

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION

CHAPTER XII - (CONTINUED.)

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 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 | if I am wrong! After all," she added self-renunciation, knowing it was my | "it may never be required of you. We grief nor my own anguish must drift chosen another himself." convictions of right!"

There was a solemn pathes in her fection, a sister's love." tone-in her white face and imploring eye-that rebuked Walter's personal grief.

"Eleanor," said he, impetuously, "if I lose?" I could see any reason for it -if it were right-I would be willing to bear my yet. 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 know not you would ! be the first to bid me Gol speed upon my atoning sacrifice."

Walter was looking steadfastly into the beautiful face. Coming suddenly forward, while lip and check paid beneath the intensity of his emotion, he held out his hand.

"It is enough, I will bid you Godspeed now. I renounce my hopes Little -my Ellie, for whom I have lived, and striven, and hoped. I will give you up, than take her from you." even unto another's arms."

Lady Eleanor's head drooped forward to his shoulder; her coid white cheek touched his; her brown caris 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 car:bhow enduring Heaven!"

He wrapped his arms around ber 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 saintation; then turning to her daughter, she said mournfully

"I see how it is, my child; you deceived me last night, and my worst fearswhen 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 sl- Vernoni. Vernoni, the Hon. Mrs. Da-

"Eleanor, Eleanor," came in a niteons 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 fig 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 illfated 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 displeasureremember 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 con-

sternation.

"Mamma, mamma," cried she, "you "How can it be your duty, Eleanor, if | 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. incredible exertion to fit myself to know the constant worrying about it is stand in these doors a sultor for your | destroying you. Here I am a willing, hand, without a blush of shame! To voluntary mediator, thankful-so have gained the long-prayed-for posi- | thankful, my darling mother, to be tion, to find my love returned, and yet able to brighten thus little of your trial. to lose you-have you thought how ter- | I am sorry you should know how much rible a doom it is for me? Can it to 2 it cost me to relinquish Walter, but beduty that would crush our hearts in the lieve 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 ter lips and whispered:

"I consent. May Heaven forgive me duty to give you up. Neither your may never find him, or he may have

me away from the position I defined "Ah, yes," responded Eleanor sooththen. Dear Walter, my childhood's ingly, "we are making a great deal of friend, my protector and comforter al- trouble before we are sure there is need ways, help me now to be true to my own of it. But you, Walter, must never hope for anything except a friend's ai-

Walter sighed. "So be it, then, I submit. May I know the name of him who wins the treasure

ejaculated Walter.

She shuddered while she answered:

"My children," whispered Lady Annabel, "one thing I must require of you. The intention may be sincere and gennine, but the beart 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 weil; if not, I would rather die myself

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, norrowful interview; and restless and miserable, haunted by a thousand absurd misglvings. 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.



HE ONLY event meanwhile oc curred at a private party to which he had gone with his Viscount mirer. Somerset. were in the midst crowd

when the young

lord, touching his arm, said formally; "Mrs. Dacre, allow me to present to you our distinguished artist, Signor

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 flerce 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 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 in-

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."

ly indignant, my noble friend. I was him a testimonial. This preyed on his 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

"Somerset," said Walter again, in a cessfully, entreated me to review in an smothered voice of deep emotion, you met a woman who had wrecked the happiness, perilled the life, and blasted the good name of the dead father you leved 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, hitterly. "I ler.

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,

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, leveless 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, sarcas-"His name?" repeated Lady Elea- | tically. "I can't say but I shall be the not so contradictory to all my ideas of . 507, dreamily. "I do not even know it | greater gainer by the operation. I will | mustache." leave him an explanation of her 'once "What inexplicable mystery is this?" 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 "Be content, Walter, and ask no 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 | carefully is the paper prepared that 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:

high hopes, my unceasing endeavorsto 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 drowning persons by dogs, says Lang in Longman's Magazine. I happen to possess an engraving of Landseer'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 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, "No doubt you were, and exceeding- I could not, in common honesty, give 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 unsucuntavorable sense. His plan was to bring the book, lay it at my feet and return with the carving knife in his mouth.

Ungodilness.

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 nation when we foster and cherish morality and religion.—Rev. E. J. MetzA WONDERFUL SHRUB.

Grows on the Hanks of the Ganges and Cures Many Bodily Ille. One of the latest botanical discov

eries of interest to seekers for health is called Alkavis, from the Kava-Kava shrub of India. It is being imported by the Church Kidney Cure company of New York, and is a certain cure for several bodily disorders. The Kava-Kava shrub, or, as botanists call it "Piper Methysticum," grows on the banks of the Ganges river, and probably was used for centuries by the natives before its extraordinary properties became known to civilization through Christian missionaries. In this respect it resembles the discovery of quinine from the peruvian bark, made known by the Indians to the early missionaries in South America, and by them brought to civilized man. It is a wonderful discovery, with a record of 1,200 hospital cures in thirty days. It acts directly upon the blood and kidneys, and is a true specific, just as quinine is in malaria. We have the strongest testimony of many ministers of the gospel, well known doctors and business men cured by Alkavis. So far the Church company, No. 423 Fourth avenue, New York, are the only importers of this new remedy, and they are so anxious to prove its value that for the sake of introduction they will send a free treatment of Alkavis prepaid by mail to every reader of this paper who is a sufferer from any form of kidney or bladder disorder, Bright's disease, rheumatism, dropsy, gravel, pain in back, female complaints or other afflictions due to improper action of the kidneys or urinary organs. We advise all sufferers to send their names and address to the company, and receive the Alkavis free. It is sent to you entirely free, to prove its wonderful curative powers.

Difference Was Felt,

"It was so dark in the parlor when young Dr. Plummer came in that didn't notice he had shaved off his

"Didn't you? I felt the difference while you were getting a light."-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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Bank of England notes are made from new white linen cuttings-never from anything that has been worn. So even the number of dips into the pulp made by each workman is registered on a dial by machinery.

(Mike, having been directed to go down to the station and see when the next train left, is gone about two hours.) Perkins (anxiously)-Weil, Mike? Mike-Well, sor, I had to wait a long tolme, sor, but it has just left. -Harper's Bazar.

WOMAN'S LONG HOURS.

She Tolls After Man's Day's Work Is Done.

What She Has to Contend With-Work That Sconer or Later Breaks Down Her Delicate Organism.

The great majority of women "work to live" and "live to work," and as "And this, then, is the end of all my the hands of the clock approach the hour of six, those employed in stores, offices, mills and factories, hail



performed, and many personal matters to be attended to. They have mending to do, and dresses or bonnets to make, and long into the night they toil, for they must look neat, and they have no time during the day to attend to personal matters.

Women, therefore, notwithstanding their delicate organism, work longer and more closely than men.

They do not promptly heed such signs as headache, backache, blues pains in the groins, bearing-down, "all gone" feeling, nervousness, loss of aleep and appetite, whites, irregular or painful monthly periods, cold and swollen feet, etc., all symptoms of womb trouble, which, if not quickly checked, will launch them in a sea of

There is but one absolute remedy for all those ills. Any woman who has to earn her own living will find it profitable to keep her system fortified with this tried and true woman's friend. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound speedily removes the cause and effects a lasting cure. We are glad to produce such letters

as the following from Miss M. G. Mc-Namee, 114 Catherine St., Utica, N. Y.: "For months I had been afflicted with that tired feeling, no ambition, no appetite, and a heavy bearing-down feeling of the uterus. I began to use Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Soon those bad feelings passed away : I began to have more ambition, my appetite improved and I gained rapidly in every way, and now I am entirely well. I advise all my friends to use the Compound, it is woman's truest friend."

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therefore, the cheapest.

Two bottles of Piso's Cure for Consumption cured me of a bad lung trouble.-Mrs. J. Nichols, Princeton, Ind., Mar. 26, 1895.

A young child died at Hillsboro, N. H., recently from arsenical poisoning, caused by eating wall paper.

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twenty-eight times.

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much trouble to take

care of yourself as it

is not to. A man who follows regular, healthy habits, feels

good all the time. Life is worth living

to him. But a man who "don't want to

bother" with taking care of himself had

more pain and sale ery crowded into one

day than a good

healthy, hearty man

who lives right

would ever know of

in a whole year.

When a man's stomach is out of order

and his digestion don't work; when his live

gets to be sluggish and won't clear the bile

out of his blood, it is time for him to look

out for himself. He gets no nourishment out of his food. His blood gets thicker and

thicker with impurities. His nerves get in

tated. He loses energy and fighting force. He may say, "I can stand it, I will feel

better to-morrow:" but the chances are be

will feel worse to-morrow and worse still

next day. He ought to put himself right at

once. He needs Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical

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from the food all the nutritious elements

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THE ASTROLOGER'S CORNER flowe slight changes necessitated using less space for this department. Prof Cunningham is daily receive finttering testimonials of his genius and marvelous power in reading the language of the signs and planets.

His horoscope life revelings with chart are daily convincing people of the great and VALUABLE INFORMATION to be had through his wonderful knowledge of astrology. He receives letters from every chate and territory and his fame has extraded into foreign lands.

Under no elecumetances will names of correspondents be published, recent letters: "I received my horoscope, am much pleased with it. make it." Another writes: "I am surprised at its correctness." Prof. Causingham now proposes to tell your ruling planet and send a test reading ARSOLUTELY FREE the applicants whom letters happen to be the First, Third, Ninth and Twelfth opened from each day's mail. All aspirants for these FREE READINGS must send: sex, race or nationality, place, year, month, data, hour and minute of birth, A. H. or P. H., as near as possible. Applicants entitled to FREE READINGS will receive them by return mail with their 26 cents refunded less 2 cents postage. All applicants must send M rents to pay for their reading in case they do not win FREE reading. DO NOT DELAT; send at you are just as apt to win as anybody, and if you do not, you will receive a valuable test by astrology for the small sum of it cents. Those not knowing their time of birth should send 4 cents for further instructions. These raise aprily to all applications. No more applications for readings to be published will be received there are more now than probably can ever be published, owing to changes that are likely to occur at any time, so all who have applied for readings to be published should enclose M cents in stamps and take part is

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Jamie, Walnut Springs, Tozan. According to the finte of the indications of the signs Aries and surus, as well as the planets Mars, Venus and Nepture You are medium seight; plump form; the complexio. half and eyes, medium to light; you are dignished in governl appearance; you are endowed by in ture with an industrious, amitious, anelyetic disposition; you can endure but tils oppo-ition without losing soif-control, however you will mon regain your normal mental status again. You are fond of the occule and mysterious and especially astrology. You are also fend of the fine arts, munic, poetry, etc. You would make a good astrologer if you would study it. You had better avoid marriage.

Hrs.S.B., Mil Capitol. According to data the auditors sign Loo, which the sun rules, was rising at your birth, therefore the our is your ruling plants, or sig-atticator. You are tall, standed; immediar and over officator. You are tall, standed; imminister and ofer the shoulders wide in proportion to the rest of the hody; medi in to light complexion, hair and drag the eye; have rather a fleron expression; you are proof, dignified and commanding; endowed with great ambition, chergy and will power; you are very meetic and have the faculty of convincing people think the mans as you do; you are found of have your own way and are a natural lander in agett trouble with love affairs.

