

# THE BEACON LIGHT

BY M.T. CALDOR.  
INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

## CHAPTER XII—(CONTINUED.)

"How can it be your duty, Eleanor, if as 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, impetuously, "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 lip and cheek paled beneath 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 stood within the doorway, 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 salutation; 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 heaven 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 thus little of your trial. I am sorry you should know how much it cost 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, unstrained manner showed he was ignorant of all that had passed.

## CHAPTER XIII.

THE ONLY event of importance meanwhile occurred at a private party to which he had gone with his fast and warm admirer, Viscount Somerset. They were in the midst of a gay crowd when the young lord, touching his arm, said formally:

"Mrs. Dacre, allow me to present to you our distinguished artist, Signor Vernoni. Vernoni, the Hon. Mrs. Dacre."

Absent-minded and sad, Walter had not heeded the lady's approach. There was no way to avoid an interview. She stood before him, her genial face aglow with smiles, her fair white hand extended toward him.

One moment Walter's fierce eyes glowed upon her; his haughty lip curled in scorn; then turning upon his heel, he ejaculated:

"No, no, I shall never take that hand in friendly greeting," and vanished in the crowd.

The startled Mrs. Dacre colored crimson, and the tears rose to her eyes; but seeing her husband's anger, she passed on eagerly, endeavoring to soothe the fierceness of his indignation at the insult.

The viscount hunted up Walter later in the evening, and said with grave, embarrassed face:

"Upon my word, Vernon, I hardly know what to say. I'm afraid you've made a decidedly ugly business. Dacre is in a rage, and declares your present popularity shall not save you from a horse-whipping, if you refuse to give him satisfaction. In fact, signor, it was rather a hard thing. I was taken aback myself."

"No doubt you were, and exceedingly indignant, my noble friend. I was grieved myself that it should happen, but I would die a thousand times rather than touch that woman's hand."

The viscount looked up as if doubting his sanity.

"Somerset," said Walter again, in a smothered voice of deep emotion, "if you met a woman who had wrecked the happiness, perilled the life, and blasted the good name of the dead father you loved once better than life, would you take her hand in yours, though etiquette, courtesy, and the whole world demanded it?"

"No," was the prompt reply, "but still I am mystified. Mrs. Dacre is a lady of irreproachable character—there is no mistake?"

"No," replied Walter, bitterly. "I

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 himself—the bitter resentment for his 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 Vernoni'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 Vernoni, 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.)

## LANG'S WONDERFUL DOG.

Did Some Very Remarkable Things According to the Veracious Narrator.

A Newfoundland named Oscar belonging to myself had often listened with much interest to stories of rescue of drowning persons by dogs, says Lang in Longman's Magazine. I happen to possess an engraving of Land-sever's "Member of the Humane Society." Oscar would contemplate it for hours and study the pose in the mirror. One day two little children were playing alone on St. Andrew's pier and I was sketching the ruins at a short distance, Oscar running about on the pier. I happened to look up and saw Oscar, as if inadvertently, but quite deliberately, back one of the children (Johnny Chisholm by name) into the water, which is there very deep. The animal then gave three loud howls to attract attention (he had been taught to give "three cheers for Mr. Gladstone"), jumped into the water, rescued the child and carried him, "quite safe but very wet," to the local photographer's, obviously that the deed might be commemorated by art. Nobody saw the beginning of this tragedy except myself. Oscar, when brought home, deliberately rapped out "Humane Society" with his tail on the floor, but, much as I appreciated his intelligence, I could not, in common honesty, give him a testimonial. This preyed on his mind; he accompanied a party to the top of St. Rules' tower and deliberately leaped from the top, being dashed to pieces at the feet of an eminent divine whose works he had often, but unsuccessfully, entreated me to review in an unfavorable sense. His plan was to bring the book, lay it at my feet and return with the carving knife in his mouth.

Ungodliness.

Ungodliness always leads to lawlessness and is destructive. It affects the home, the community, and the life of the nation. We can only exist as a nation when we foster and cherish morality and religion.—Rev. E. J. Metzler.

## GAMECOCKS BRAVE.

ARE THE MOST COURAGEOUS OF LIVING CREATURES.

Painful Test by a Kentucky Breeder—Short but Brilliant Career of Defiance—He Has Earned \$3,000 for His Owner.



In the animal kingdom self-preservation is the strongest instinct, says the New York World. Courage is its disregard. Under this definition the gamecock must without doubt be awarded the palm as being the most courageous of all living creatures.

A game bull terrier will fight to the death, but it is doubtful if any dog would begin a fight with a live coal burning into his spine. The coal would begin a fight with a live coal burning into his spine. The coal would begin a fight with a live coal burning into his spine. The coal would begin a fight with a live coal burning into his spine.

A famous breeder of game fowls in Kentucky recently determined to ascertain if possible what amount of pain would disconcert a thoroughly good gamecock. He tried several measures without avail before resorting to a final and supreme test.

This enterprising and unfeeling gentleman selected two fine birds of equal weight and put them through the usual conditioning and training for a battle. During this period they were kept in small pens, where they were in constant view of one another, though unable to "get together."

When they were fit to fight they were first heeled with spurs in the usual manner. Then the experimenter by means of a leather strap with an iron socket set in it strapped a live coal to the back of each bird's neck at its base. They were then faced in the pit and freed.

The coals burned through the feathers almost instantly, and the sizzling flesh told they were quickly sinking in towards the spine.

Neither bird, however, seemed to be conscious of the acute pain which the burning must have caused. With a rush they dashed at one another, striking viciously. They were both fast fighters, and in less than three minutes one had succeeded in delivering his opponent a fatal thrust through the brain. The wounded cock collapsed, and, with convulsive tremor, died.

The victor, with eye out, badly slashed in the neck and breast and with the coal still smoking in his back, picked once or twice at the dead cock and, lifting up his head, crowed a shrill, heartfelt crow. All that makes life beautiful for game roosters was at that moment experienced by this extraordinary bird.

The coal, which was still hot enough to burn a man's hand, was unstrapped and the wound dressed. It had, however, eaten too deep and paralysis of the spinal cord resulted, which made wringing the brave bird's neck the most merciful end of the cruel experiment.

Although cock-fighting is a brutal sport properly forbidden by the law its popularity is probably due to the fact that the game birds give no sign of the pain they undergo. Thus their battles do not shock the sensibilities of the spectators as do dog fights. In spite of the authorities hundreds of cocking mains come off within a few miles of New York every year.

A chicken that has earned \$3,000 for his owner is the champion heavyweight gamecock Defiance.

Defiance is 6 years and 3 months old, which is an advanced age for a gamecock, but he is still in the pink of condition, having from youth up left whiskey alone and kept early hours.

Only three months ago Defiance won the world's championship by killing Victorious, the talented Spanish pile that previously held the belt. This battle came off at Blivesville, where is a celebrated cocking pit.

Defiance's natal egg was hatched at Sayville, L. I., in January, 1890, giving him a good start in the stag class of his year. His father was a much-respected Spanish brass-back cock of blue blood, and his hen mother was likewise of an excellent Spanish brass-back family.

Mr. John Given of East New York, L. I., was under the impression that he owned the paternal Defiance, the hen layout and all the chickens, but while Defiance, Jr., was still a young cockerel he cleaned out the ranch. At the age of 6 months he discovered that he had been born to fight and illustrated his discovery upon his brother stags. Although his spurs were not grown, he so completely discouraged several young cocks that they were good for nothing but potpie and had their necks wrung in consequence.

Defiance grew very big and soon made his professional debut in the pit. He developed a quick, vigorous style of fighting, which, if he was well heeled, has never failed to put holes through the other cock's head and neck in short order.

His fighting weight is now eight pounds, and he is as tough as he is heavy. In the course of his many battles he has cleared up about \$3,000 for his owner, and so far as known has never been arrested.

Had Debts for Charity.

The merchants of Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio, have conceived an ingenious method of combining benevolence with revenge. They have turned over their bad debts to the Woman's Missionary society of their city, thus relieving themselves of further responsibility for the prosecution of missions and subjecting their delinquent debtors to a series of runs from the eternal feminine.

A Child Enjoys  
The pleasant flavor, gentle action, and soothing effect of Syrup of Figs, when in need of a laxative, and if the father or mother be constipated or bilious, the most gratifying results follow its use; so that it is the best family remedy known and every family should have a bottle.

Unity of Faith.  
Men have always differed and always will on unessential matters. I do not think it is necessary that they should all agree perfectly. So while I am a firm believer in the unity of faith I do not look for the unity of the churches.  
—Rev. A. D. Mason.

The question often asked—"Why are pupils of the New England Conservatory so uniformly successful as teachers or performers?"—is readily answered by those who have been fortunate enough to become acquainted with the institution. With an equipment superior to that of any other school, with both American and foreign teachers of the highest rank, with Boston, the art centre of America, to furnish the best operas and concert, it is easy to see why one year of study there is better than two elsewhere. Its prospectus is sent free.

On Condition.  
Money Lender (to Lieutenant)—"All right, I will prolong your bill, but only on one condition, namely, that during the next paper chase you scatter broadcast these little cards with the words: 'Money advanced on easy terms by N. N.'"  
—Felsinnige Zeitung.

FITs stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free 30 trial bottle and treatise. Mailed at once. DR. KLINE, 239 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

"I am on the trail again," said the old scout when he trod on the woman's dress.  
A good resolution is supposed to be one that will stretch a little when necessary.  
A rock on the top of Alpine Peak, in California, spouts electricity.



The Bane of Beauty.  
Beauty's bane is the fading or falling of the hair. Luxuriant tresses are far more to the matron than to the maid whose casket of charms is yet unfaded by time. Beautiful women will be glad to be reminded that falling or fading hair is unknown to those who use

Ayer's Hair Vigor.

Sparkling with life—rich with delicious flavor, HIRES Rootbeer stands first as nature's purest and most refreshing drink. Best by any test.  
Made only by The Charles H. Hires Co., Philadelphia. A 50c. package makes 3 gallons. Sold every where.

DENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D. C., Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Late Principal Examiner U. S. Pension Bureau. 5 years last war, 1000000 claims, 4000000.

W. N. U., D.—XIV—28.  
When Answering Advertisements Please Mention This Paper.

"Judgment!!"

# Battle Ax PLUG

The umpire now decides that "BATTLE AX" is not only decidedly bigger in size than any other 5 cent piece of tobacco, but the quality is the finest he ever saw, and the flavor delicious. You will never know just how good it is until you try it.

# Standard of the World

For nineteen years we have been building Columbia Bicycles, constantly improving them, as we have discovered better materials and better methods, until today they rank, not only in America, but in Europe, as the handomest, strongest, lightest and easiest running bicycles made.

# Columbia Bicycles

are made in the largest and most completely equipped factories in the world, and every detail of their manufacture is carried on upon thoroughly scientific lines, thus preventing mistakes or imperfections. \$100 to all alike.

Columbia Art Catalogue, telling fully of all Columbia, and of Hartford Bicycles, trustworthy machines of lower price, is free from any Columbia agent, by mail for two 3-cent stamps.

POPE MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.  
Branch Stores and Agencies in almost every city and town. If Columbia are not properly represented in your vicinity, let us know.

# FREE HOMES

From Uncle Sam.

Nearly 2,000,000 Acres of Government Lands Now Open to Settlement

## IN NORTHERN ARKANSAS.

They are fertile, well-watered, heavily timbered, and produce grains, grasses, fruits and vegetables in abundance. North Arkansas apples are noted. The climate is delightful, winters mild and short. These lands are subject to homestead entry of 160 acres each. NOW IS THE TIME TO GET A HOME. For further information address:

E. V. M. POWELL, Immigration Agent, Harrison, Ark.  
EP includes 10 cents in Silver.  
EP refers to Bank of Harrison and Boone County ELM, Harrison, Ark.