



BY M.T. CALDOR. INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION

CHAPTER V.—(CONTINUED.)

"Ah," said she, fixing her eyes steadfastly on the dim line where sky and ocean blended into one...

"Silly girl! What is freer and purer than this sea breeze, playing so daintily with your curls?"

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

She started up vehemently and stretched out her imploring hands to the ocean. "Come, come!" she cried, as passionately as though the outpouring waves would bear her words to friendly ears.

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

Her outstretched arms drooped dejectedly, the glow died from off her face, and with a deep, deep sigh she sank slowly back to her seat again.

"Nay, nay, dear Ellie, do not look so hopeless. I confess you have spoken the truth. I, too, have these longings—these wild, intense cravings for action—this dismal lamenting for talents buried in obscurity—and yet often and often comes a strong conviction that were our wildest hopes gratified, and we safely restored to all the pleasures, excitement and honors of the world, we would look back with a sigh of regret to the peaceful innocence of our life here."

"I can scarcely agree with you—better sorrow and sore trouble than supineness and inaction."

Walter was looking fondly in her face.

"It is not strange that you fret and pine, Ellie dear. A brilliant lot amidst the noblest and best of our happy land doubtless awaits you, but for the little world beyond the cliff, and only himself, and the pale-leaved blossoms that were wet with briny dew knew of the passionate flood of boyish tears that were shed there."

Thenceforward there was a quiet dignity of manliness about Walter's demeanor that puzzled Tom and Eleanor as much as it pleased his father.

He did not take so many strolls alone with Ellie, but always managed to find pretext for Tom's company.

CHAPTER VI.

LEONOR reached down her little hand to his shoulder, and her blue eyes shone indignantly.

"Had it been any one but you, Walter, to make that heartless speech—And breaking into sobs, she added tremulously:

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

Walter touched with his lips the white little hand flung toward him in the earnest gesture. What more might have been said was prevented by the quiet advance of Mr. Vernon.

"Here is our father," cried Eleanor, springing down from the rock and running to hang fondly on his arm.

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

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

"My child," answered he, solemnly, "it will be of little use for me to tell you what a bitter cruel enemy I have found this same world for which you sigh. I may bid you prize this calm peace, but you will be deaf to my words, because of the siren song the radiant-faced Hope sings ever to the ears of youth. No, my children, I long no more for the busy haunts of men. I am ready to pray that this peaceful Eden may prove my grave."

The young creatures, dimly guessing through what waves of grief and pain he had reached the peaceful shore of content, looked up wistfully into his pensive face and kept respectful silence.

"Now, then," said he, rousing from his reverie, "I shall send you, Ellie, to the house. You will find the French lesson I prepared on your table, and you may translate it as neatly as you can. Tom has plenty of freshly-made paper in the drawer."

Eleanor obeyed at once, glancing at Walter as if expecting him to follow; but his father laid a restraining hand on his arm, and Walter remained at his side.

"My son," said Mr. Vernon gravely, "so gravely that Walter felt the tears rising to his eyes—you are pining for action; you long for the excitement and effort required in the battle of life. See, here in this deserted island is a grand opportunity for heroism that you have quite overlooked. Do not be startled, Walter, when I tell you that I have made a painful discovery today—that you love Eleanor with an affection more fervent than a brother's or a friend's. I put it to your own conscience and manliness—is it honorable to take advantage of the isolation of her life here, and win her love before she has opportunity to see others and judge for herself? There is no doubt, judging from the jewels in the trunk, the coat-of-arms on her clothing, and Tom's account of the servant's idea of the family's importance, that Eleanor is the child of noble and aristocratic parents. You know the exclusive pride of such, for I have often told you of it. Now, then, have you a right to profit by the accidental circumstance of the shipwreck, and take advantage of her guileless, unsophisticated nature? Here is your task, grander and nobler than any struggle for worldly fame and prosperity—conquer yourself, Walter; be a man thus early in your boyhood."

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

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

His father bent down suddenly and left such a kiss on his forehead as in his dreams Walter had received from an unknown angel mother, and was gone.

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"I know," said he. "I've allers been brought up to think nature made a great difference in folks when she brought 'em into the world. Why, our folk in—county thought we were hardly fit for my Lady Somerset to speak to; but the older I grow the more I come to reason that our souls are pretty much equal in the Lord's sight, if so be we all do right. Shiver my timbers if I didn't use to get into a corner when one of my shipmates that went down off here in the 'Petrel' argued with me about it. Ye see, he came from Americky, where, if they behave, all the folks are lords and ladies, and 'ording to his account, they live amazingly happy. Well, well, the Lord knows all about it—well—the use of puzzling over what don't concern us—though sartin, here in this 'ere forrin place, we don't get any special sign that little Ellie's any better'n the rest of us, only for having the angel nature of all womanhood."

"There," said Eleanor, laughing gaily, "see what a philosopher our Tom has become! Look that you take a lesson from him, Sir Walter. I am becoming much aggrieved, you are so formal and polite. You don't frolic with me; you don't pet me. I declare, Walter, you haven't kissed me for these three weeks!"

Mr. Vernon passed his hand caressingly over her bright curls.

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As she spoke she held up her beautiful face, the crimson lips pouting archly.

Poor Walter colored crimson, stammered incoherently, and then darted away.

Ellie burst into tears; Tom whistled, and Mr. Vernon, closing his book, followed after his son.

CHAPTER VII.

RECKON I'll find Walter and fix the flag as we agreed," said Tom, looking ruefully at the weeping girl. He had hardly disappeared when Mr. Vernon returned, and began quietly wiping away the tears from the girl's face.

An earnest, serious conversation ensued, from which they were interrupted by Walter, who came rushing in with a face so ghastly they both sprang up in alarm.

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

Mr. Vernon seized a flask of brandy, preserved carefully for such exigencies, and darted after his son, who had flung an arm around Eleanor, and almost carried her in his rapid flight back to Tom.

At the foot of the tall tree to which the flag staff was nailed they found poor Tom. He was lying just as Walter had left him, with a face wearing the awful, unmistakable signet of death. Mr. Vernon shuddered, and flinging himself frantically beside him, groaned:

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

The glaring eyes turned lovingly to the distracted group.

"My hour has come this time. The 'Petrel's' ribs wasn't cleaner stove up than mine are now. Tom's last voyage is high on it ended."

"It can't be, it can't be," shouted Walter fiercely, and passing his arm under the drooping head he poured a little brandy in his hand and wet the clammy, parted lips, and turning impatiently to his father, said almost angrily:

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

"No, no, lad, don't move me; it's no use. Tom tells ye so himself—he's sighted the promised land already. Good children, dear children, ye're sorry to lose poor Tom; he thanks you kindly. Mr. Vernon, sir—"

"Tom, my best friend, my preserver and savior, may on, I hear you," sobbed the strong man, hiding his quivering face.

"I'm going fast, and I must say quick while I can talk all I want you to do. I've wrote down where my sister lives long ago; you'll see it, and if you ever get away from here I know you'll see her. Tell her I was willing to die, that I allers tried to do the best I could, and I know the Lord is merciful."

Mr. Vernon could only take the cold hand in his and press it tenderly for a response.

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

He paused again to rest, and seemed sinking into a stupor, until Walter tried to move him to a more comfortable position, when he smiled feebly in thanks, opened his eyes, and said with considerable energy:

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WOMEN STARING AT WOMEN.

A Man's Comments on This Weakness of the Fair Sex.

Two women pass each other on the street of a provincial town; they are not acquainted, yet it is long odds that one of them turns around to look after the other—very short odds against both doing so, says the Nineteenth Century. It is not the gait or the figure or the hair of the stranger that has attracted attention; it is the dress, not the person within it. The gentle anarchists who are busy organizing the debrutalization of man will, of course, attribute this little failing to the vanity of the feminine mind; by reason of man's tyranny in excluding women from boards of directors and other intellectual arenas. It may be conceded that psychology and betterment are more recondit fields than millinery, but this would be a dull world and far uglier than it is if every woman had a soul above chiffons. Odds grenade and tarlatan! That were a consummation by no means desirable. No, let all men who have eyes to see withal or hearts to lose set great store by the pains bestowed on pretty dressing, but if one may speak and live the art should be studied with subtler tact than is sometimes seen. It should be better concealed; it is distressing to see a young woman's eyes, wandering over the dress of her with whom she is talking, for if the mind be engaged in taking note of external detail conversation ceases to be intercourse and becomes the crackling of thorns under the pot.

A Loyal Irishman.

A loyal Irishman, who recently died in Wisconsin, set apart \$10,000 in his will for the purpose of transporting his own body and those of his brothers buried in this country to Ireland, where they will be interred on the old family estate, in the shadow of a grand monument.

Stable Oyster Shell. A gigantic oyster shell is on exhibition at a Portland (Maine) fish market. This shell weighs 163 pounds, and is called by sea-faring men a blue point. It was bought by Capt. Griffen, of the ship Never sink, directly from the China sea. Capt. Griffen says that although the oysters in the China sea are much larger than those in this part of the world, this is rather a monster. "The natives there," so the captain says, "cut off slices from the oysters like beefsteak."

The editor of this paper advises his readers that a package of Peruviana, the best kidney cure on earth, will be delivered FREE to any sufferer, if written for promptly. PERUVIANA GENERAL REMEDY CO., 236 E. 5th St., Cincinnati, O. (This offer appears but once.)

An Ant 15 Years Old. Sir John Lubbock, the naturalist, has been experimenting to find out how long the common ant would live if kept out of harm's way. On Aug. 2, 1888, an ant which had been thus kept and tenderly cared for died at the age of 15 years, which is the greatest age any species of insect has yet been known to attain. Another individual of the same species of ant (Formica fusca) lived to the advanced age of 13 years and the queen of another kind (Lasius niger) laid fertile eggs after she had passed the age of 9 years.—Scientific American.

There is more catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer One Hundred Dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, etc. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Simple Cure for Alcoholism. The appetite for alcohol can be dissipated by eating apples at every meal, says a physician. Apples, if eaten in large quantities, possess properties which entirely do away with the craving that all confirmed drunkards have for drink. The doctor says that in many bad cases which have come under his notice he has been able to effect a cure by this means, the patient gradually losing all desire for alcohol.

THAT SPLENDID COFFEE. Mr. Goodman, Williams County, Ill., writes us: "From one package Salzer's German Coffee Berry I grew 300 pounds of better coffee than I can buy in stores at 20 cents a pound." A package of this and big seed catalogue is sent you by John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., upon receipt of 15 cents stamps and this notice. w. a.

Like a Bird. Smith—You told me your friend sang like a bird. I think he has a horrible voice. How can you say it is like a bird's? Jones—Well, the bird I meant was a crow.—Judy.

Lane's Family Medicine. Moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Acts gently on the liver and kidneys. Cures sick headache. Price 25 and 50c.

Cervantes was the most eminent writer of satire the world has ever known. It has been said of him that his "Don Quixote" has no rival, nor had it a model.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. The Famous Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c.

The Fremont county (Colorado) jail was without an inmate recently, for the first time in five years.

CASCARETS stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or grip. 10c.

In the last 300 years Great Britain has spent \$6,785,000,000 in war.

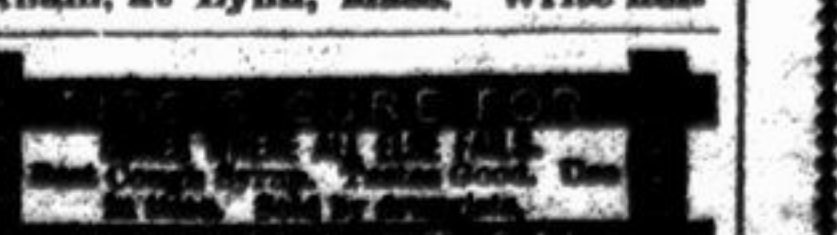
YOUNG GIRLS.

Their Conduct and Health Often Mystify Their Mothers.

Young girls often feel and consequently act, very strangely. They shed tears without apparent cause, are restless, nervous, and at times almost hysterical. They seem self-

absorbed, and heedless of things going on around them. Sometimes they complain of pain in lower parts of body, flushes of heat in head, cold feet, etc.

Young girls are not free from incipient womb troubles. Mothers should see to it that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is promptly taken; all druggists have it. The girl will speedily be "herself again," and a probable danger be averted. Any information on this subject, or regarding all female ailments, will be cheerfully given free by Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Write her.



ALL THE LATEST AND BEST BOOKS, PAMPHLETS, ETC., FOR SALE AT THE LOWEST PRICES. Write for catalogue.

An American Lady. I may have said it before, but it bears repetition: After Royalty there is no hostess in London who can command such social gatherings as Lady Cook. Once again was this proved on New Year's day, when the clever and charming chataleine of Doughty House wished nearly two thousand friends the compliments of the season. The company included the most distinguished in society, art, literature, and the theatrical world, and never has Lady Cook's indefatigable energy and sympathy as a hostess been better displayed, for the humblest of her guests receives as hearty a welcome as the most illustrious, and probably it is here that her great charm of manner lies.

A feature of the afternoon was the recitation of Lady Cook's accomplished and pretty friend, Miss Wetton, whose elocutionary powers and eloquence will, I am sure, one day place her in the foremost rank of women speakers.

The genial greeting given by Sir Francis and Lady Cook to the guests recalled the social labors of the Presidential receptions at the White House Washington, D. C., and the recherche refreshments were thoroughly in keeping with their handsome surroundings.—The Whitehall Review.

The Irish are, according to Bismarck, a people with plenty of sentiment, but unaccustomed to use their reasoning faculties.

NO-TO-BAC FOR FIFTY CENTS. Over 400,000 cured. Why not let No-To-Bac regulate or remove your desire for tobacco. Saves money, makes health and manhood. Cure guaranteed, 50c and \$1.00, all druggists.

"What is your nephew doing now?" "For the last five years he has been choosing a profession."—Jugend.

My doctor said I would die, but Pino's Cure for Consumption cured me.—Amos Kelsner, Cherry Valley, Ill., Nov. 23, '95.

A St. Paul judge has awarded a citizen \$5 damages because a motorman refused to stop a car for him.

FIVE stopped free and permanently cured. No fee after first day's use of Dr. J. C. Williams' Great Peppermint Cure. Free 25 trial bottle and treatment sent to Dr. J. C. Williams, 151 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

There will be a round million of plants on the exposition grounds at Nashville next summer.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, soothes the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

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

An imported trefoll brooch has stones of different colors in each leaf.

Waxen billions or conists, each a Cascaret, candy cathartic, cure guaranteed, 10c, 25c.

The schools of St. Louis contain eighty-one kindergartens.

Advertisement for St. Jacobs Oil. Includes text: 'TRIAL IS A TEST. THE TRIAL OF St. Jacobs Oil FOR THE CURE OF RHEUMATISM. In a test that proves a SURE CURE.' Also includes an illustration of a woman and a dog, and a list of ailments treated.

Advertisement for Cascarets. Includes text: 'BANDY CATHARTIC Cascarets CURE CONSTIPATION. REGULATE THE BOWELS. ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED.' Also includes an illustration of a woman's face.

Advertisement for Walter Baker & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa. Includes text: 'REASONS FOR USING Walter Baker & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa. 1. Because it is absolutely pure. 2. Because it is not made by the so-called Dutch Process in which chemicals are used. 3. Because beans of the finest quality are used. 4. Because it is made by a method which preserves the exquisite natural flavor and color of the cocoa. 5. Because it is the most economical, costing less than one cent a cup.' Also includes an illustration of a woman.

Get Prices on Plans for the Palace on the Plains. The Palace on the Plains is a new and grand hotel, and is now under construction. Plans for the same are for sale at \$5.00. Big catalogue, sent for 50c. JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO., La Crosse, Wis.

Business and Pleasure. The girl who couldn't walk a quarter of a mile to buy a spool of thread will wait twenty-five or thirty miles an evening and then say she has had a perfectly delightful time.—Somerville Journal.

Coughing Leads to Consumption. Kemp's Balsam will stop the cough at once. Go to your druggist to-day and get a sample bottle free. Large bottles, 25 cents and 50 cents. Go at once; delays are dangerous.

Cold Business, Ah! It's a baptism through a hole in the ice entertained Main Hill, Maine, people one Sunday recently.

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

Some of the new match-boxes are enamel with horses' heads and jockey caps in colors.

Advertisement for Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Includes text: 'A Little Child With a Little Cold. That's all! What of it? Little colds when neglected grow to large diseases and Ayer's Cherry Pectoral CURES COLDS.' Also includes an illustration of a child.

Advertisement for Opium and Whisky. Includes text: 'OPIUM and WHISKY. SICK FOLKS want to cure, with new and reliable health and vigor. Dr. J. C. Williams' Great Peppermint Cure. Dr. Kay's Lung Balm for coughs, colds, and throat diseases. OPIUM and WHISKY. Send for catalogue of books, etc. W. N. U. CHICAGO, NO. 6, 1897.

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