the character of a man in the same catholic spirit in which "Tom Jones" and "Pendennis" were created.

**Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup**

For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

**A Nice Way to Cook Beets.**

New beets, especially white ones, are quite delicious, if parboiled about an hour, peeled, and then simmered into a cupful of stock until tender. Thicken the stock slightly by adding to it a teaspoonful of butter, rubbed with a teaspoonful of flour. If the beets are large, slice them in rather thin slices. Season with salt and pepper to suit the taste.—New York Evening Post.

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